MARVEL

DEADPOOL®

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

WAY • CRYSTAL • MEDINA
BARBERI • HUAT • DAZO

DEAD-
POOL
DEADPOOL

DEADPOOL

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CARLO BARBERI (#19-21, #23-29), **TAN ENG HUAT** (#22)
& **BONG DAZO** (#30-31)
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SANDU FLOREA (#19-21), **TAN ENG HUAT** (#22), **WALDEN WONG** (#27-29)
& **JOSE PIMENTEL** (#30-31)
COLORS: **LEE LOUGHRIDGE** (#13-14), **MARTE GRACIA** (#15-29) WITH **ANTONIO FABELA** (#15)
& **ANDRES MOSSA** (#30-31)

"WADE UNTIL DARK"
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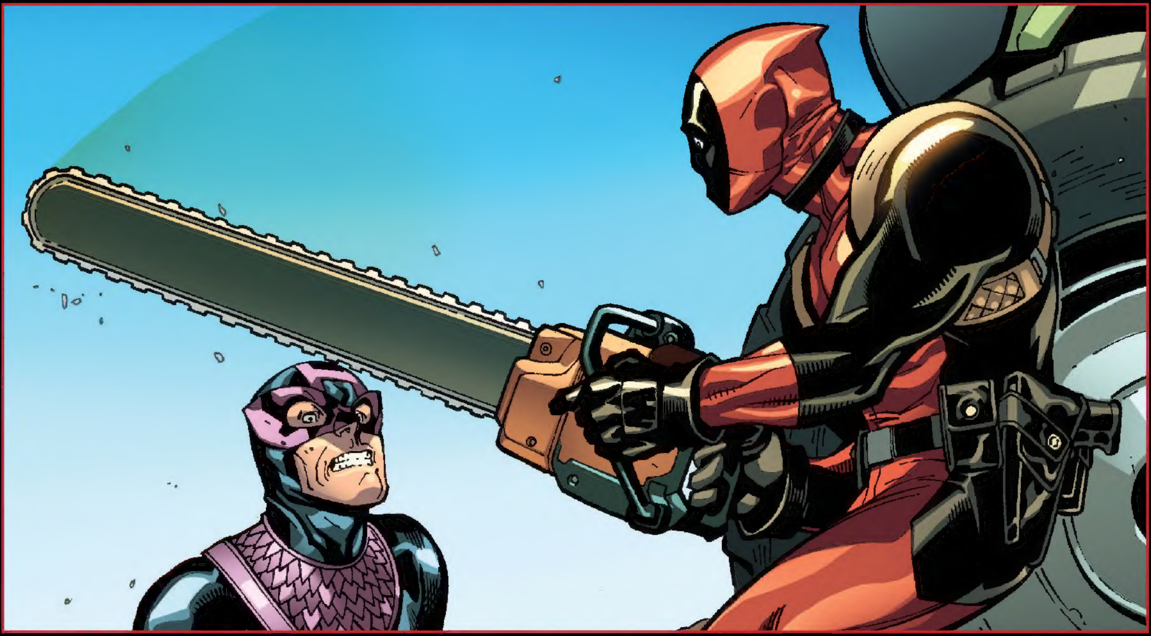
13

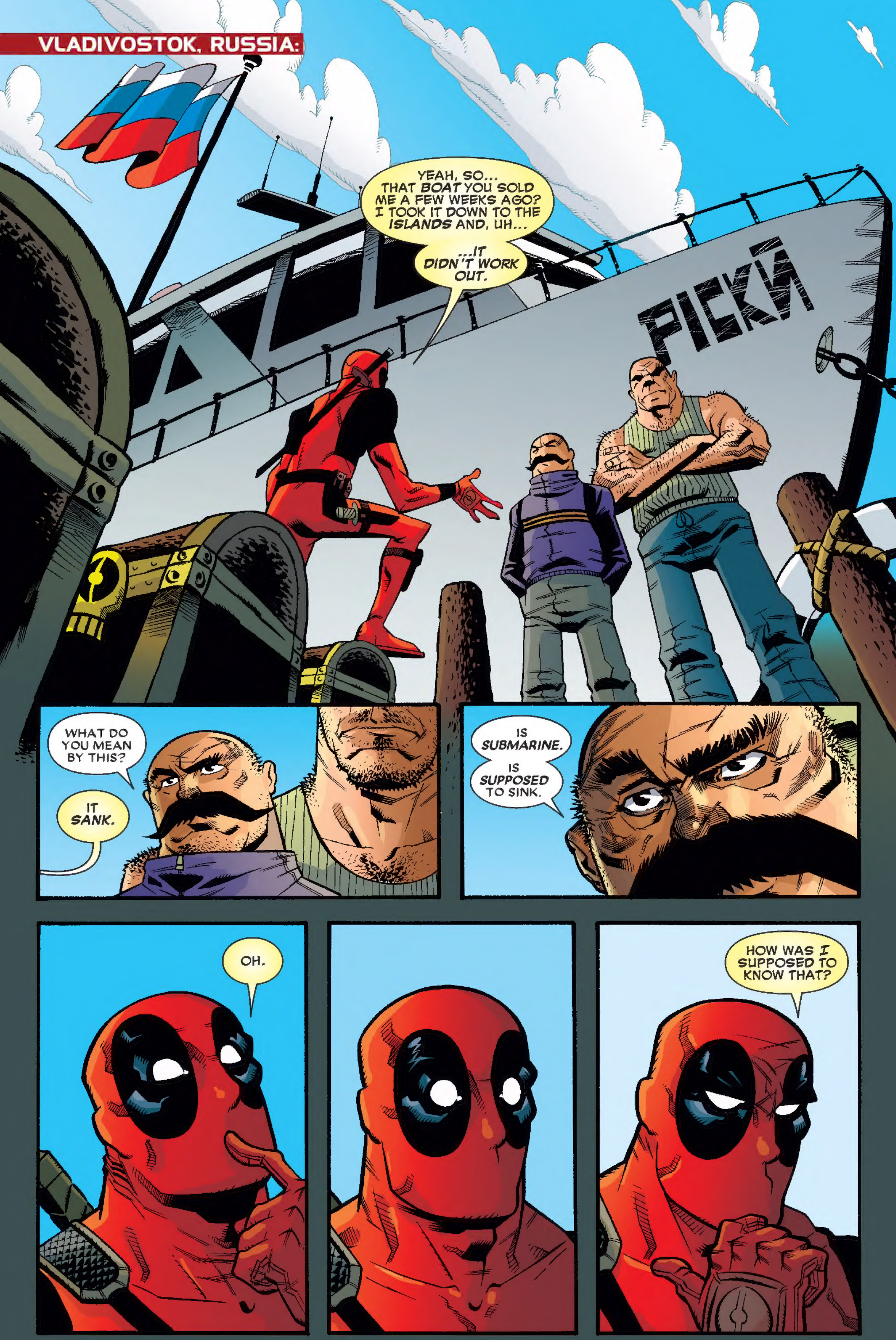
Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast-talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

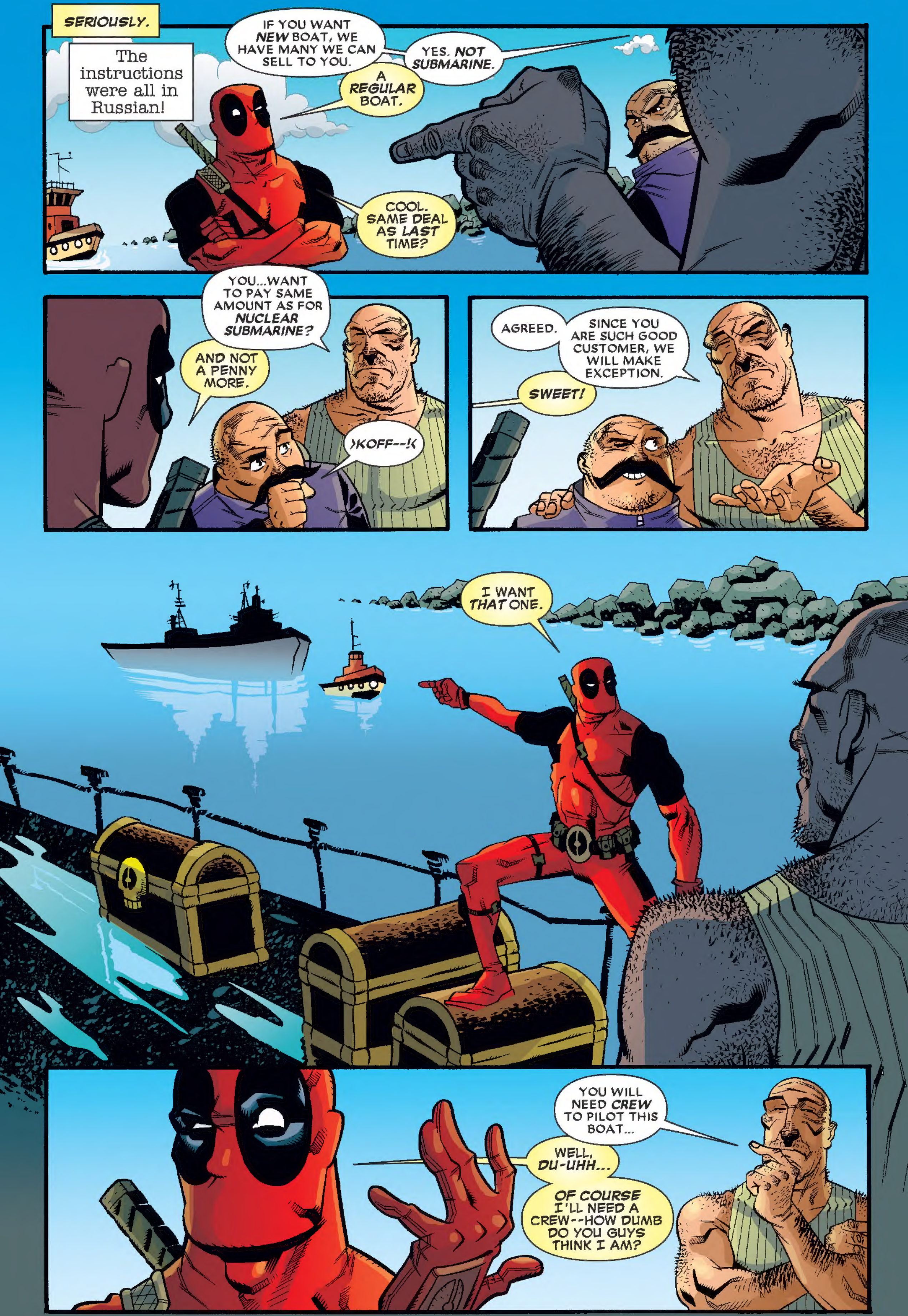
DEADPOOL

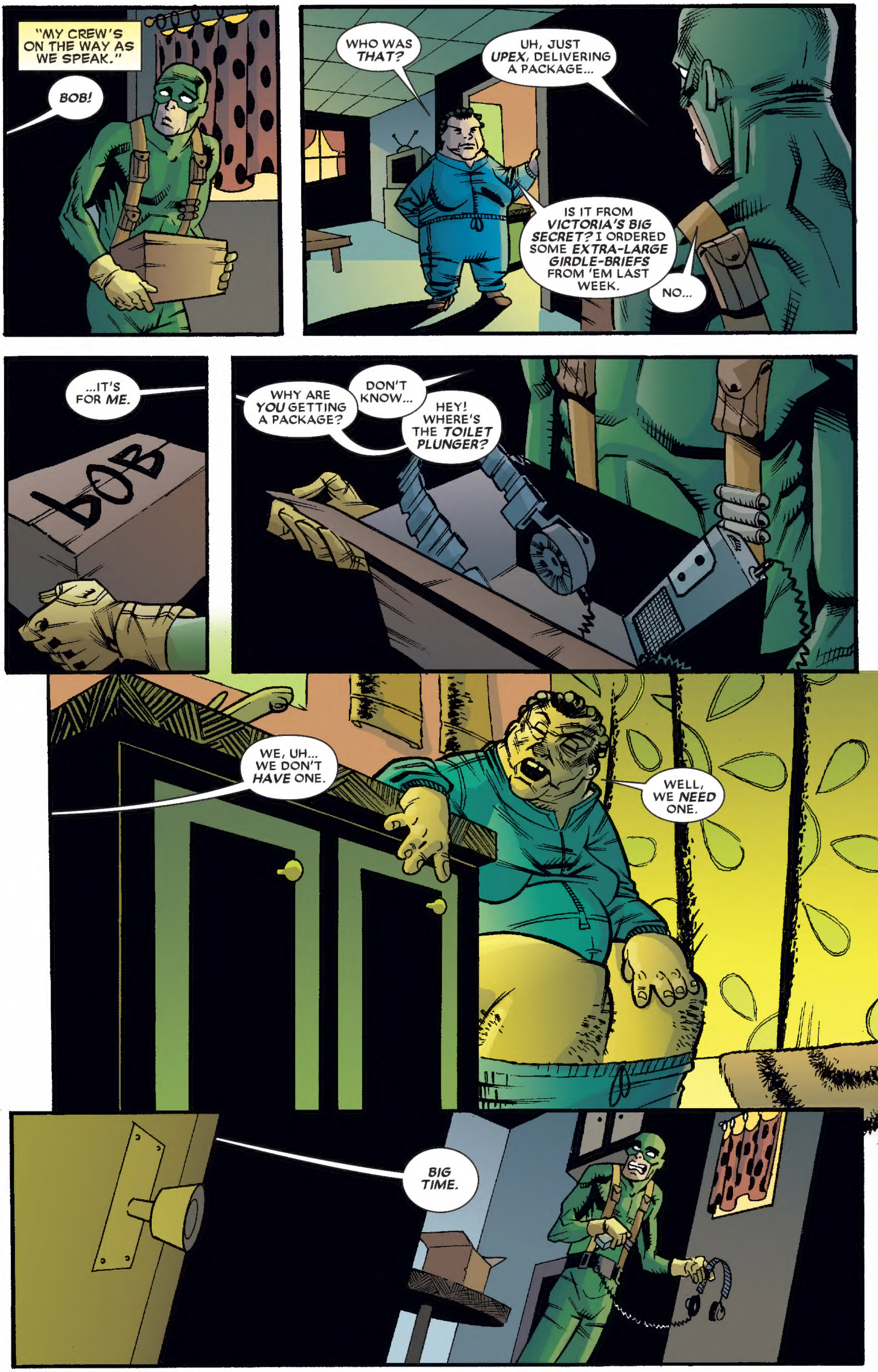


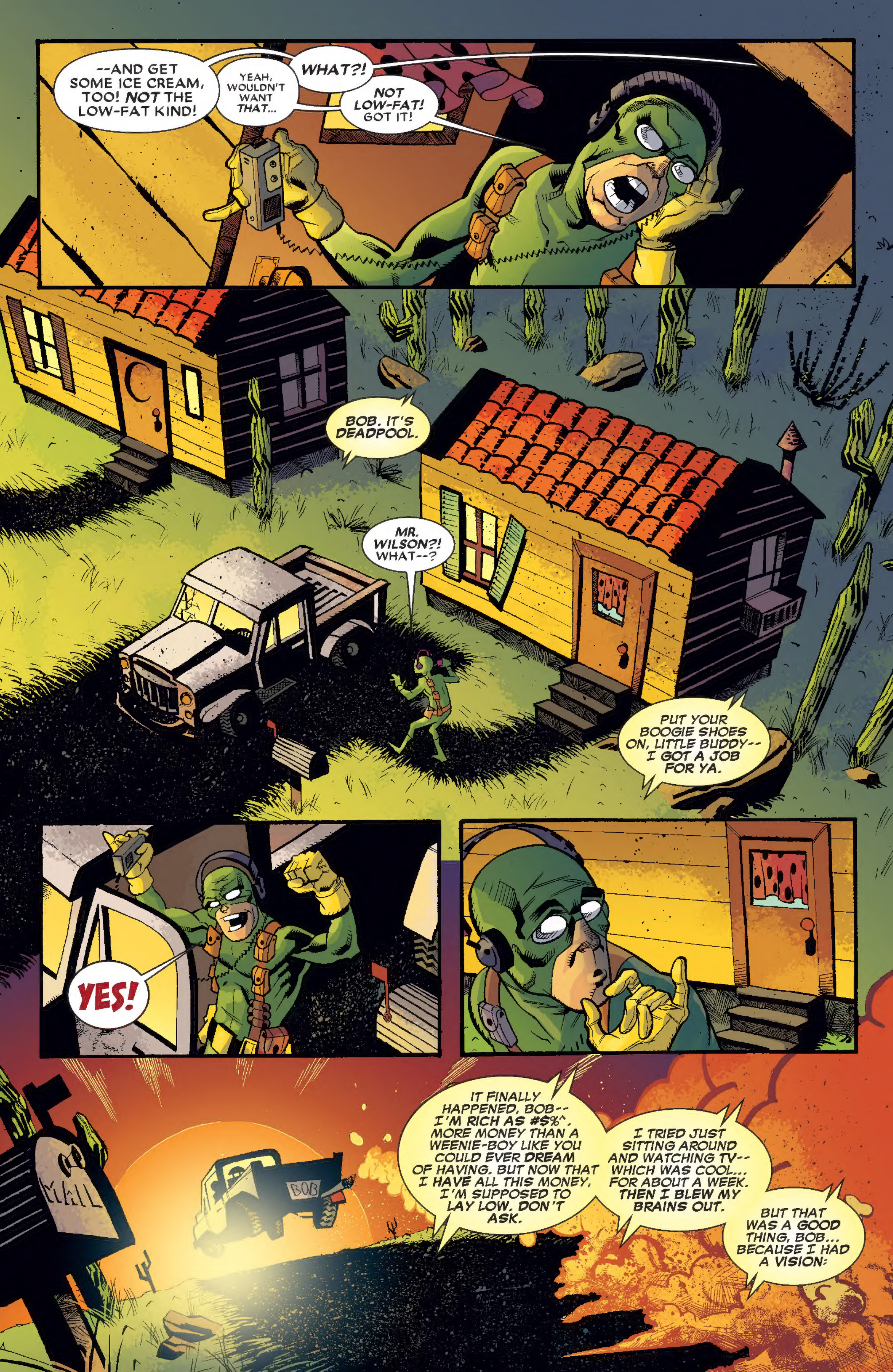
Norman Osborn swindled Deadpool out of a ton of cash. When Deadpool tried to collect, Norman sent his covert strike force, the Thunderbolts after him. After Deadpool wiped the floor with the whole team, Norman sent the Dark Avenger Hawkeye (really the assassin Bullseye in disguise) to take Deadpool out. He failed. And rather than return to his boss with the news that he was defeated...and rather than, you know, get killed with a chainsaw, Bullseye chose to pay Deadpool the money that Norman owed him.

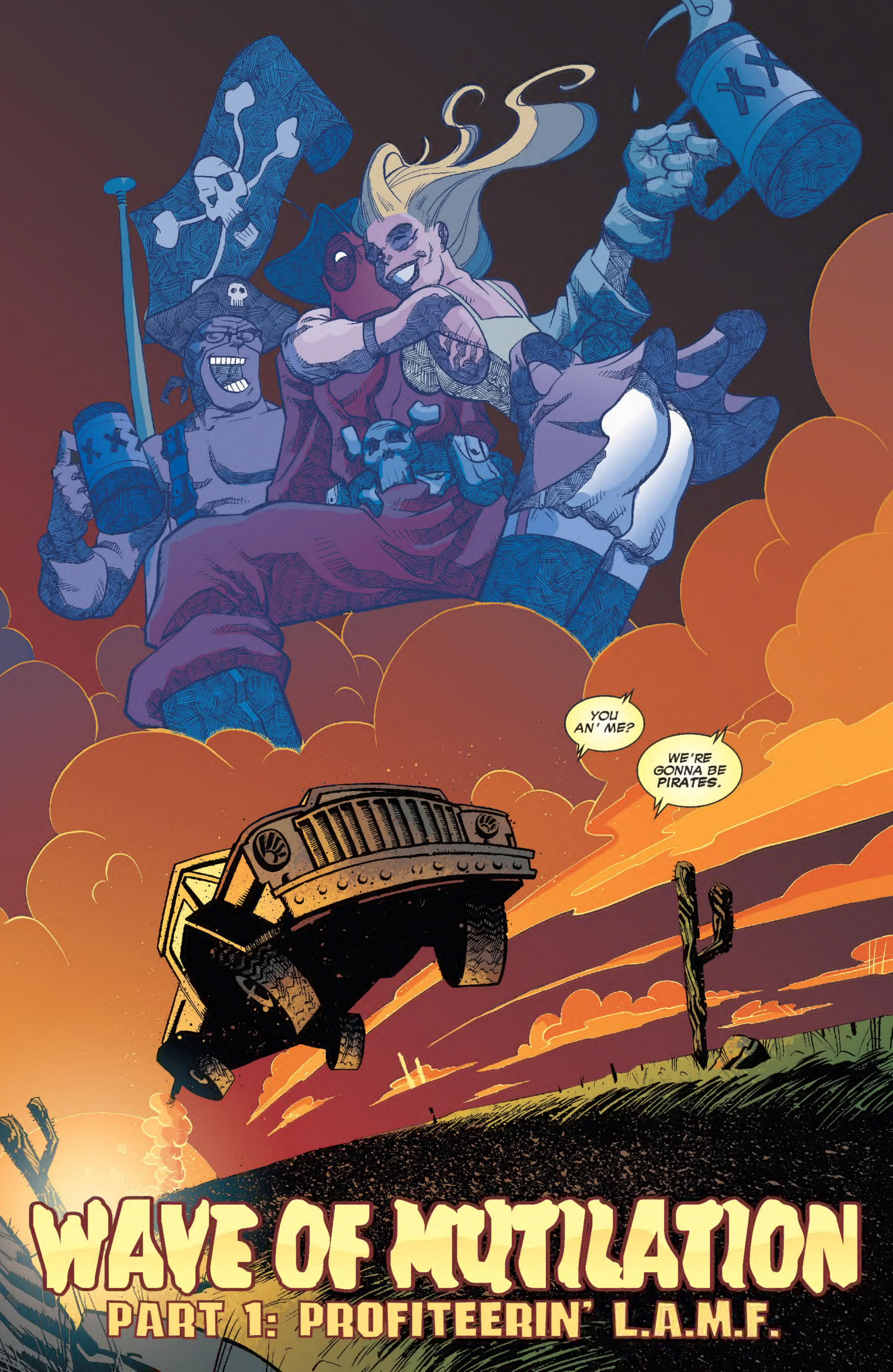
But none of that really matters. What matters is that Wade's just gotten paid a lot of money. And I mean STUPID money.


VLADIVOSTOK, RUSSIA:
YEAH, SO... THAT *BOAT* YOU SOLD ME A FEW WEEKS AGO? I TOOK IT DOWN TO THE *ISLANDS* AND, UH...
...IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.
PICKЙ
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THIS?
IT *SANK.*
IS *SUBMARINE.*
IS *SUPPOSED* TO SINK.
OH.
HOW WAS *I* SUPPOSED TO KNOW THAT?


SERIOUSLY.
The instructions were all in Russian!
IF YOU WANT NEW BOAT, WE HAVE MANY WE CAN SELL TO YOU.
YES. NOT SUBMARINE.
A REGULAR BOAT.
COOL. SAME DEAL AS LAST TIME?
YOU...WANT TO PAY SAME AMOUNT AS FOR NUCLEAR SUBMARINE?
AND NOT A PENNY MORE.
›KOFF--!‹
AGREED.
SINCE YOU ARE SUCH GOOD CUSTOMER, WE WILL MAKE EXCEPTION.
SWEET!
I WANT THAT ONE.
YOU WILL NEED CREW TO PILOT THIS BOAT...
WELL, DU-UHH...
OF COURSE I'LL NEED A CREW--HOW DUMB DO YOU GUYS THINK I AM?

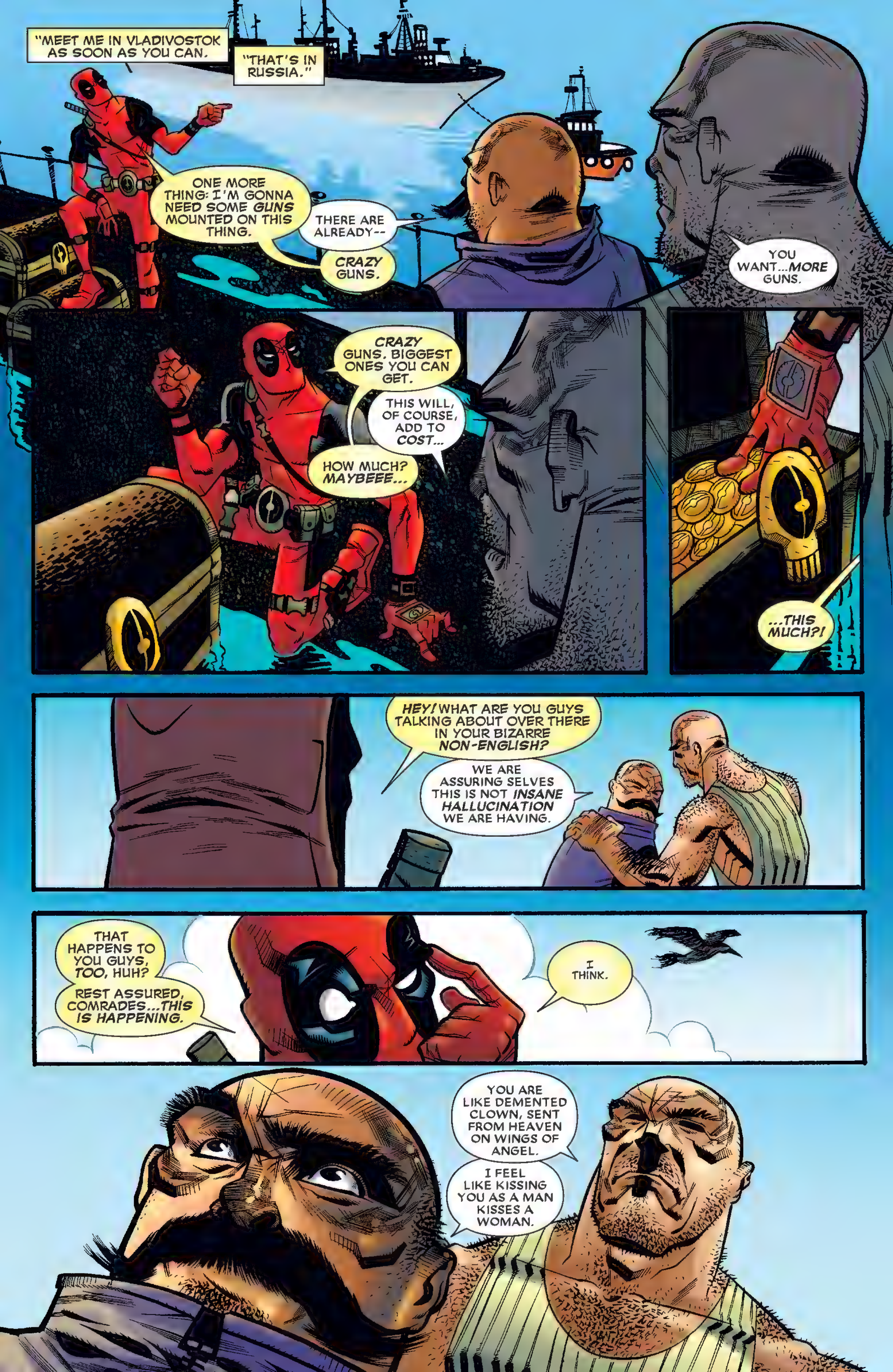

"MY CREW'S ON THE WAY AS WE SPEAK."
BOB!
WHO WAS *THAT?*
UH, JUST *UPEX,* DELIVERING A PACKAGE...
IS IT FROM *VICTORIA'S BIG SECRET?* I ORDERED SOME *EXTRA-LARGE GIRDLE-BRIEFS* FROM 'EM LAST WEEK.
NO...
...IT'S FOR *ME.*
BOB
WHY ARE *YOU* GETTING A PACKAGE?
DON'T KNOW...
HEY! WHERE'S THE *TOILET PLUNGER?*
WE, UH... WE DON'T *HAVE* ONE.
WELL, WE *NEED* ONE.
BIG TIME.

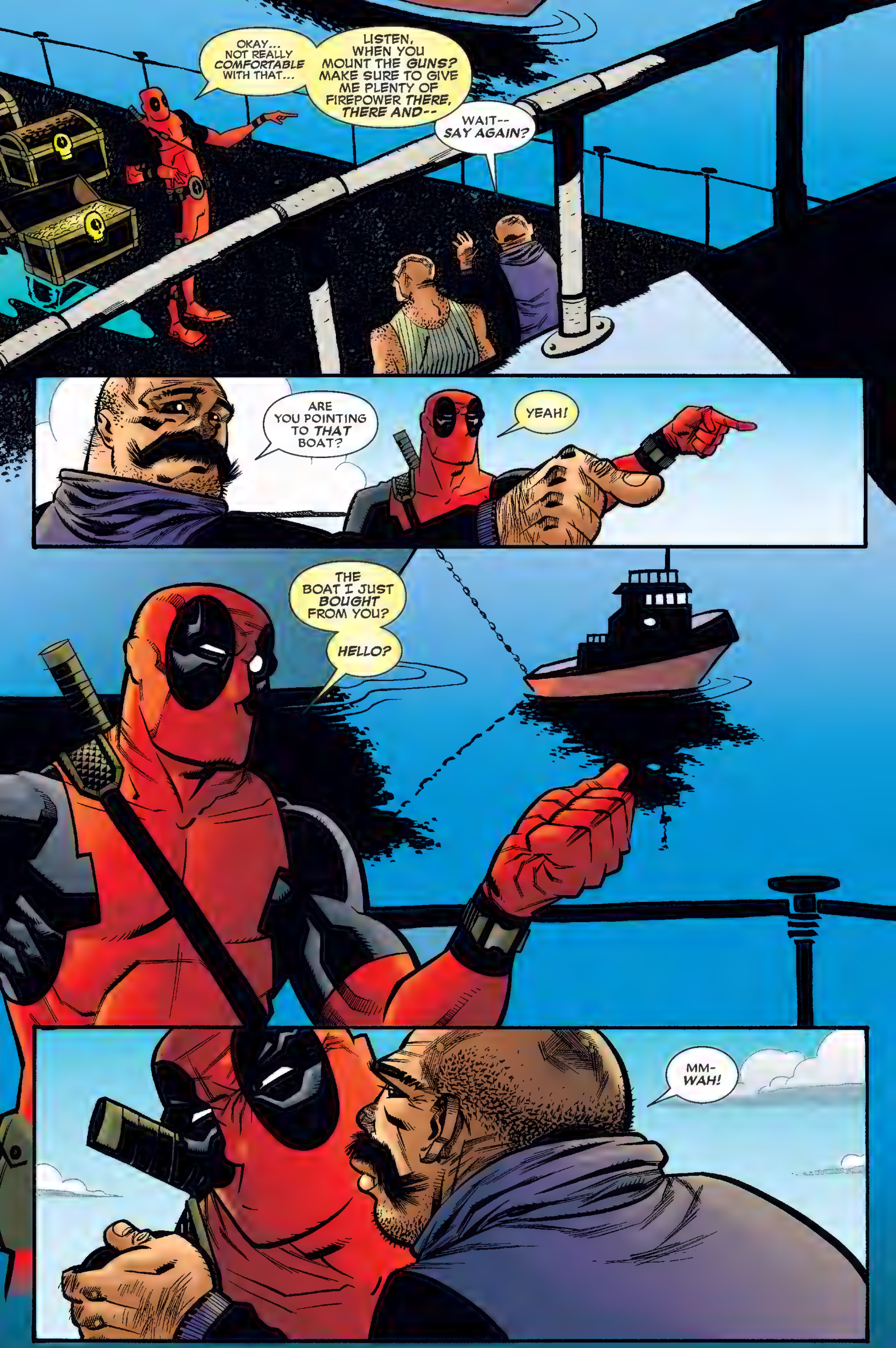

--AND GET SOME ICE CREAM, TOO! *NOT* THE LOW-FAT KIND!
YEAH, WOULDN'T WANT THAT...
WHAT?!
NOT LOW-FAT! GOT IT!
BOB. IT'S DEADPOOL.
MR. WILSON?! WHAT--?
PUT YOUR BOOGIE SHOES ON, LITTLE BUDDY-- I GOT A JOB FOR YA.
YES!
MAIL
BOB
IT FINALLY HAPPENED, BOB-- I'M RICH AS #$%^. MORE MONEY THAN A WEENIE-BOY LIKE YOU COULD EVER *DREAM* OF HAVING. BUT NOW THAT I *HAVE* ALL THIS MONEY, I'M SUPPOSED TO LAY LOW. DON'T ASK.
I TRIED JUST SITTING AROUND AND WATCHING TV-- WHICH WAS COOL... FOR ABOUT A WEEK. THEN I BLEW MY BRAINS OUT.
BUT THAT WAS A *GOOD* THING, BOB... BECAUSE I HAD A VISION:

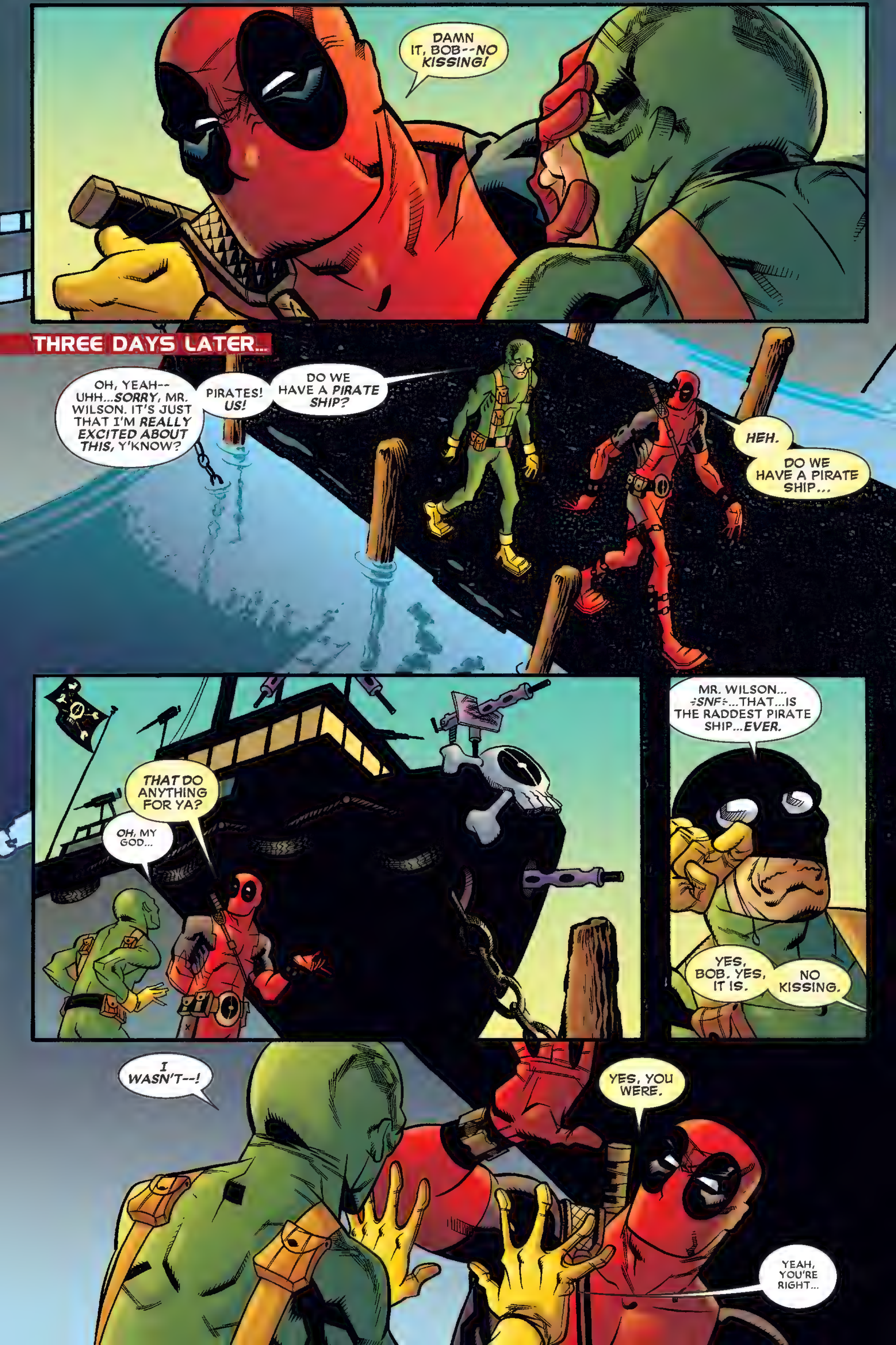

YOU AN' ME?
WE'RE GONNA BE PIRATES.

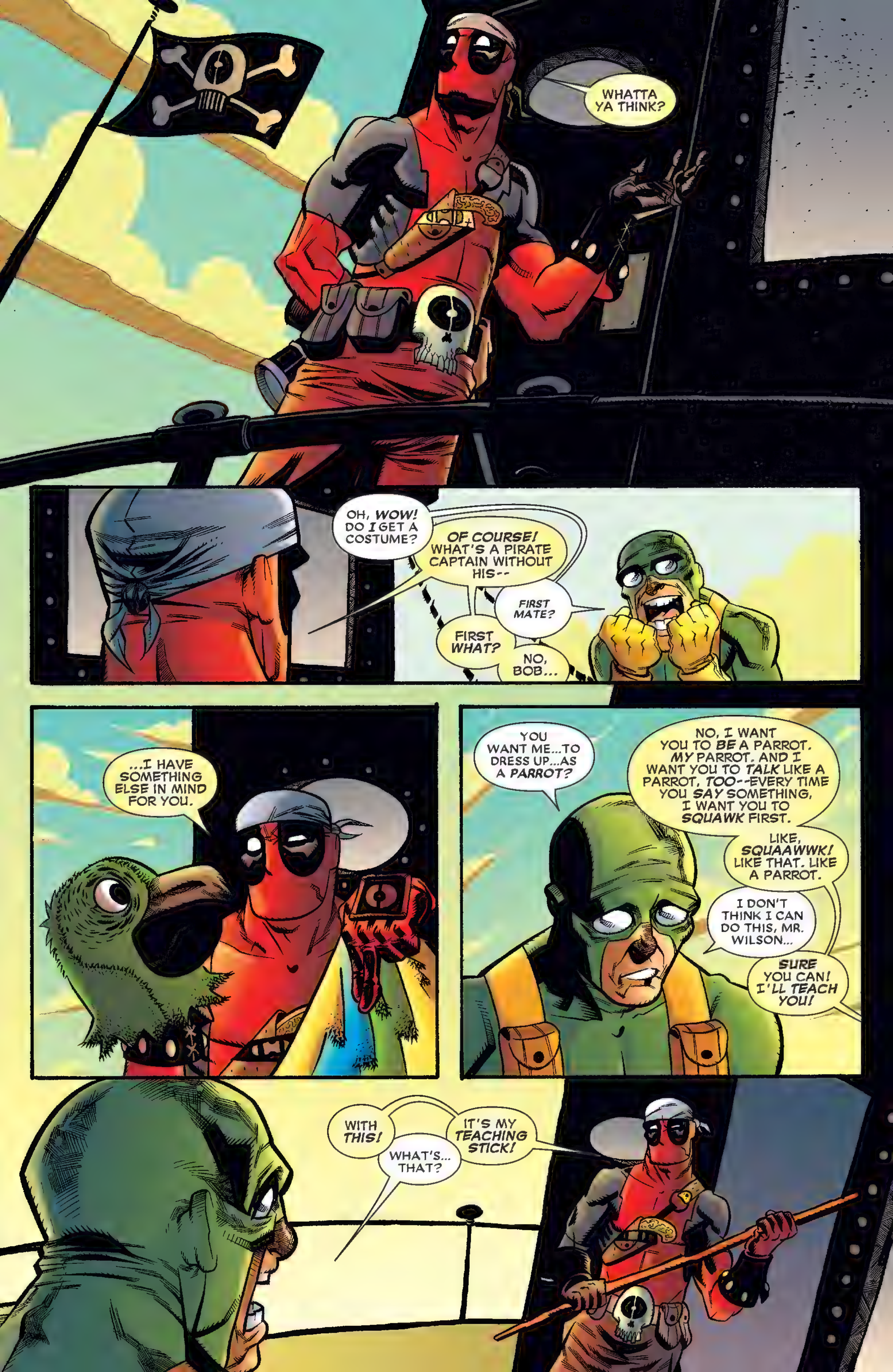
WAVE OF MUTILATION

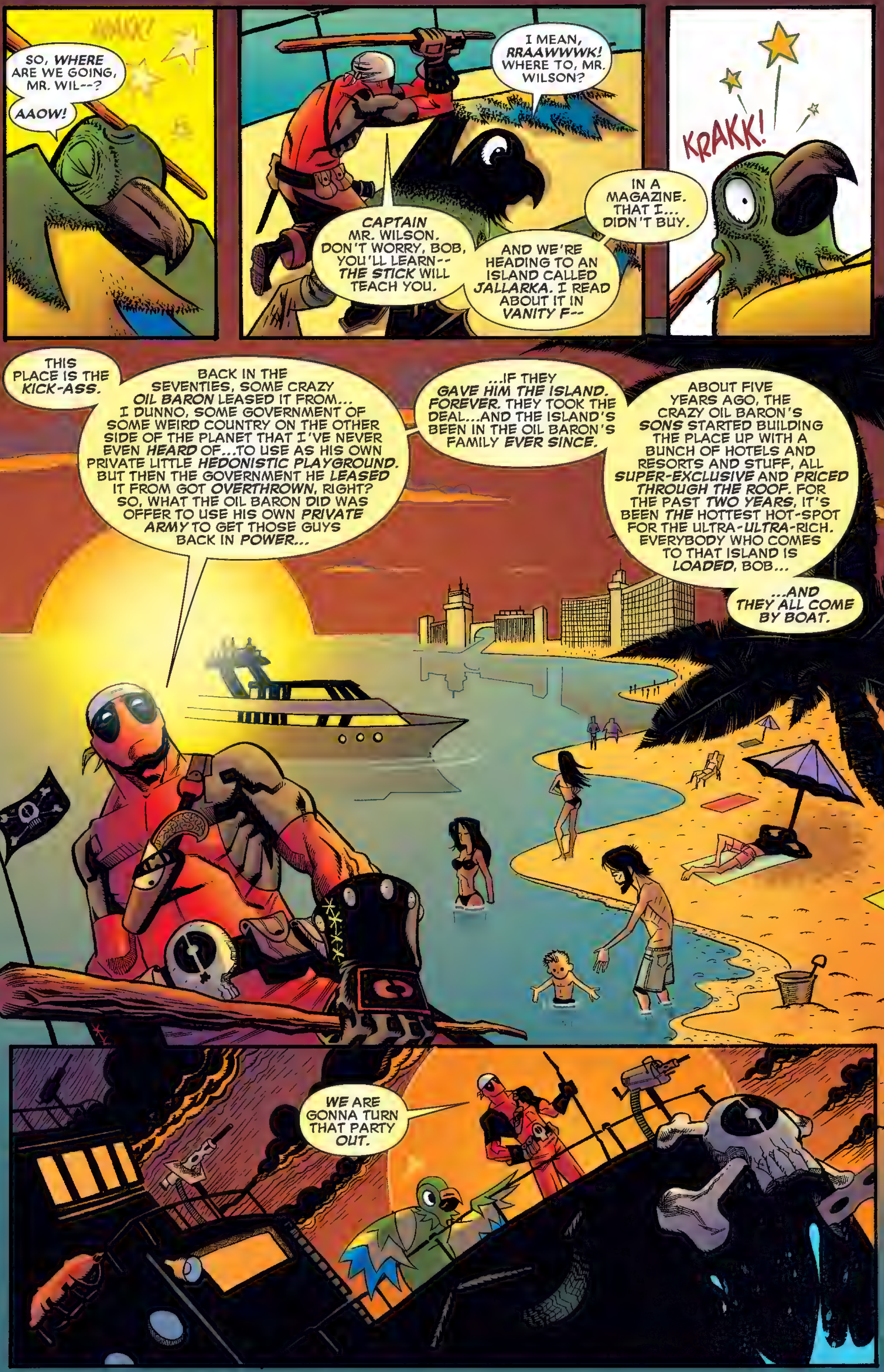
PART 1: PROFITEERIN' L.A.M.F.

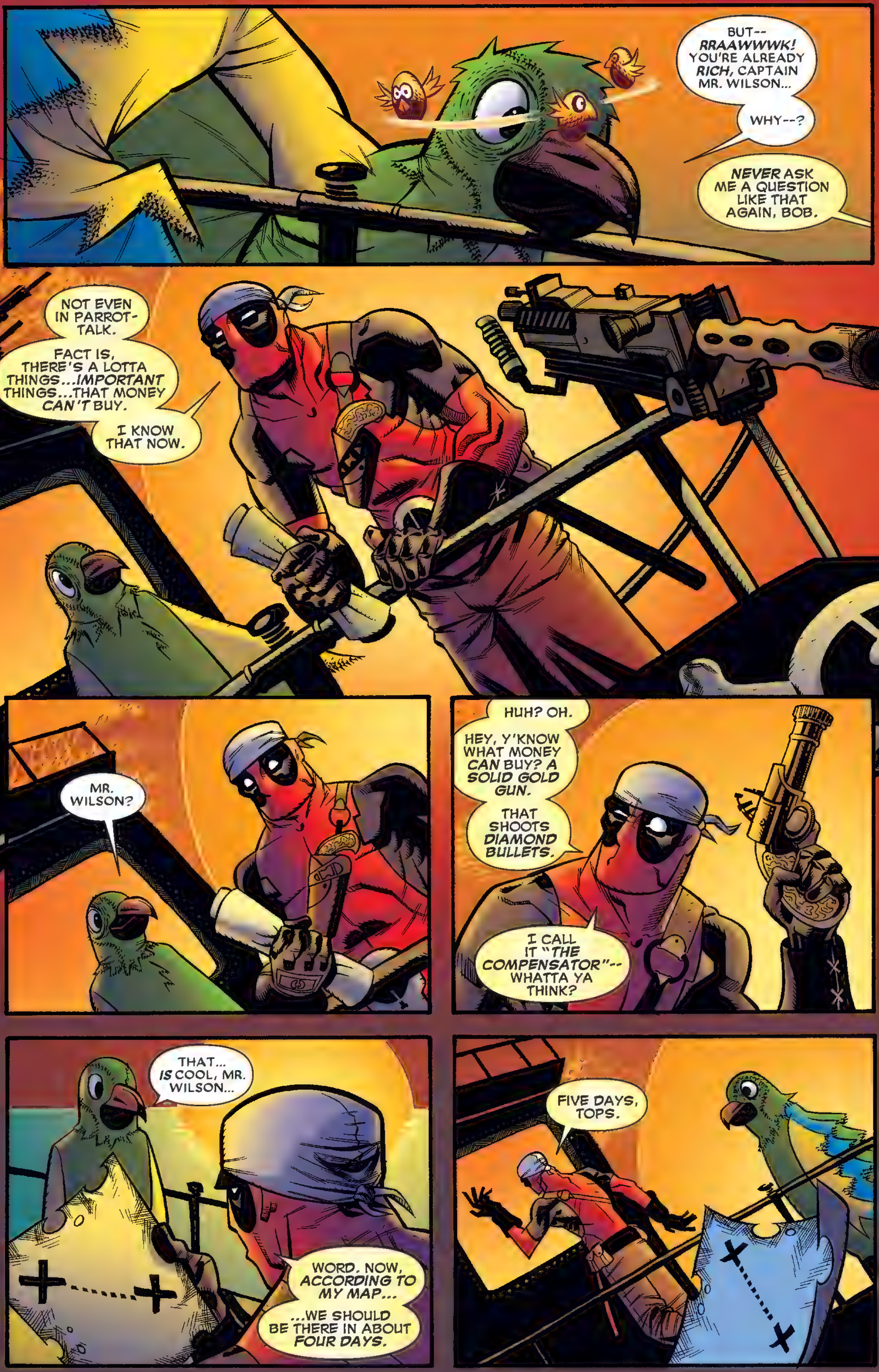

"MEET ME IN VLADIVOSTOK AS SOON AS YOU CAN."
"THAT'S IN RUSSIA."
ONE MORE THING: I'M GONNA NEED SOME *GUNS* MOUNTED ON THIS THING.
THERE ARE ALREADY--
CRAZY GUNS.
YOU WANT...*MORE* GUNS.
CRAZY GUNS. BIGGEST ONES YOU CAN GET.
THIS WILL, OF COURSE, ADD TO *COST*...
HOW MUCH? *MAYBEEE...*
...THIS MUCH?!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT OVER THERE IN YOUR BIZARRE *NON-ENGLISH?*
WE ARE ASSURING SELVES THIS IS NOT *INSANE HALLUCINATION* WE ARE HAVING.
THAT HAPPENS TO YOU GUYS, *TOO*, HUH?
REST ASSURED, COMRADES...*THIS IS HAPPENING.*
I THINK.
YOU ARE LIKE DEMENTED CLOWN, SENT FROM HEAVEN ON WINGS OF ANGEL.
I FEEL LIKE KISSING YOU AS A MAN KISSES A WOMAN.

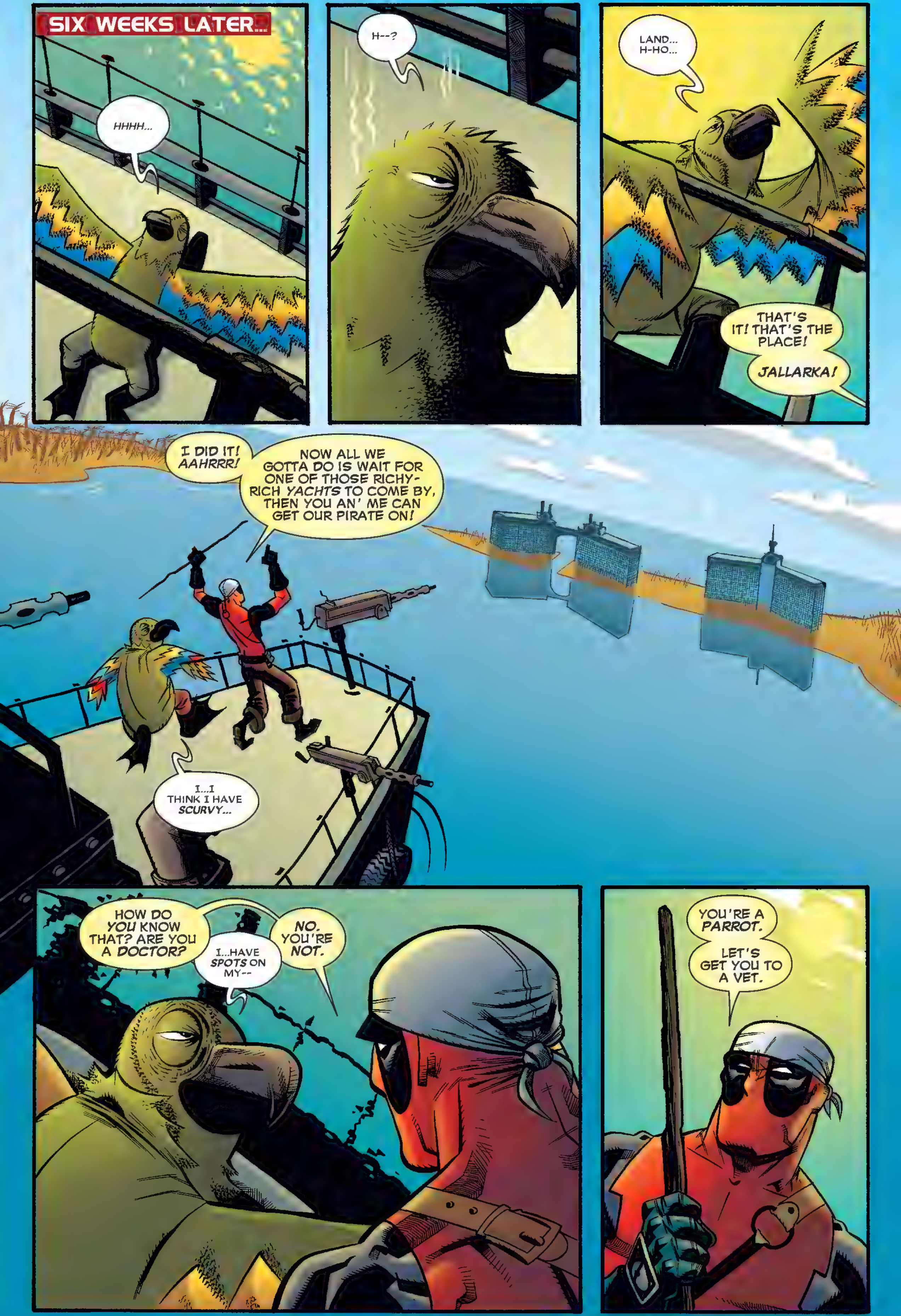

OKAY... NOT REALLY COMFORTABLE WITH THAT...
LISTEN, WHEN YOU MOUNT THE GUNS? MAKE SURE TO GIVE ME PLENTY OF FIREPOWER THERE, THERE AND--
WAIT-- SAY AGAIN?
ARE YOU POINTING TO THAT BOAT?
YEAH!
THE BOAT I JUST BOUGHT FROM YOU?
HELLO?
MM-WAH!

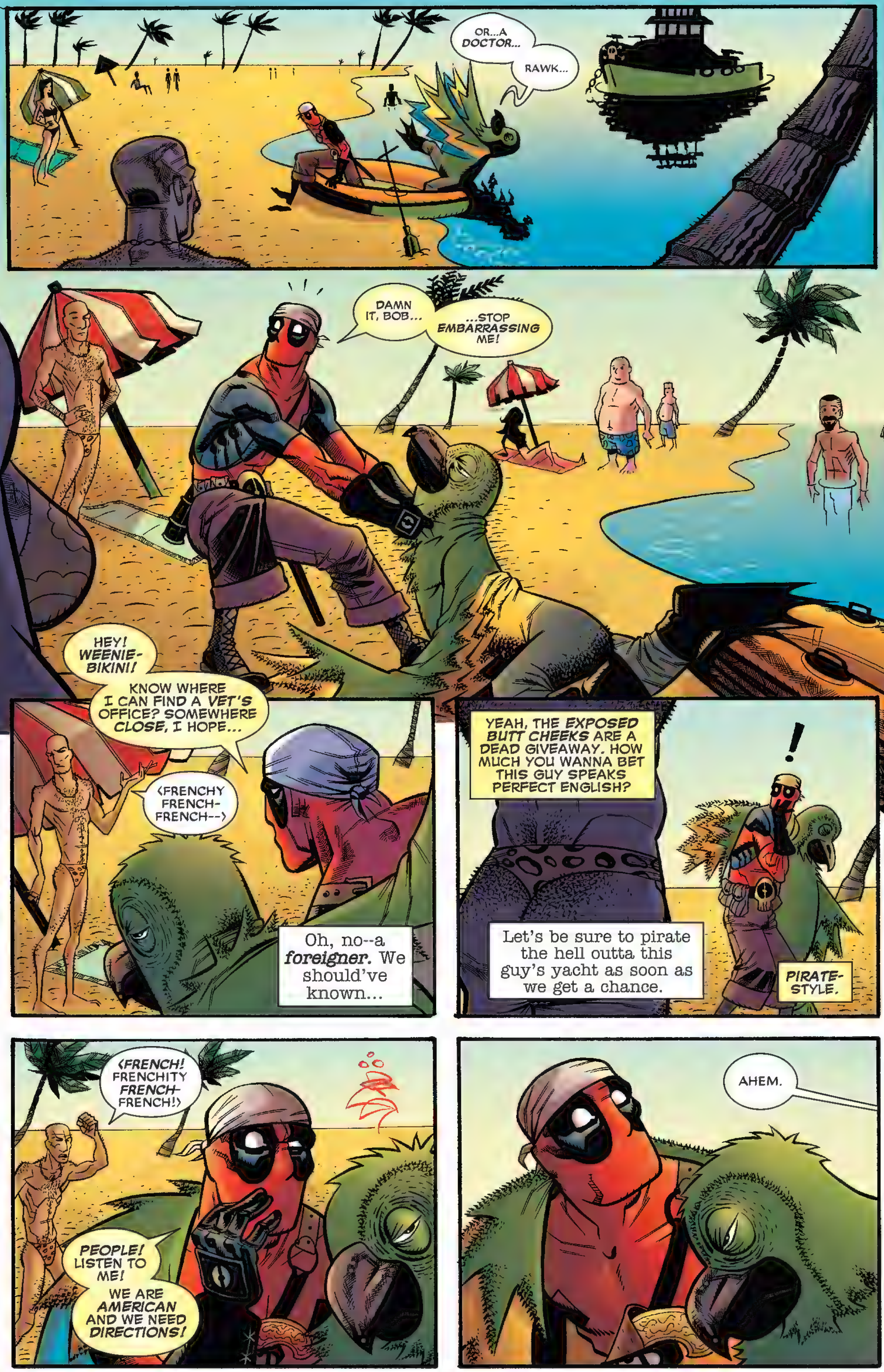

DAMN IT, BOB--NO *KISSING!*
THREE DAYS LATER...
OH, YEAH-- UHH...*SORRY,* MR. WILSON. IT'S JUST THAT I'M *REALLY EXCITED ABOUT THIS,* Y'KNOW?
PIRATES! *US!*
DO WE HAVE A *PIRATE SHIP?*
HEH.
DO WE HAVE A PIRATE SHIP...
THAT DO ANYTHING FOR YA?
OH, MY GOD...
MR. WILSON... *÷SNF÷*...THAT...IS THE RADDEST PIRATE SHIP...*EVER.*
YES, BOB. YES, IT IS.
NO KISSING.
I WASN'T--!
YES, YOU WERE.
YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT...

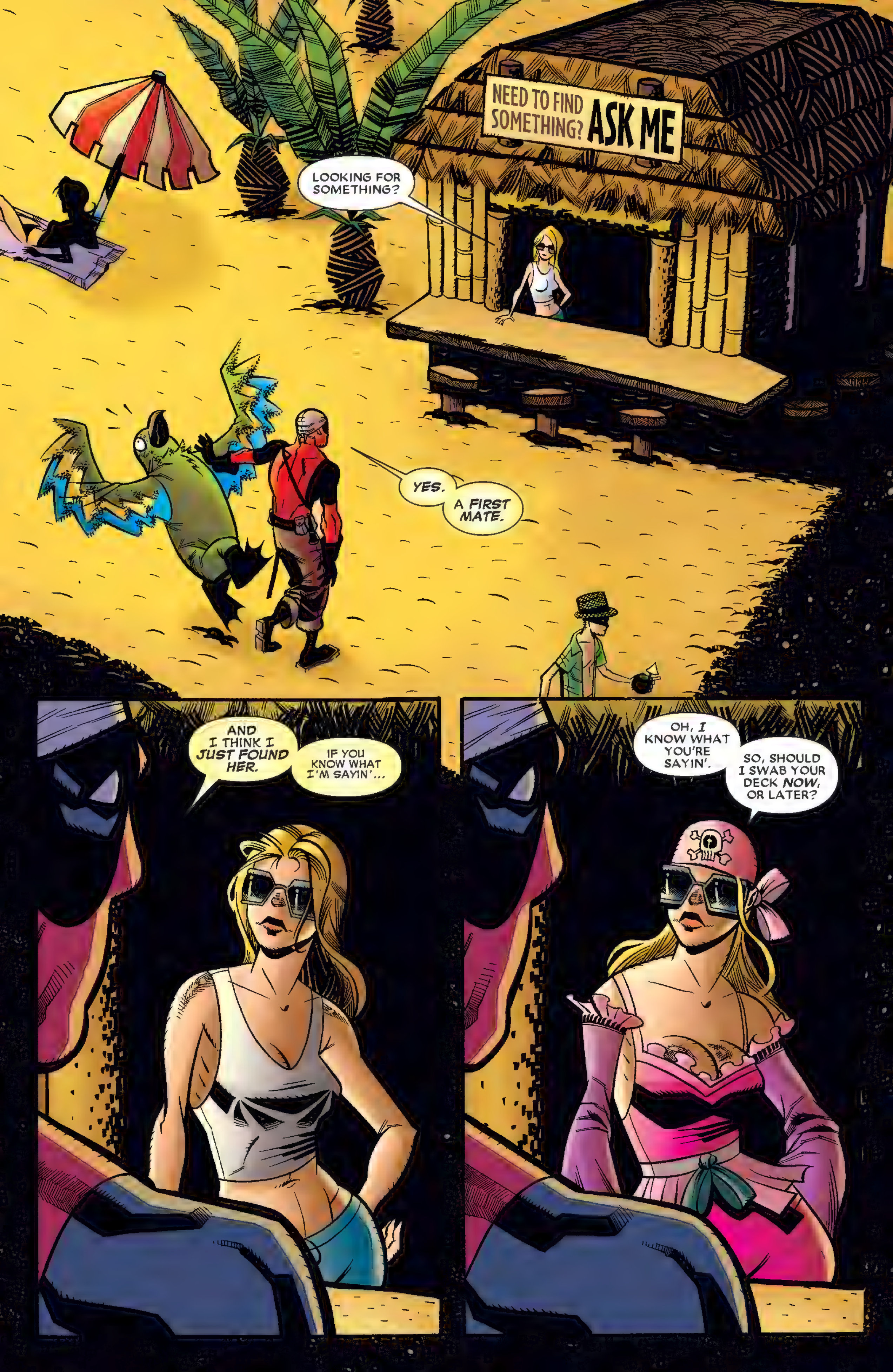

WHATTA YA THINK?
OH, WOW! DO I GET A COSTUME?
OF COURSE! WHAT'S A PIRATE CAPTAIN WITHOUT HIS--
FIRST MATE?
FIRST WHAT?
NO, BOB...
...I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND FOR YOU.
YOU WANT ME...TO DRESS UP...AS A PARROT?
NO, I WANT YOU TO BE A PARROT. MY PARROT. AND I WANT YOU TO TALK LIKE A PARROT, TOO--EVERY TIME YOU SAY SOMETHING, I WANT YOU TO SQUAWK FIRST.
LIKE, SQUAAWWK! LIKE THAT. LIKE A PARROT.
I DON'T THINK I CAN DO THIS, MR. WILSON...
SURE YOU CAN! I'LL TEACH YOU!
WITH THIS!
WHAT'S... THAT?
IT'S MY TEACHING STICK!

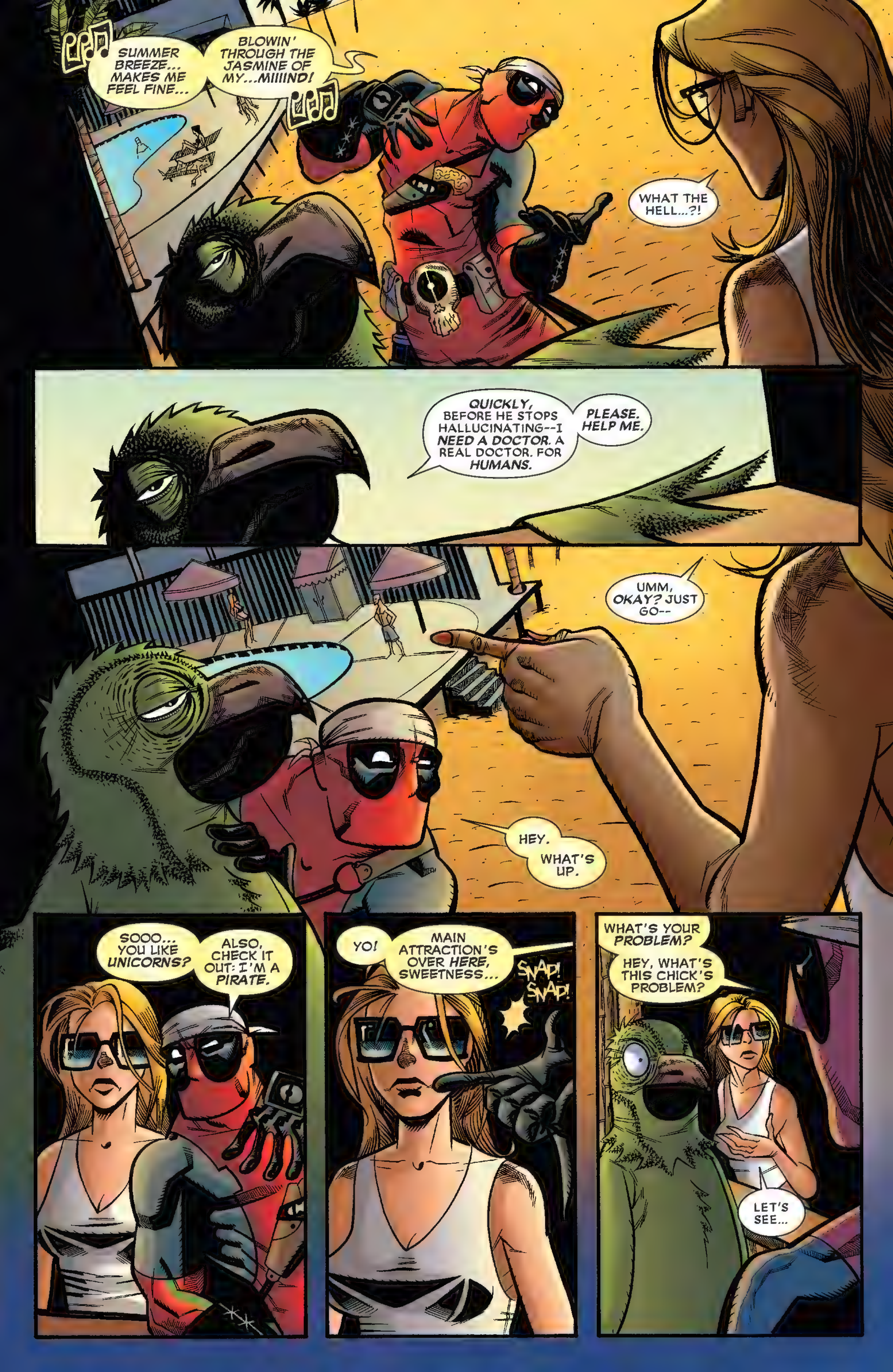

WHAKK!
SO, WHERE ARE WE GOING, MR. WIL--?
AAOW!
I MEAN, RRAAWWWK! WHERE TO, MR. WILSON?
CAPTAIN MR. WILSON. DON'T WORRY, BOB, YOU'LL LEARN-- THE STICK WILL TEACH YOU.
AND WE'RE HEADING TO AN ISLAND CALLED JALLARKA. I READ ABOUT IT IN VANITY F--
IN A MAGAZINE. THAT I... DIDN'T BUY.
KRAKK!
THIS PLACE IS THE KICK-ASS.
BACK IN THE SEVENTIES, SOME CRAZY OIL BARON LEASED IT FROM... I DUNNO, SOME GOVERNMENT OF SOME WEIRD COUNTRY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET THAT I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF... TO USE AS HIS OWN PRIVATE LITTLE HEDONISTIC PLAYGROUND. BUT THEN THE GOVERNMENT HE LEASED IT FROM GOT OVERTHROWN, RIGHT? SO, WHAT THE OIL BARON DID WAS OFFER TO USE HIS OWN PRIVATE ARMY TO GET THOSE GUYS BACK IN POWER...
...IF THEY GAVE HIM THE ISLAND. FOREVER. THEY TOOK THE DEAL... AND THE ISLAND'S BEEN IN THE OIL BARON'S FAMILY EVER SINCE.
ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, THE CRAZY OIL BARON'S SONS STARTED BUILDING THE PLACE UP WITH A BUNCH OF HOTELS AND RESORTS AND STUFF, ALL SUPER-EXCLUSIVE AND PRICED THROUGH THE ROOF. FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, IT'S BEEN THE HOTTEST HOT-SPOT FOR THE ULTRA-ULTRA-RICH. EVERYBODY WHO COMES TO THAT ISLAND IS LOADED, BOB...
...AND THEY ALL COME BY BOAT.
WE ARE GONNA TURN THAT PARTY OUT.

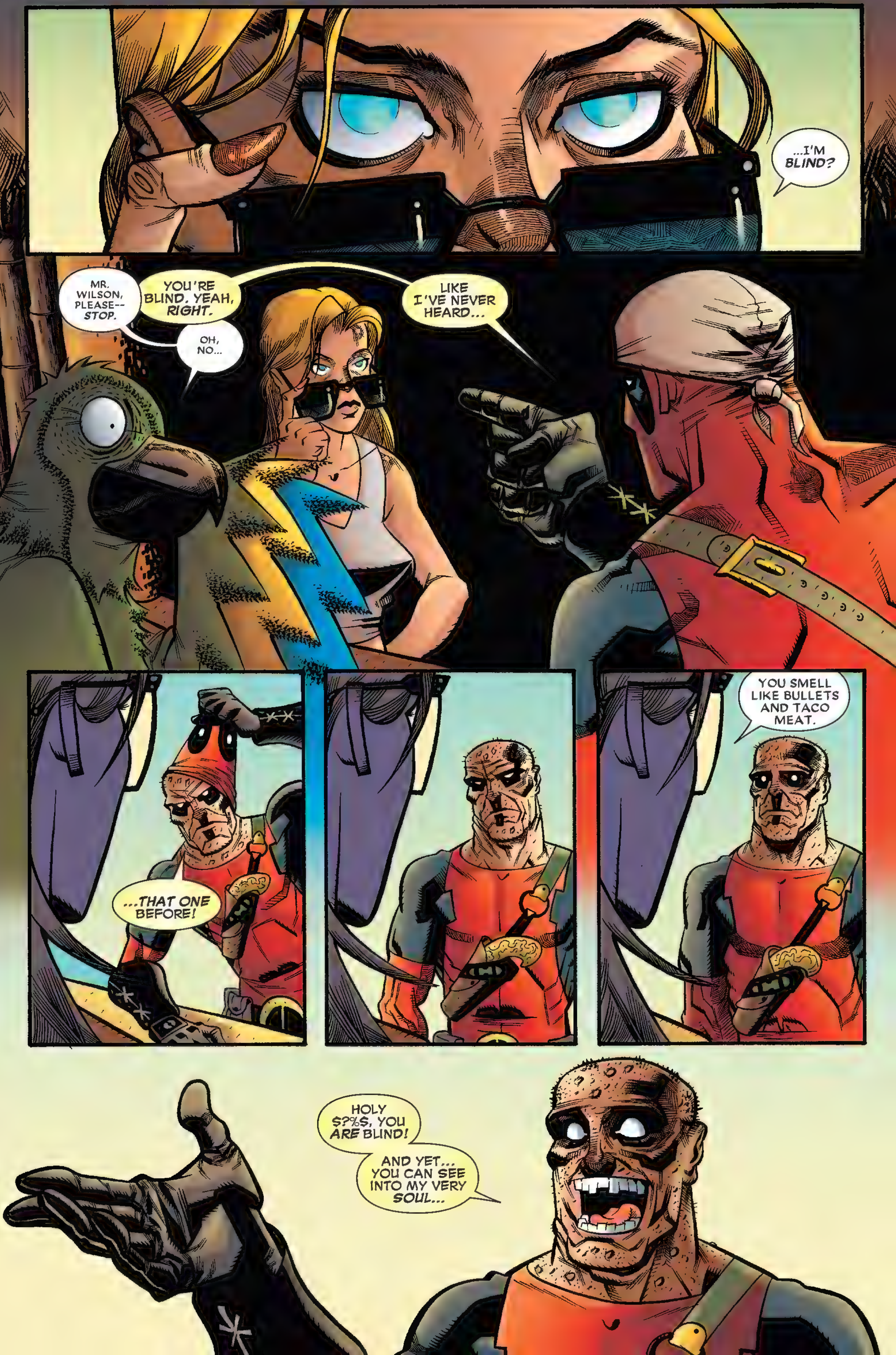

BUT-- RRAAWWWK! YOU'RE ALREADY RICH, CAPTAIN MR. WILSON...
WHY--?
NEVER ASK ME A QUESTION LIKE THAT AGAIN, BOB.
NOT EVEN IN PARROT-TALK.
FACT IS, THERE'S A LOTTA THINGS...IMPORTANT THINGS...THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY.
I KNOW THAT NOW.
MR. WILSON?
HUH? OH.
HEY, Y'KNOW WHAT MONEY CAN BUY? A SOLID GOLD GUN.
THAT SHOOTS DIAMOND BULLETS.
I CALL IT "THE COMPENSATOR"-- WHATTA YA THINK?
THAT... IS COOL, MR. WILSON...
WORD. NOW, ACCORDING TO MY MAP...
...WE SHOULD BE THERE IN ABOUT FOUR DAYS.
FIVE DAYS, TOPS.

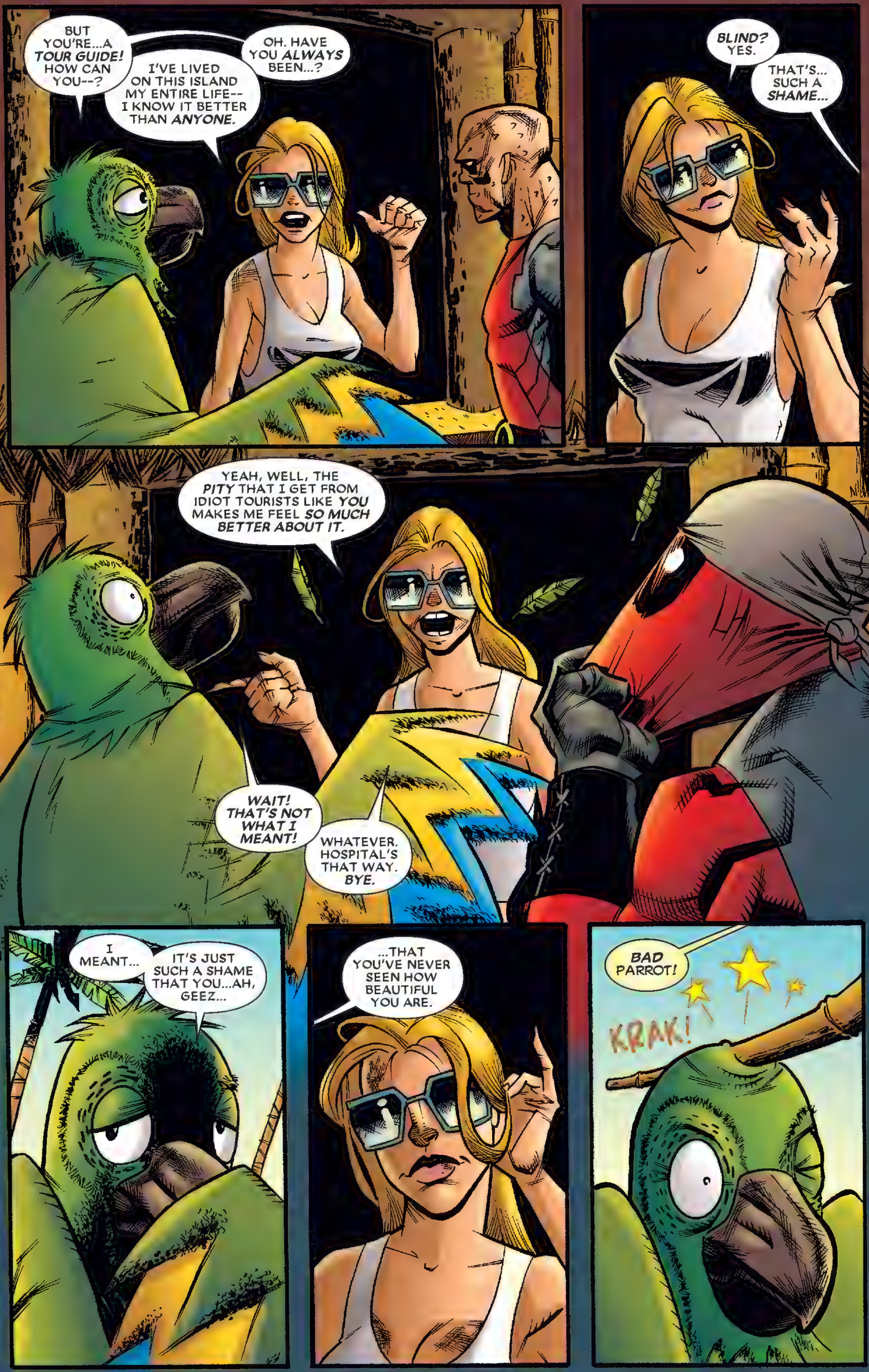

SIX WEEKS LATER...
HHHH...
H--?
LAND... H-HO...
THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE PLACE!
JALLARKA!
I DID IT! AAHRRR!
NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS WAIT FOR ONE OF THOSE RICHY-RICH YACHTS TO COME BY, THEN YOU AN' ME CAN GET OUR PIRATE ON!
I...I THINK I HAVE SCURVY...
HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT? ARE YOU A DOCTOR?
I...HAVE SPOTS ON MY--
NO. YOU'RE NOT.
YOU'RE A PARROT.
LET'S GET YOU TO A VET.

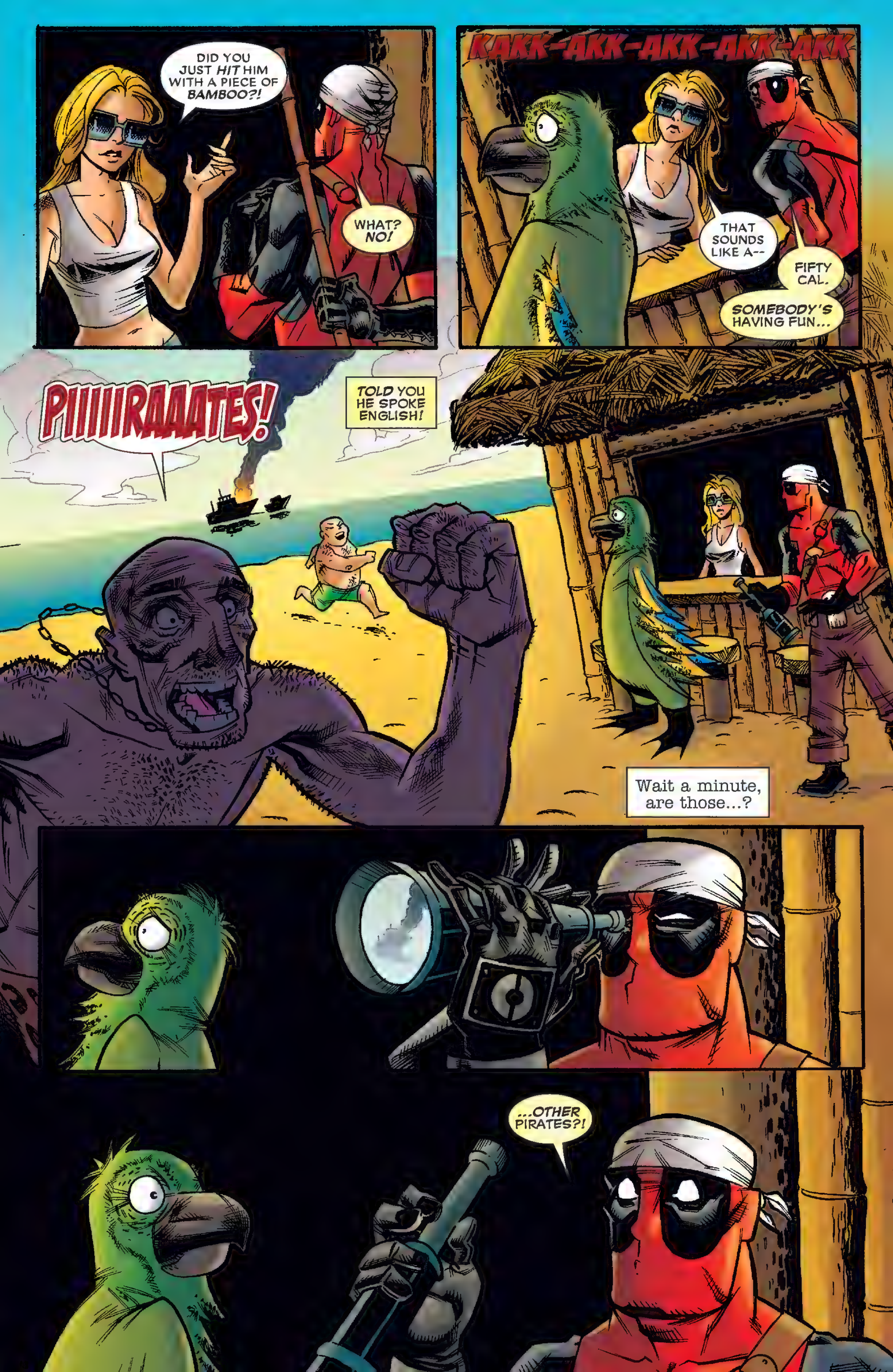

OR...A DOCTOR...
RAWK...
DAMN IT, BOB...
...STOP EMBARRASSING ME!
HEY! WEENIE-BIKINI!
KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND A VET'S OFFICE? SOMEWHERE CLOSE, I HOPE...
‹FRENCHY FRENCH-FRENCH--›
Oh, no--a foreigner. We should've known...
YEAH, THE EXPOSED BUTT CHEEKS ARE A DEAD GIVEAWAY. HOW MUCH YOU WANNA BET THIS GUY SPEAKS PERFECT ENGLISH?
!
Let's be sure to pirate the hell outta this guy's yacht as soon as we get a chance.
PIRATE-STYLE.
‹FRENCH! FRENCHITY FRENCH-FRENCH!›
PEOPLE! LISTEN TO ME!
WE ARE AMERICAN AND WE NEED DIRECTIONS!
AHEM.

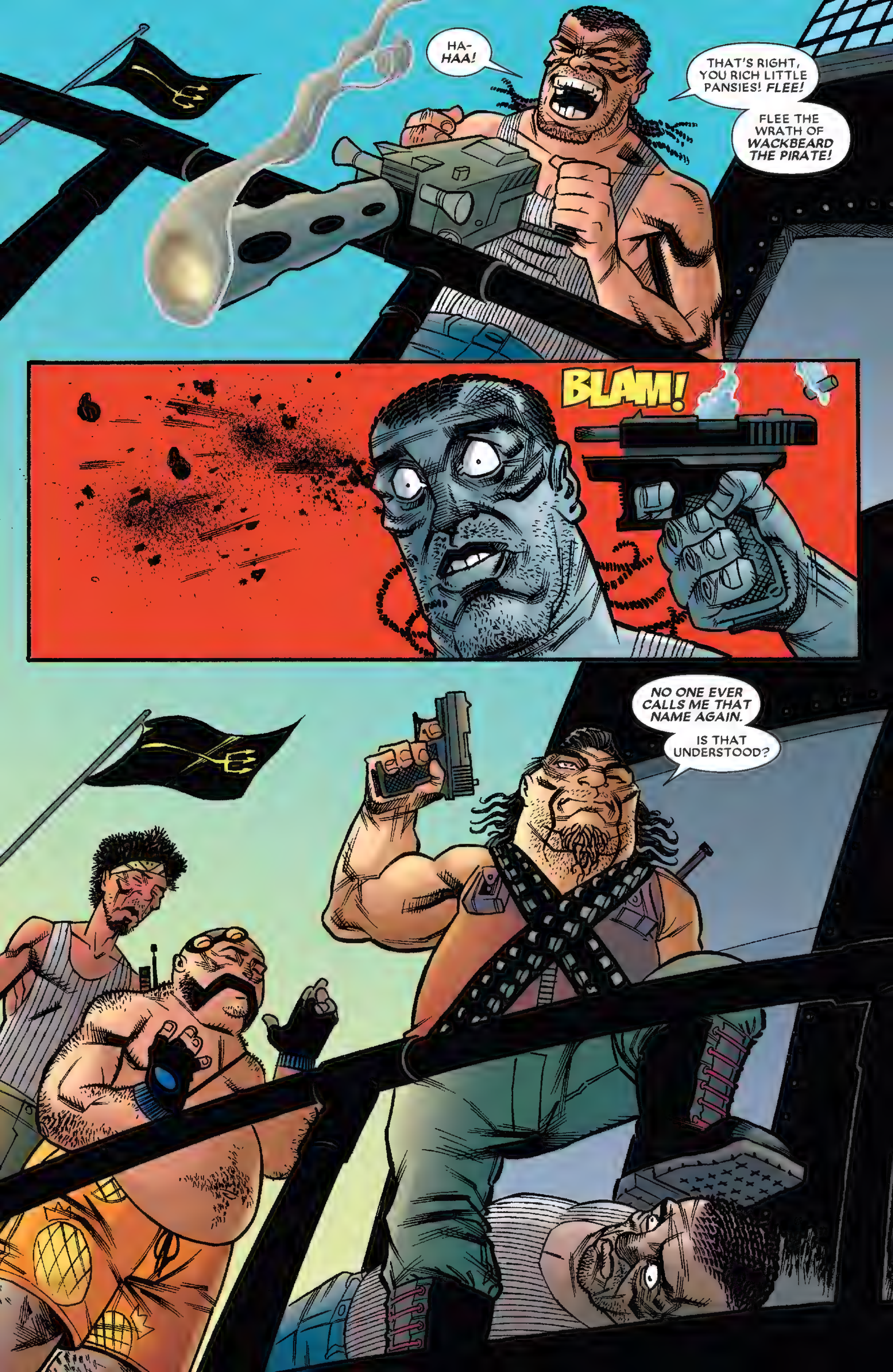

NEED TO FIND SOMETHING? ASK ME
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?
YES.
A FIRST MATE.
AND I THINK I *JUST FOUND HER.*
IF YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'...
OH, *I* KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN'.
SO, SHOULD I SWAB YOUR DECK *NOW,* OR LATER?

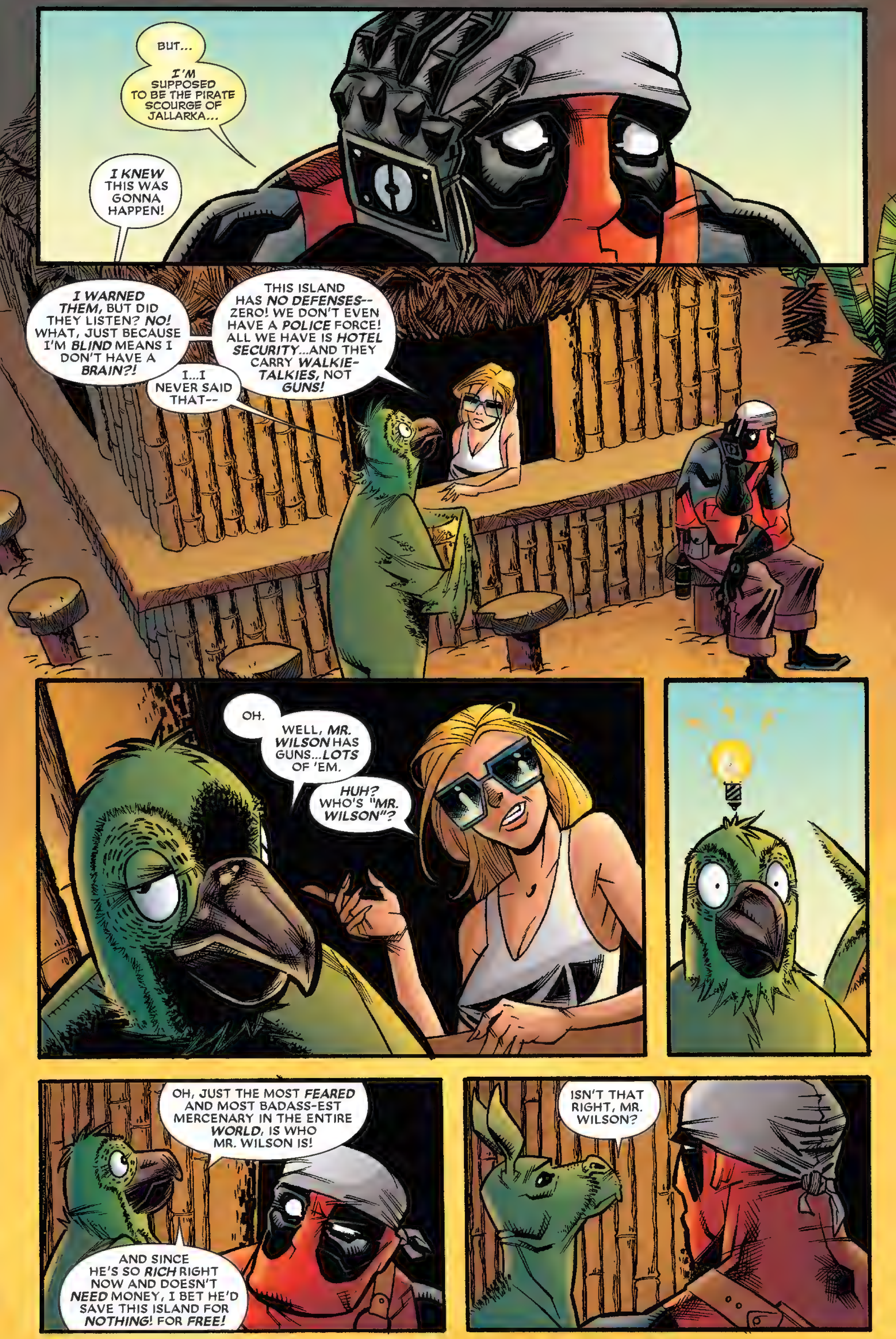

SUMMER BREEZE... MAKES ME FEEL FINE...
BLOWIN' THROUGH THE JASMINE OF MY...MIIIIND!
WHAT THE HELL...?!
QUICKLY, BEFORE HE STOPS HALLUCINATING--I NEED A DOCTOR. A REAL DOCTOR. FOR HUMANS.
PLEASE. HELP ME.
UMM, OKAY? JUST GO--
HEY.
WHAT'S UP.
SOOO... YOU LIKE UNICORNS?
ALSO, CHECK IT OUT: I'M A PIRATE.
YO!
MAIN ATTRACTION'S OVER HERE, SWEETNESS...
SNAP! SNAP!
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?
HEY, WHAT'S THIS CHICK'S PROBLEM?
LET'S SEE...

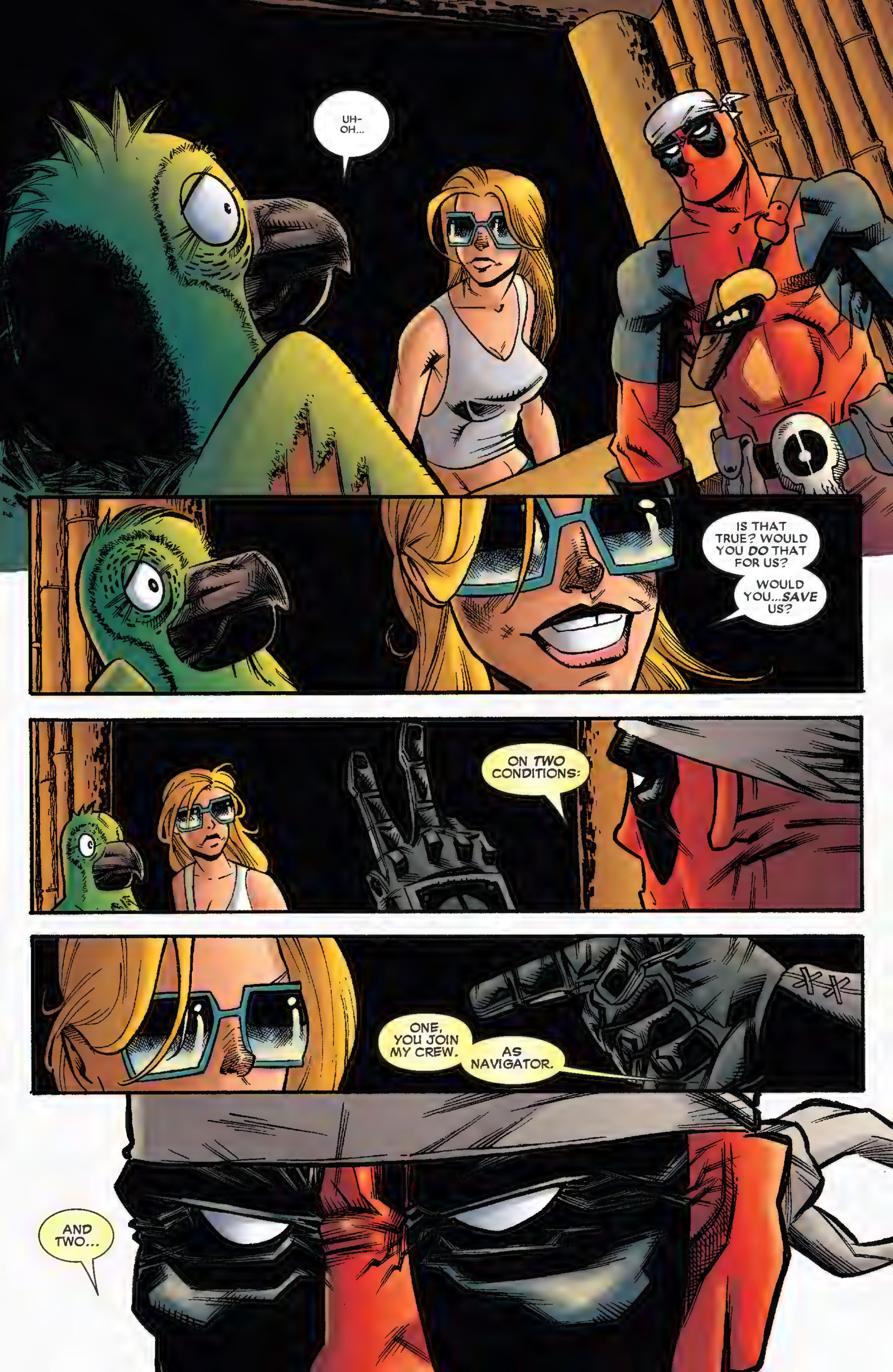

...I'M BLIND?
MR. WILSON, PLEASE-- STOP.
YOU'RE BLIND. YEAH, RIGHT.
OH, NO...
LIKE I'VE NEVER HEARD...
...THAT ONE BEFORE!
YOU SMELL LIKE BULLETS AND TACO MEAT.
HOLY $?%$, YOU ARE BLIND!
AND YET... YOU CAN SEE INTO MY VERY SOUL...

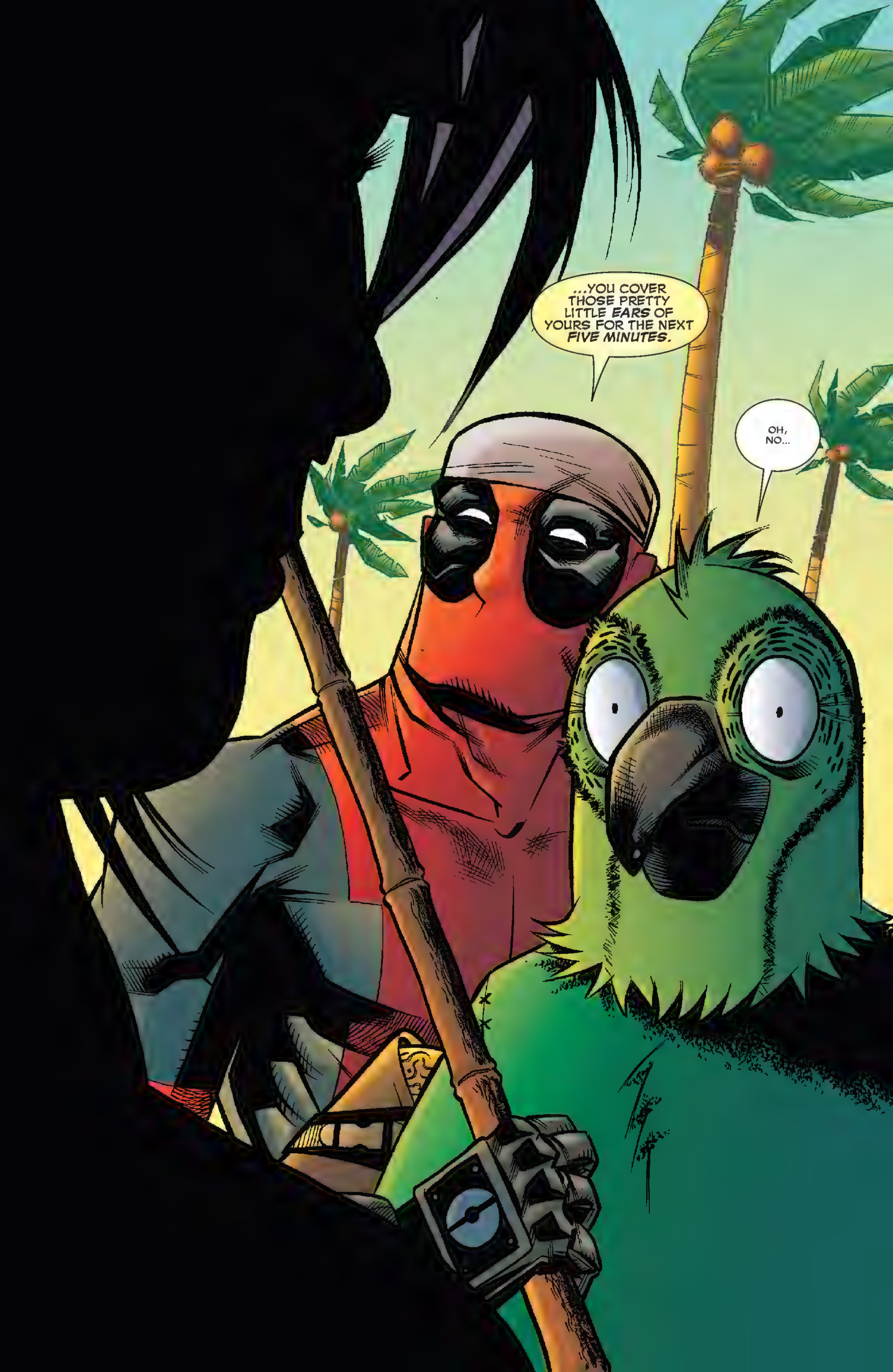

BUT YOU'RE...A *TOUR GUIDE!* HOW CAN YOU--?
I'VE LIVED ON THIS ISLAND MY ENTIRE LIFE-- I KNOW IT BETTER THAN *ANYONE.*
OH. HAVE YOU *ALWAYS* BEEN...?
BLIND? YES.
THAT'S... SUCH A *SHAME...*
YEAH, WELL, THE *PITY* THAT I GET FROM IDIOT TOURISTS LIKE *YOU* MAKES ME FEEL *SO MUCH BETTER ABOUT IT.*
WAIT! THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT!
WHATEVER. HOSPITAL'S THAT WAY. *BYE.*
I MEANT...
IT'S JUST SUCH A SHAME THAT YOU...AH, GEEZ...
...THAT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE.
BAD PARROT!
KRAK!


DID YOU JUST *HIT* HIM WITH A PIECE OF *BAMBOO?!*
WHAT? *NO!*
KAKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A--
FIFTY CAL.
SOMEBODY'S HAVING FUN...
PIIIIIRAAATES!
TOLD YOU HE SPOKE ENGLISH!
Wait a minute, are those...?
...OTHER PIRATES?!


HA-
HAA!
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU RICH LITTLE PANSIES! *FLEE!*
FLEE THE WRATH OF *WACKBEARD THE PIRATE!*
BLAM!
NO ONE EVER CALLS ME THAT NAME AGAIN.
IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?


BUT...
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE PIRATE SCOURGE OF JALLARKA...
I KNEW THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN!
I WARNED THEM, BUT DID THEY LISTEN? *NO!* WHAT, JUST BECAUSE I'M *BLIND* MEANS I DON'T HAVE A *BRAIN?!*
THIS ISLAND HAS *NO DEFENSES*-- ZERO! WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A *POLICE* FORCE! ALL WE HAVE IS *HOTEL SECURITY*...AND THEY CARRY *WALKIE-TALKIES,* NOT *GUNS!*
I...I NEVER SAID THAT--
OH.
WELL, *MR. WILSON* HAS GUNS...*LOTS* OF 'EM.
HUH? WHO'S *"MR. WILSON"?*
OH, JUST THE MOST *FEARED* AND MOST BADASS-EST MERCENARY IN THE ENTIRE *WORLD,* IS WHO MR. WILSON IS!
AND SINCE HE'S SO *RICH* RIGHT NOW AND DOESN'T *NEED* MONEY, I BET HE'D SAVE THIS ISLAND FOR *NOTHING!* FOR *FREE!*
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MR. WILSON?


UH-OH...
IS THAT TRUE? WOULD YOU *DO* THAT FOR US?
WOULD YOU...*SAVE* US?
ON *TWO* CONDITIONS:
ONE, YOU JOIN MY CREW.
AS NAVIGATOR.
AND TWO...


...YOU COVER THOSE PRETTY LITTLE *EARS* OF YOURS FOR THE NEXT *FIVE MINUTES.*
OH, NO...

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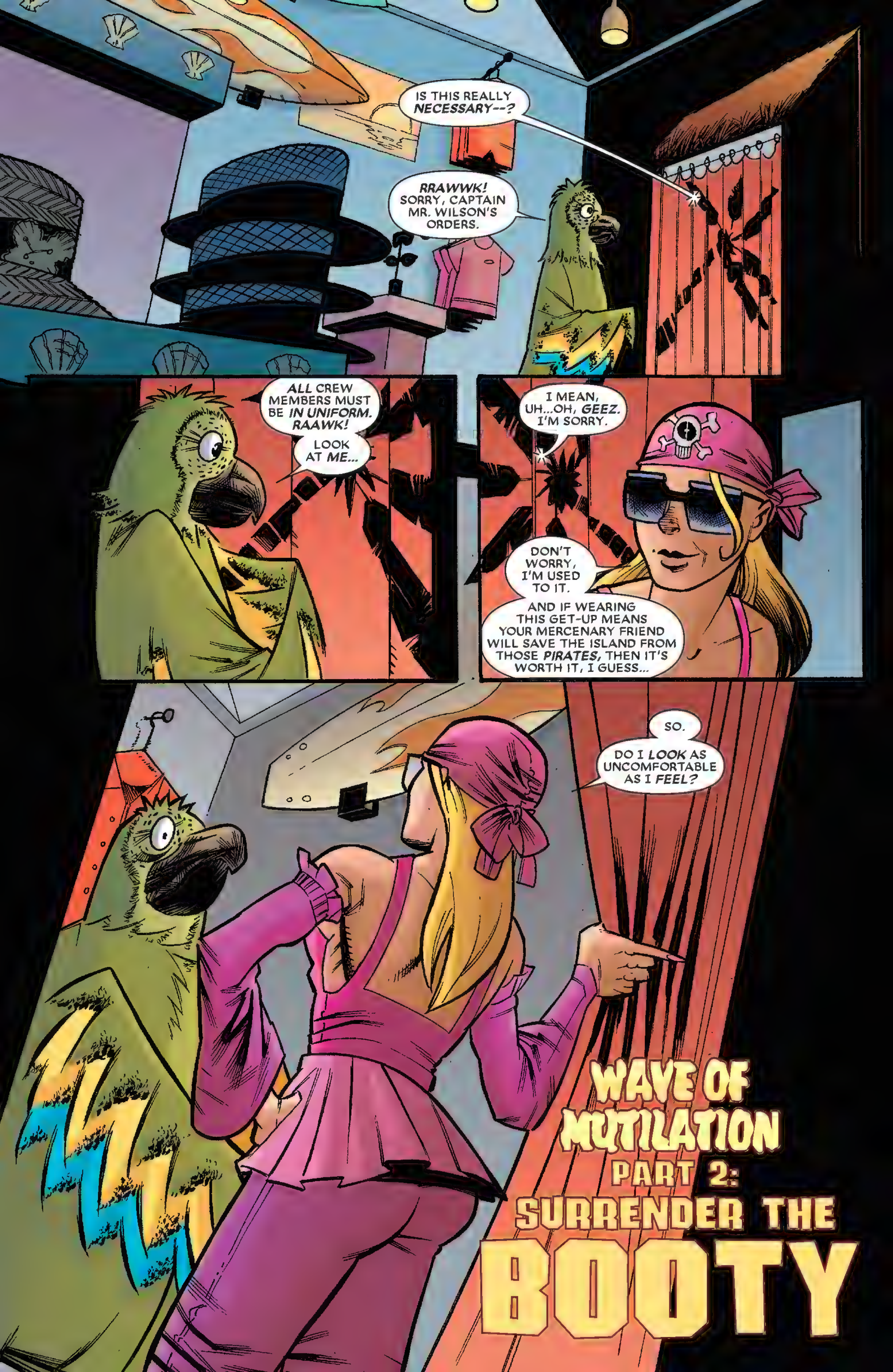
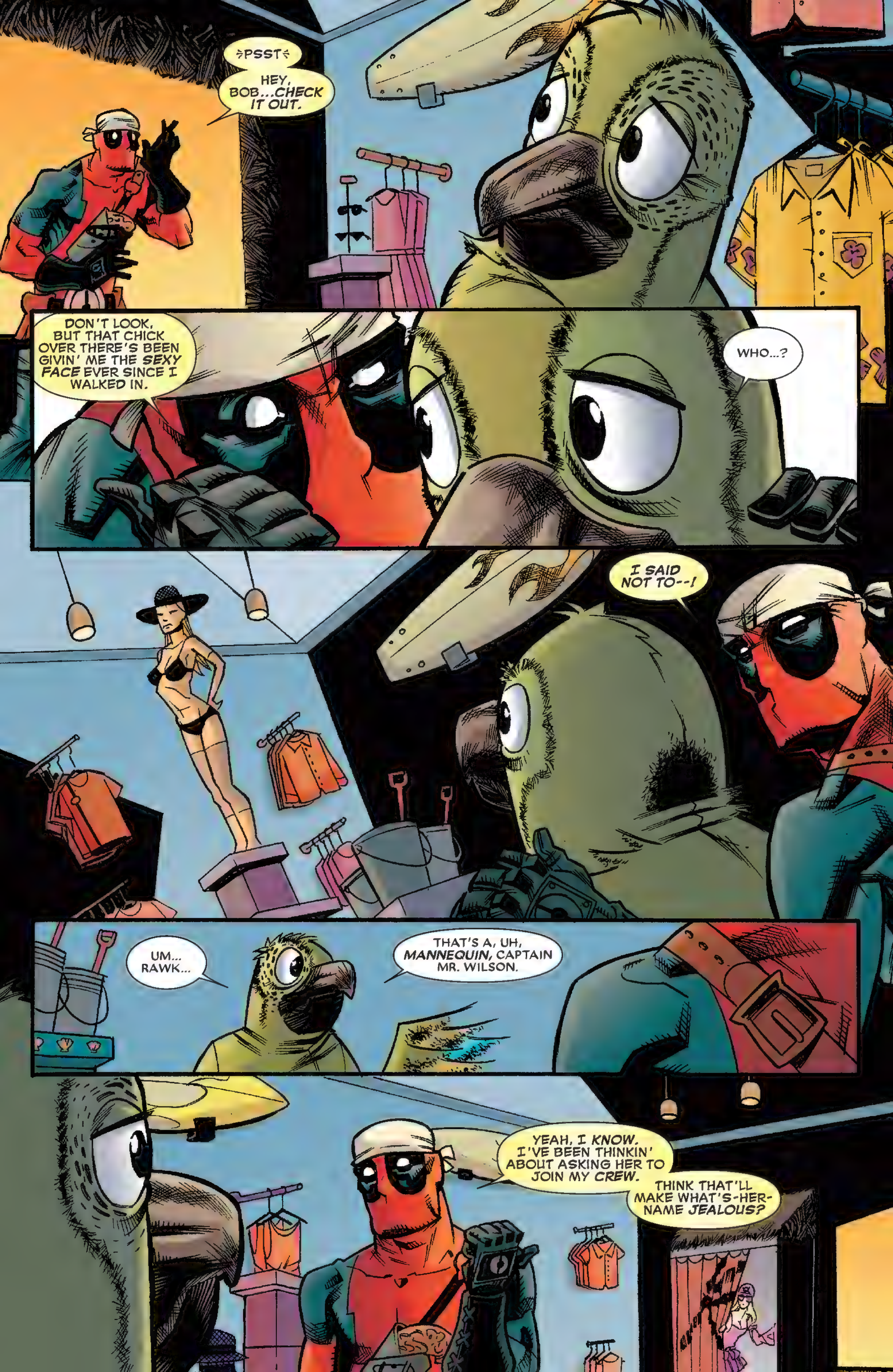
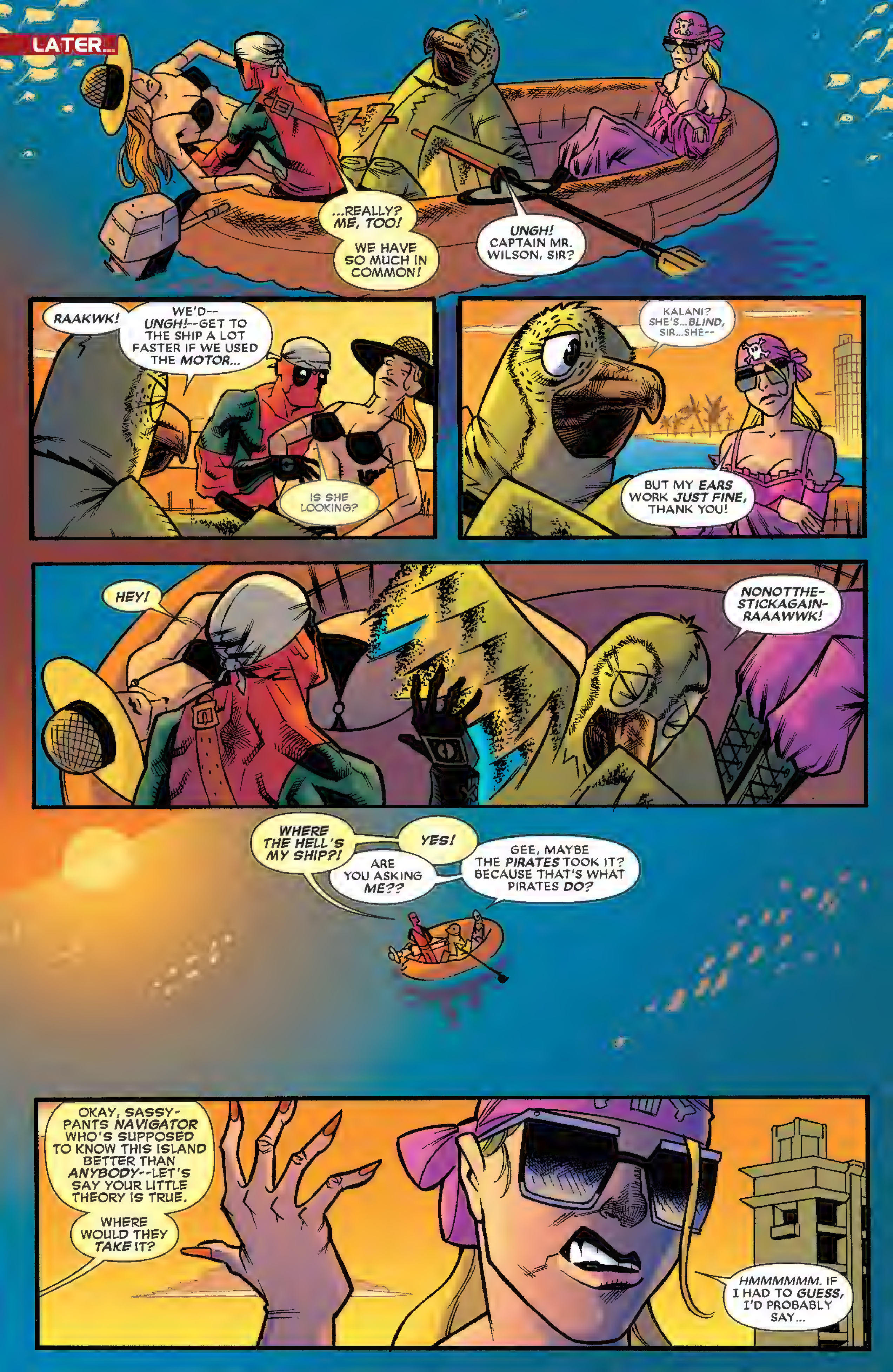
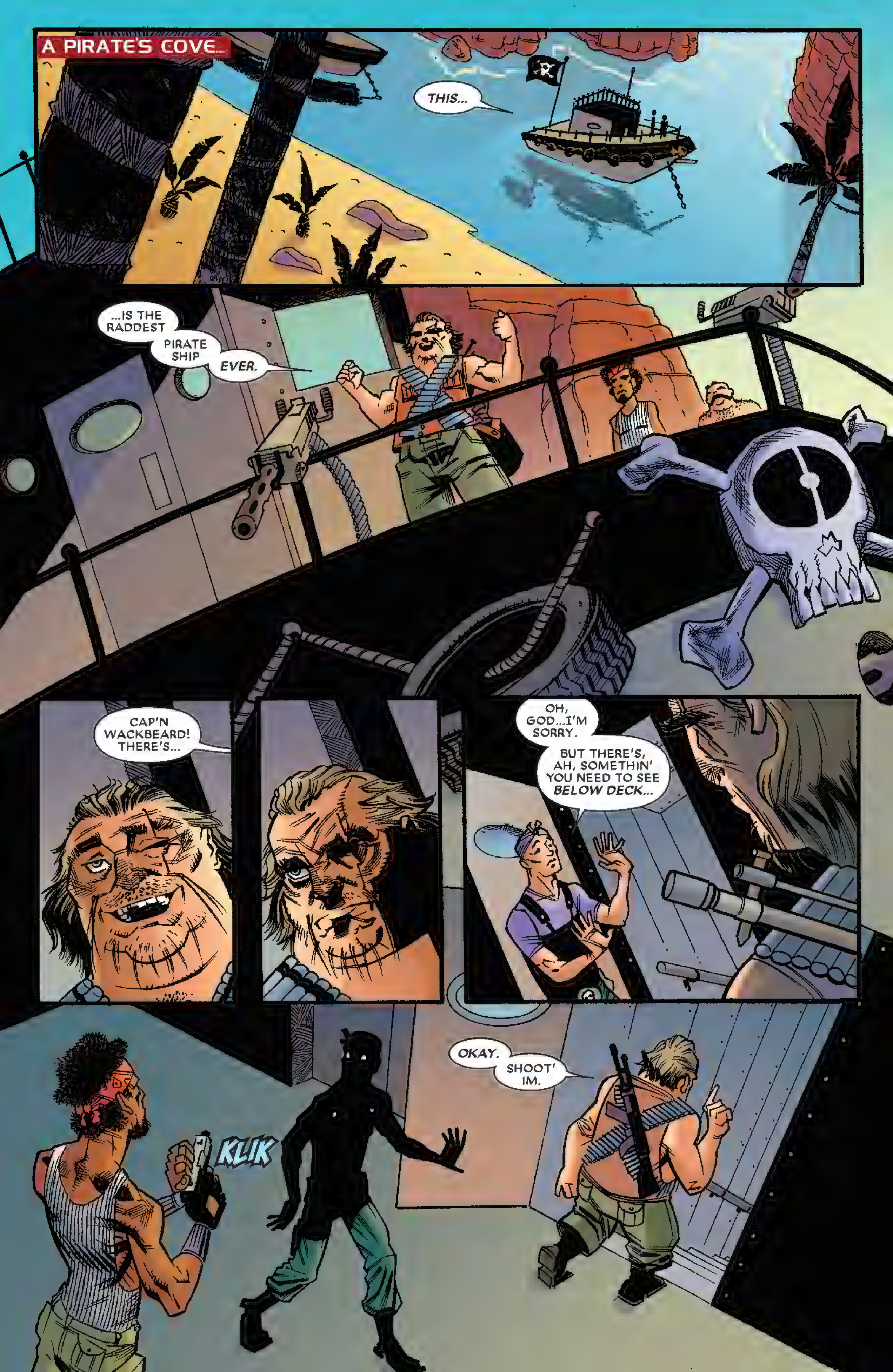
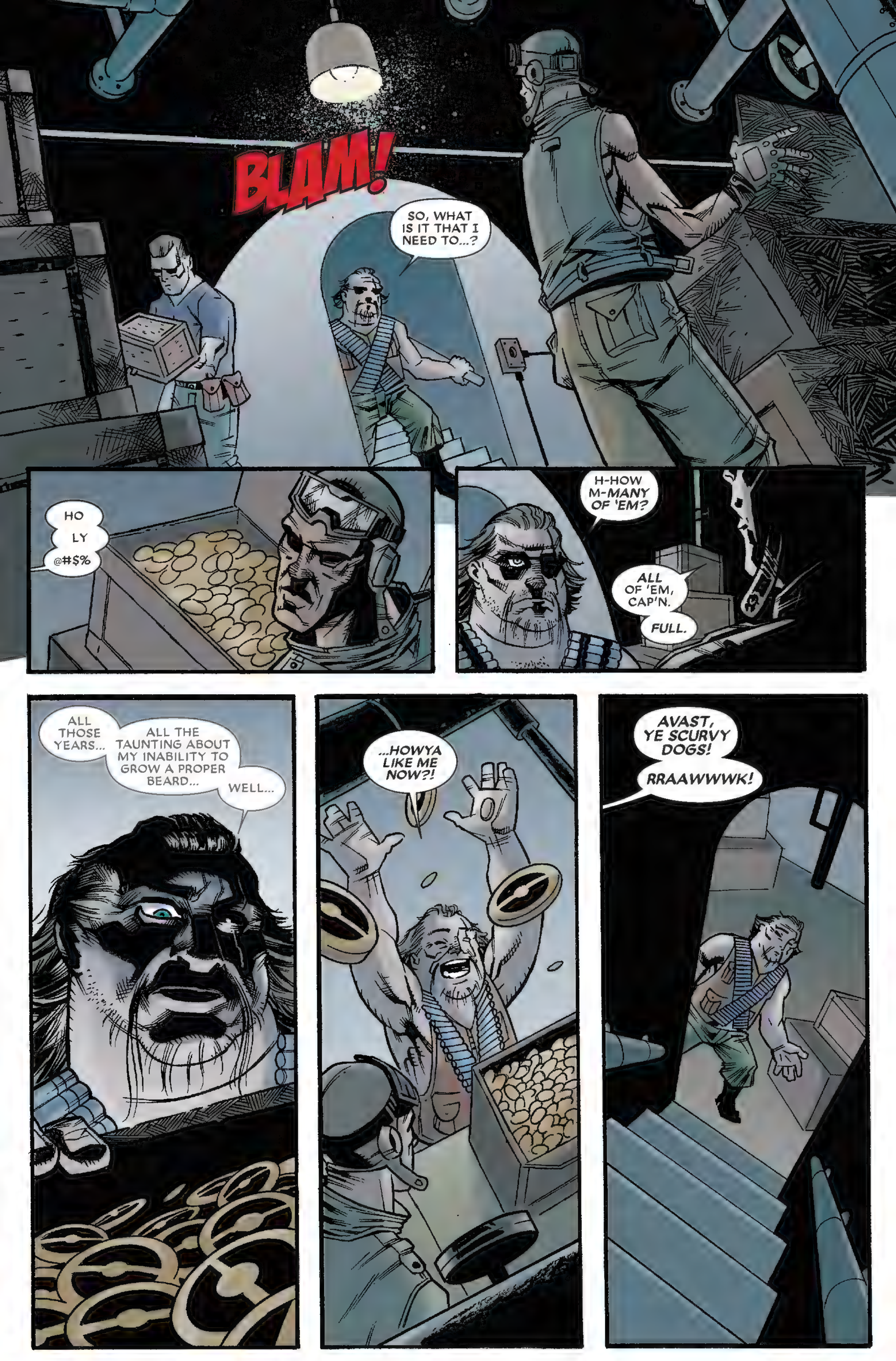
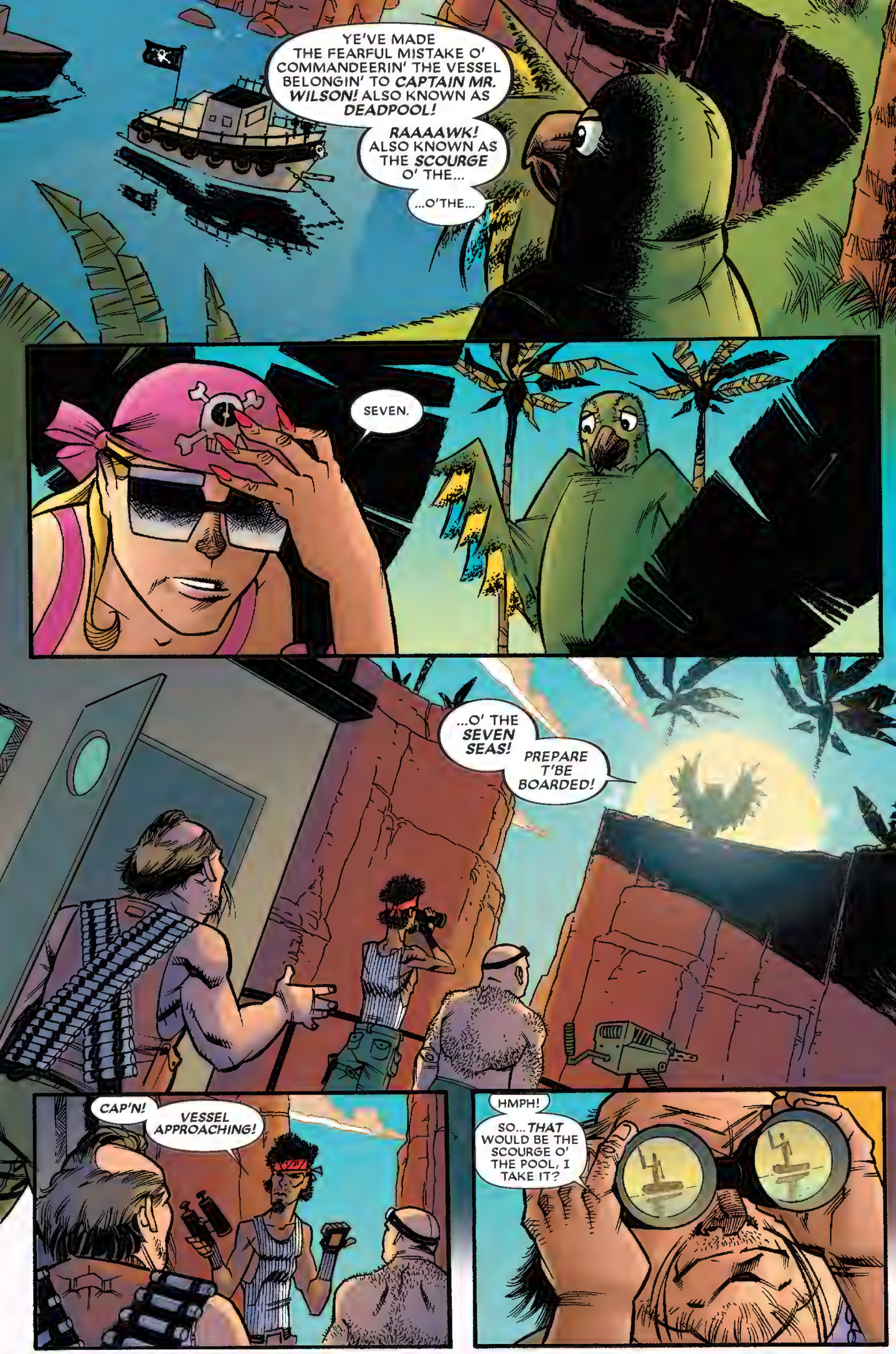

IS THIS REALLY *NECESSARY--?*
RRAWWK! SORRY, CAPTAIN MR. WILSON'S ORDERS.
ALL CREW MEMBERS MUST BE *IN UNIFORM. RAAWK!*
LOOK AT *ME...*
I MEAN, UH...OH, *GEEZ.* I'M SORRY.
DON'T WORRY, I'M USED TO IT.
AND IF WEARING THIS GET-UP MEANS YOUR MERCENARY FRIEND WILL SAVE THE ISLAND FROM THOSE *PIRATES,* THEN IT'S WORTH IT, I GUESS...
SO.
DO I *LOOK* AS UNCOMFORTABLE AS I *FEEL?*
WAVE OF MUTILATION
PART 2:
SURRENDER THE
BOOTY

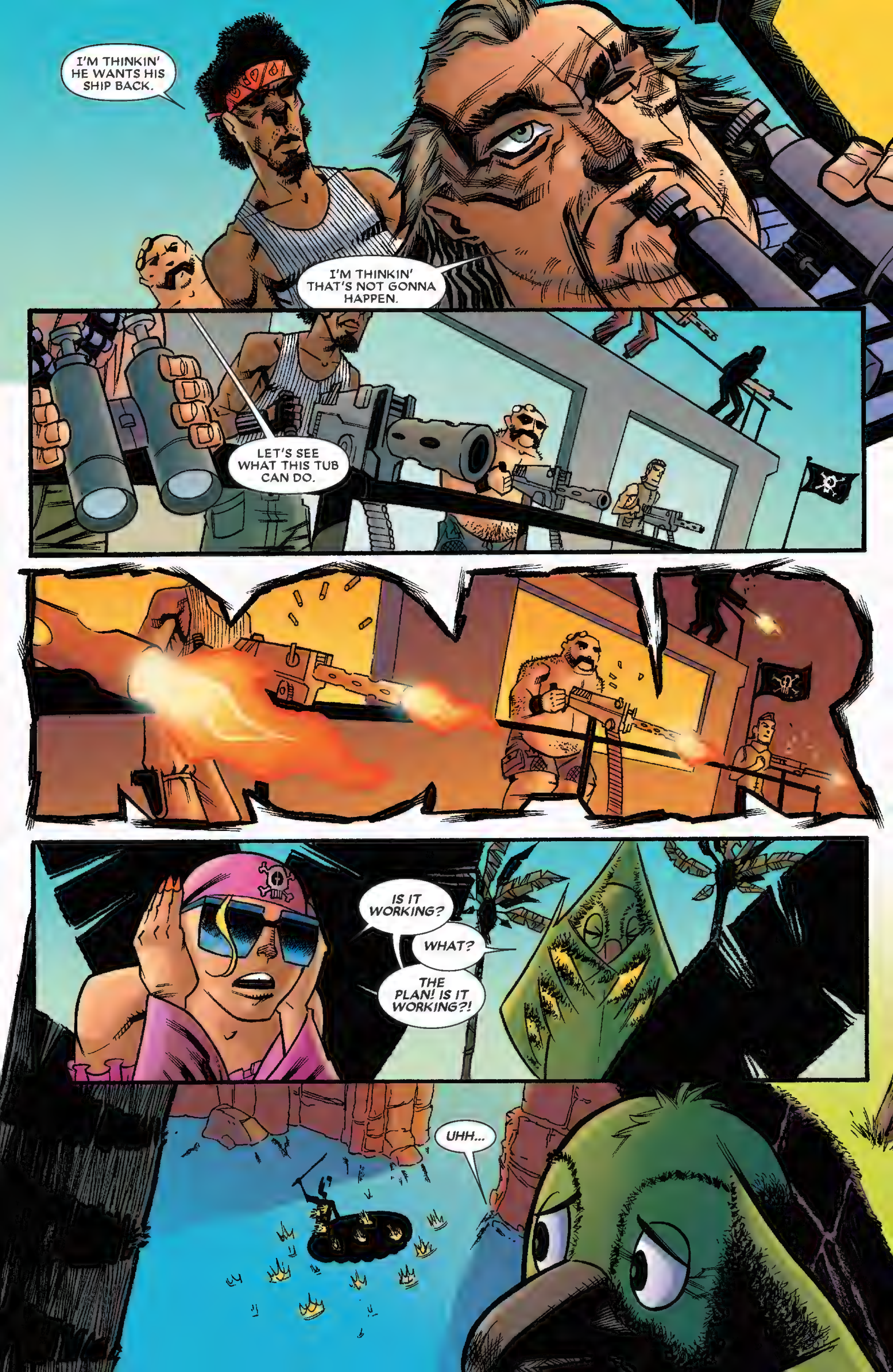

PSST
HEY, BOB...CHECK IT OUT.
DON'T LOOK, BUT THAT CHICK OVER THERE'S BEEN GIVIN' ME THE SEXY FACE EVER SINCE I WALKED IN.
WHO...?
I SAID NOT TO--!
UM... RAWK...
THAT'S A, UH, MANNEQUIN, CAPTAIN MR. WILSON.
YEAH, I KNOW. I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT ASKING HER TO JOIN MY CREW.
THINK THAT'LL MAKE WHAT'S-HER-NAME JEALOUS?

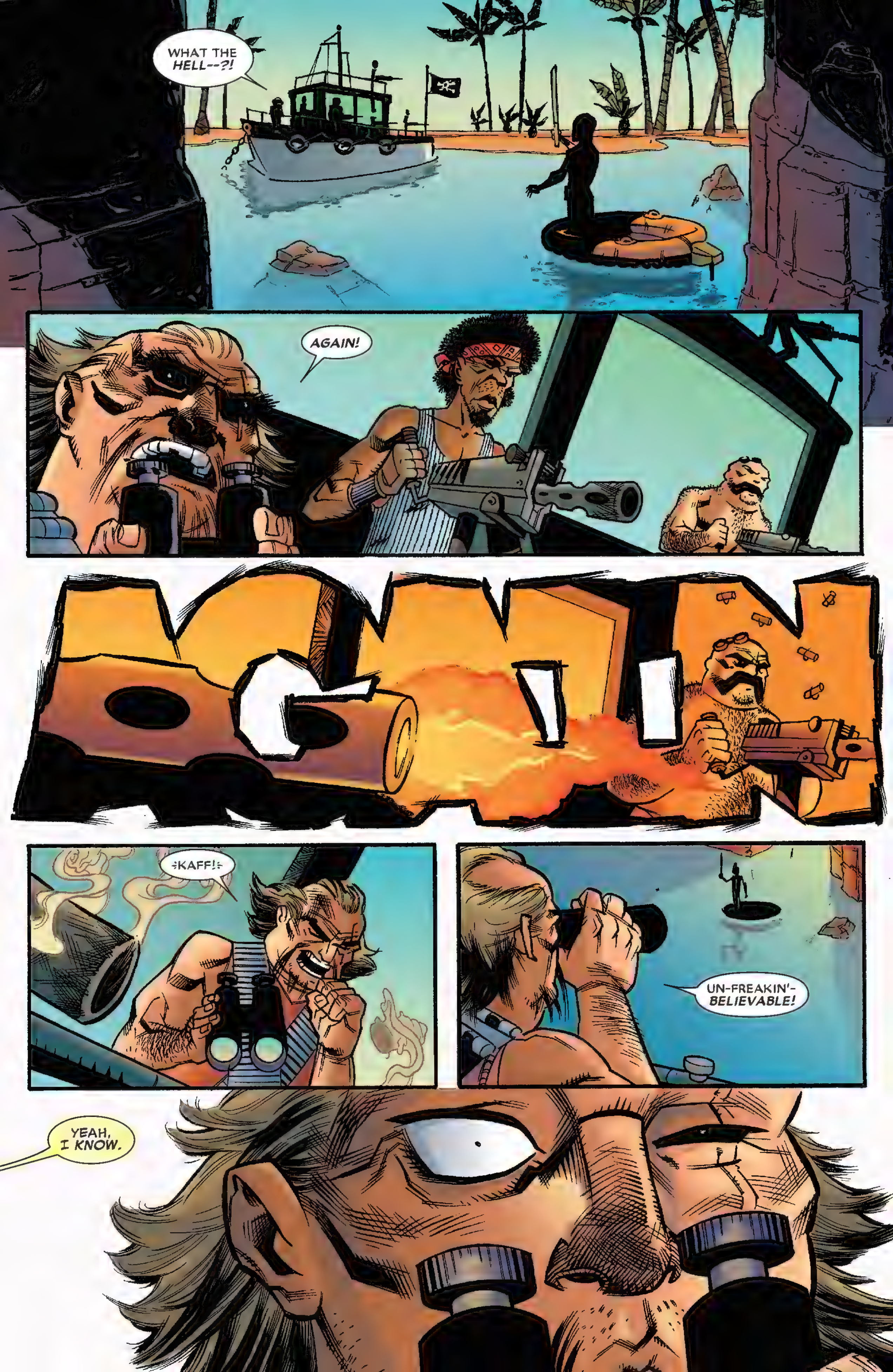

LATER...
...REALLY? ME, TOO!
WE HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON!
UNGH! CAPTAIN MR. WILSON, SIR?
RAAKWK!
WE'D-- UNGH!--GET TO THE SHIP A LOT FASTER IF WE USED THE MOTOR...
IS SHE LOOKING?
KALANI? SHE'S...BLIND, SIR...SHE--
BUT MY EARS WORK JUST FINE, THANK YOU!
HEY!
NONOTTHE-STICKAGAIN-RAAAWWK!
WHERE THE HELL'S MY SHIP?!
YES!
ARE YOU ASKING ME??
GEE, MAYBE THE PIRATES TOOK IT? BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT PIRATES DO?
OKAY, SASSY-PANTS NAVIGATOR WHO'S SUPPOSED TO KNOW THIS ISLAND BETTER THAN ANYBODY--LET'S SAY YOUR LITTLE THEORY IS TRUE.
WHERE WOULD THEY TAKE IT?
HMMMMMM. IF I HAD TO GUESS, I'D PROBABLY SAY...

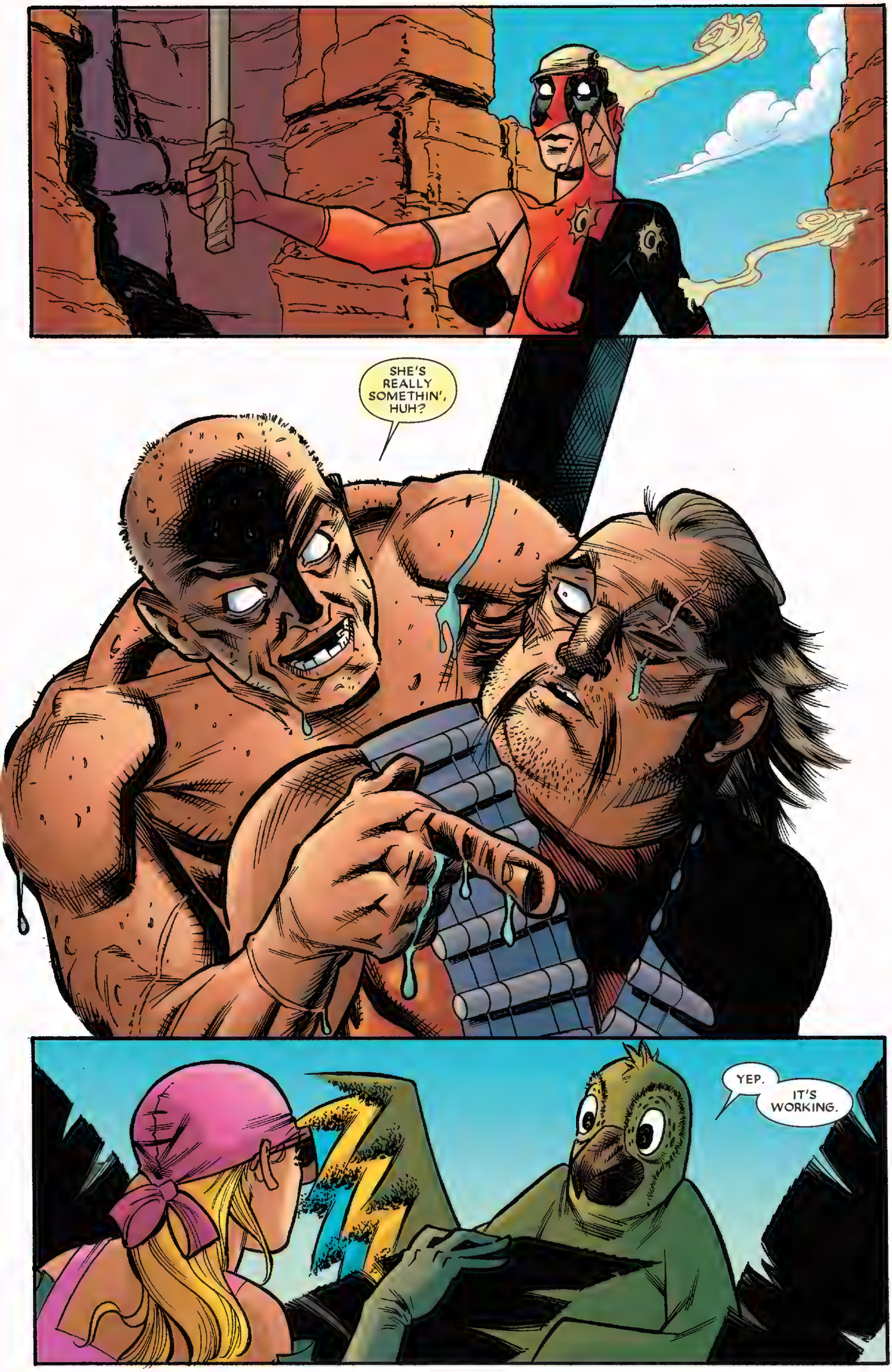

A PIRATE'S COVE...
THIS...
...IS THE RADDEST
PIRATE SHIP
EVER.
CAP'N WACKBEARD! THERE'S...
OH, GOD...I'M SORRY.
BUT THERE'S, AH, SOMETHIN' YOU NEED TO SEE BELOW DECK...
KLIK
OKAY.
SHOOT' IM.

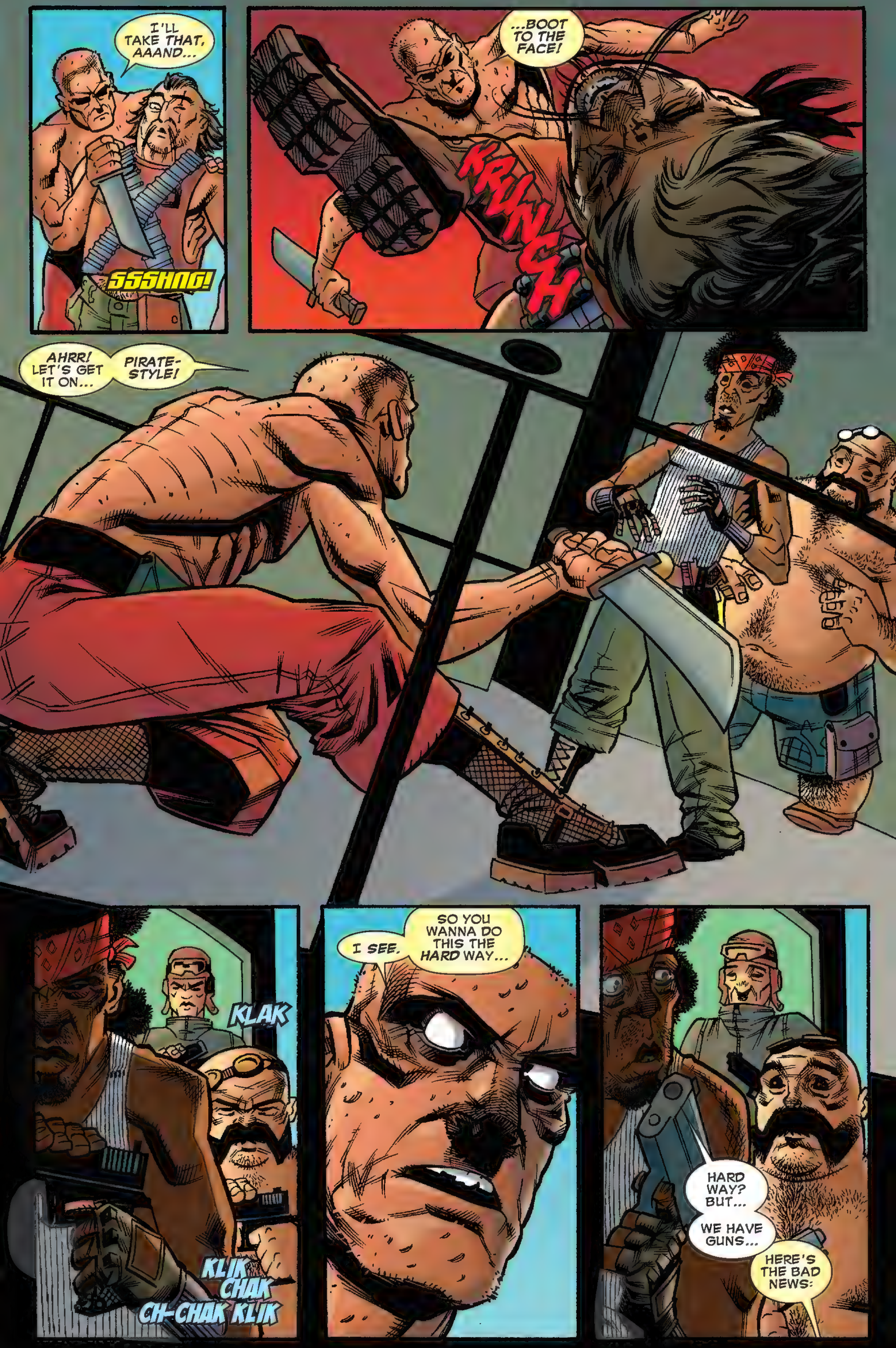

BLAM!
SO, WHAT IS IT THAT I NEED TO...?
HO
LY
@#$%
H-HOW M-MANY OF 'EM?
ALL OF 'EM, CAP'N.
FULL.
ALL THOSE YEARS...
ALL THE TAUNTING ABOUT MY INABILITY TO GROW A PROPER BEARD...
WELL...
...HOWYA LIKE ME NOW?!
AVAST, YE SCURVY DOGS!
RRAAWWWK!

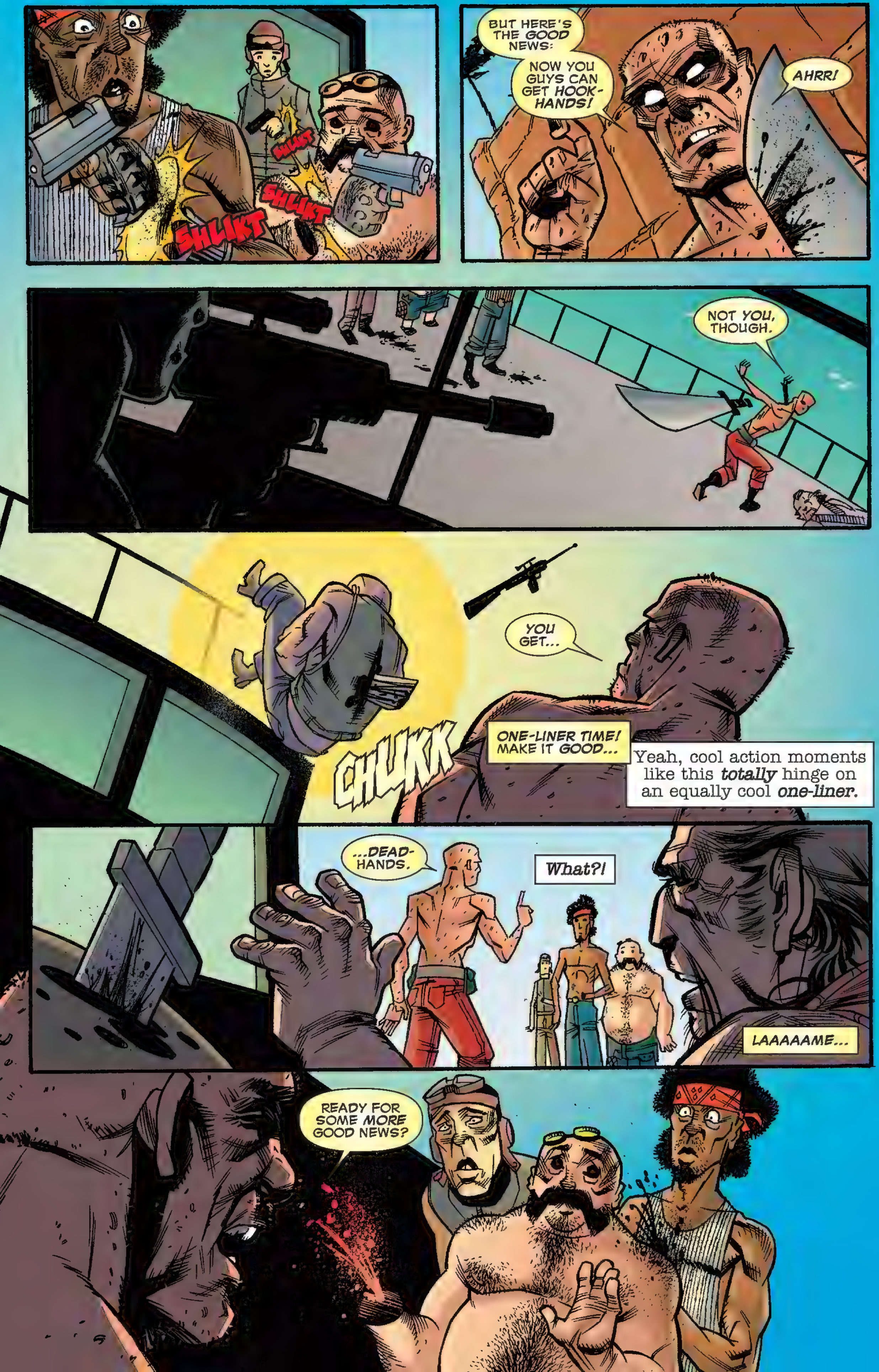

YE'VE MADE THE FEARFUL MISTAKE O' COMMANDEERIN' THE VESSEL BELONGIN' TO *CAPTAIN MR. WILSON!* ALSO KNOWN AS *DEADPOOL!*
RAAAAWK! ALSO KNOWN AS THE *SCOURGE* O' THE...
...O'THE...
SEVEN.
...O' THE *SEVEN SEAS!*
PREPARE T'BE BOARDED!
CAP'N!
VESSEL APPROACHING!
HMPH!
SO...*THAT* WOULD BE THE SCOURGE O' THE POOL, I TAKE IT?

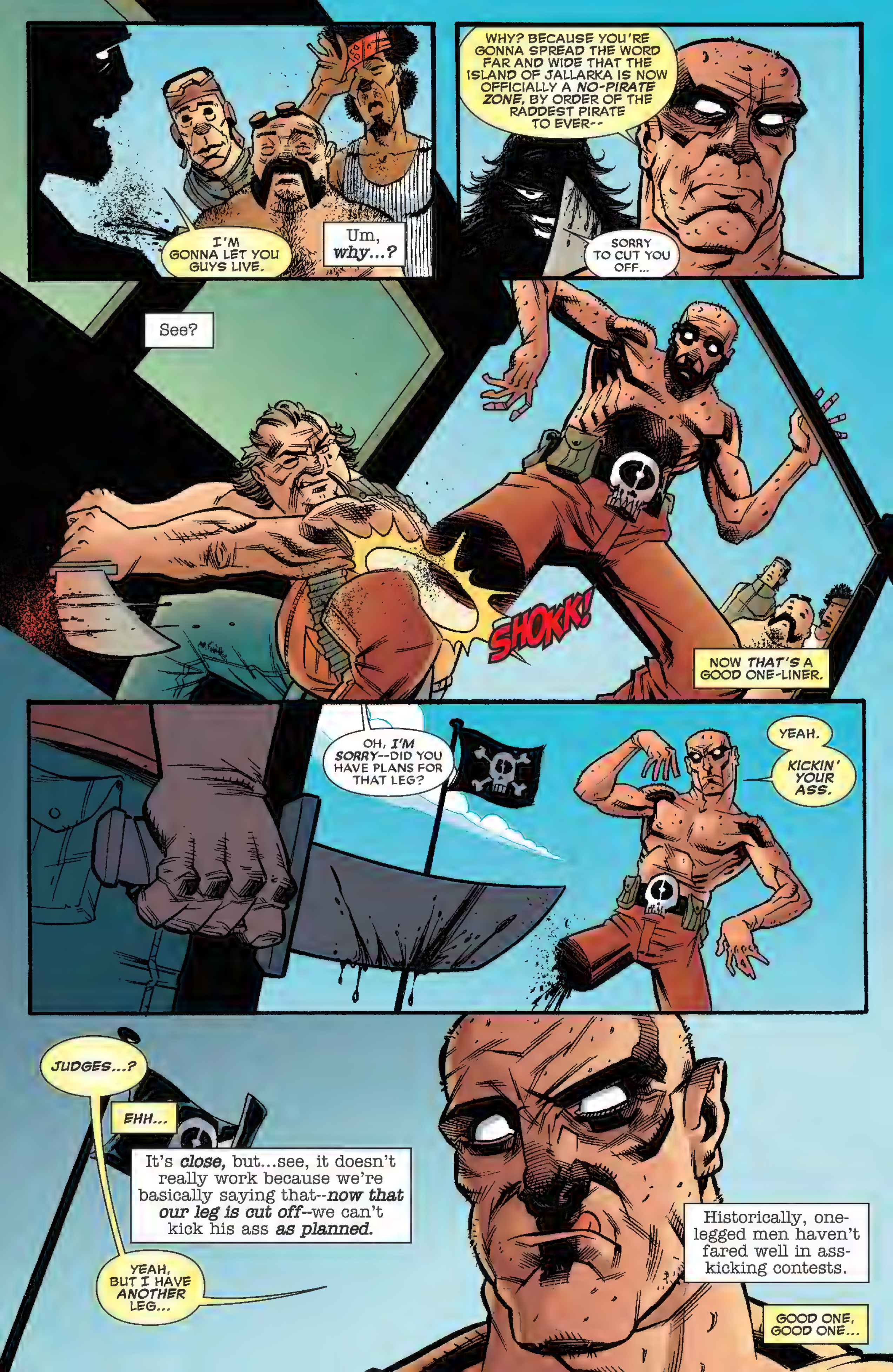

I'M THINKIN' HE WANTS HIS SHIP BACK.
I'M THINKIN' THAT'S NOT GONNA HAPPEN.
LET'S SEE WHAT THIS TUB CAN DO.
IS IT WORKING?
WHAT?
THE PLAN! IS IT WORKING?!
UHH...

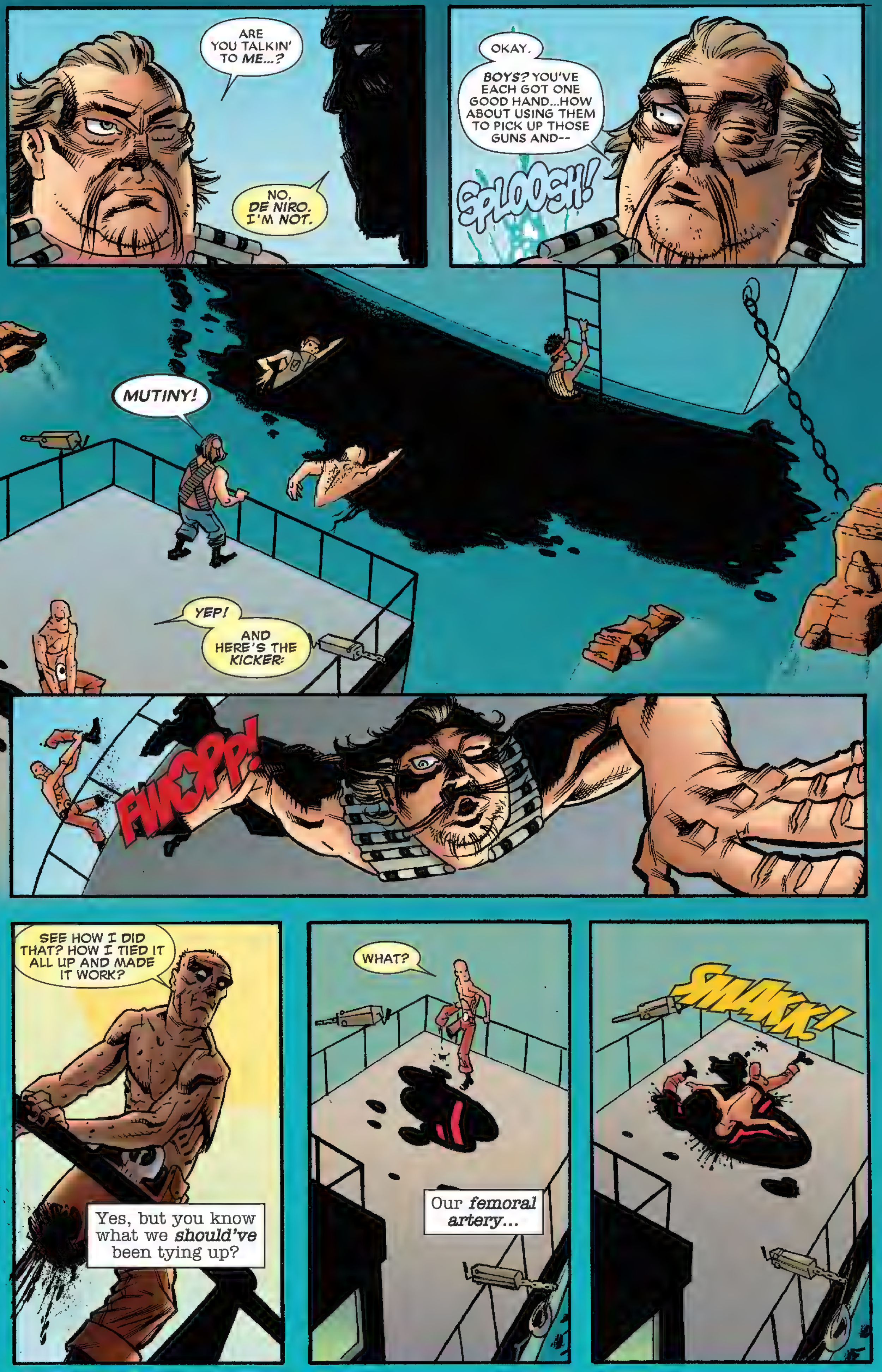

WHAT THE *HELL--?!*
AGAIN!
⊰KAFF!⊱
UN-FREAKIN'-*BELIEVABLE!*
YEAH, *I KNOW.*

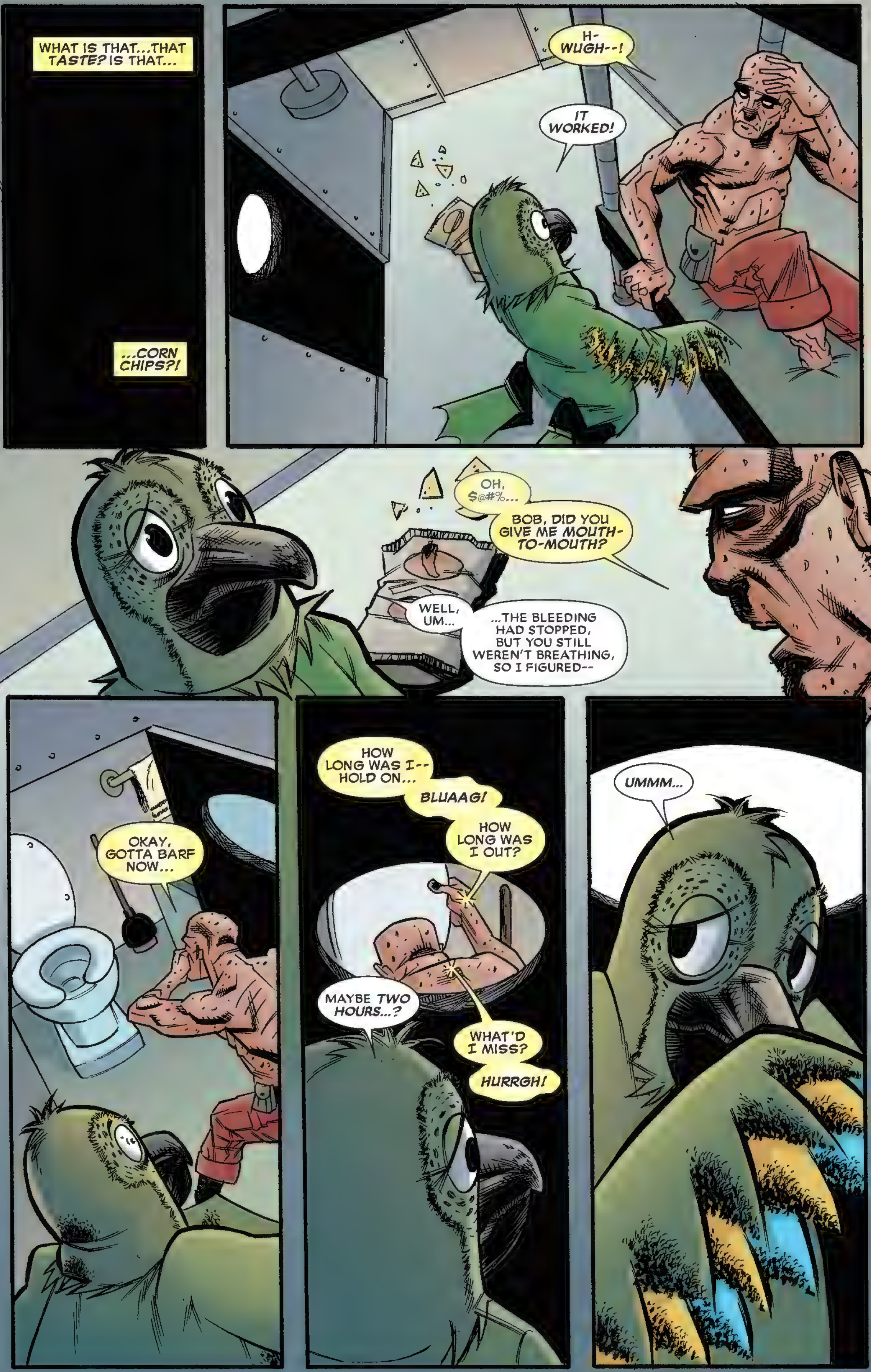

SHE'S REALLY SOMETHIN', HUH?
YEP.
IT'S WORKING.

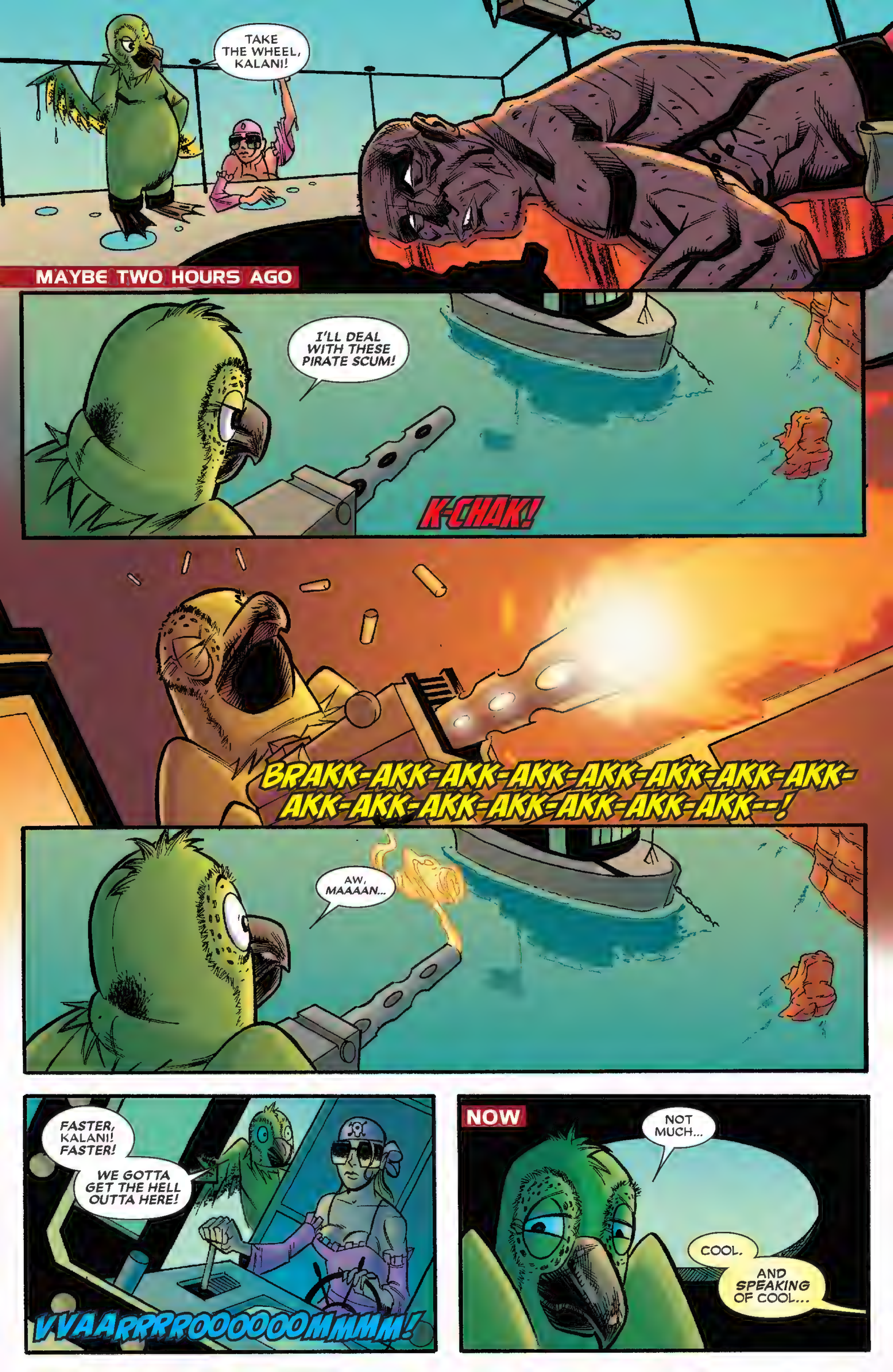

I'LL TAKE THAT, AAAND...
SSSHNG!
...BOOT TO THE FACE!
KRUNCH
AHRR! LET'S GET IT ON...
PIRATE-STYLE!
KLAK
KLIK CHAK CH-CHAK KLIK
I SEE.
SO YOU WANNA DO THIS THE *HARD* WAY...
HARD WAY? BUT...
WE HAVE GUNS...
HERE'S THE BAD NEWS:

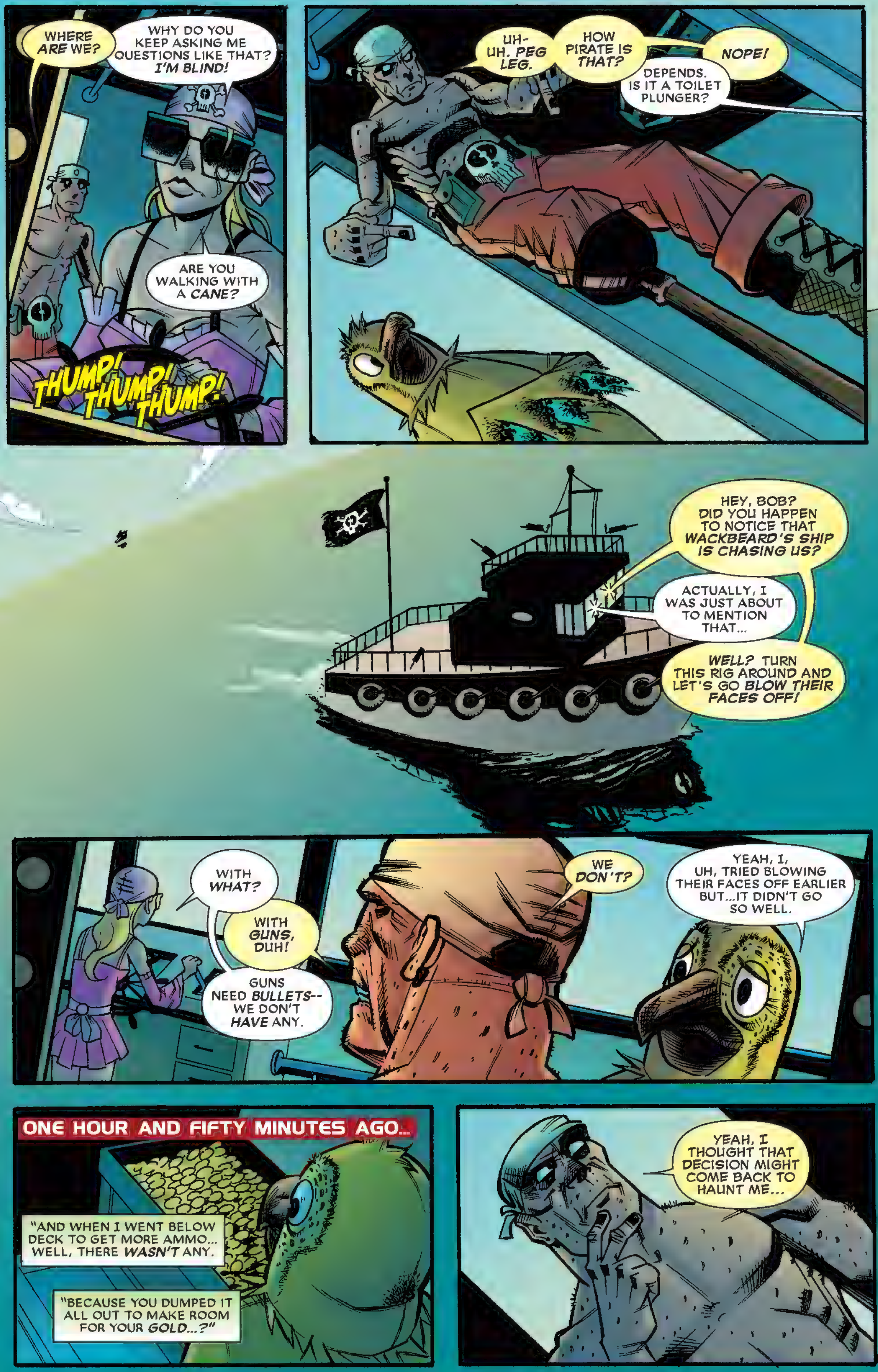

SHLIKT
SHLIKT
SHLIKT
BUT HERE'S THE GOOD NEWS:
NOW YOU GUYS CAN GET HOOK-HANDS!
AHRR!
NOT YOU, THOUGH.
YOU GET...
CHUKK
ONE-LINER TIME! MAKE IT GOOD...
Yeah, cool action moments like this totally hinge on an equally cool one-liner.
...DEAD-HANDS.
What?!
LAAAAAME...
READY FOR SOME MORE GOOD NEWS?

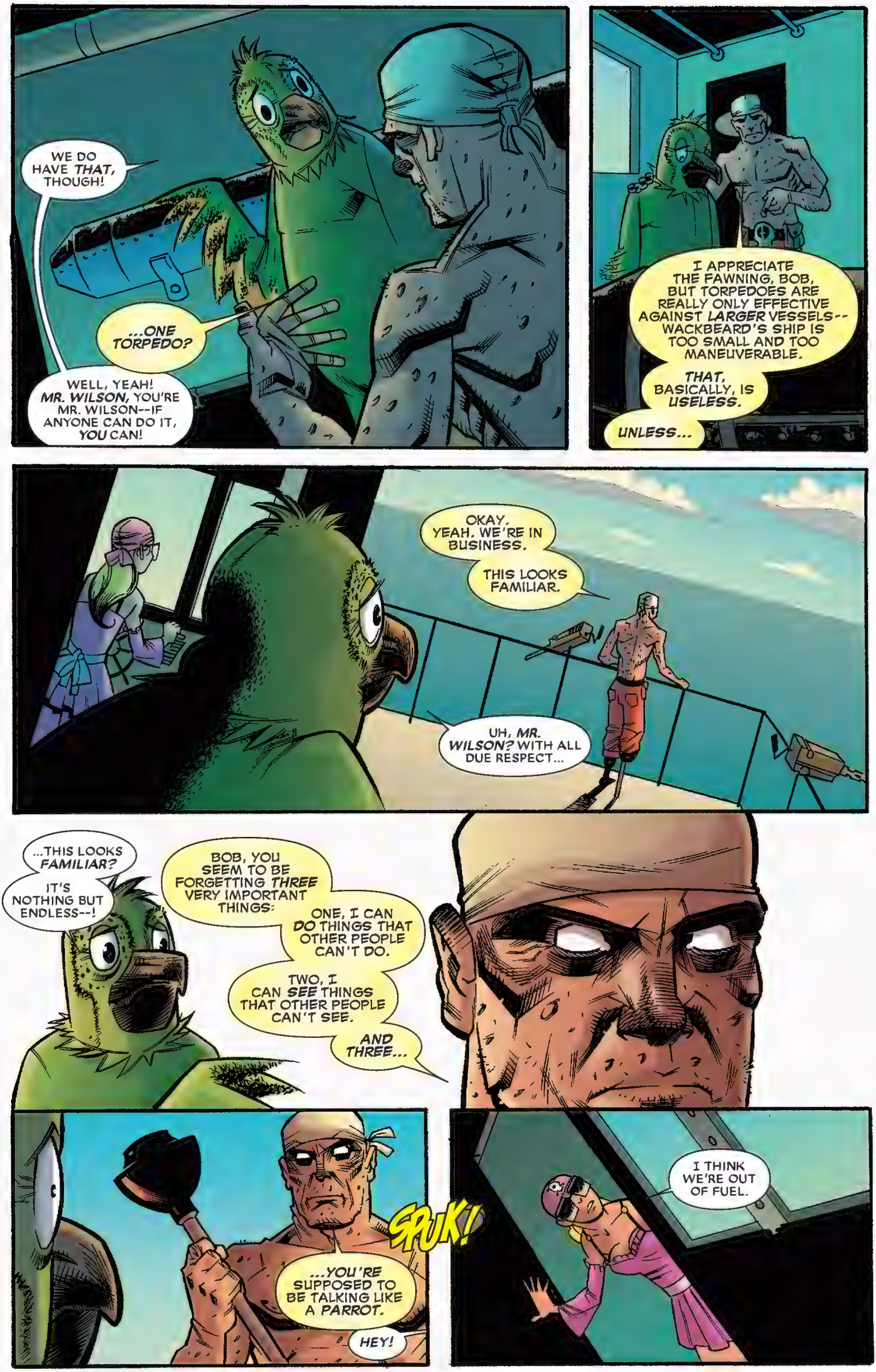

I'M GONNA LET YOU GUYS LIVE.
Um, *why...?*
WHY? BECAUSE YOU'RE GONNA SPREAD THE WORD FAR AND WIDE THAT THE ISLAND OF JALLARKA IS NOW OFFICIALLY A *NO-PIRATE ZONE,* BY ORDER OF THE RADDEST PIRATE TO EVER--
SORRY TO CUT YOU OFF...
See?
SHOKK!
NOW *THAT'S* A GOOD ONE-LINER.
OH, *I'M SORRY*--DID YOU HAVE PLANS FOR THAT LEG?
YEAH.
KICKIN' YOUR ASS.
JUDGES...?
EHH...
It's *close,* but...see, it doesn't really work because we're basically saying that--*now that our leg is cut off*--we can't kick his ass *as planned.*
YEAH, BUT I HAVE *ANOTHER* LEG...
Historically, one-legged men haven't fared well in ass-kicking contests.
GOOD ONE, GOOD ONE...

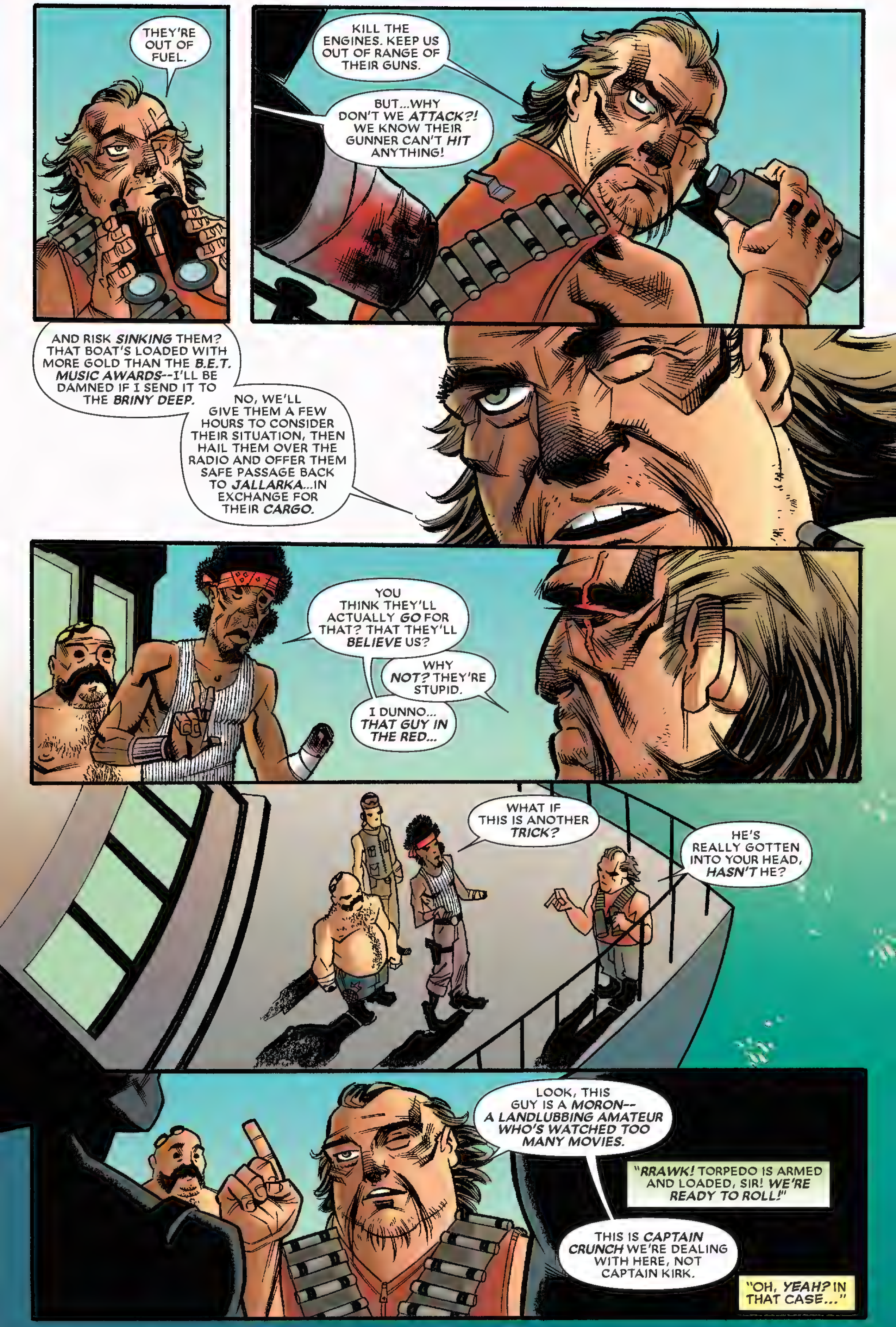

ARE YOU TALKIN' TO *ME*...?
NO, *DE NIRO*. I'M *NOT*.
OKAY.
BOYS? YOU'VE EACH GOT ONE GOOD HAND...HOW ABOUT USING THEM TO PICK UP THOSE GUNS AND--
SPLOOSH!
MUTINY!
YEP!
AND HERE'S THE *KICKER*:
FWOPP!
SEE HOW I DID THAT? HOW I TIED IT ALL UP AND MADE IT WORK?
Yes, but you know what we *should've* been tying up?
WHAT?
Our *femoral artery*...
SNAKK!

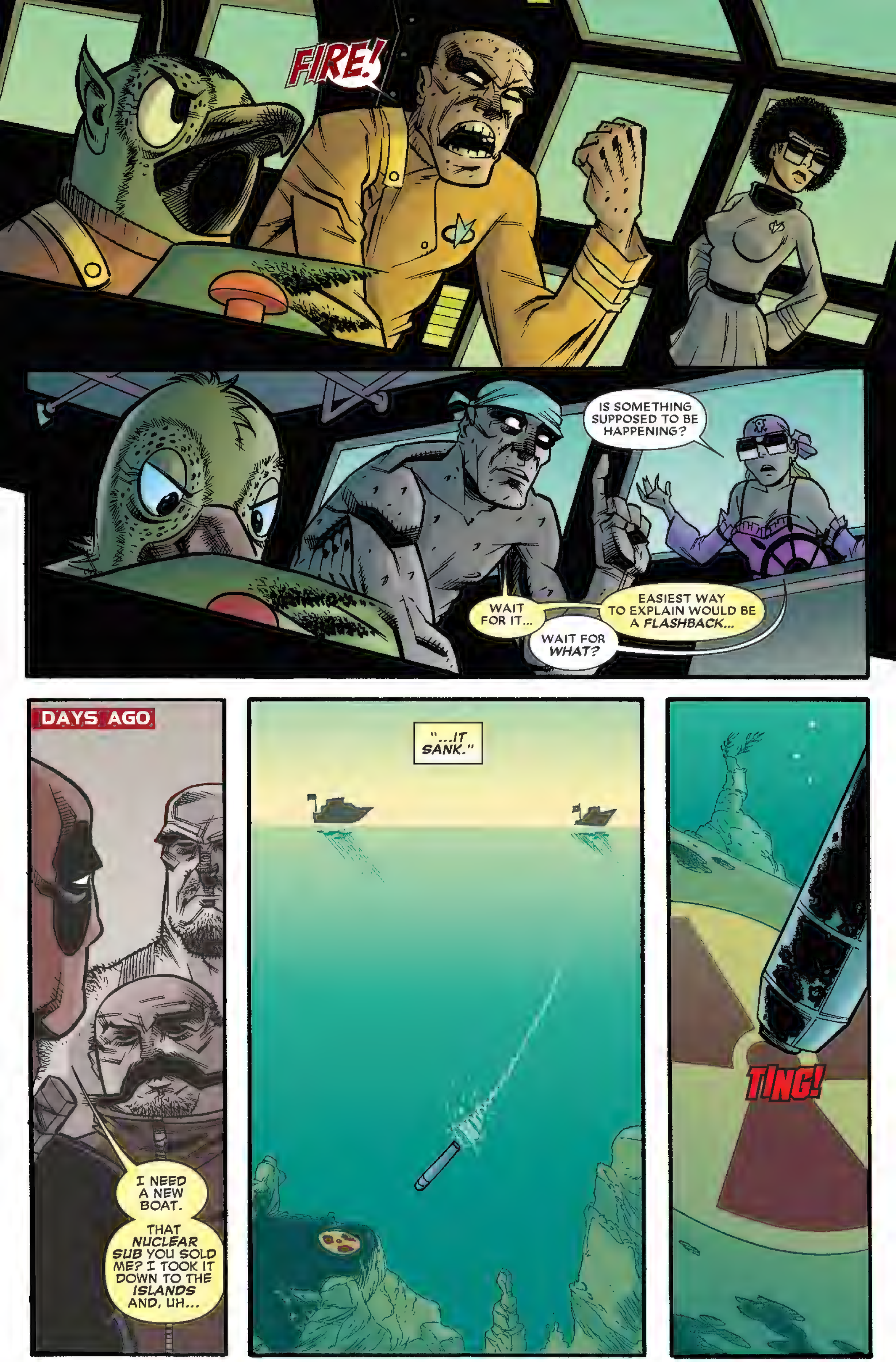

WHAT IS THAT...THAT *TASTE?* IS THAT...
...CORN CHIPS?!
H-WUGH--!
IT WORKED!
OH, $@#%...
BOB, DID YOU GIVE ME *MOUTH-TO-MOUTH?*
WELL, UM...
...THE BLEEDING HAD STOPPED, BUT YOU STILL WEREN'T BREATHING, SO I FIGURED--
OKAY, GOTTA BARF NOW...
HOW LONG WAS I-- HOLD ON...
BLUAAG!
HOW LONG WAS I OUT?
MAYBE *TWO* HOURS...?
WHAT'D I MISS?
HURRGH!
UMMM...

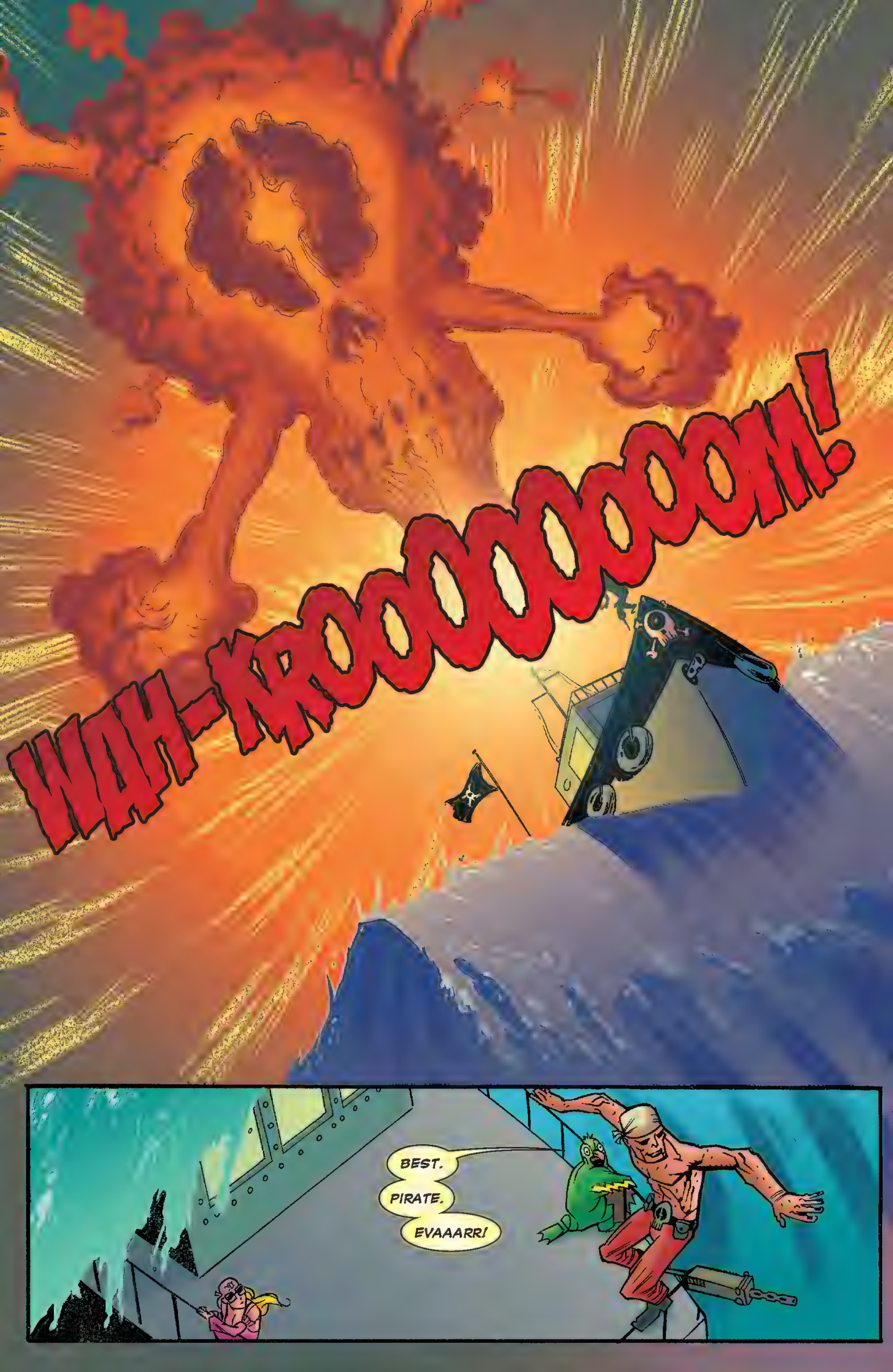

TAKE THE WHEEL, KALANI!
MAYBE TWO HOURS AGO
I'LL DEAL WITH THESE PIRATE SCUM!
K-CHAK!
BRAKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK--!
AW, MAAAAN...
FASTER, KALANI! FASTER!
WE GOTTA GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!
VVAARRRROOOOOOMMMM!
NOW
NOT MUCH...
COOL.
AND SPEAKING OF COOL...

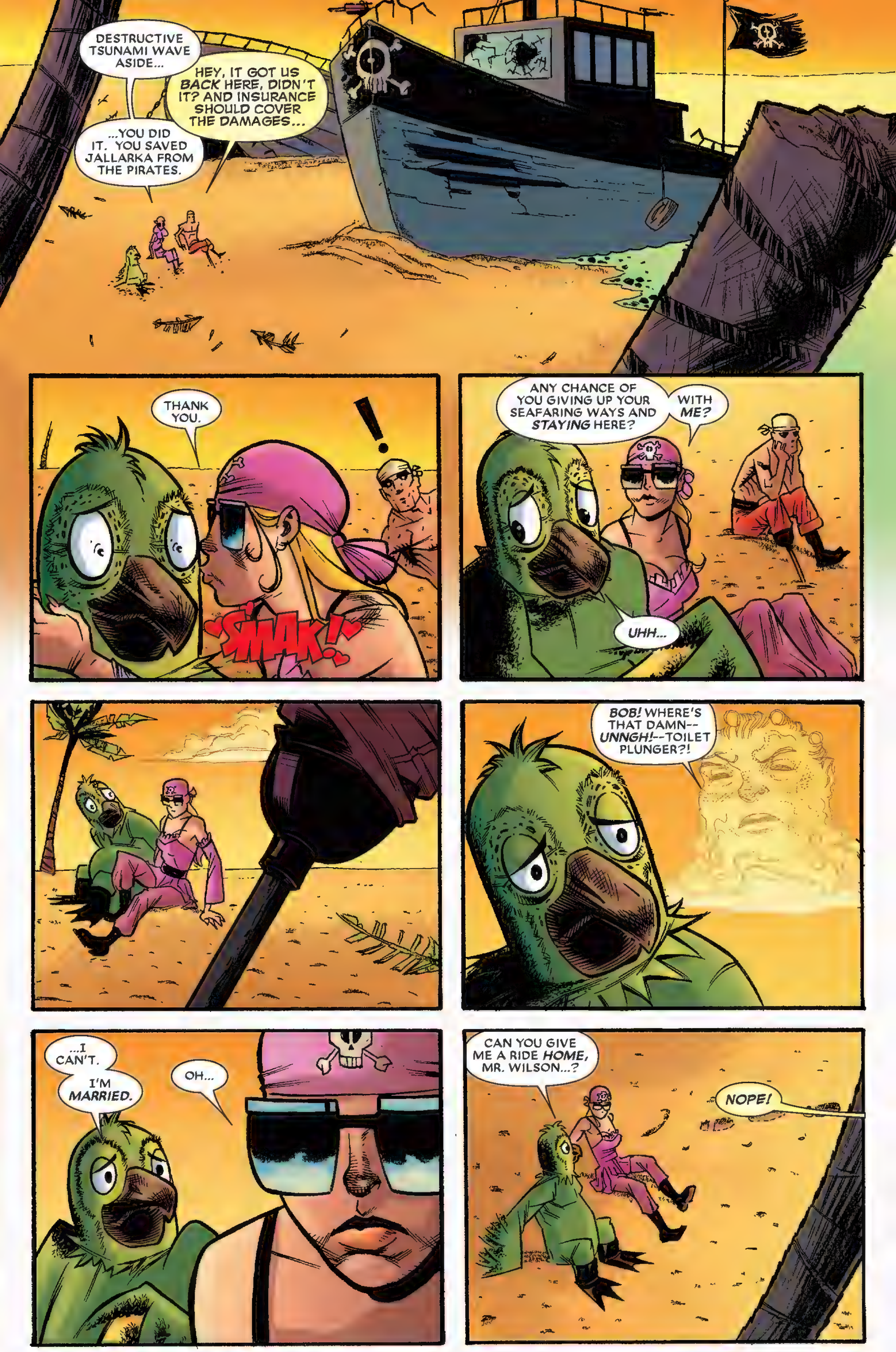

WHERE *ARE* WE?
WHY DO YOU KEEP ASKING ME QUESTIONS LIKE THAT? *I'M BLIND!*
ARE YOU WALKING WITH A *CANE?*
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
UH-UH. *PEG LEG.*
HOW PIRATE IS *THAT?*
DEPENDS. IS IT A TOILET PLUNGER?
NOPE!
HEY, BOB? DID YOU HAPPEN TO NOTICE THAT *WACKBEARD'S SHIP IS CHASING US?*
ACTUALLY, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO MENTION THAT...
WELL? TURN THIS RIG AROUND AND LET'S GO *BLOW THEIR FACES OFF!*
WITH *WHAT?*
WITH *GUNS, DUH!*
GUNS NEED *BULLETS*-- WE DON'T *HAVE* ANY.
WE *DON'T?*
YEAH, I, UH, TRIED BLOWING THEIR FACES OFF EARLIER BUT...IT DIDN'T GO SO WELL.
ONE HOUR AND FIFTY MINUTES AGO...
"AND WHEN I WENT BELOW DECK TO GET MORE AMMO... WELL, THERE *WASN'T* ANY.
"BECAUSE YOU DUMPED IT ALL OUT TO MAKE ROOM FOR YOUR *GOLD...?*"
YEAH, I THOUGHT THAT DECISION MIGHT COME BACK TO HAUNT ME...

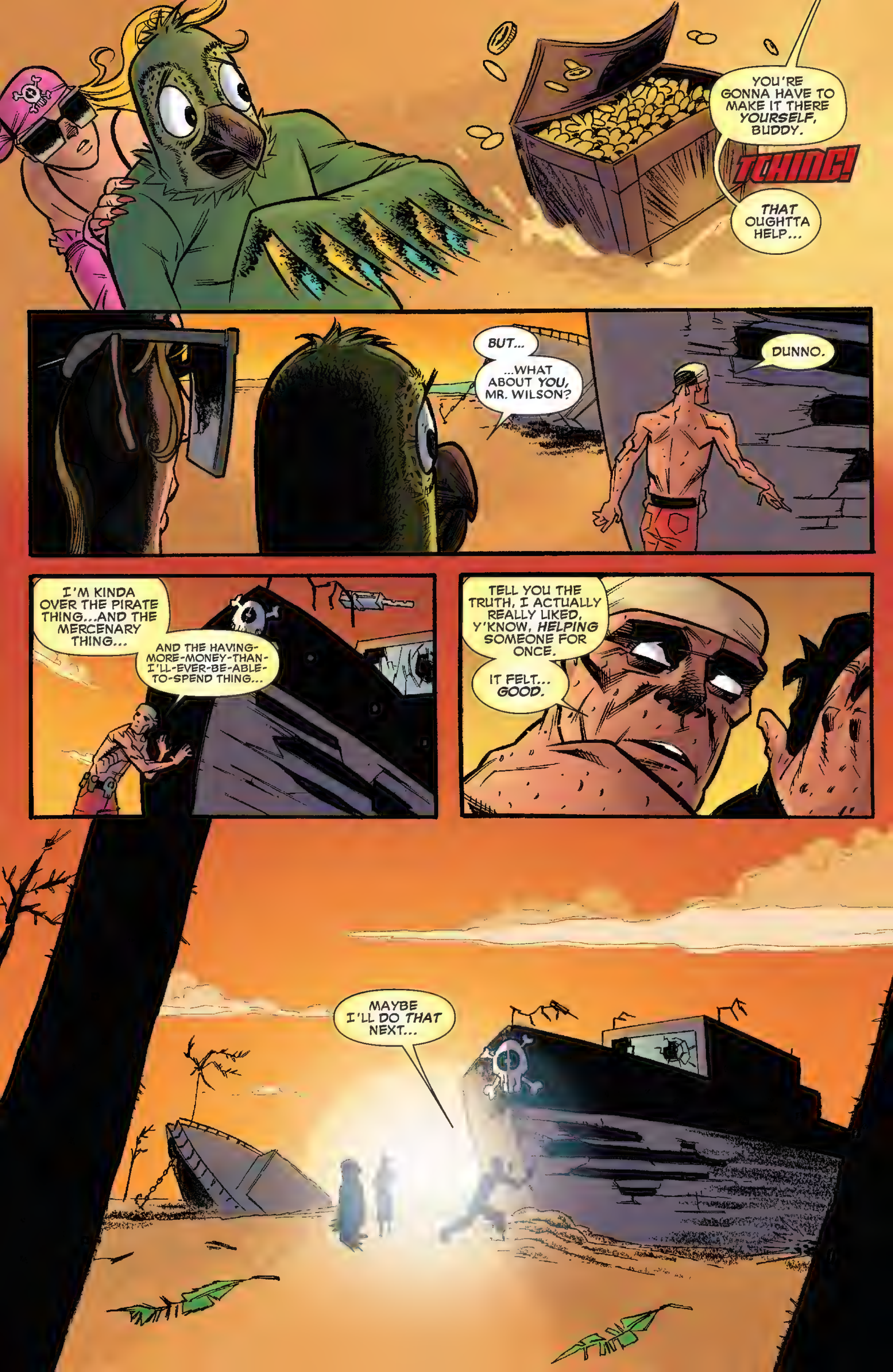

WE DO HAVE *THAT,* THOUGH!
...ONE *TORPEDO?*
WELL, YEAH! *MR. WILSON,* YOU'RE MR. WILSON--IF ANYONE CAN DO IT, *YOU* CAN!
I APPRECIATE THE FAWNING, BOB, BUT TORPEDOES ARE REALLY ONLY EFFECTIVE AGAINST *LARGER* VESSELS-- WACKBEARD'S SHIP IS TOO SMALL AND TOO MANEUVERABLE.
THAT, BASICALLY, IS *USELESS.*
UNLESS...
OKAY. YEAH. WE'RE IN BUSINESS.
THIS LOOKS FAMILIAR.
UH, *MR. WILSON?* WITH ALL DUE RESPECT...
...THIS LOOKS *FAMILIAR?*
IT'S NOTHING BUT ENDLESS--!
BOB, YOU SEEM TO BE FORGETTING *THREE* VERY IMPORTANT THINGS:
ONE, I CAN *DO* THINGS THAT OTHER PEOPLE CAN'T DO.
TWO, I CAN *SEE* THINGS THAT OTHER PEOPLE CAN'T SEE.
AND THREE...
SPUK!
...YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TALKING LIKE A *PARROT.*
HEY!
I THINK WE'RE OUT OF FUEL.


THEY'RE OUT OF FUEL.
KILL THE ENGINES. KEEP US OUT OF RANGE OF THEIR GUNS.
BUT...WHY DON'T WE *ATTACK?!* WE KNOW THEIR GUNNER CAN'T *HIT* ANYTHING!
AND RISK *SINKING* THEM? THAT BOAT'S LOADED WITH MORE GOLD THAN THE *B.E.T. MUSIC AWARDS*--I'LL BE DAMNED IF I SEND IT TO THE *BRINY DEEP.*
NO, WE'LL GIVE THEM A FEW HOURS TO CONSIDER THEIR SITUATION, THEN HAIL THEM OVER THE RADIO AND OFFER THEM SAFE PASSAGE BACK TO *JALLARKA*...IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR *CARGO.*
YOU THINK THEY'LL ACTUALLY *GO* FOR THAT? THAT THEY'LL *BELIEVE* US?
WHY *NOT?* THEY'RE STUPID.
I DUNNO... *THAT GUY IN THE RED...*
WHAT IF THIS IS ANOTHER *TRICK?*
HE'S REALLY GOTTEN INTO YOUR HEAD, *HASN'T* HE?
LOOK, THIS GUY IS A *MORON--* *A LANDLUBBING AMATEUR WHO'S WATCHED TOO MANY MOVIES.*
"*RRAWK!* TORPEDO IS ARMED AND LOADED, SIR! *WE'RE READY TO ROLL!*"
THIS IS *CAPTAIN CRUNCH* WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE, NOT CAPTAIN KIRK.
"OH, *YEAH?* IN THAT CASE..."


FIRE!
IS SOMETHING SUPPOSED TO BE HAPPENING?
WAIT FOR IT...
WAIT FOR WHAT?
EASIEST WAY TO EXPLAIN WOULD BE A *FLASHBACK*...
DAYS AGO
I NEED A NEW BOAT.
THAT *NUCLEAR SUB* YOU SOLD ME? I TOOK IT DOWN TO THE *ISLANDS* AND, UH...
"...IT SANK."
TING!


WAH-KROOOOOOOOM!
BEST.
PIRATE.
EVAAARR!


DESTRUCTIVE TSUNAMI WAVE ASIDE...
...YOU DID IT. YOU SAVED JALLARKA FROM THE PIRATES.
HEY, IT GOT US *BACK* HERE, DIDN'T IT? AND INSURANCE SHOULD COVER THE DAMAGES...
THANK YOU.
!
SMAK!
ANY CHANCE OF YOU GIVING UP YOUR SEAFARING WAYS AND *STAYING* HERE?
WITH *ME?*
UHH...
BOB! WHERE'S THAT DAMN-- *UNNGH!*--TOILET PLUNGER?!
...I CAN'T.
I'M *MARRIED.*
OH...
CAN YOU GIVE ME A RIDE *HOME,* MR. WILSON...?
NOPE!


YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO MAKE IT THERE *YOURSELF*, BUDDY.
TCHING!
THAT OUGHTTA HELP...
BUT...
...WHAT ABOUT *YOU*, MR. WILSON?
DUNNO.
I'M KINDA OVER THE PIRATE THING...AND THE MERCENARY THING...
AND THE HAVING-MORE-MONEY-THAN-I'LL-EVER-BE-ABLE-TO-SPEND THING...
TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I ACTUALLY REALLY LIKED, Y'KNOW, *HELPING* SOMEONE FOR ONCE.
IT FELT... *GOOD.*
MAYBE I'LL DO *THAT* NEXT...

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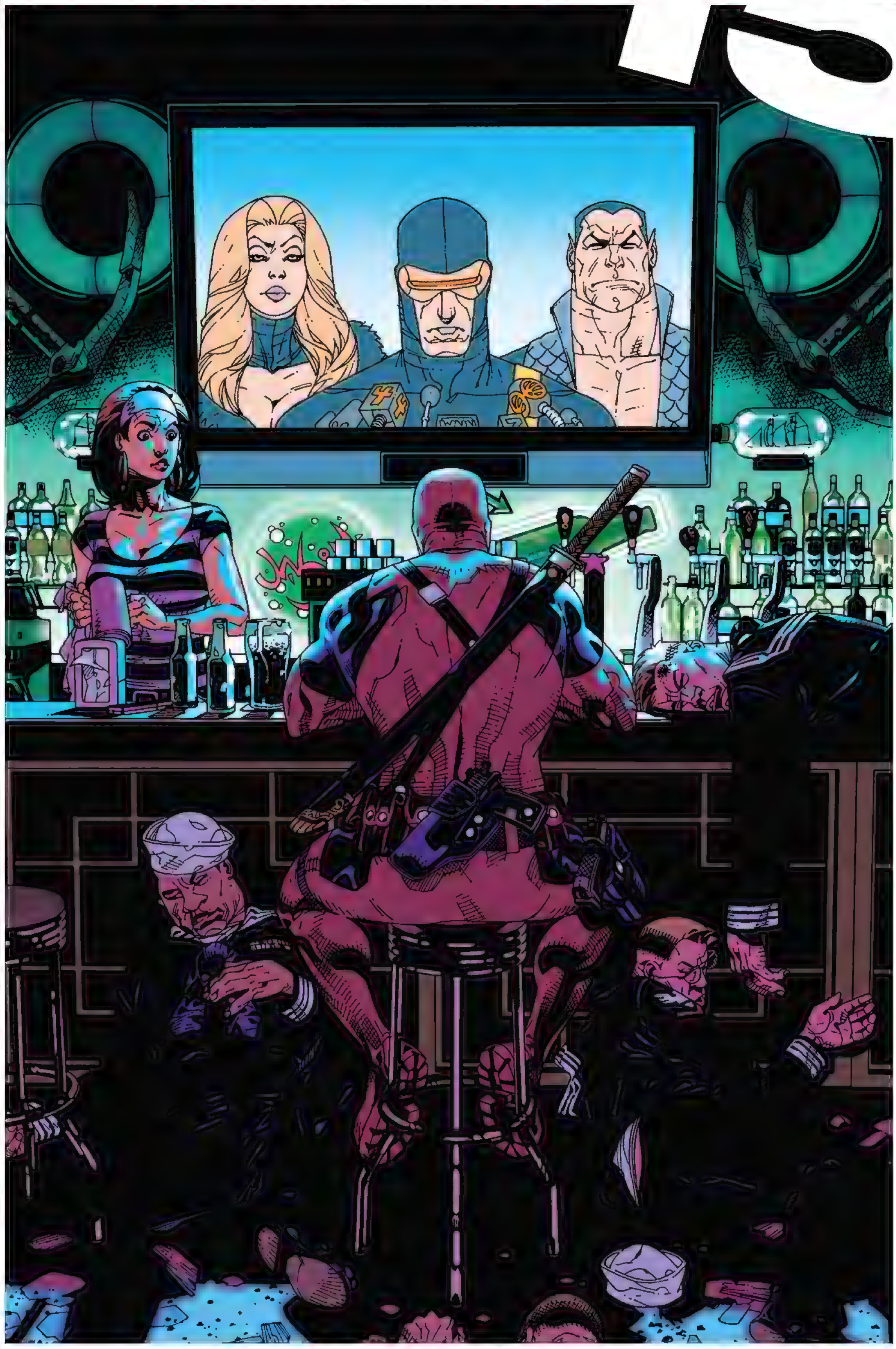
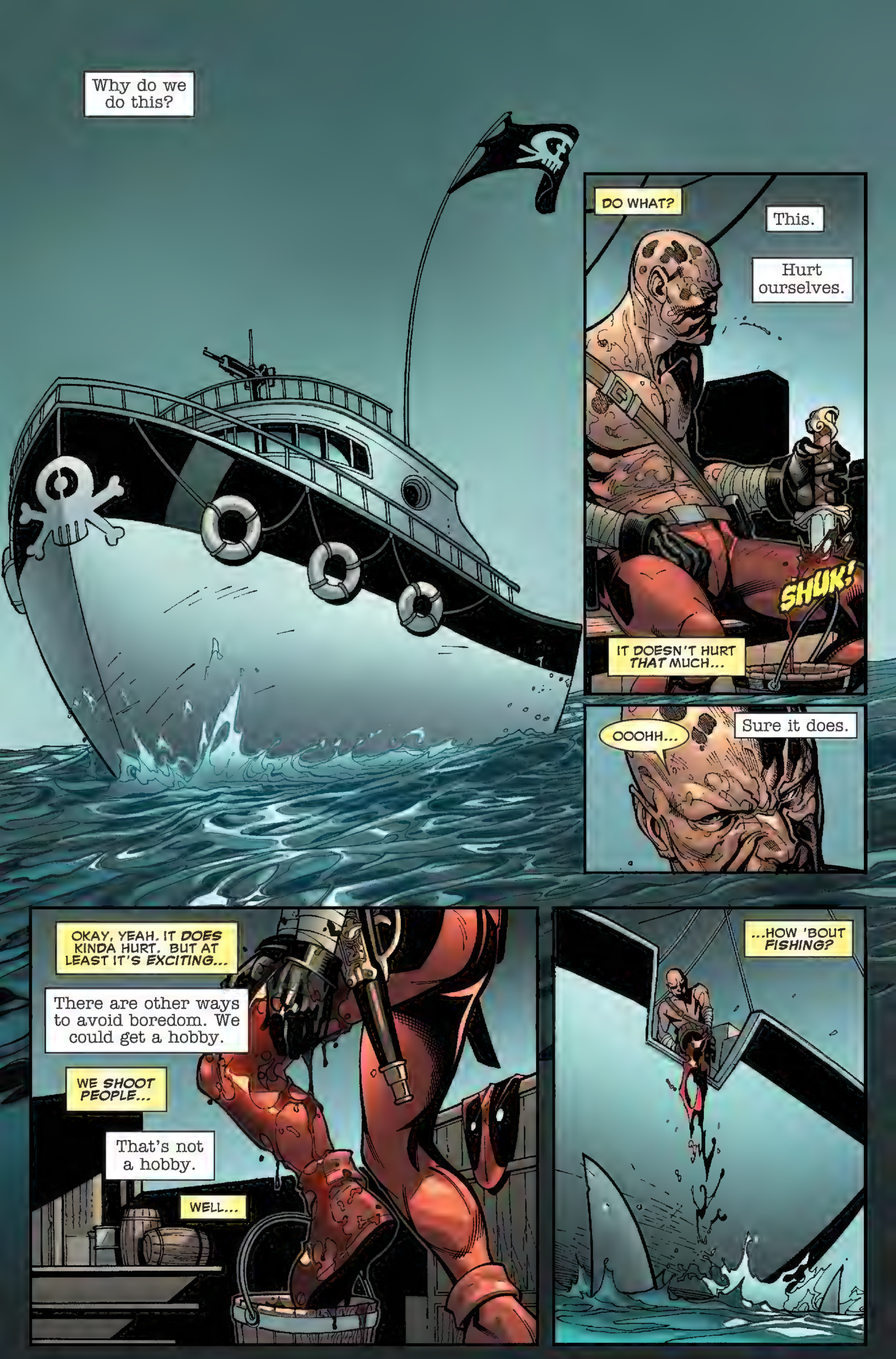
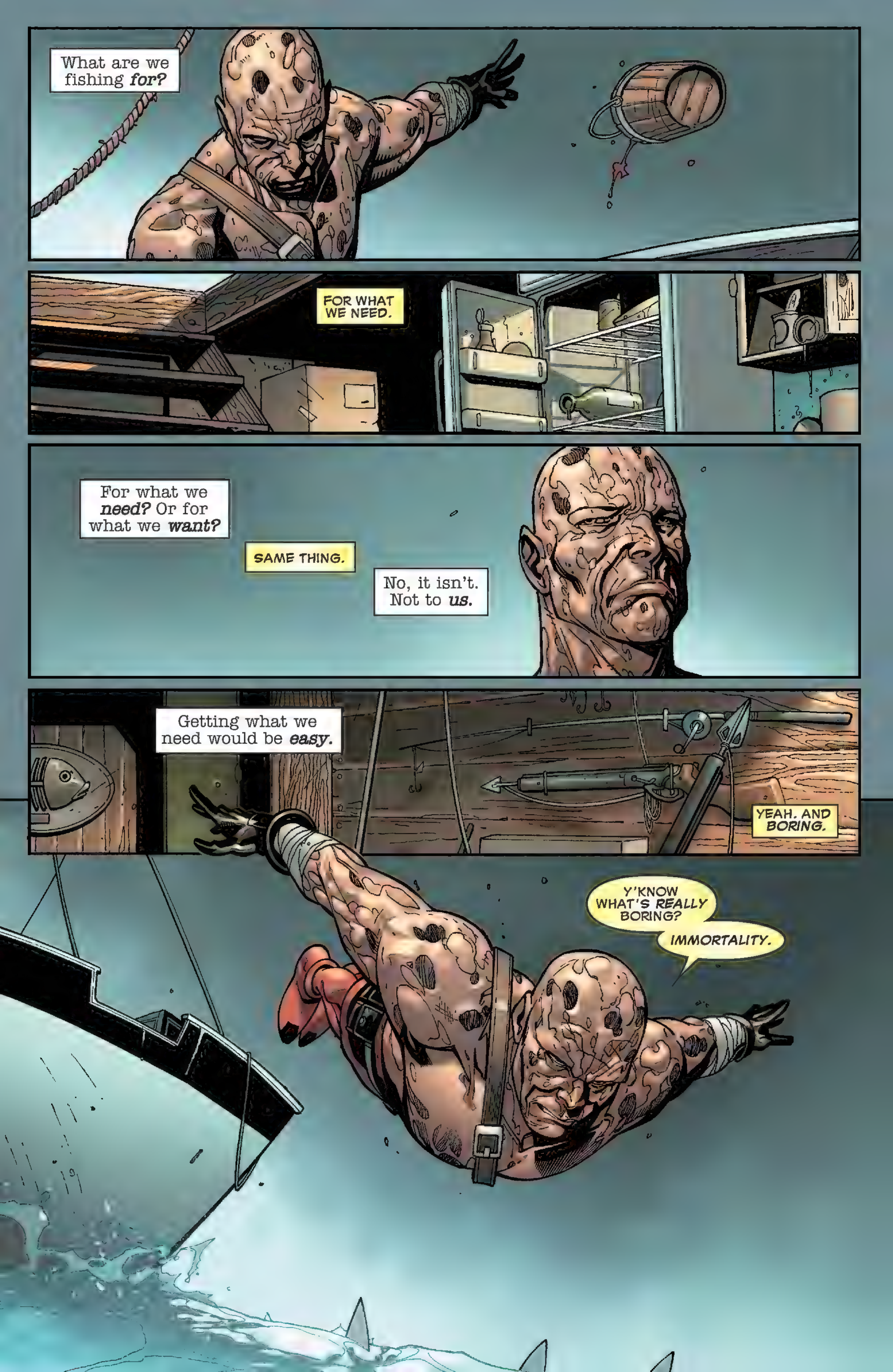
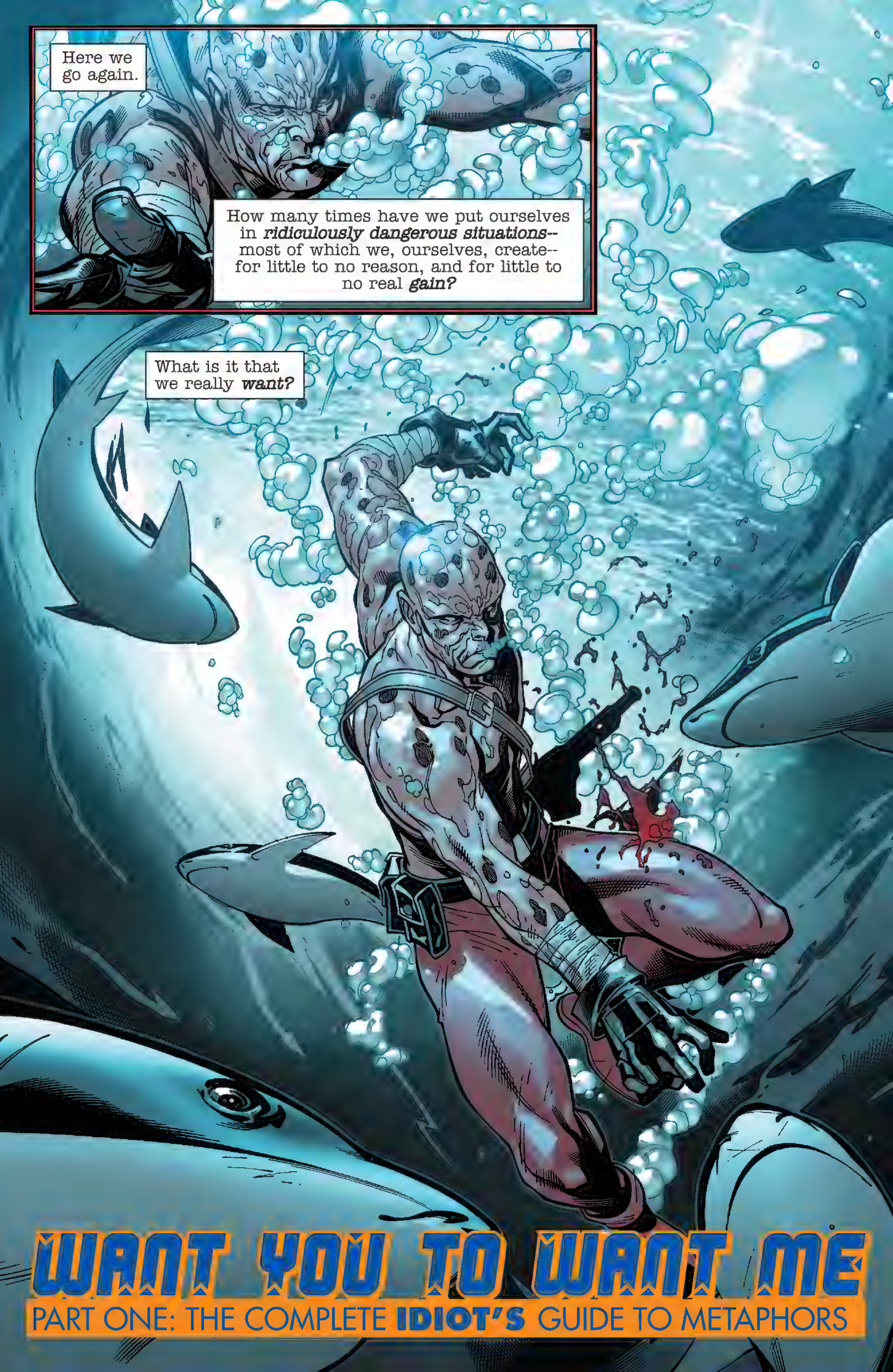


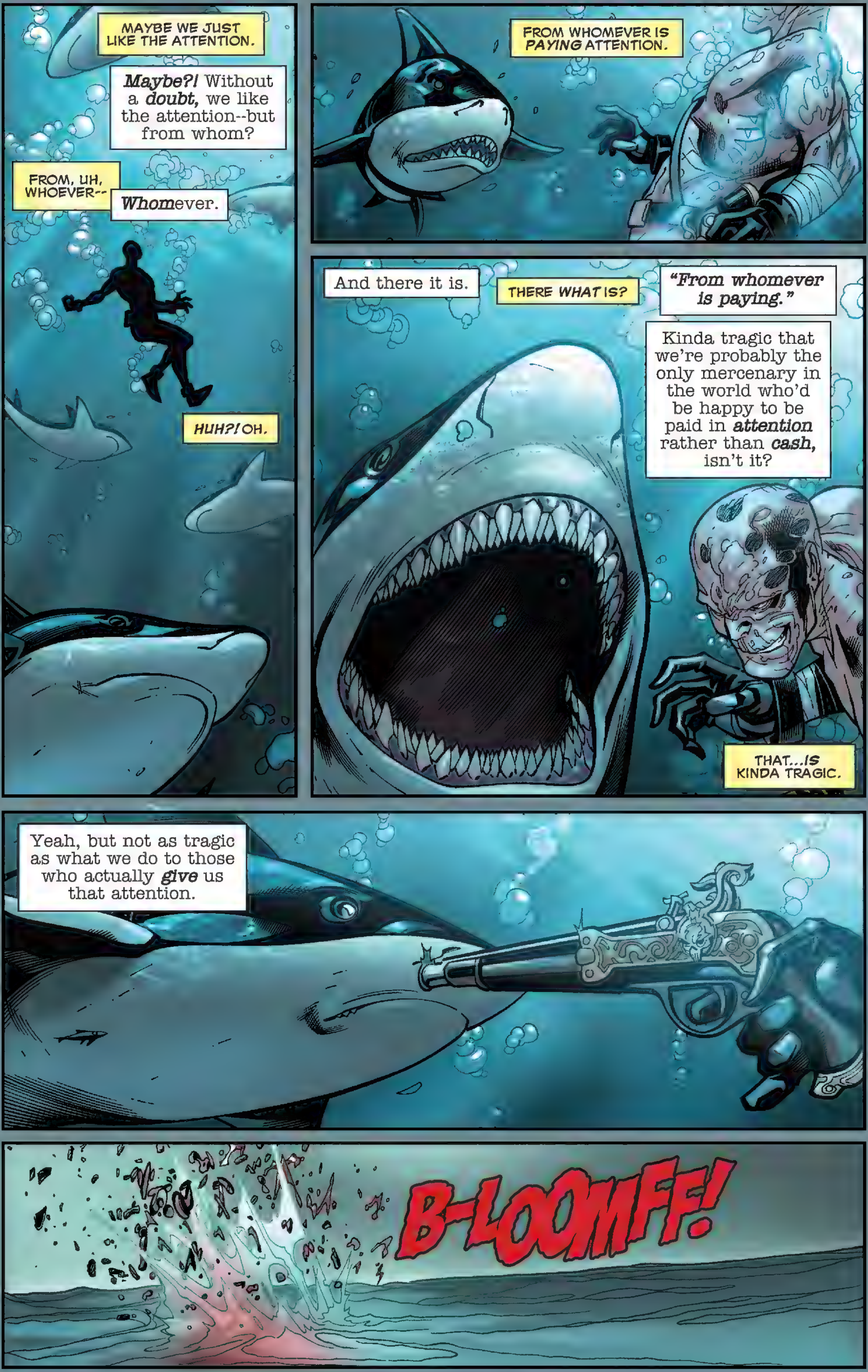

Why do we do this?
DO WHAT?
This.
Hurt ourselves.
SHUK!
IT DOESN'T HURT *THAT* MUCH...
OOOHH...
Sure it does.
OKAY, YEAH. IT *DOES* KINDA HURT. BUT AT LEAST IT'S *EXCITING*...
There are other ways to avoid boredom. We could get a hobby.
WE *SHOOT* PEOPLE...
That's not a hobby.
WELL...
...HOW 'BOUT *FISHING?*

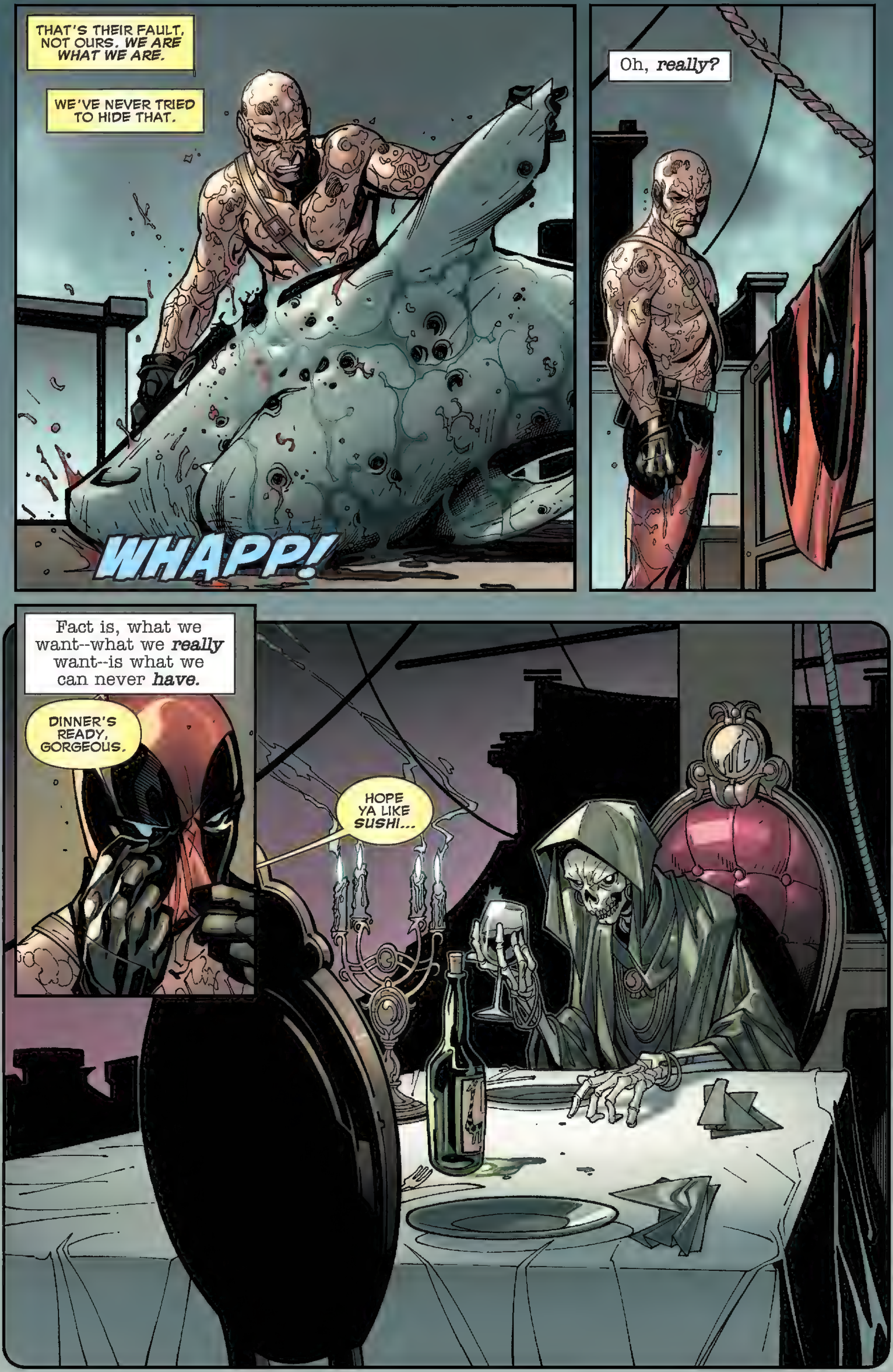

What are we fishing *for?*
FOR WHAT WE NEED.
For what we *need?* Or for what we *want?*
SAME THING.
No, it isn't. Not to *us.*
Getting what we need would be *easy.*
YEAH. AND BORING.
Y'KNOW WHAT'S *REALLY* BORING?
IMMORTALITY.

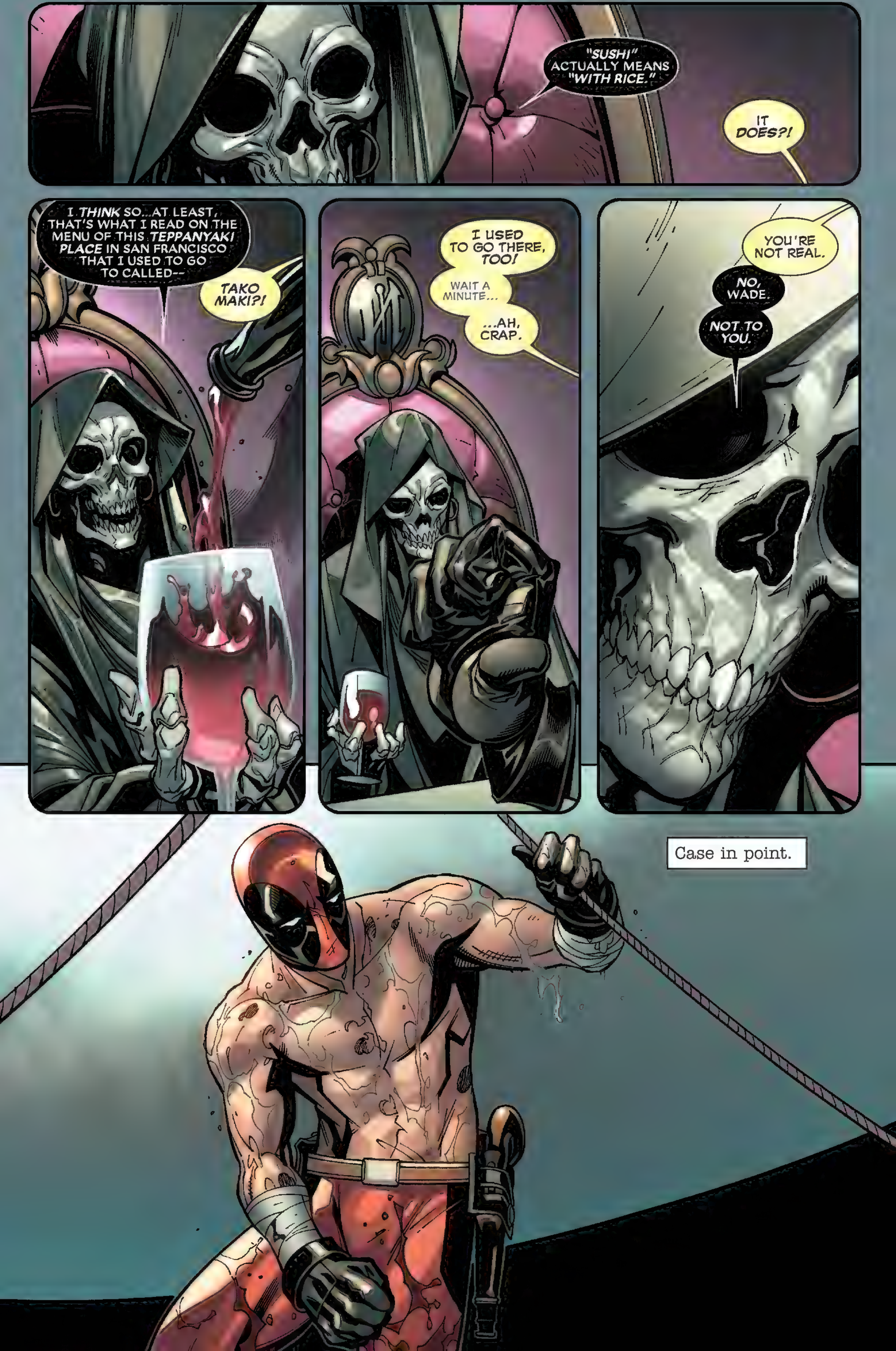

Here we go again.
How many times have we put ourselves in *ridiculously dangerous situations*--most of which we, ourselves, create--for little to no reason, and for little to no real *gain?*
What is it that we really *want?*

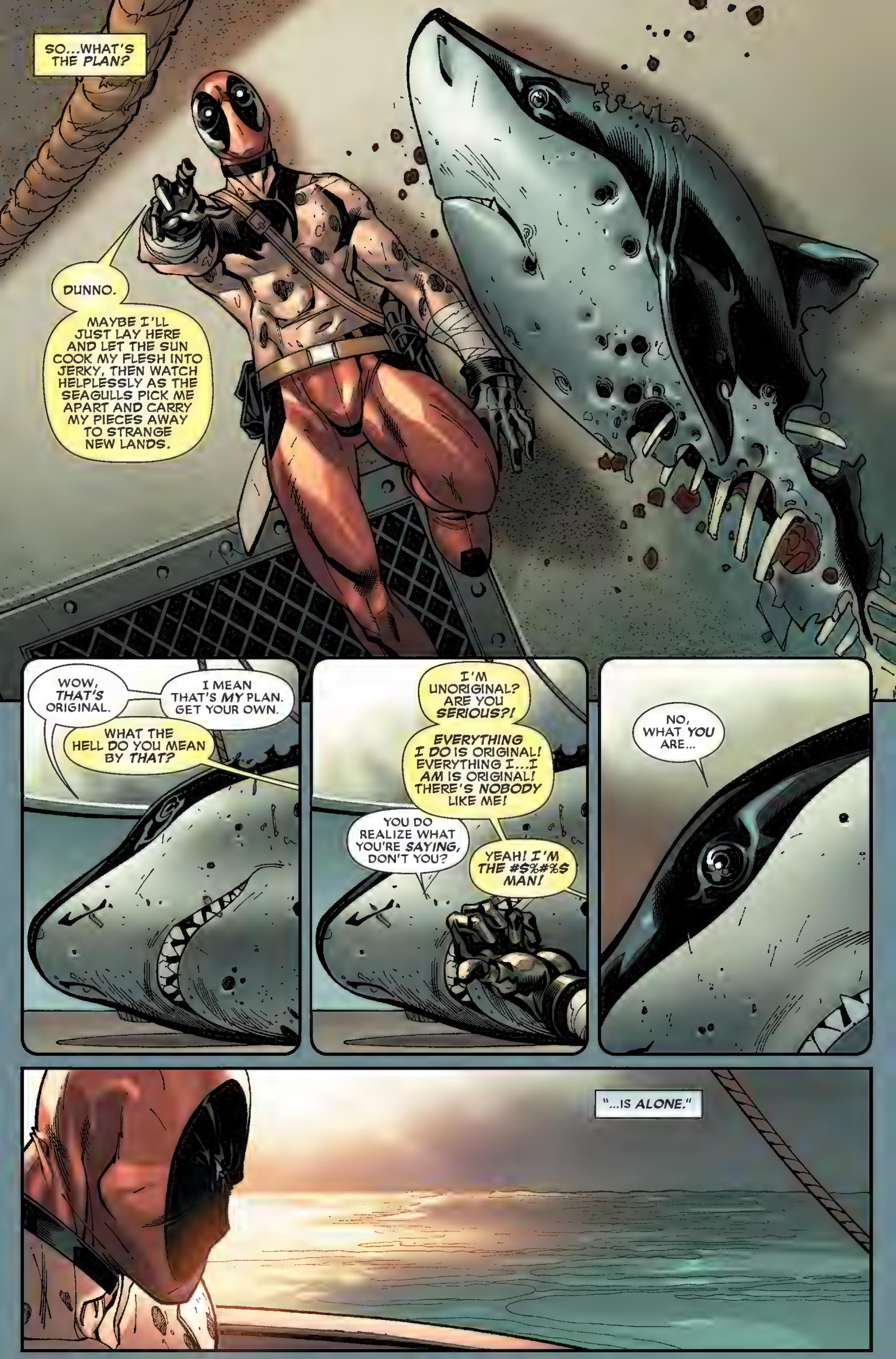
WANT YOU TO WANT ME

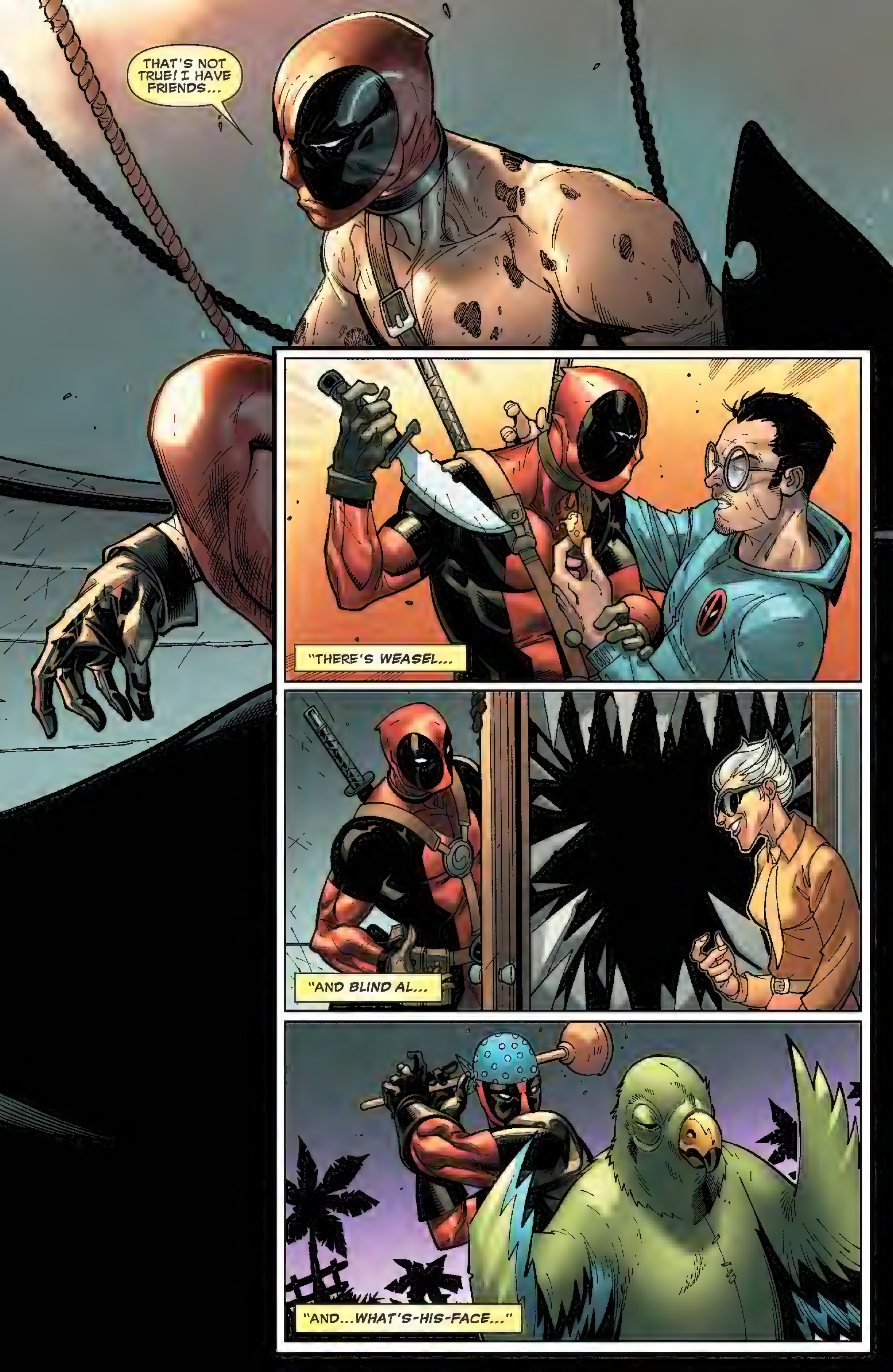
PART ONE: THE COMPLETE **IDIOT'S** GUIDE TO METAPHORS

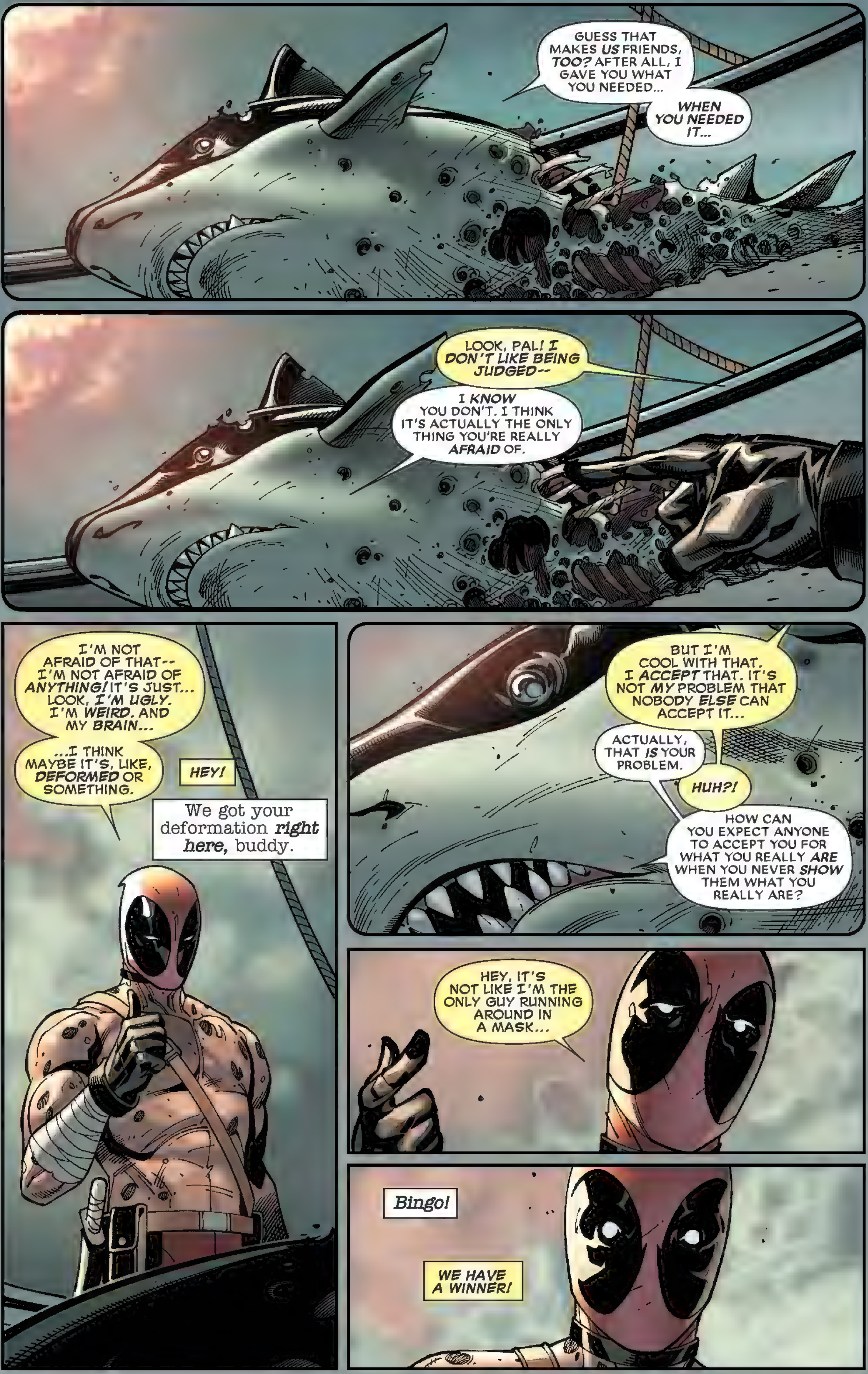

MAYBE WE JUST LIKE THE ATTENTION.
Maybe?! Without a **doubt,** we like the attention--but from whom?
FROM, UH, WHOEVER--
Whomever.
HUH?! OH.
FROM WHOMEVER IS *PAYING* ATTENTION.
And there it is.
THERE *WHAT* IS?
"From whomever is paying."
Kinda tragic that we're probably the only mercenary in the world who'd be happy to be paid in ***attention*** rather than ***cash,*** isn't it?
THAT...*IS* KINDA TRAGIC.
Yeah, but not as tragic as what we do to those who actually ***give*** us that attention.
B-LOOMFF!

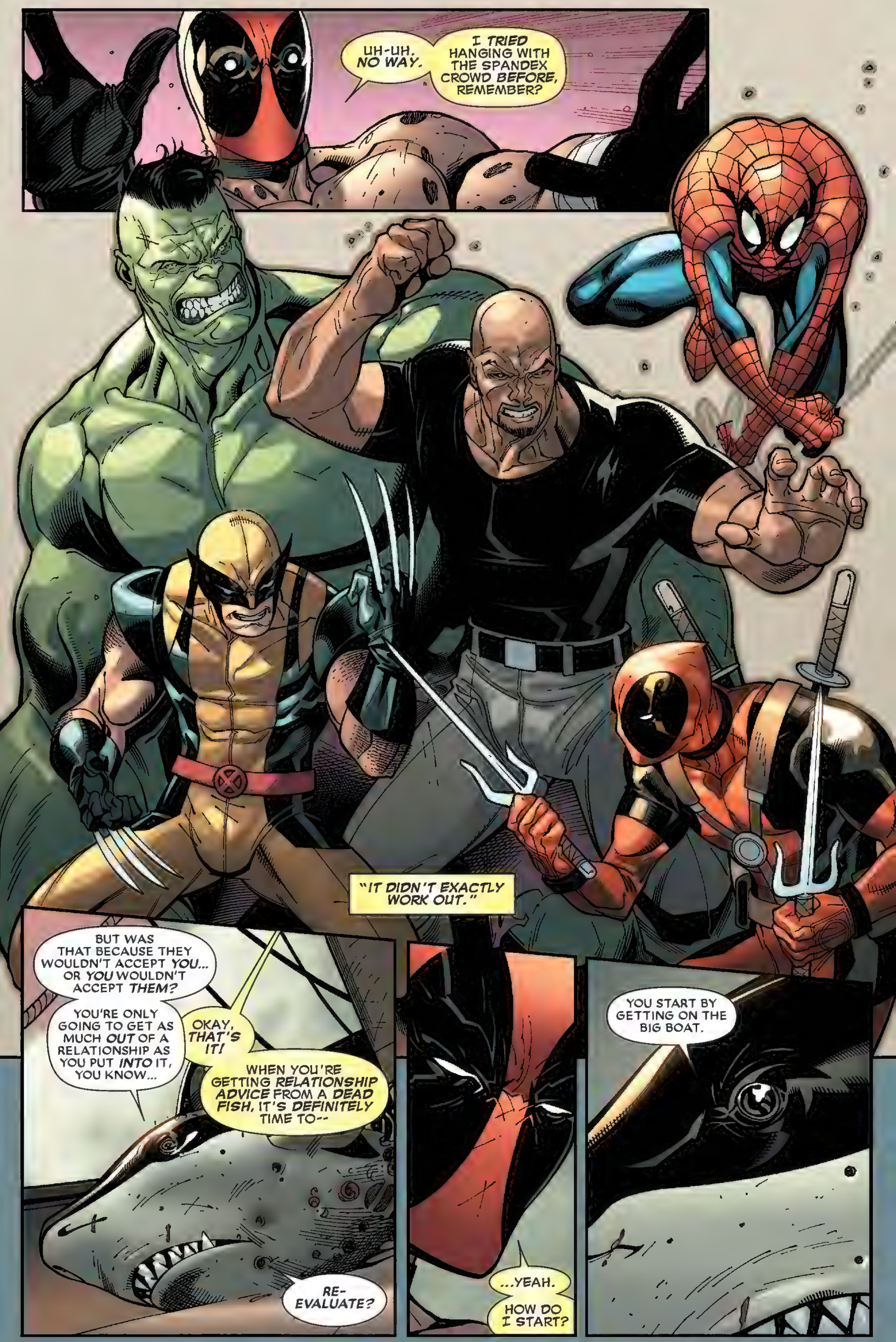

THAT'S THEIR FAULT, NOT OURS. WE ARE WHAT WE ARE.
WE'VE NEVER TRIED TO HIDE THAT.
WHAPP!
Oh, really?
Fact is, what we want--what we really want--is what we can never have.
DINNER'S READY, GORGEOUS.
HOPE YA LIKE SUSHI...

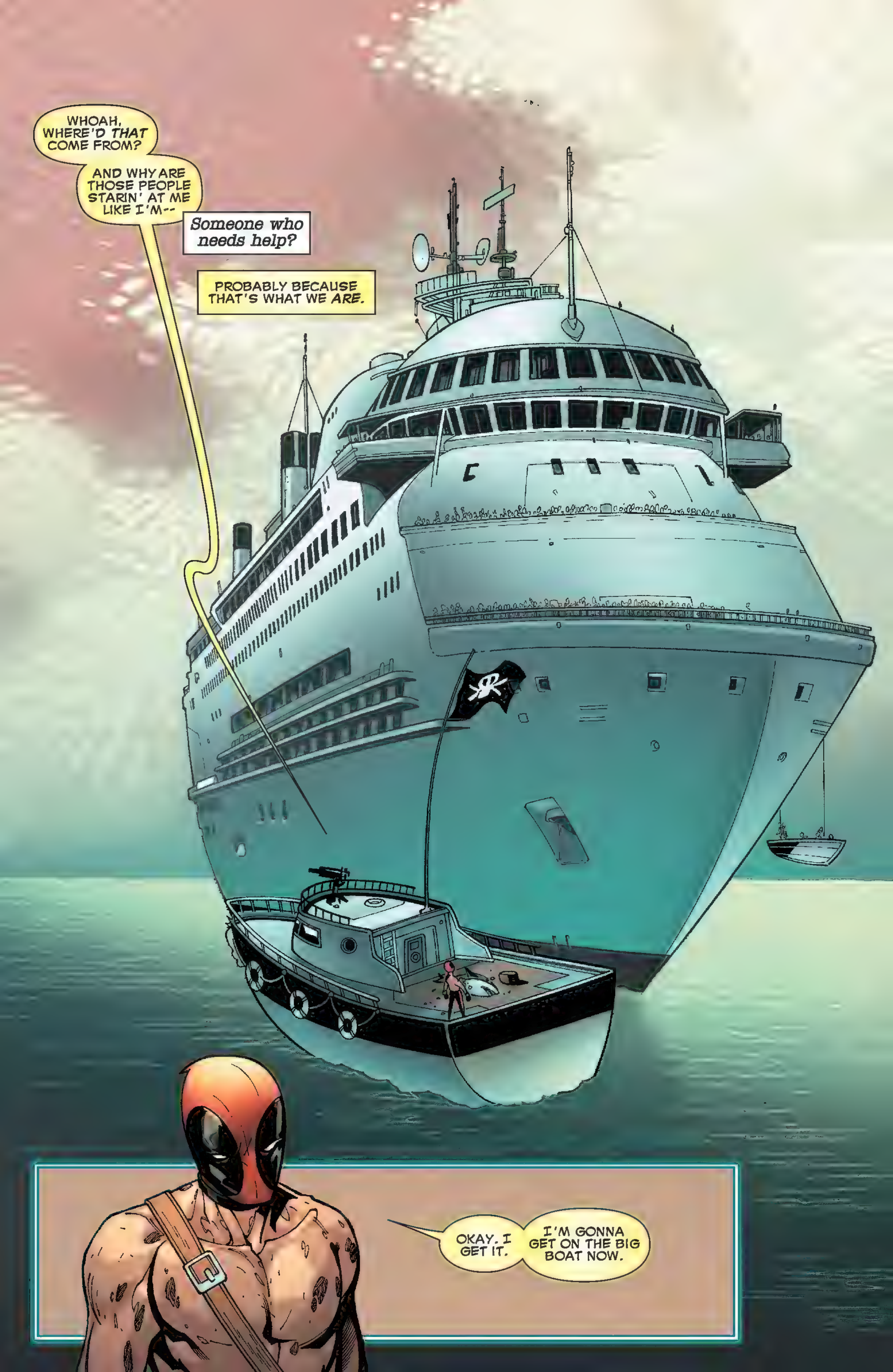

"SUSHI" ACTUALLY MEANS "WITH RICE."
IT DOES?!
I THINK SO...AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I READ ON THE MENU OF THIS TEPPANYAKI PLACE IN SAN FRANCISCO THAT I USED TO GO TO CALLED--
TAKO MAKI?!
I USED TO GO THERE, TOO!
WAIT A MINUTE...
...AH, CRAP.
YOU'RE NOT REAL.
NO, WADE.
NOT TO YOU.
Case in point.

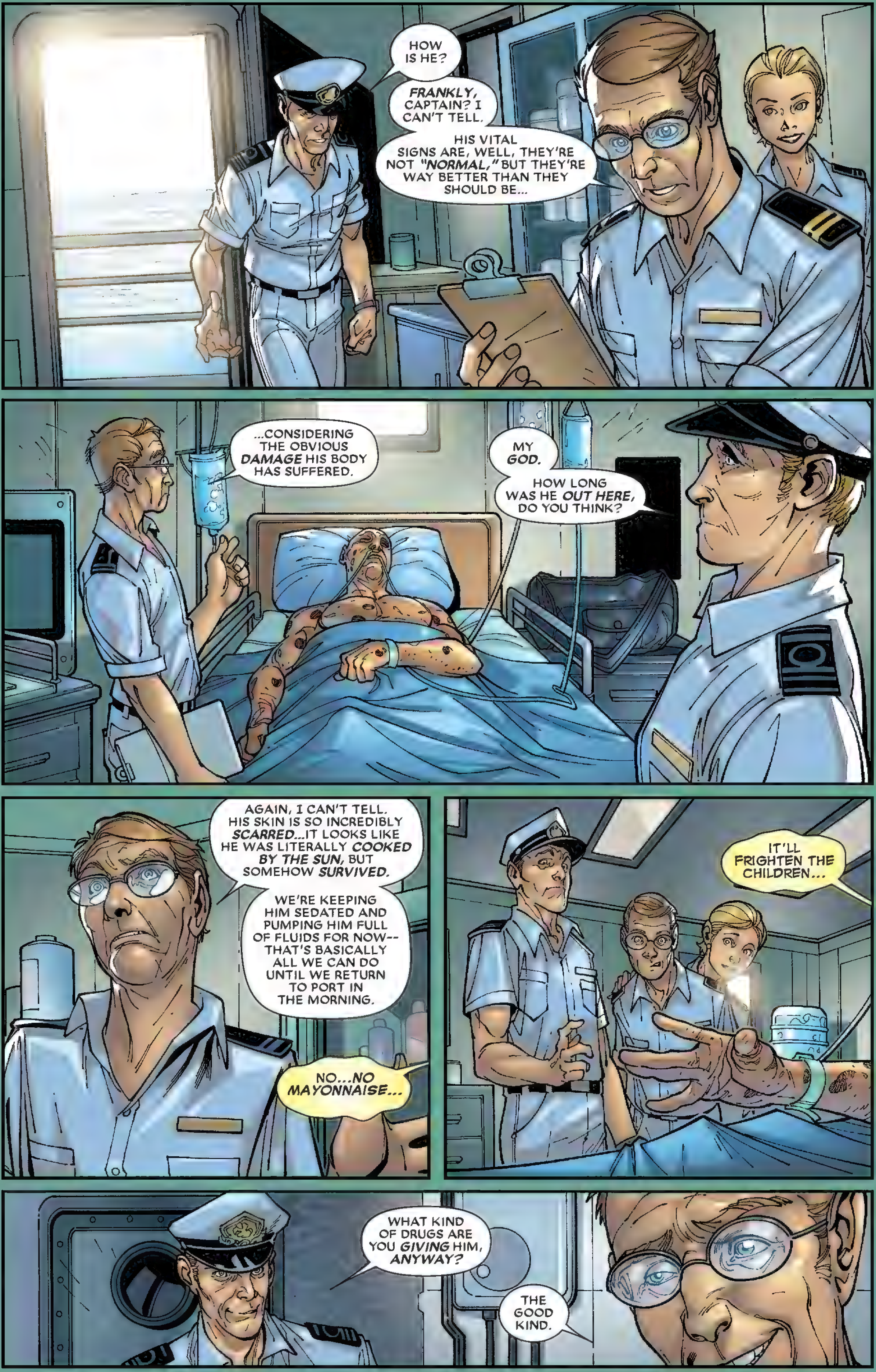

SO...WHAT'S THE *PLAN?*
DUNNO.
MAYBE I'LL JUST LAY HERE AND LET THE SUN COOK MY FLESH INTO JERKY, THEN WATCH HELPLESSLY AS THE SEAGULLS PICK ME APART AND CARRY MY PIECES AWAY TO STRANGE NEW LANDS.
WOW, *THAT'S* ORIGINAL.
I MEAN THAT'S *MY* PLAN. GET YOUR OWN.
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN BY *THAT?*
I'M UNORIGINAL? ARE YOU *SERIOUS?!*
EVERYTHING I DO IS ORIGINAL! EVERYTHING I...I *AM* IS ORIGINAL! THERE'S *NOBODY* LIKE ME!
YOU DO REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE *SAYING*, DON'T YOU?
YEAH! *I'M THE #$%#%$ MAN!*
NO, WHAT *YOU* ARE...
"...IS *ALONE*."

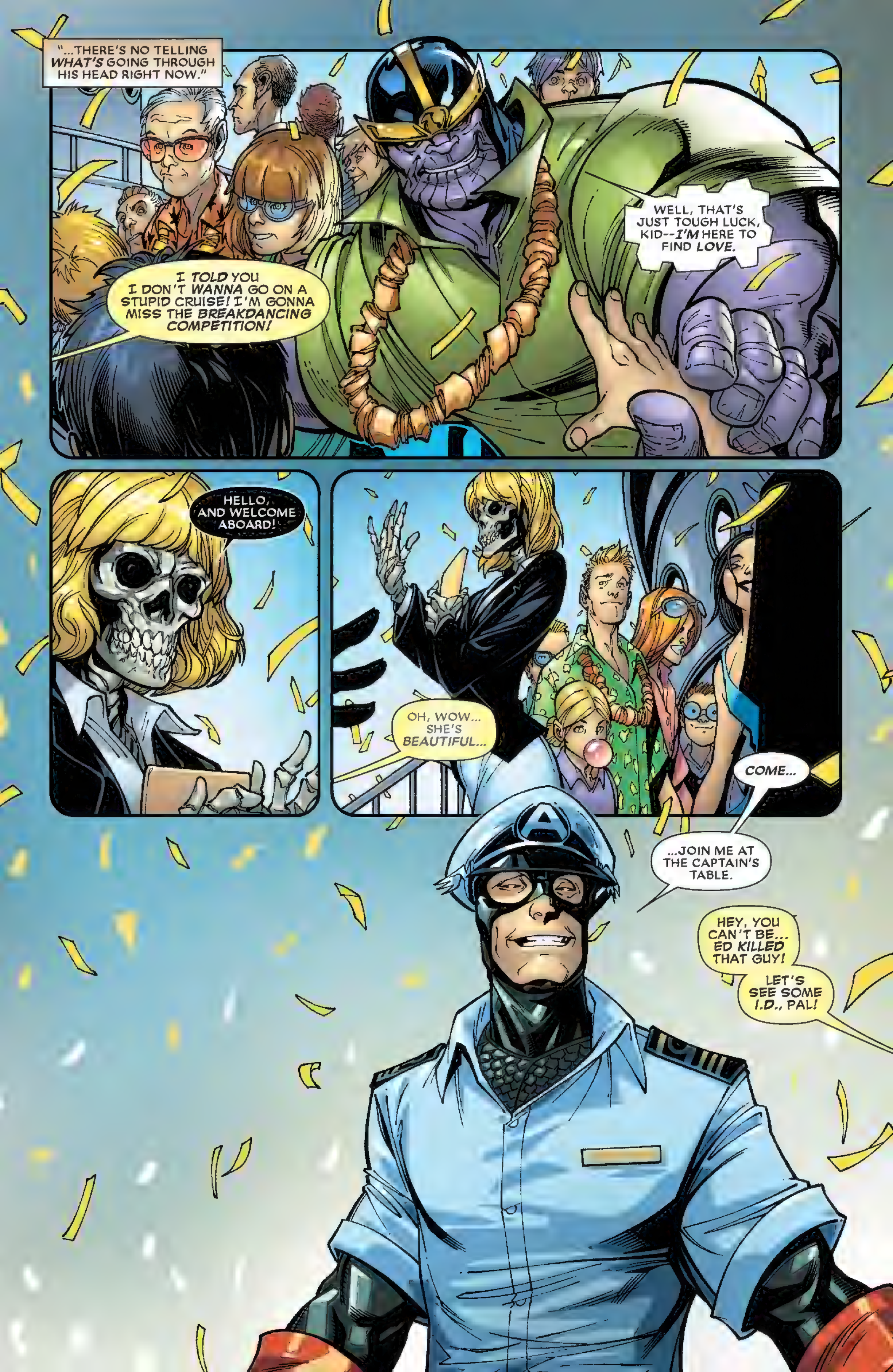

THAT'S NOT TRUE! I HAVE FRIENDS...
"THERE'S WEASEL...
"AND BLIND AL...
"AND...WHAT'S-HIS-FACE..."

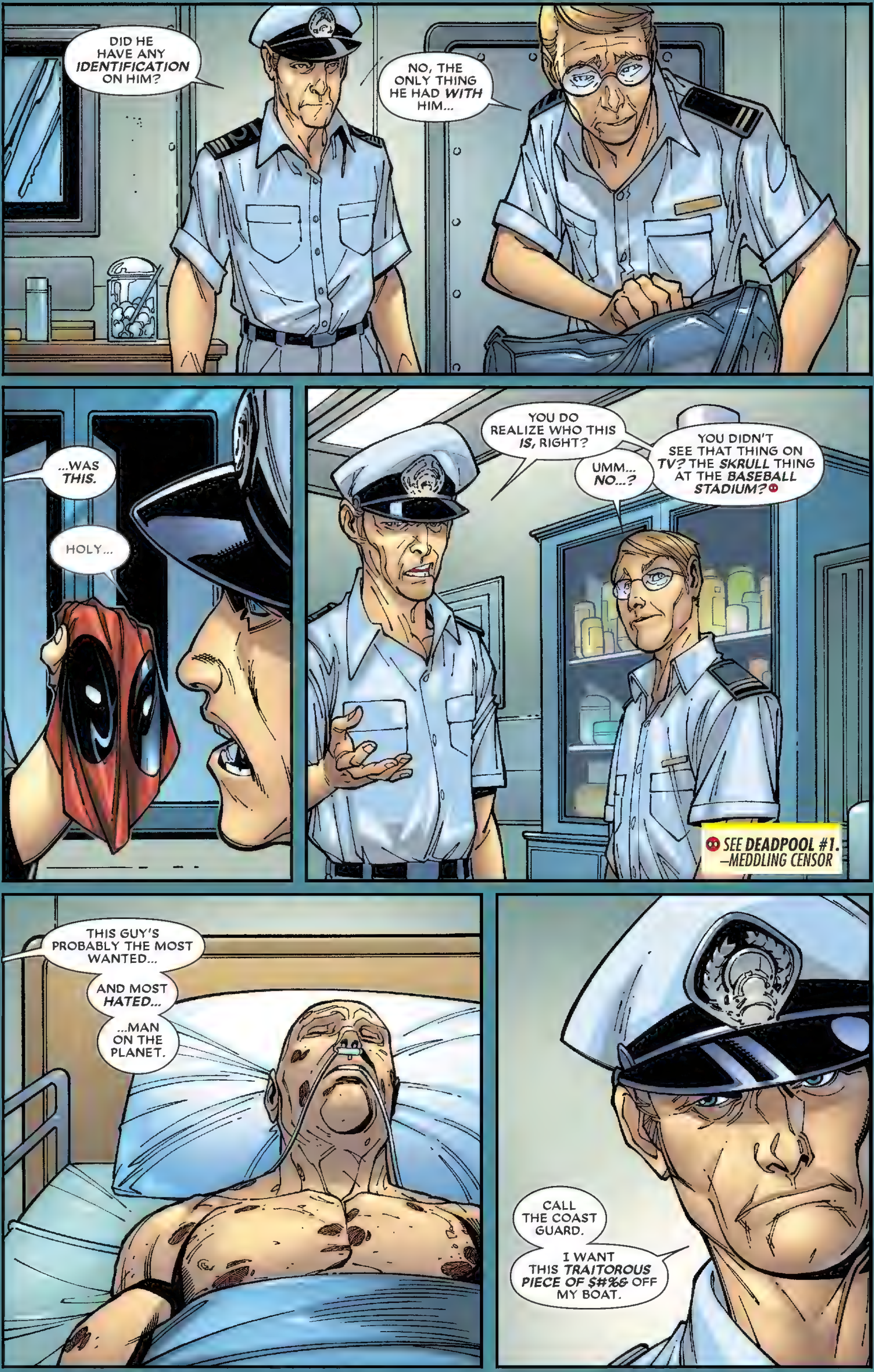

GUESS THAT MAKES *US* FRIENDS, *TOO?* AFTER ALL, I GAVE YOU WHAT YOU NEEDED...
WHEN YOU NEEDED IT...
LOOK, PAL! *I DON'T LIKE BEING JUDGED--*
I *KNOW* YOU DON'T. I THINK IT'S ACTUALLY THE ONLY THING YOU'RE REALLY *AFRAID* OF.
I'M NOT AFRAID OF THAT-- I'M NOT AFRAID OF *ANYTHING!* IT'S JUST... LOOK, *I'M UGLY.* I'M *WEIRD.* AND MY *BRAIN...*
...I THINK MAYBE IT'S, LIKE, *DEFORMED* OR SOMETHING.
HEY!
We got your deformation ***right here,*** buddy.
BUT I'M COOL WITH THAT. *I ACCEPT* THAT. IT'S NOT *MY* PROBLEM THAT NOBODY *ELSE* CAN ACCEPT IT...
ACTUALLY, THAT *IS* YOUR PROBLEM.
HUH?!
HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ANYONE TO ACCEPT YOU FOR WHAT YOU REALLY *ARE* WHEN YOU NEVER *SHOW* THEM WHAT YOU REALLY ARE?
HEY, IT'S NOT LIKE I'M THE ONLY GUY RUNNING AROUND IN A MASK...
Bingo!
WE HAVE A WINNER!

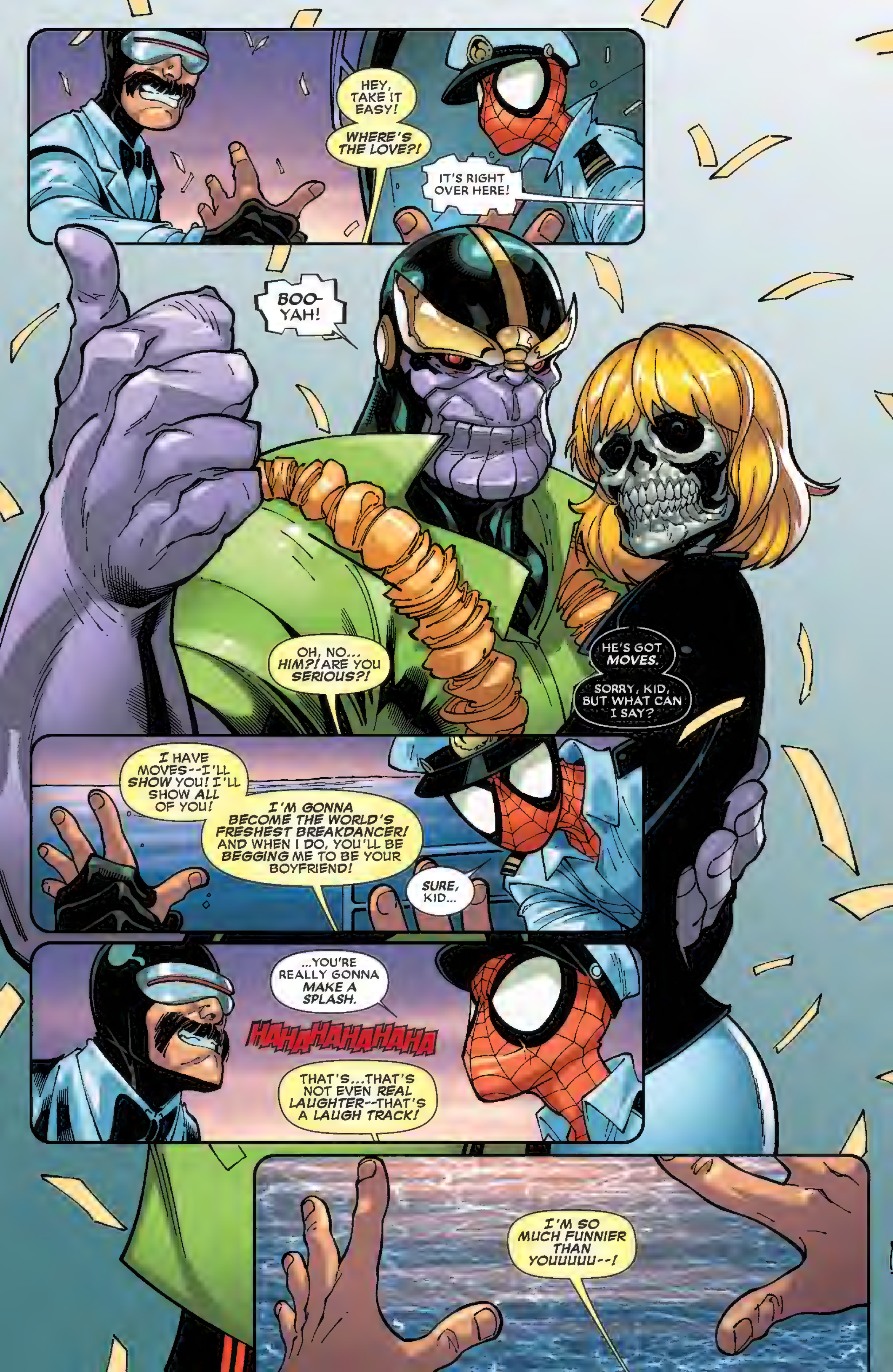

UH-UH. NO WAY.
I TRIED HANGING WITH THE SPANDEX CROWD BEFORE, REMEMBER?
"IT DIDN'T EXACTLY WORK OUT."
BUT WAS THAT BECAUSE THEY WOULDN'T ACCEPT YOU... OR YOU WOULDN'T ACCEPT THEM?
YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO GET AS MUCH OUT OF A RELATIONSHIP AS YOU PUT INTO IT, YOU KNOW...
OKAY, THAT'S IT!
WHEN YOU'RE GETTING RELATIONSHIP ADVICE FROM A DEAD FISH, IT'S DEFINITELY TIME TO--
RE-EVALUATE?
...YEAH.
HOW DO I START?
YOU START BY GETTING ON THE BIG BOAT.

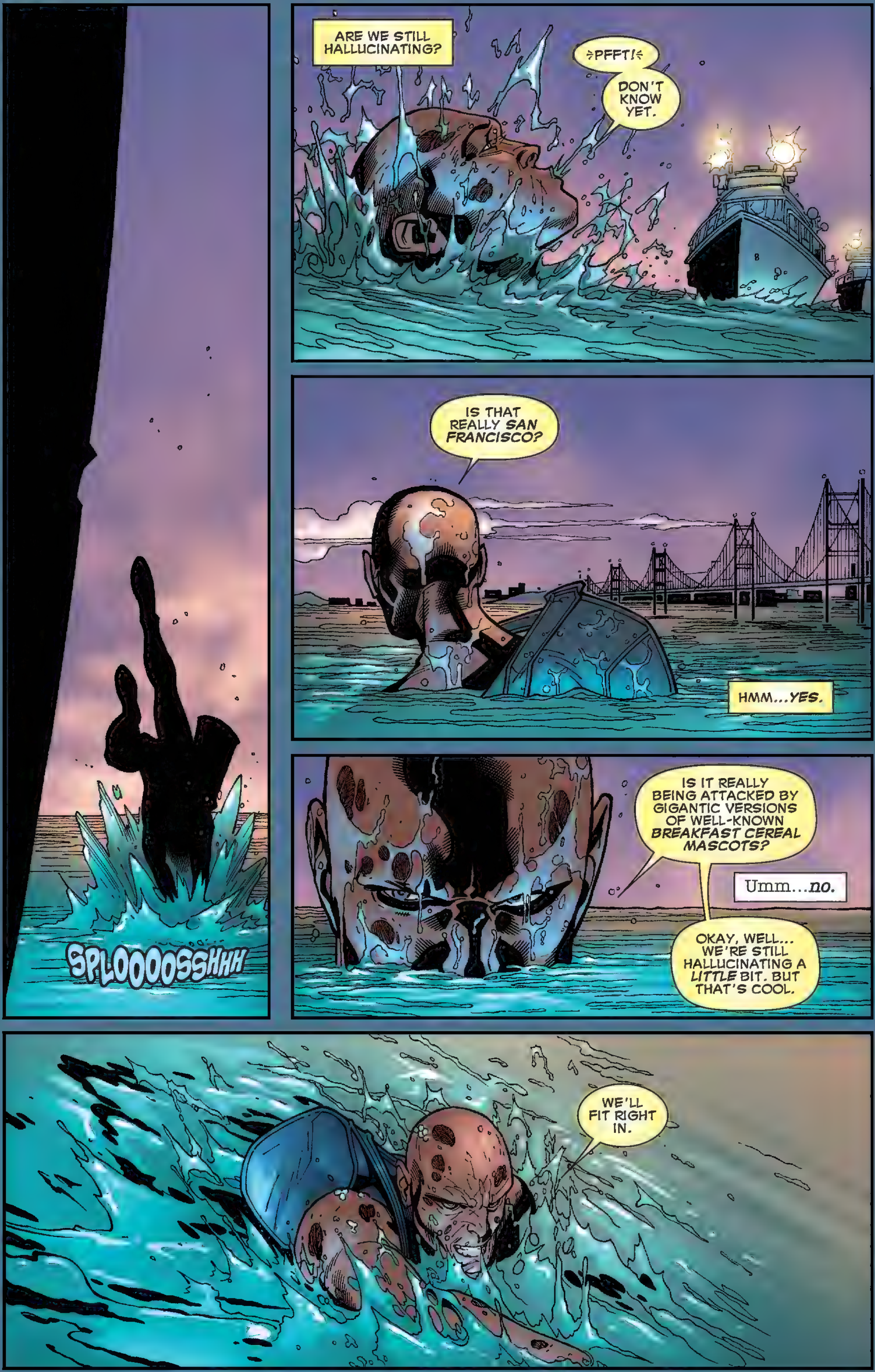

WHOAH, WHERE'D *THAT* COME FROM?
AND WHY ARE THOSE PEOPLE STARIN' AT ME LIKE I'M--
Someone who needs help?
PROBABLY BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT WE *ARE.*
OKAY. I GET IT.
I'M GONNA GET ON THE BIG BOAT NOW.

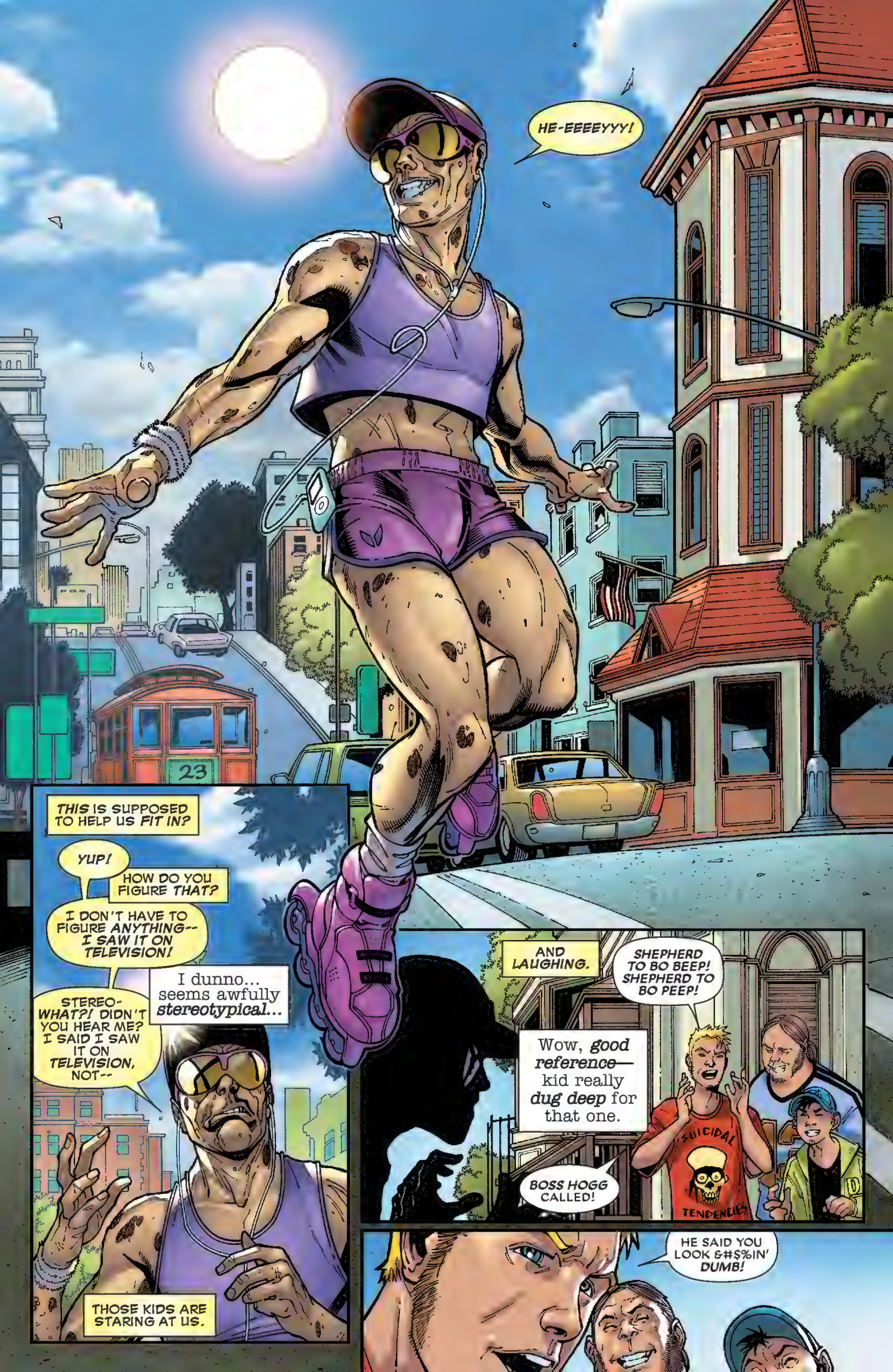

HOW IS HE?
FRANKLY, CAPTAIN? I CAN'T TELL.
HIS VITAL SIGNS ARE, WELL, THEY'RE NOT "NORMAL," BUT THEY'RE WAY BETTER THAN THEY SHOULD BE...
...CONSIDERING THE OBVIOUS DAMAGE HIS BODY HAS SUFFERED.
MY GOD.
HOW LONG WAS HE OUT HERE, DO YOU THINK?
AGAIN, I CAN'T TELL. HIS SKIN IS SO INCREDIBLY SCARRED...IT LOOKS LIKE HE WAS LITERALLY COOKED BY THE SUN, BUT SOMEHOW SURVIVED.
WE'RE KEEPING HIM SEDATED AND PUMPING HIM FULL OF FLUIDS FOR NOW--THAT'S BASICALLY ALL WE CAN DO UNTIL WE RETURN TO PORT IN THE MORNING.
NO...NO MAYONNAISE...
IT'LL FRIGHTEN THE CHILDREN...
WHAT KIND OF DRUGS ARE YOU GIVING HIM, ANYWAY?
THE GOOD KIND.

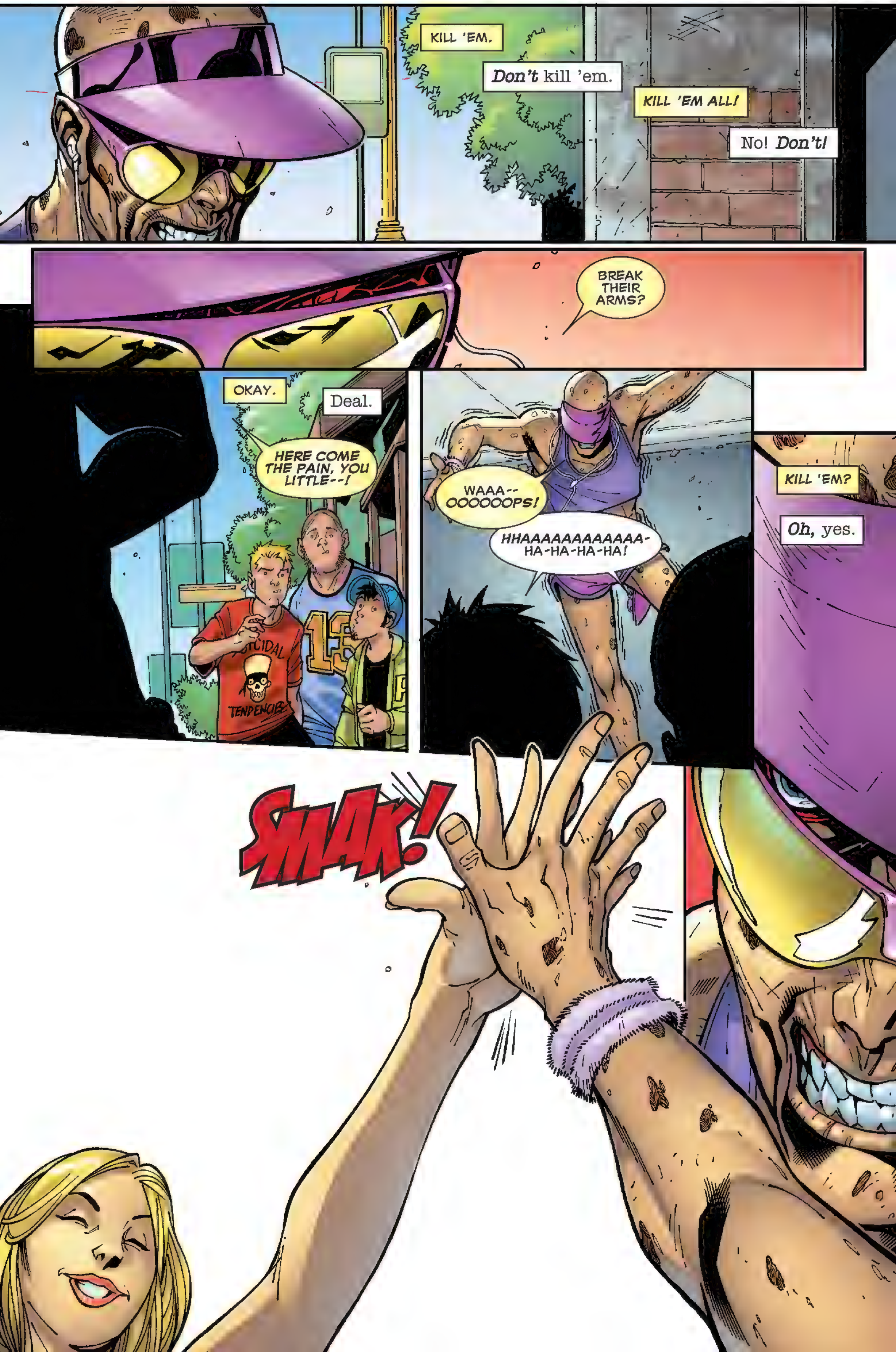

"...THERE'S NO TELLING *WHAT'S* GOING THROUGH HIS HEAD RIGHT NOW."
I *TOLD* YOU I DON'T *WANNA* GO ON A STUPID CRUISE! I'M GONNA MISS THE *BREAKDANCING COMPETITION!*
WELL, THAT'S JUST TOUGH LUCK, KID--*I'M* HERE TO FIND *LOVE.*
HELLO, AND WELCOME ABOARD!
OH, WOW... SHE'S *BEAUTIFUL...*
COME...
...JOIN ME AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE.
HEY, YOU CAN'T BE... ED *KILLED* THAT GUY!
LET'S SEE SOME *I.D.,* PAL!

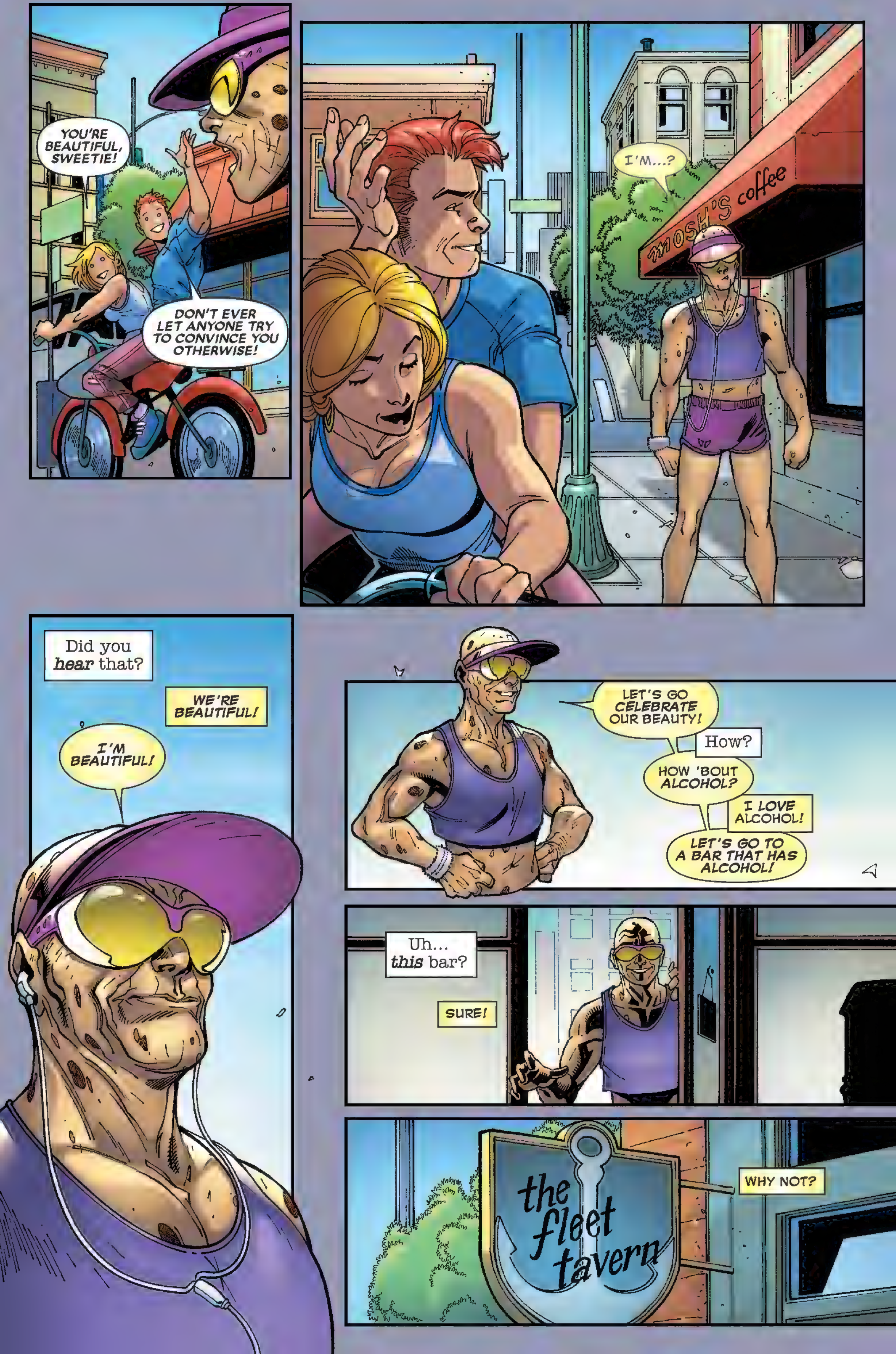

DID HE HAVE ANY *IDENTIFICATION* ON HIM?
NO, THE ONLY THING HE HAD *WITH* HIM...
...WAS *THIS.*
HOLY...
YOU DO REALIZE WHO THIS *IS,* RIGHT?
UMM... *NO...?*
YOU DIDN'T SEE THAT THING ON *TV?* THE *SKRULL* THING AT THE *BASEBALL STADIUM?*
SEE *DEADPOOL #1.* —MEDDLING CENSOR
THIS GUY'S PROBABLY THE MOST WANTED...
AND MOST *HATED...*
...MAN ON THE PLANET.
CALL THE COAST GUARD.
I WANT THIS *TRAITOROUS PIECE OF $#%&* OFF MY BOAT.

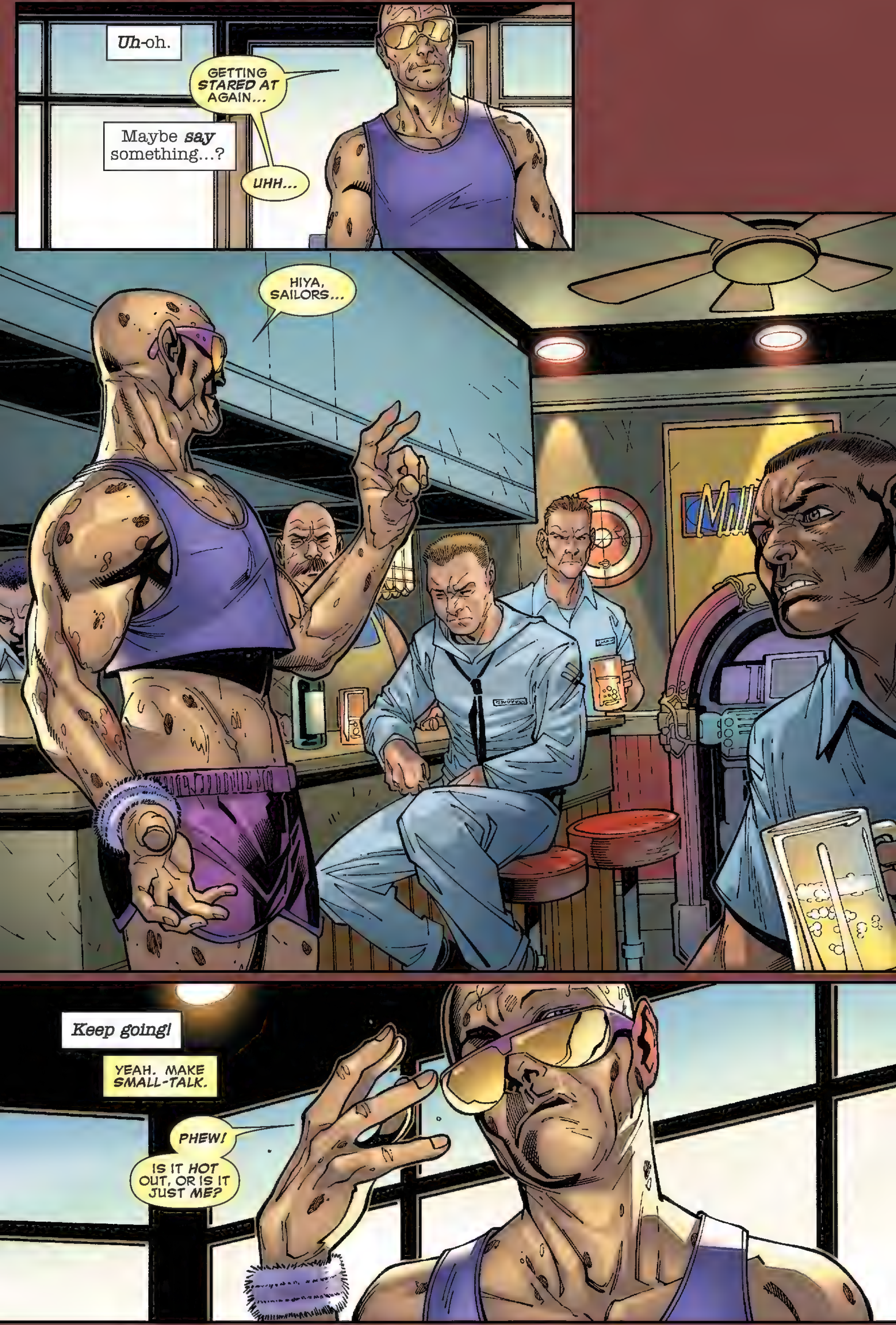

HEY, TAKE IT EASY!
WHERE'S THE LOVE?!
IT'S RIGHT OVER HERE!
BOO-YAH!
OH, NO... HIM?! ARE YOU SERIOUS?!
HE'S GOT MOVES.
SORRY, KID, BUT WHAT CAN I SAY?
I HAVE MOVES--I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL SHOW ALL OF YOU!
I'M GONNA BECOME THE WORLD'S FRESHEST BREAKDANCER! AND WHEN I DO, YOU'LL BE BEGGING ME TO BE YOUR BOYFRIEND!
SURE, KID...
...YOU'RE REALLY GONNA MAKE A SPLASH.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
THAT'S...THAT'S NOT EVEN REAL LAUGHTER--THAT'S A LAUGH TRACK!
I'M SO MUCH FUNNIER THAN YOUUUUU--!

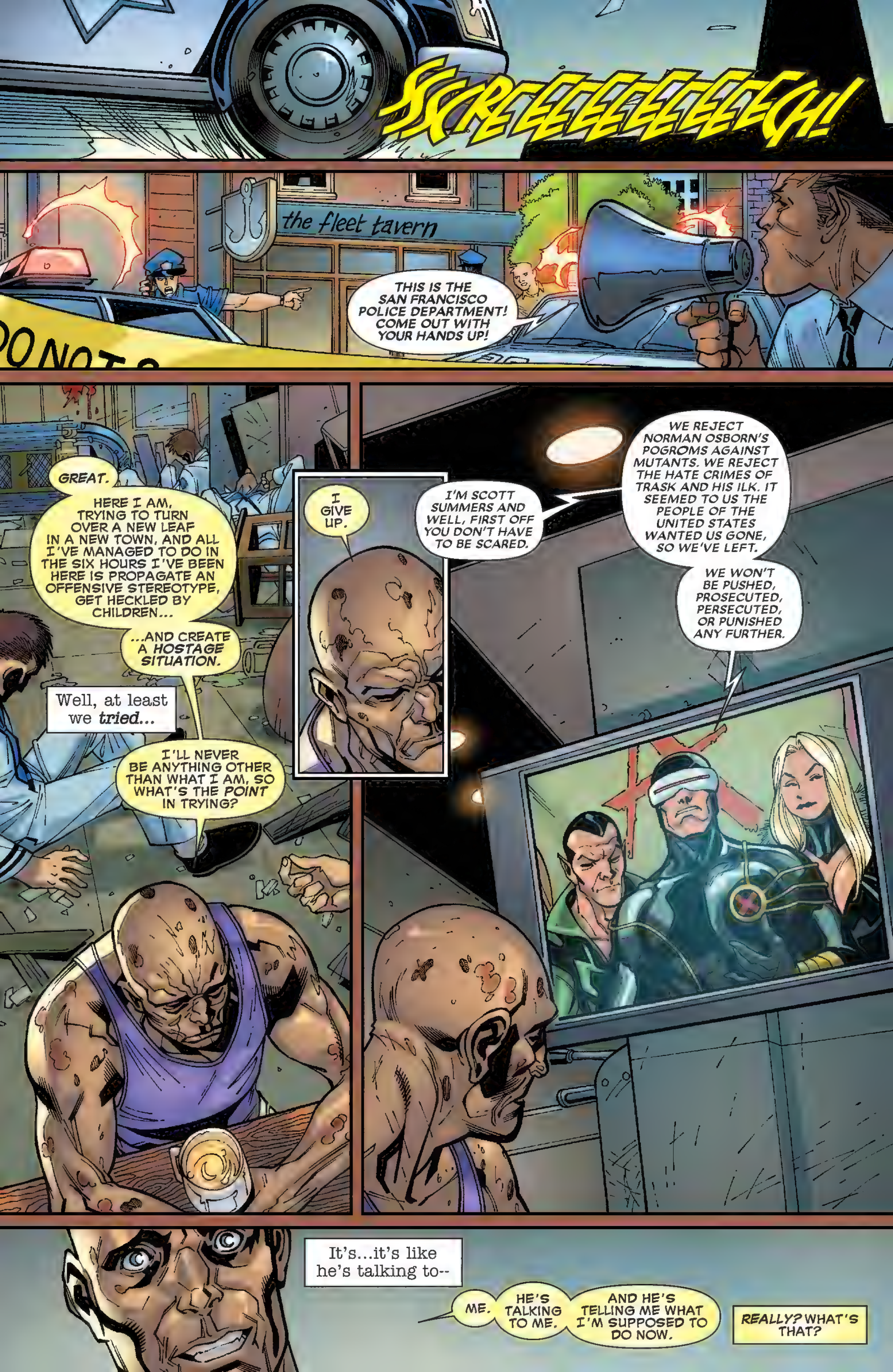

SPLOOOOSSHHH
ARE WE STILL HALLUCINATING?
PFFT!
DON'T KNOW YET.
IS THAT REALLY *SAN FRANCISCO?*
HMM... *YES.*
IS IT REALLY BEING ATTACKED BY GIGANTIC VERSIONS OF WELL-KNOWN *BREAKFAST CEREAL MASCOTS?*
Umm... *no.*
OKAY, WELL... WE'RE STILL HALLUCINATING A *LITTLE* BIT. BUT THAT'S COOL.
WE'LL FIT RIGHT IN.

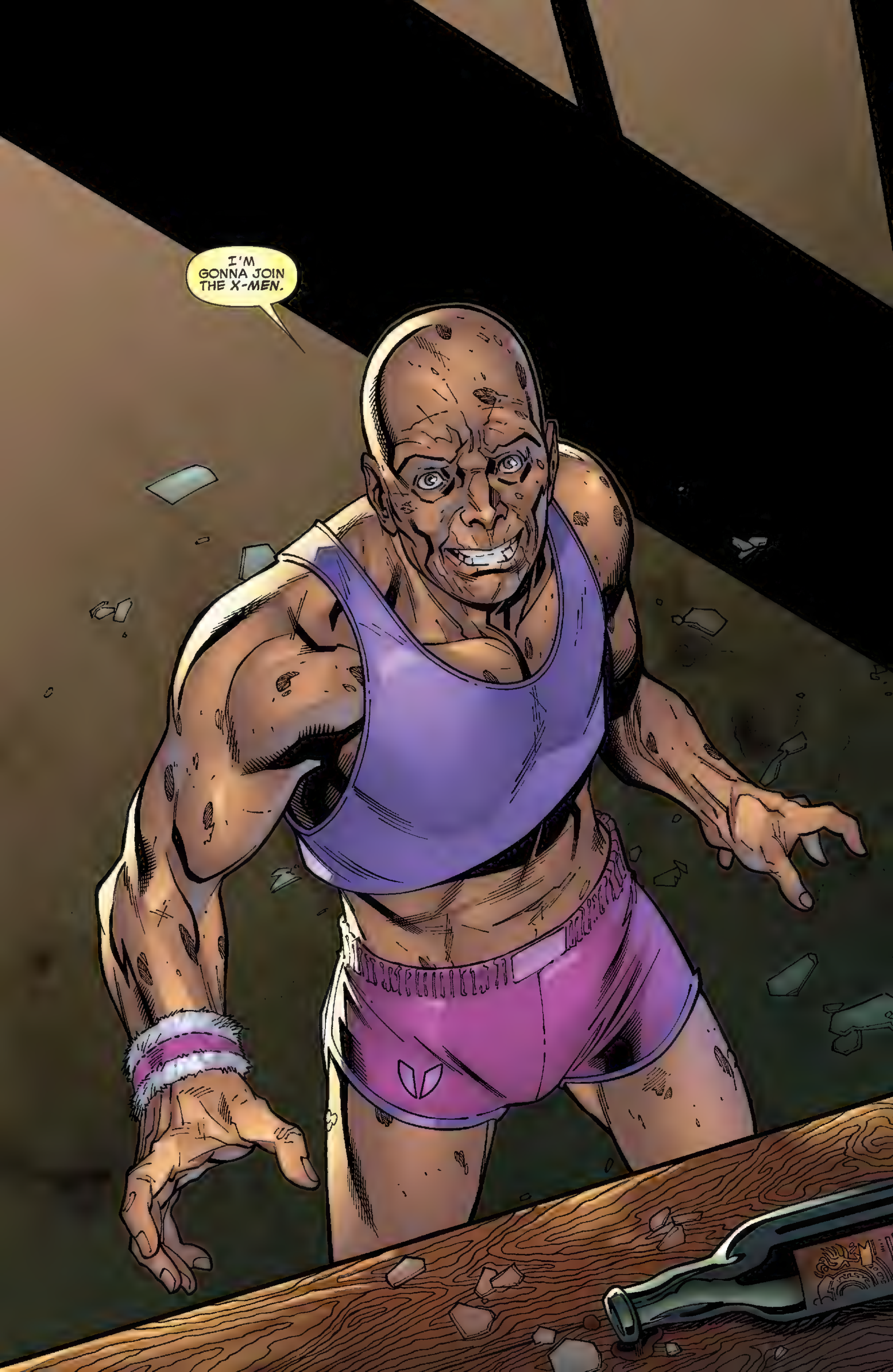

HE-EEEEYYY!
23
THIS IS SUPPOSED TO HELP US *FIT IN?*
YUP!
HOW DO YOU FIGURE *THAT?*
I DON'T HAVE TO FIGURE *ANYTHING-- I SAW IT ON TELEVISION!*
I dunno... seems awfully *stereotypical...*
STEREO-*WHAT?!* DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? *I* SAID *I* SAW IT ON *TELEVISION,* NOT--
THOSE KIDS ARE STARING AT US.
AND *LAUGHING.*
SHEPHERD TO BO BEEP! SHEPHERD TO BO PEEP!
Wow, *good reference—* kid really *dug deep* for that one.
BOSS HOGG CALLED!
SUICIDAL TENDENCIES
HE SAID YOU LOOK &#$%IN' *DUMB!*


KILL 'EM.
Don't kill 'em.
KILL 'EM ALL!
No! Don't!
BREAK THEIR ARMS?
OKAY.
Deal.
HERE COME THE PAIN, YOU LITTLE--!
SUICIDAL TENDENCIES
13
WAAA--OOOOOOPS!
HHAAAAAAAAAAAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
KILL 'EM?
Oh, yes.
SMAK!

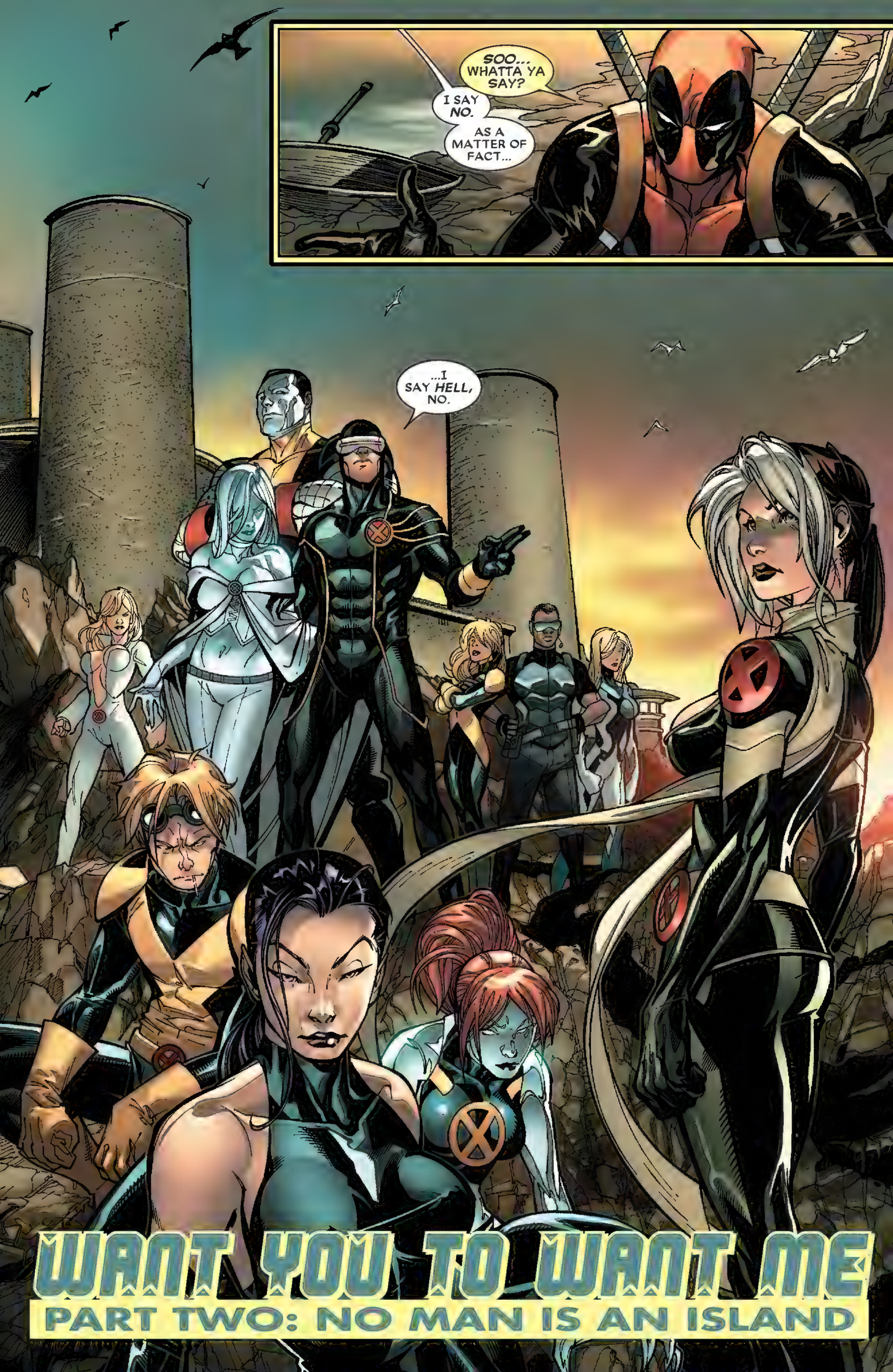

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, SWEETIE!
DON'T EVER LET ANYONE TRY TO CONVINCE YOU OTHERWISE!
MOSH'S coffee
I'M...?
Did you *hear* that?
WE'RE BEAUTIFUL!
I'M BEAUTIFUL!
LET'S GO CELEBRATE OUR BEAUTY!
How?
HOW 'BOUT ALCOHOL?
I LOVE ALCOHOL!
LET'S GO TO A BAR THAT HAS ALCOHOL!
Uh... *this* bar?
SURE!
the fleet tavern
WHY NOT?

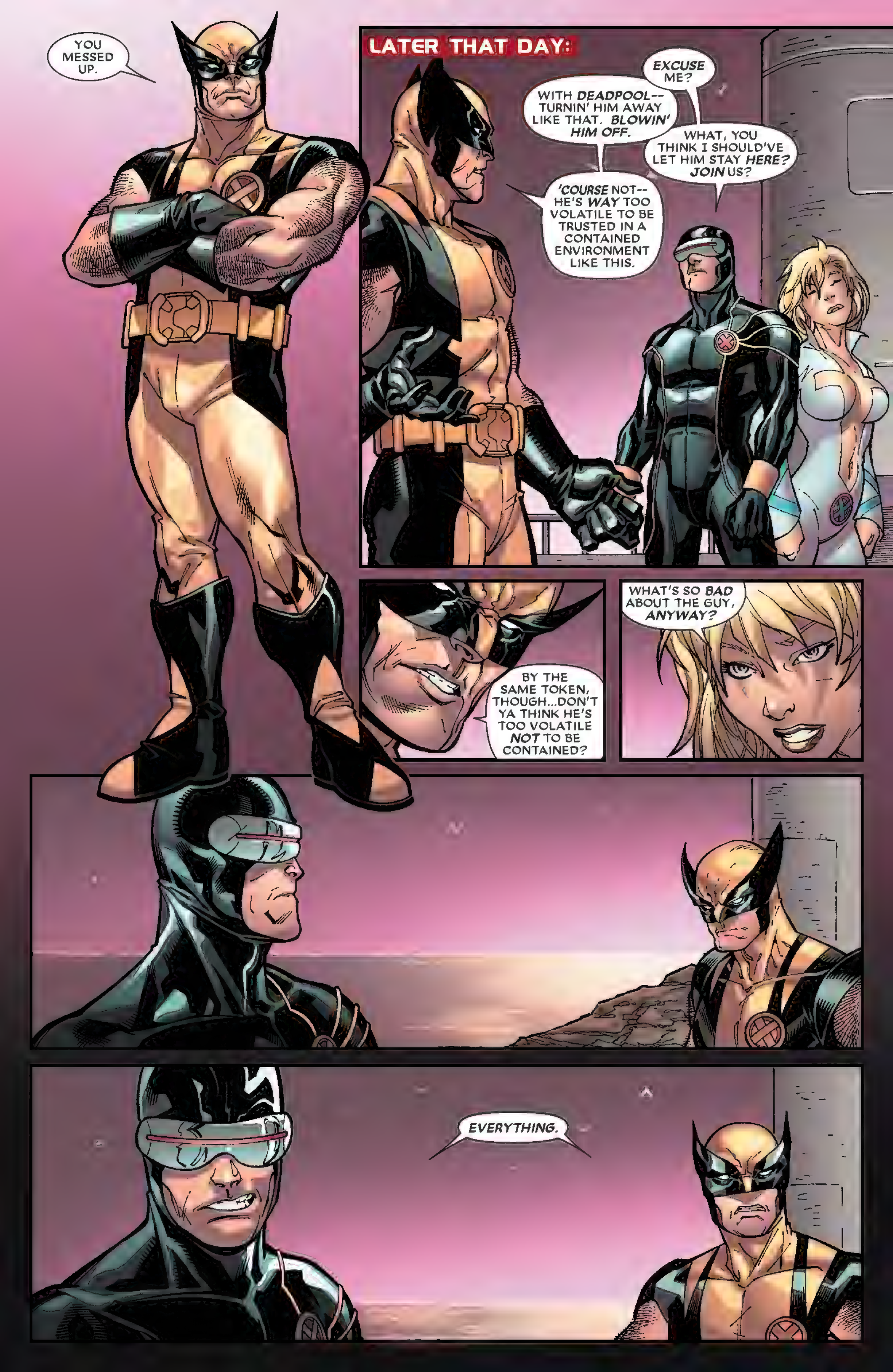

Uh-oh.
GETTING *STARED AT* AGAIN...
Maybe *say* something...?
UHH...
HIYA, SAILORS...
M
Keep going!
YEAH. MAKE *SMALL-TALK.*
PHEW!
IS IT *HOT* OUT, OR IS IT JUST *ME?*

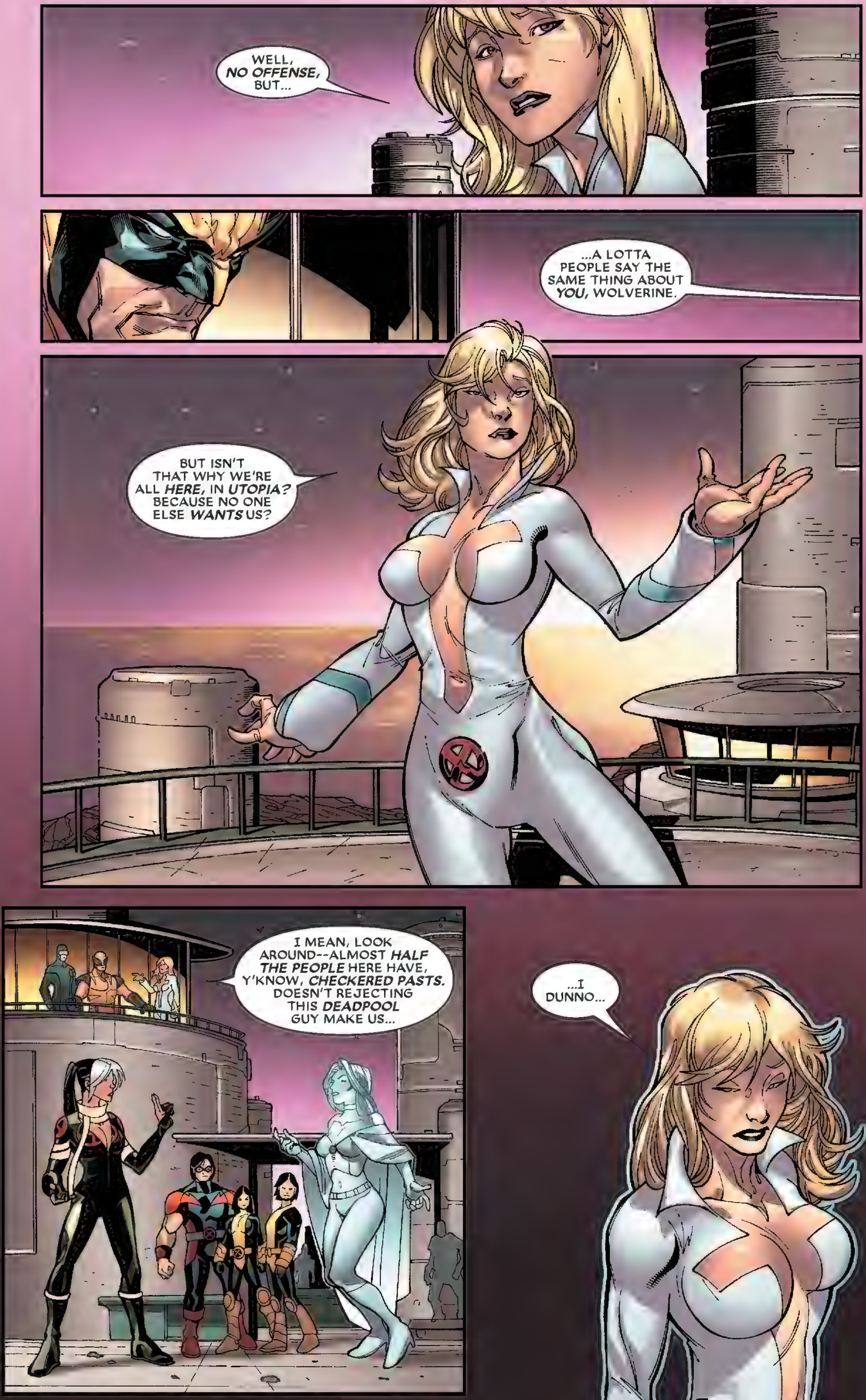

SSCREEEEEEEEEECH!
the fleet tavern
DO NOT C
THIS IS THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
GREAT.
HERE I AM, TRYING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF IN A NEW TOWN, AND ALL I'VE MANAGED TO DO IN THE SIX HOURS I'VE BEEN HERE IS PROPAGATE AN OFFENSIVE STEREOTYPE, GET HECKLED BY CHILDREN...
...AND CREATE A HOSTAGE SITUATION.
Well, at least we tried...
I'LL NEVER BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN WHAT I AM, SO WHAT'S THE POINT IN TRYING?
I GIVE UP.
I'M SCOTT SUMMERS AND WELL, FIRST OFF YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SCARED.
WE REJECT NORMAN OSBORN'S POGROMS AGAINST MUTANTS. WE REJECT THE HATE CRIMES OF TRASK AND HIS ILK. IT SEEMED TO US THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES WANTED US GONE, SO WE'VE LEFT.
WE WON'T BE PUSHED, PROSECUTED, PERSECUTED, OR PUNISHED ANY FURTHER.
It's...it's like he's talking to--
ME.
HE'S TALKING TO ME.
AND HE'S TELLING ME WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO NOW.
REALLY? WHAT'S THAT?

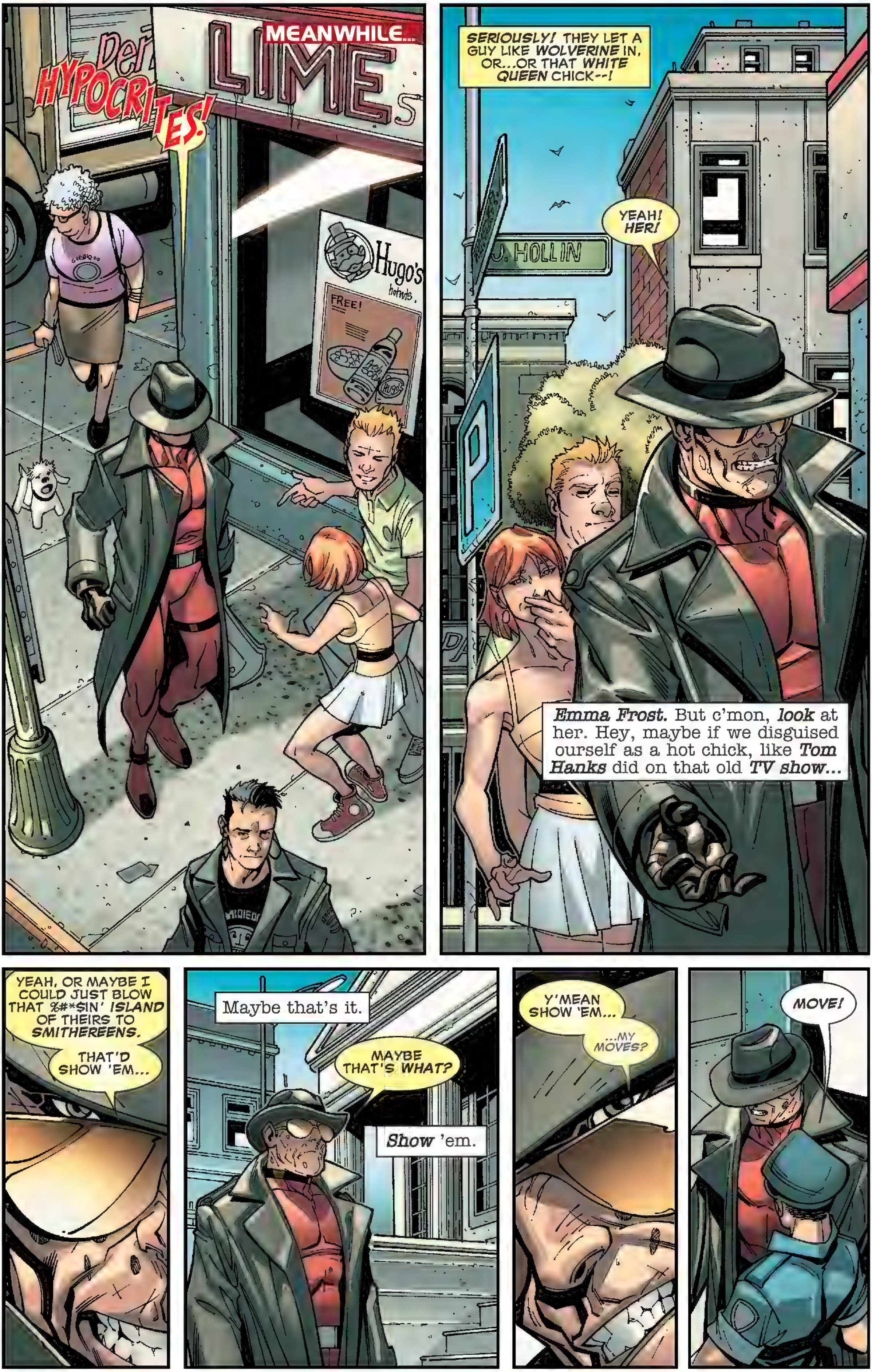

I'M GONNA JOIN THE X-MEN.

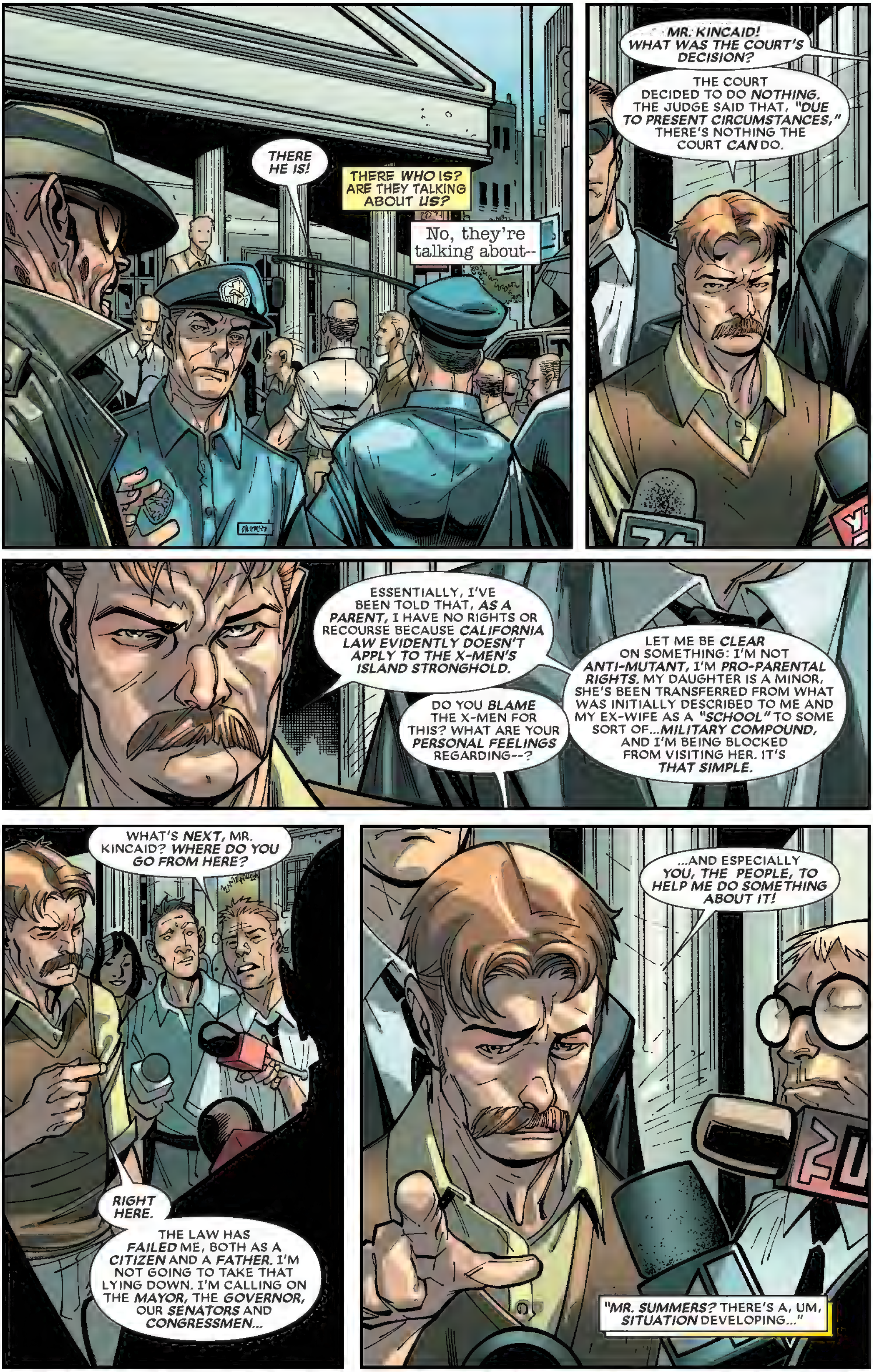
16
D
D

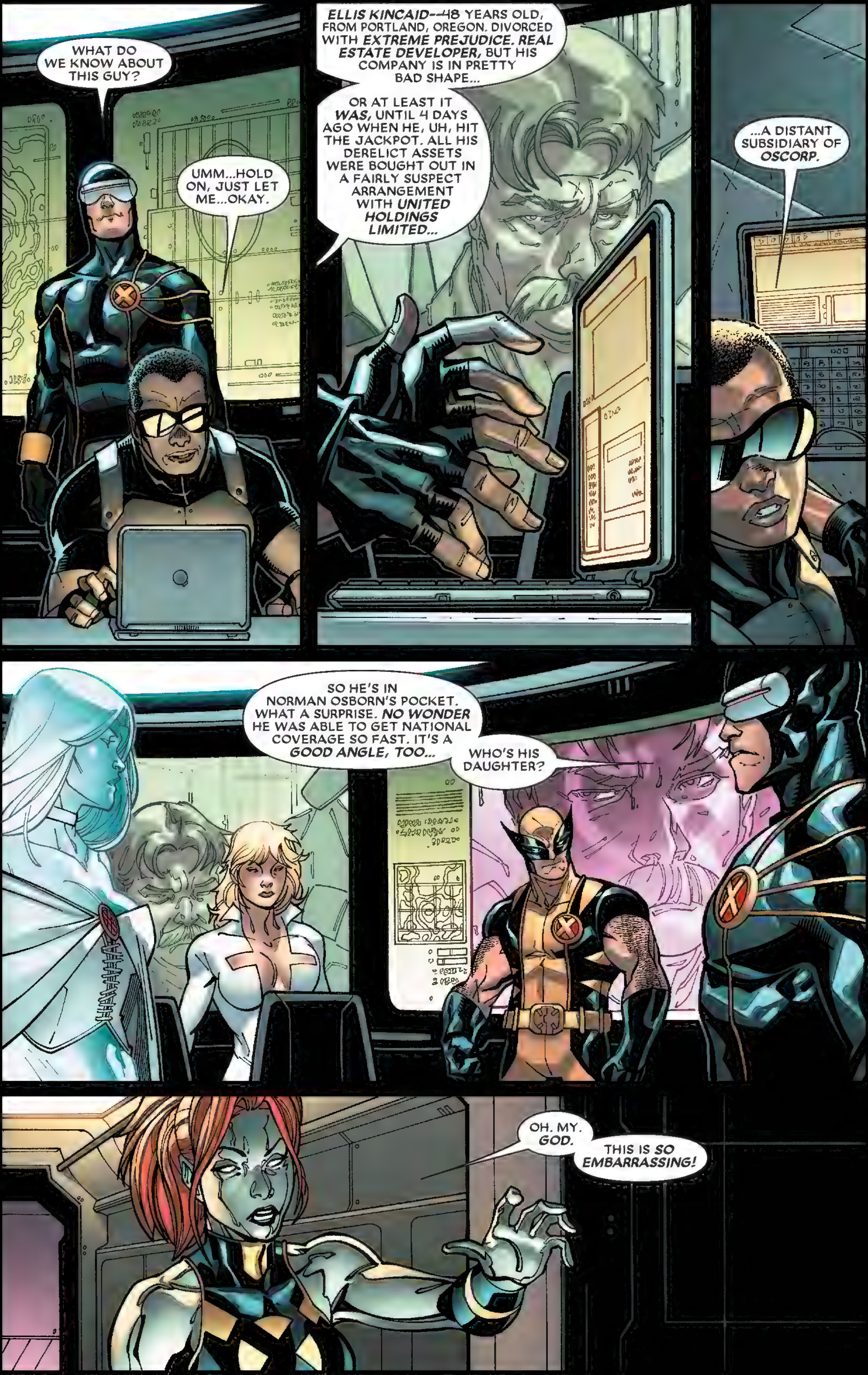

SOO... WHATTA YA SAY?
I SAY *NO.*
AS A MATTER OF FACT...
...I SAY *HELL,* NO.
WANT YOU TO WANT ME
PART TWO: NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

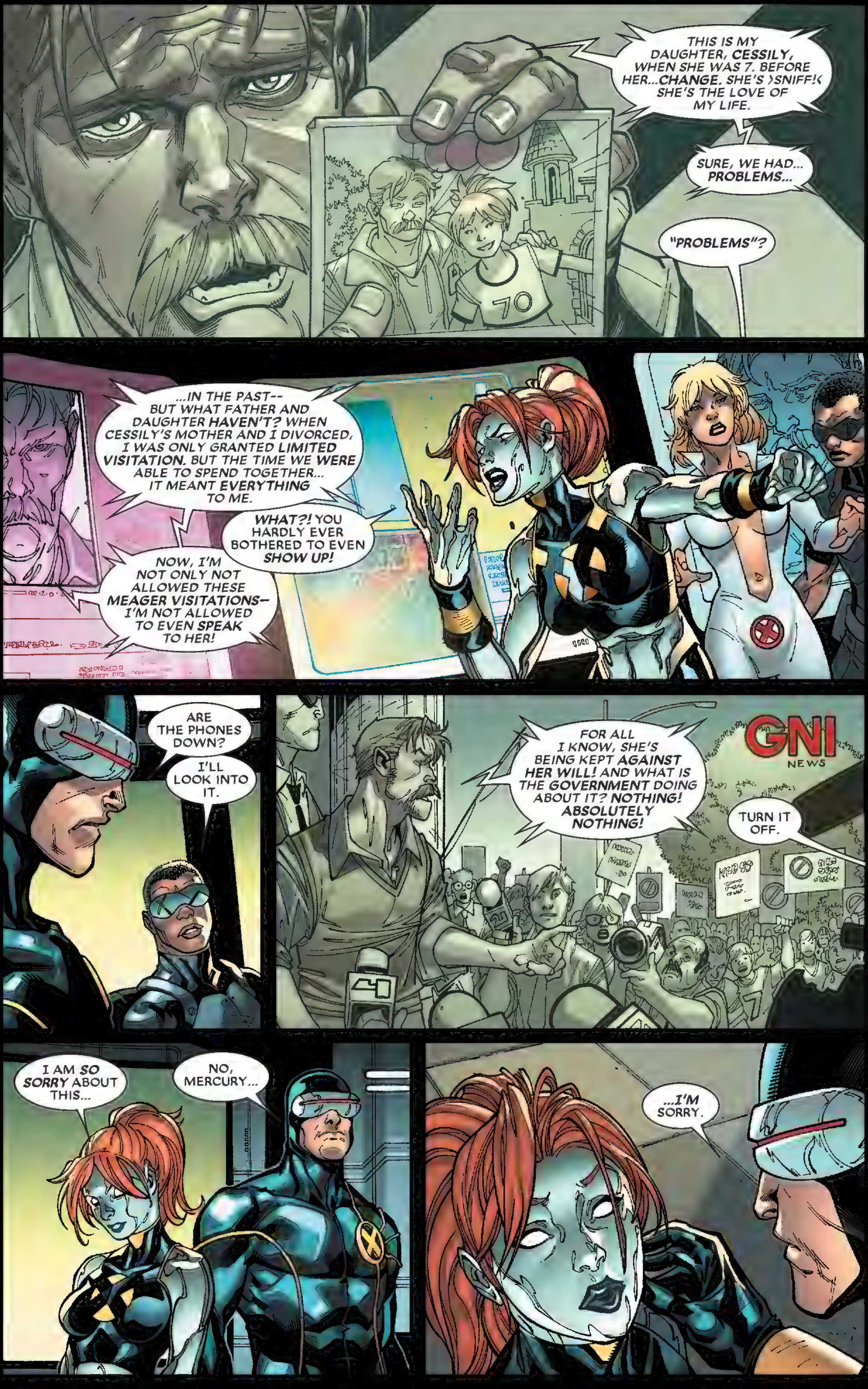

YOU MESSED UP.
LATER THAT DAY:
EXCUSE ME?
WITH **DEADPOOL**-- TURNIN' HIM AWAY LIKE THAT. **BLOWIN'** **HIM OFF.**
WHAT, YOU THINK I SHOULD'VE LET HIM STAY *HERE?* *JOIN* US?
'COURSE NOT-- HE'S *WAY* TOO VOLATILE TO BE TRUSTED IN A CONTAINED ENVIRONMENT LIKE THIS.
BY THE SAME TOKEN, THOUGH...DON'T YA THINK HE'S TOO VOLATILE *NOT* TO BE CONTAINED?
WHAT'S SO *BAD* ABOUT THE GUY, *ANYWAY?*
EVERYTHING.

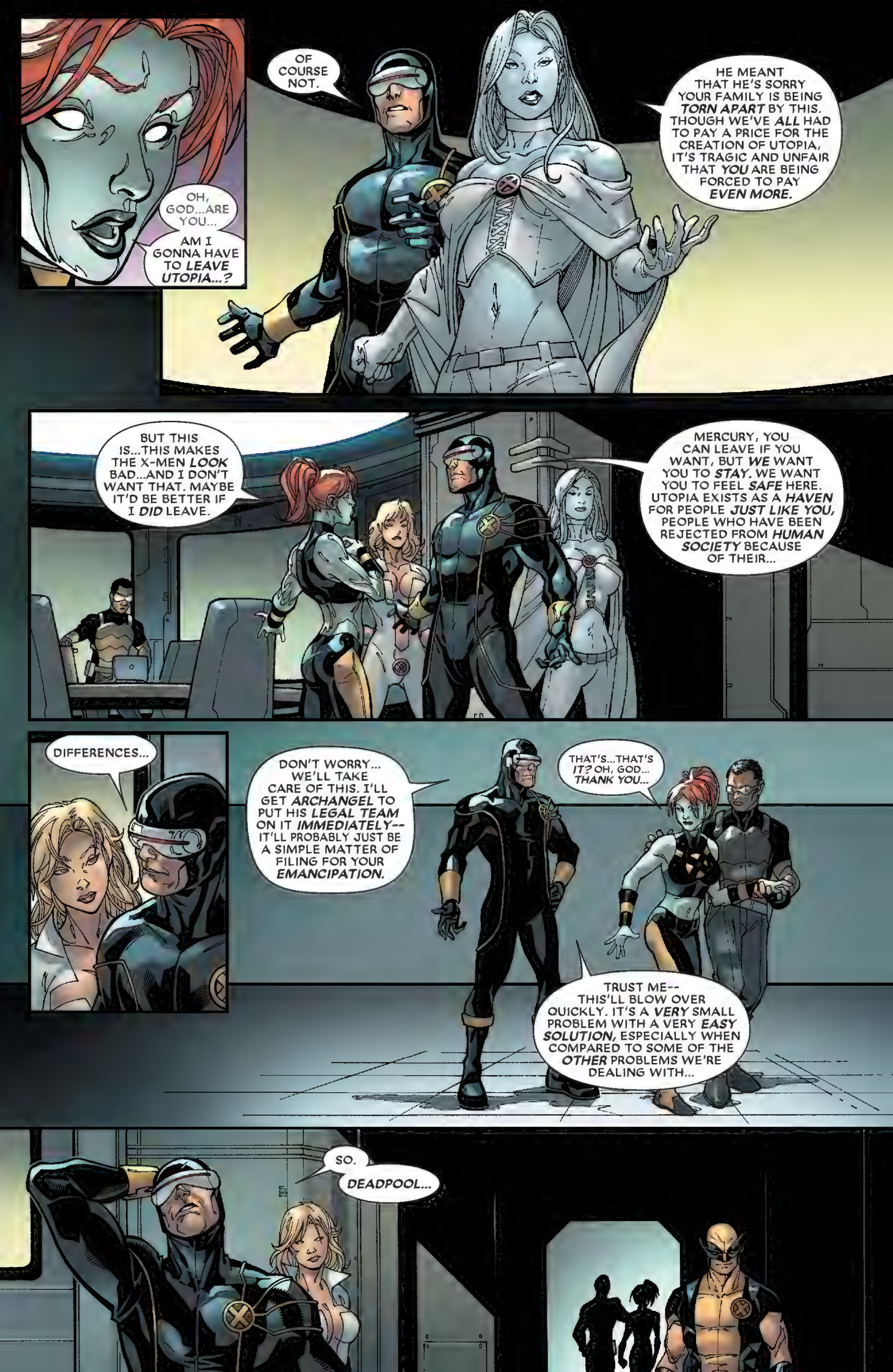

WELL, *NO OFFENSE,* BUT...
...A LOTTA PEOPLE SAY THE SAME THING ABOUT *YOU,* WOLVERINE.
BUT ISN'T THAT WHY WE'RE ALL *HERE,* IN *UTOPIA?* BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE *WANTS* US?
I MEAN, LOOK AROUND--ALMOST *HALF THE PEOPLE* HERE HAVE, Y'KNOW, *CHECKERED PASTS.* DOESN'T REJECTING THIS *DEADPOOL* GUY MAKE US...
...I DUNNO...

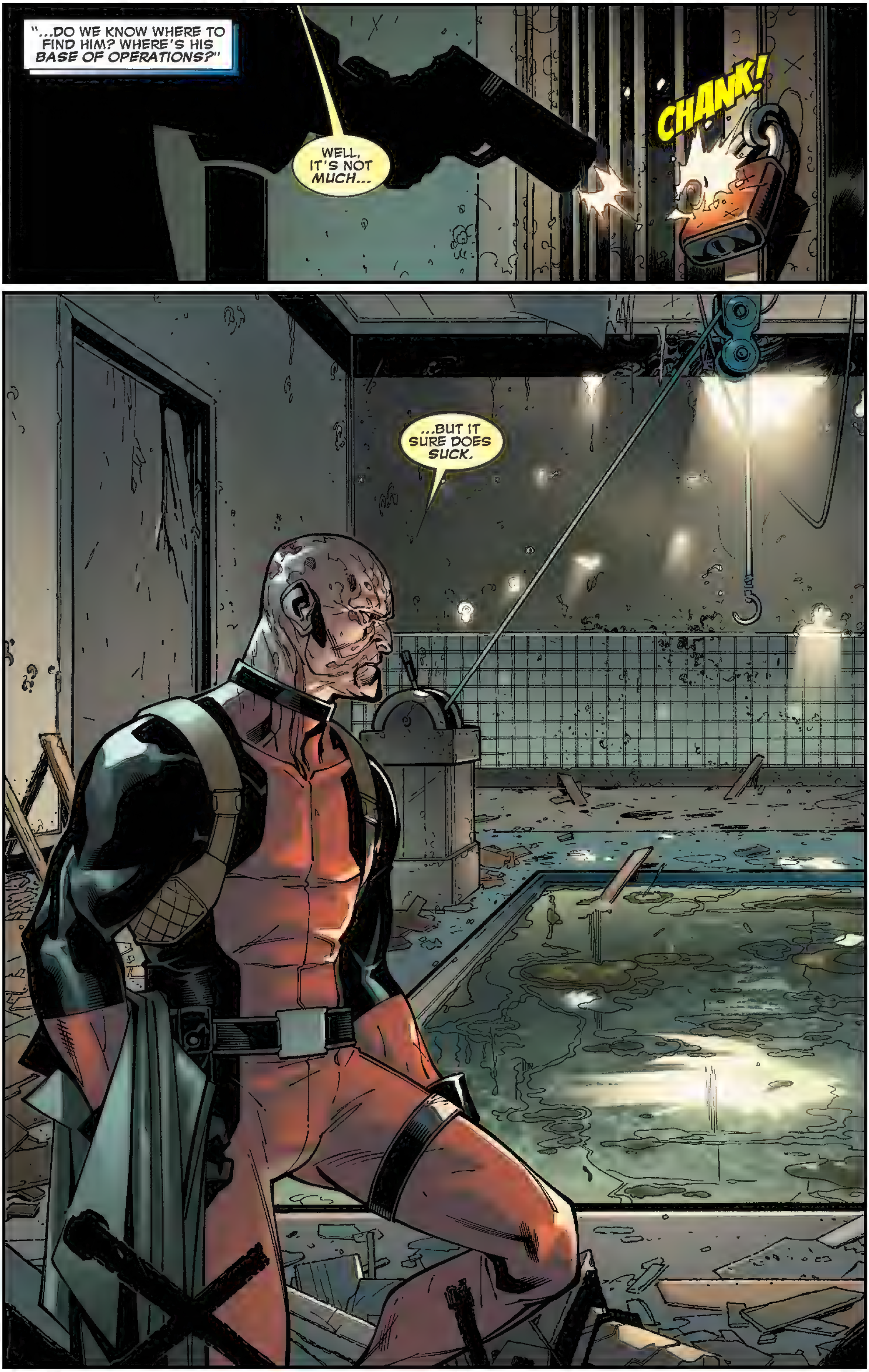

MEANWHILE...
HYPOCRITES!
LIMES
Hugo's
FREE!
SERIOUSLY! THEY LET A GUY LIKE WOLVERINE IN, OR...OR THAT WHITE QUEEN CHICK--!
J. HOLLIN
YEAH! HER!
Emma Frost. But c'mon, look at her. Hey, maybe if we disguised ourself as a hot chick, like Tom Hanks did on that old TV show...
YEAH, OR MAYBE I COULD JUST BLOW THAT %#*$IN' ISLAND OF THEIRS TO SMITHEREENS.
THAT'D SHOW 'EM...
Maybe that's it.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT?
Show 'em.
Y'MEAN SHOW 'EM...
...MY MOVES?
MOVE!

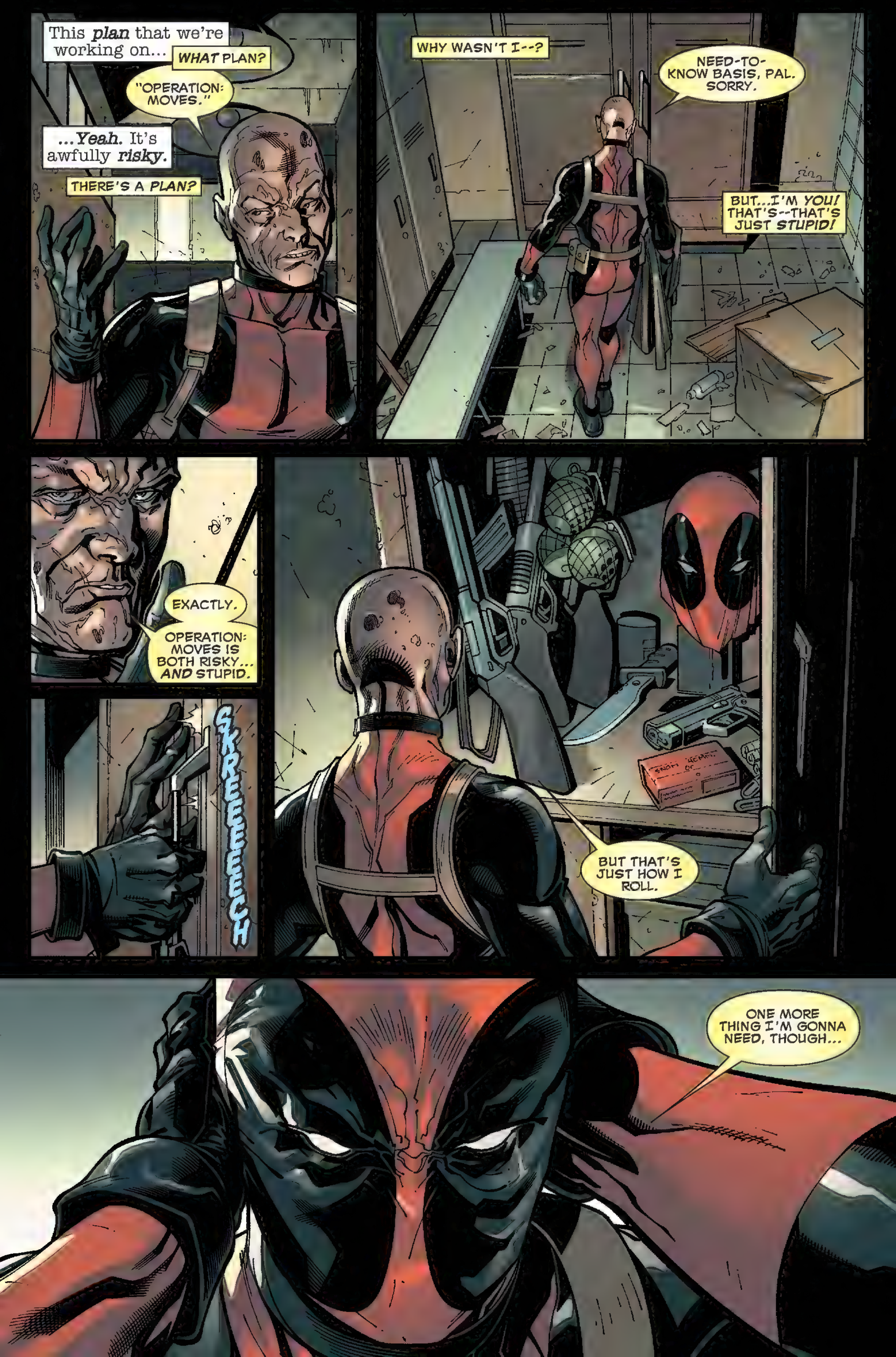

THERE HE IS!
THERE WHO IS? ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT US?
No, they're talking about--
MR. KINCAID! WHAT WAS THE COURT'S DECISION?
THE COURT DECIDED TO DO NOTHING. THE JUDGE SAID THAT, "DUE TO PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES," THERE'S NOTHING THE COURT CAN DO.
ESSENTIALLY, I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT, AS A PARENT, I HAVE NO RIGHTS OR RECOURSE BECAUSE CALIFORNIA LAW EVIDENTLY DOESN'T APPLY TO THE X-MEN'S ISLAND STRONGHOLD.
DO YOU BLAME THE X-MEN FOR THIS? WHAT ARE YOUR PERSONAL FEELINGS REGARDING--?
LET ME BE CLEAR ON SOMETHING: I'M NOT ANTI-MUTANT, I'M PRO-PARENTAL RIGHTS. MY DAUGHTER IS A MINOR, SHE'S BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM WHAT WAS INITIALLY DESCRIBED TO ME AND MY EX-WIFE AS A "SCHOOL" TO SOME SORT OF...MILITARY COMPOUND, AND I'M BEING BLOCKED FROM VISITING HER. IT'S THAT SIMPLE.
WHAT'S NEXT, MR. KINCAID? WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?
RIGHT HERE.
THE LAW HAS FAILED ME, BOTH AS A CITIZEN AND A FATHER. I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THAT LYING DOWN. I'M CALLING ON THE MAYOR, THE GOVERNOR, OUR SENATORS AND CONGRESSMEN...
...AND ESPECIALLY YOU, THE PEOPLE, TO HELP ME DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
"MR. SUMMERS? THERE'S A, UM, SITUATION DEVELOPING..."

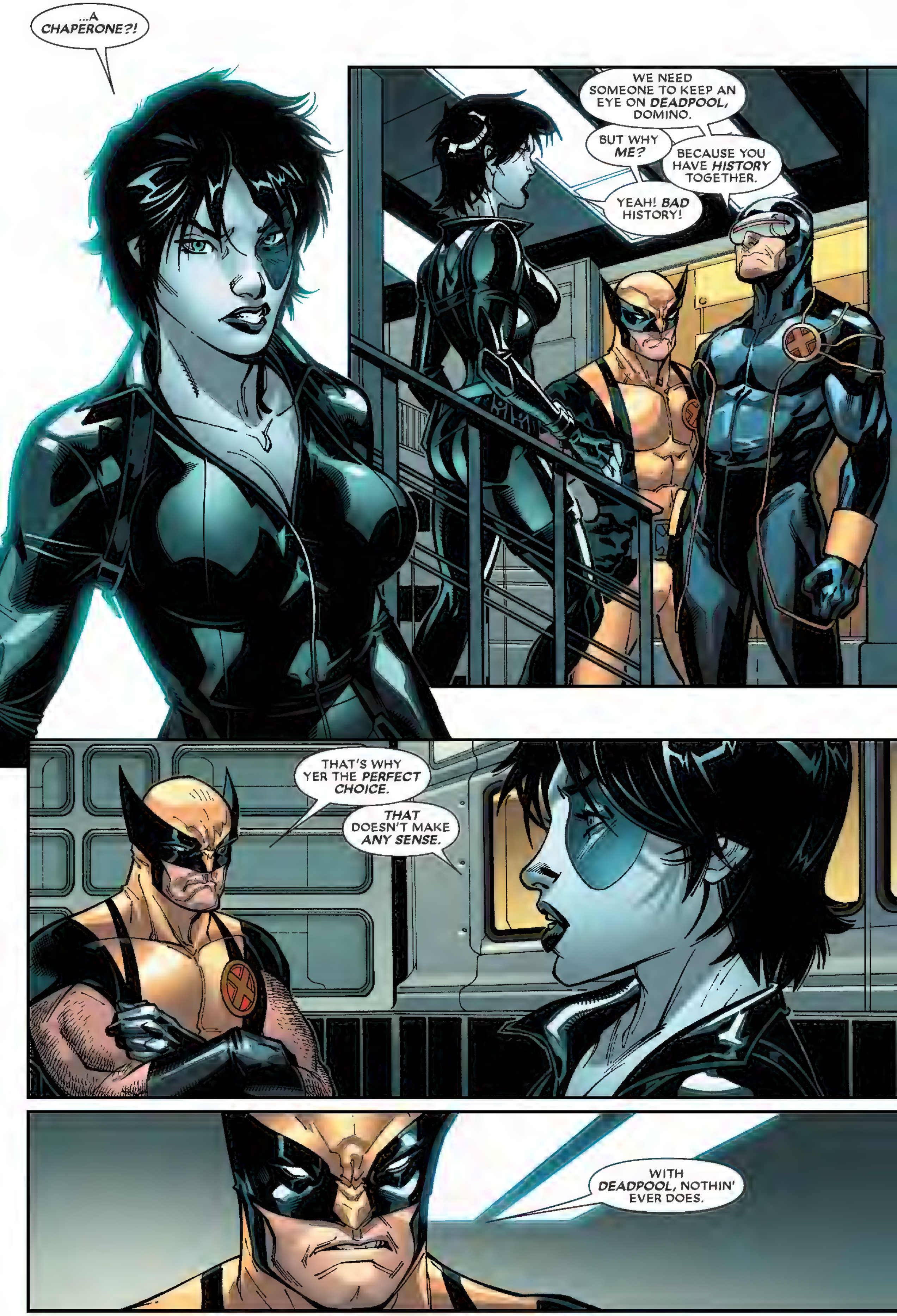

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THIS GUY?
UMM...HOLD ON, JUST LET ME...OKAY.
ELLIS KINCAID--48 YEARS OLD, FROM PORTLAND, OREGON. DIVORCED WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE. REAL ESTATE DEVELOPER, BUT HIS COMPANY IS IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE...
OR AT LEAST IT WAS, UNTIL 4 DAYS AGO WHEN HE, UH, HIT THE JACKPOT. ALL HIS DERELICT ASSETS WERE BOUGHT OUT IN A FAIRLY SUSPECT ARRANGEMENT WITH UNITED HOLDINGS LIMITED...
...A DISTANT SUBSIDIARY OF OSCORP.
SO HE'S IN NORMAN OSBORN'S POCKET. WHAT A SURPRISE. NO WONDER HE WAS ABLE TO GET NATIONAL COVERAGE SO FAST. IT'S A GOOD ANGLE, TOO...
WHO'S HIS DAUGHTER?
OH. MY. GOD.
THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING!

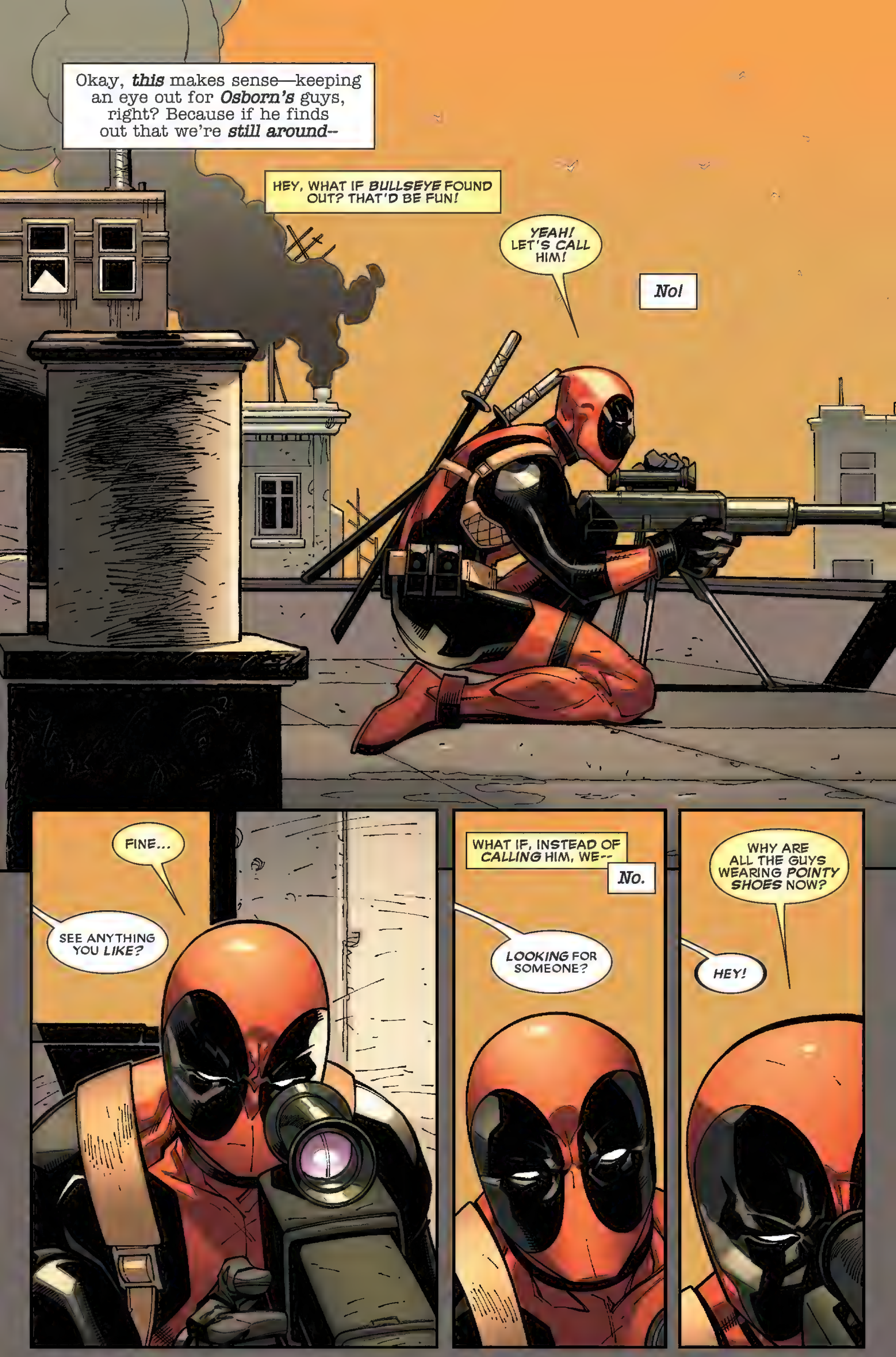

THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, CESSILY, WHEN SHE WAS 7. BEFORE HER...CHANGE. SHE'S >SNIFF!< SHE'S THE LOVE OF MY LIFE.
SURE, WE HAD... PROBLEMS...
"PROBLEMS"?
70
...IN THE PAST-- BUT WHAT FATHER AND DAUGHTER HAVEN'T? WHEN CESSILY'S MOTHER AND I DIVORCED, I WAS ONLY GRANTED LIMITED VISITATION. BUT THE TIME WE WERE ABLE TO SPEND TOGETHER... IT MEANT EVERYTHING TO ME.
WHAT?! YOU HARDLY EVER BOTHERED TO EVEN SHOW UP!
NOW, I'M NOT ONLY NOT ALLOWED THESE MEAGER VISITATIONS-- I'M NOT ALLOWED TO EVEN SPEAK TO HER!
ARE THE PHONES DOWN?
I'LL LOOK INTO IT.
FOR ALL I KNOW, SHE'S BEING KEPT AGAINST HER WILL! AND WHAT IS THE GOVERNMENT DOING ABOUT IT? NOTHING! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!
GNI NEWS
TURN IT OFF.
40
I AM SO SORRY ABOUT THIS...
NO, MERCURY...
...I'M SORRY.

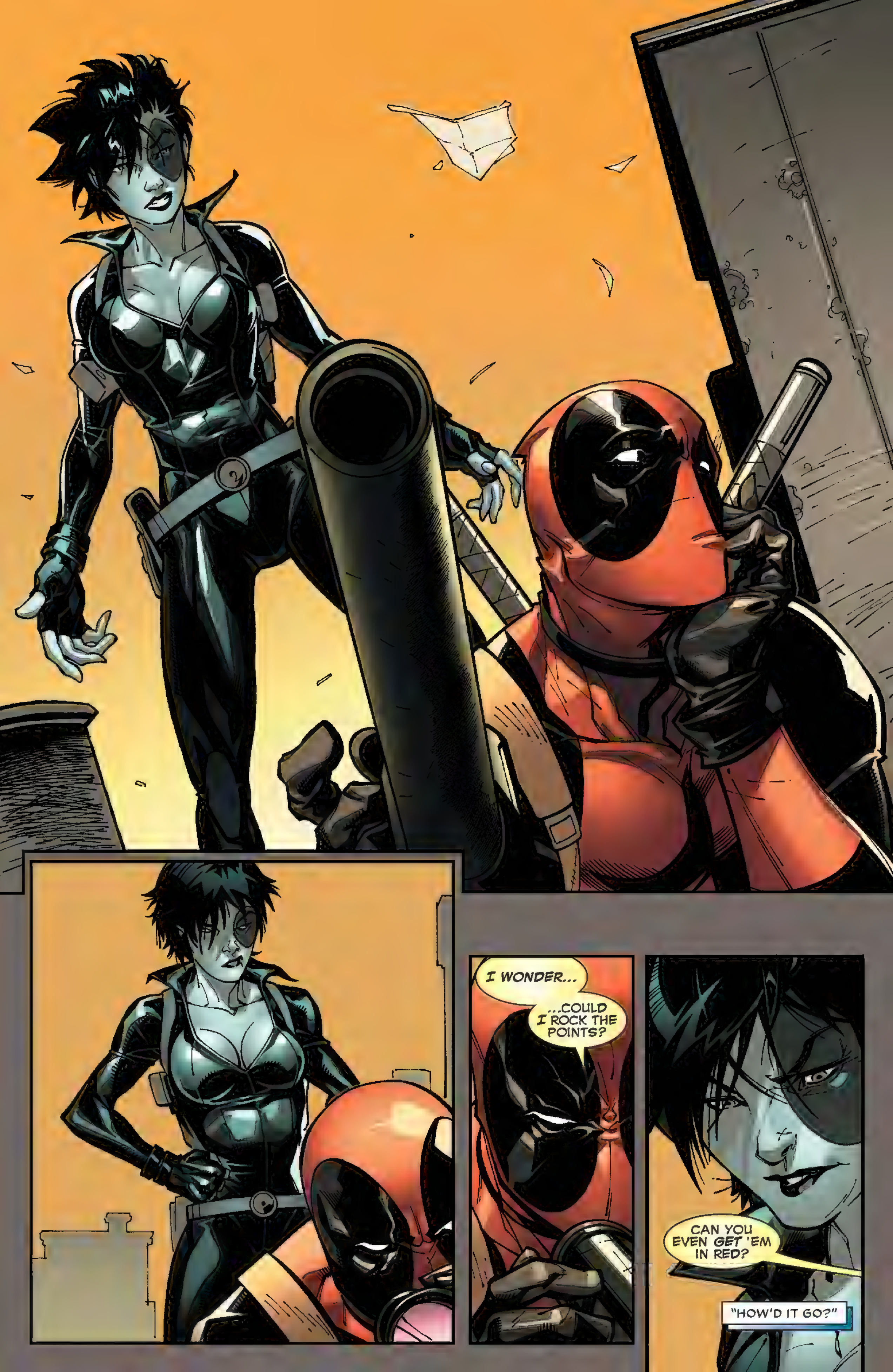

OH, GOD...ARE YOU...
AM I GONNA HAVE TO LEAVE UTOPIA...?
OF COURSE NOT.
HE MEANT THAT HE'S SORRY YOUR FAMILY IS BEING TORN APART BY THIS. THOUGH WE'VE ALL HAD TO PAY A PRICE FOR THE CREATION OF UTOPIA, IT'S TRAGIC AND UNFAIR THAT YOU ARE BEING FORCED TO PAY EVEN MORE.
BUT THIS IS...THIS MAKES THE X-MEN LOOK BAD...AND I DON'T WANT THAT. MAYBE IT'D BE BETTER IF I DID LEAVE.
MERCURY, YOU CAN LEAVE IF YOU WANT, BUT WE WANT YOU TO STAY. WE WANT YOU TO FEEL SAFE HERE. UTOPIA EXISTS AS A HAVEN FOR PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU, PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN REJECTED FROM HUMAN SOCIETY BECAUSE OF THEIR...
DIFFERENCES...
DON'T WORRY... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS. I'LL GET ARCHANGEL TO PUT HIS LEGAL TEAM ON IT IMMEDIATELY-- IT'LL PROBABLY JUST BE A SIMPLE MATTER OF FILING FOR YOUR EMANCIPATION.
THAT'S...THAT'S IT? OH, GOD... THANK YOU...
TRUST ME-- THIS'LL BLOW OVER QUICKLY. IT'S A VERY SMALL PROBLEM WITH A VERY EASY SOLUTION, ESPECIALLY WHEN COMPARED TO SOME OF THE OTHER PROBLEMS WE'RE DEALING WITH...
SO.
DEADPOOL...

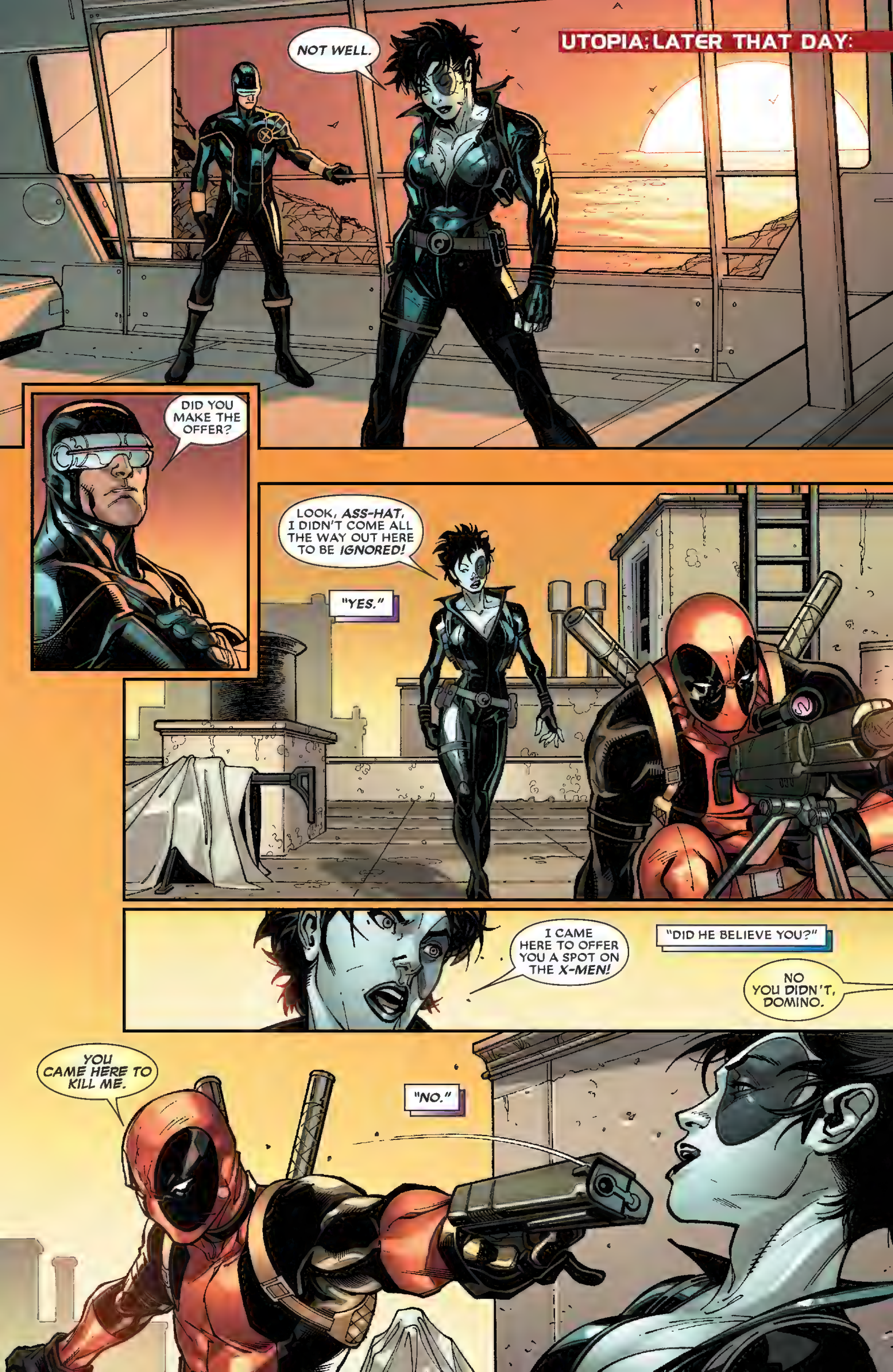

"...DO WE KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM? WHERE'S HIS *BASE OF OPERATIONS?*"
WELL, IT'S NOT *MUCH...*
CHANK!
...BUT IT SURE DOES *SUCK.*

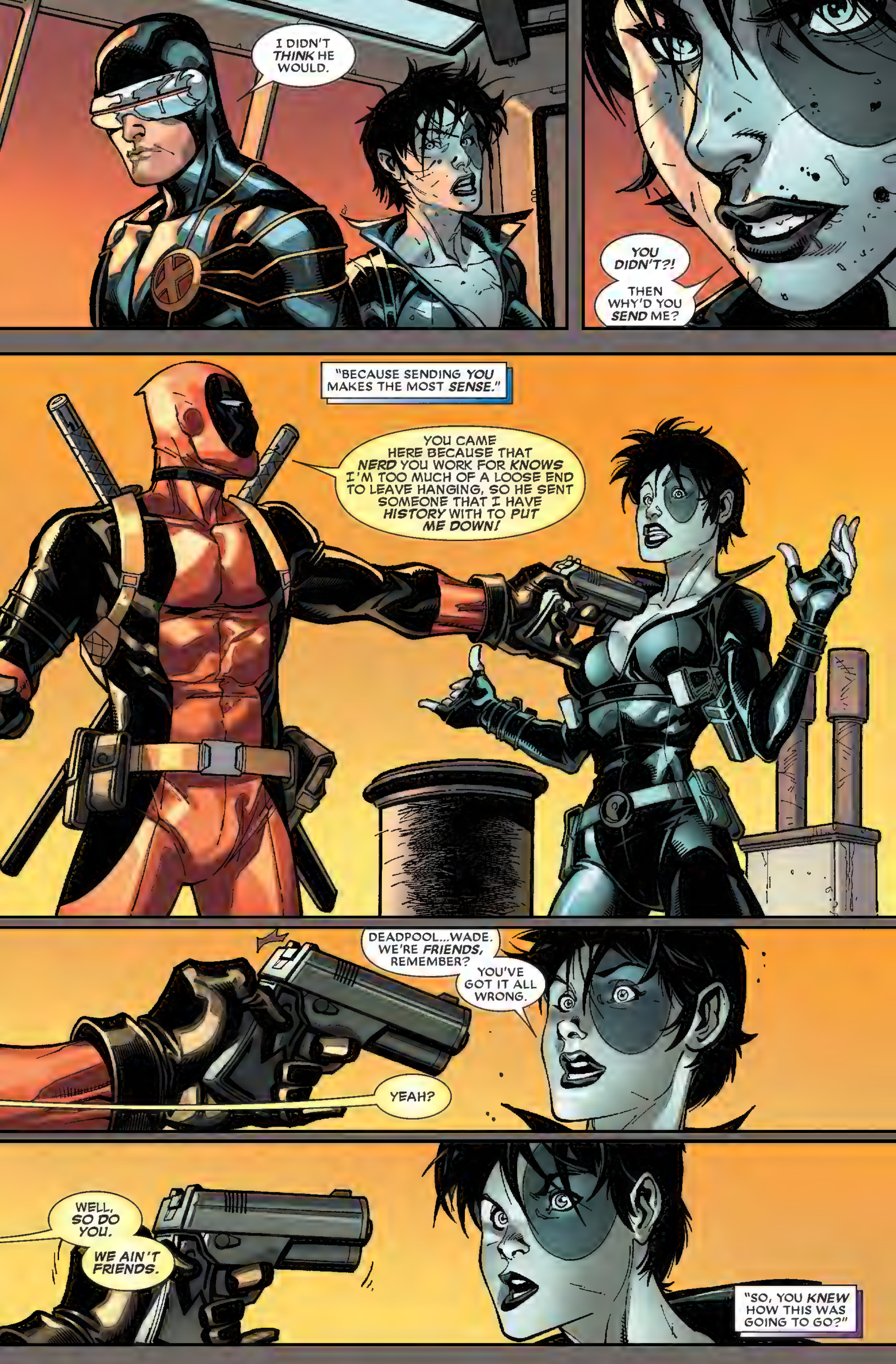

This *plan* that we're working on...
WHAT PLAN?
"OPERATION: MOVES."
...*Yeah.* It's awfully *risky.*
THERE'S A *PLAN?*
WHY WASN'T I--?
NEED-TO-KNOW BASIS, PAL. SORRY.
BUT...I'M *YOU!* THAT'S--THAT'S JUST *STUPID!*
EXACTLY.
OPERATION: MOVES IS BOTH RISKY... *AND* STUPID.
SKREEEEECH
BUT THAT'S JUST HOW I ROLL.
ONE MORE THING I'M GONNA NEED, THOUGH...

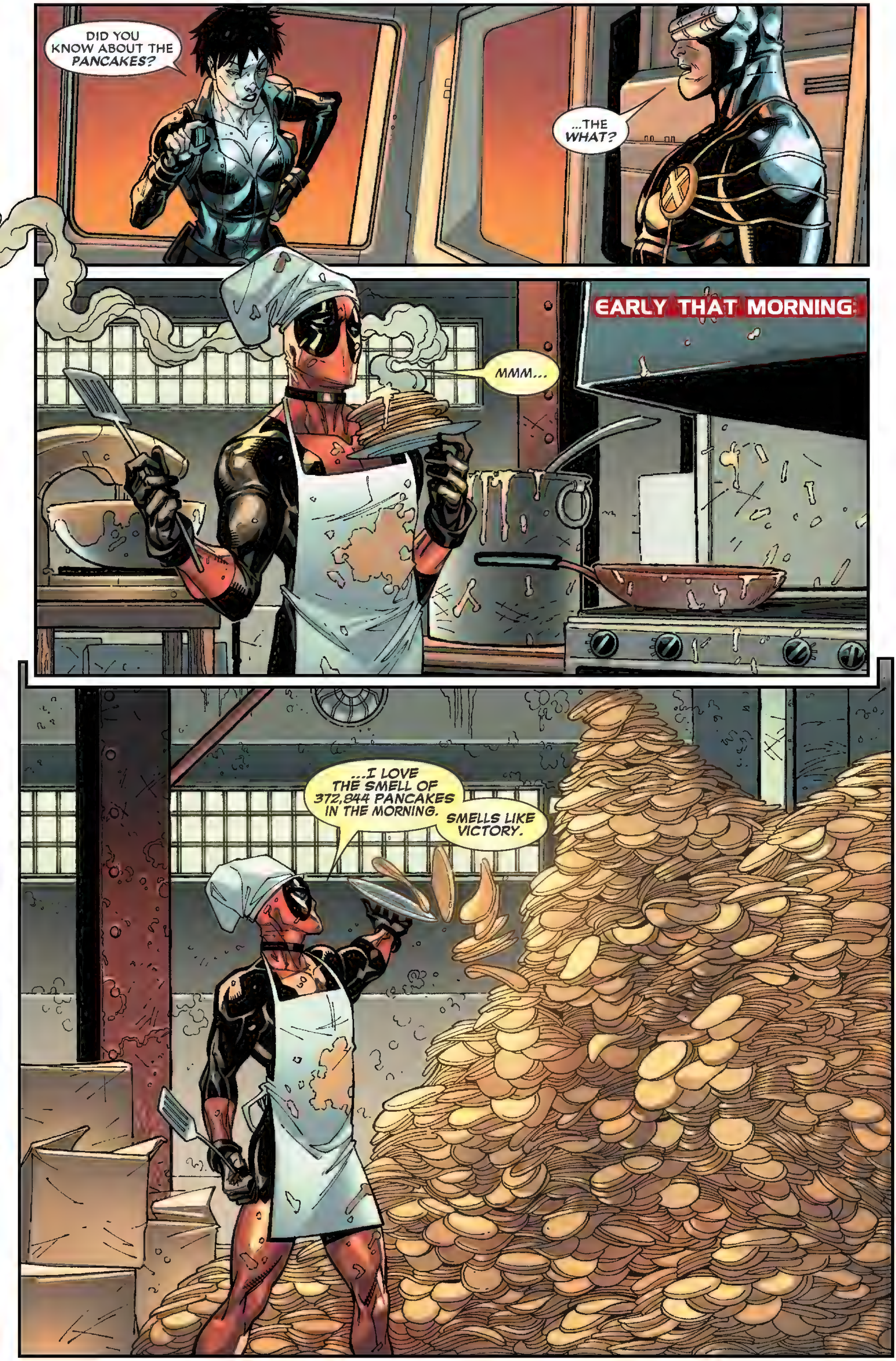

...A *CHAPERONE?!*
WE NEED SOMEONE TO KEEP AN EYE ON *DEADPOOL,* DOMINO.
BUT WHY *ME?*
BECAUSE YOU HAVE *HISTORY* TOGETHER.
YEAH! *BAD* HISTORY!
THAT'S WHY YER THE *PERFECT CHOICE.*
THAT DOESN'T MAKE *ANY SENSE.*
WITH *DEADPOOL,* NOTHIN' EVER DOES.

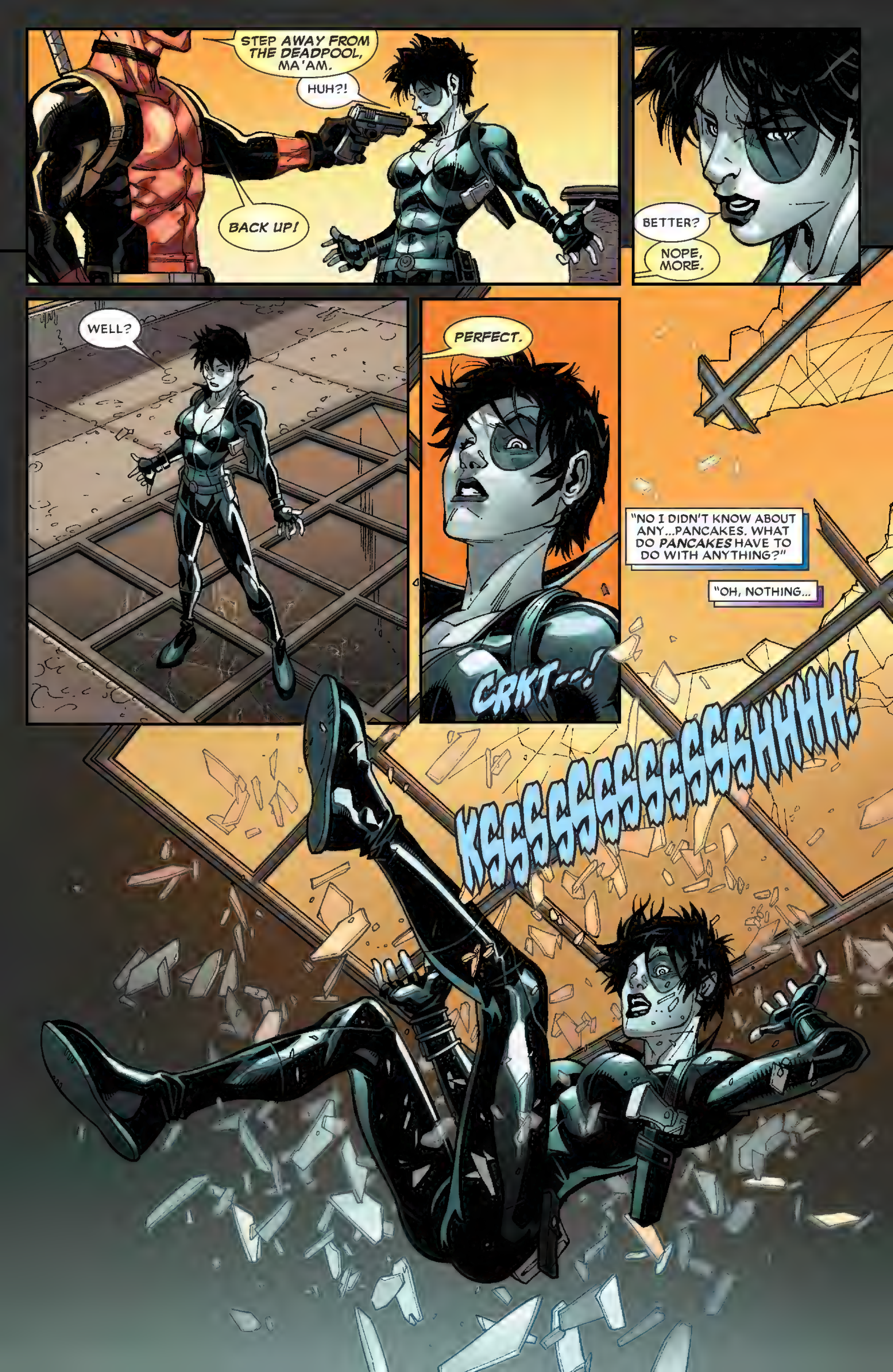

Okay, *this* makes sense—keeping an eye out for *Osborn's* guys, right? Because if he finds out that we're *still around*--
HEY, WHAT IF *BULLSEYE* FOUND OUT? THAT'D BE FUN!
YEAH! LET'S *CALL* HIM!
No!
FINE...
SEE ANYTHING YOU *LIKE?*
WHAT IF, INSTEAD OF *CALLING* HIM, WE--
No.
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?
WHY ARE ALL THE GUYS WEARING *POINTY SHOES* NOW?
HEY!

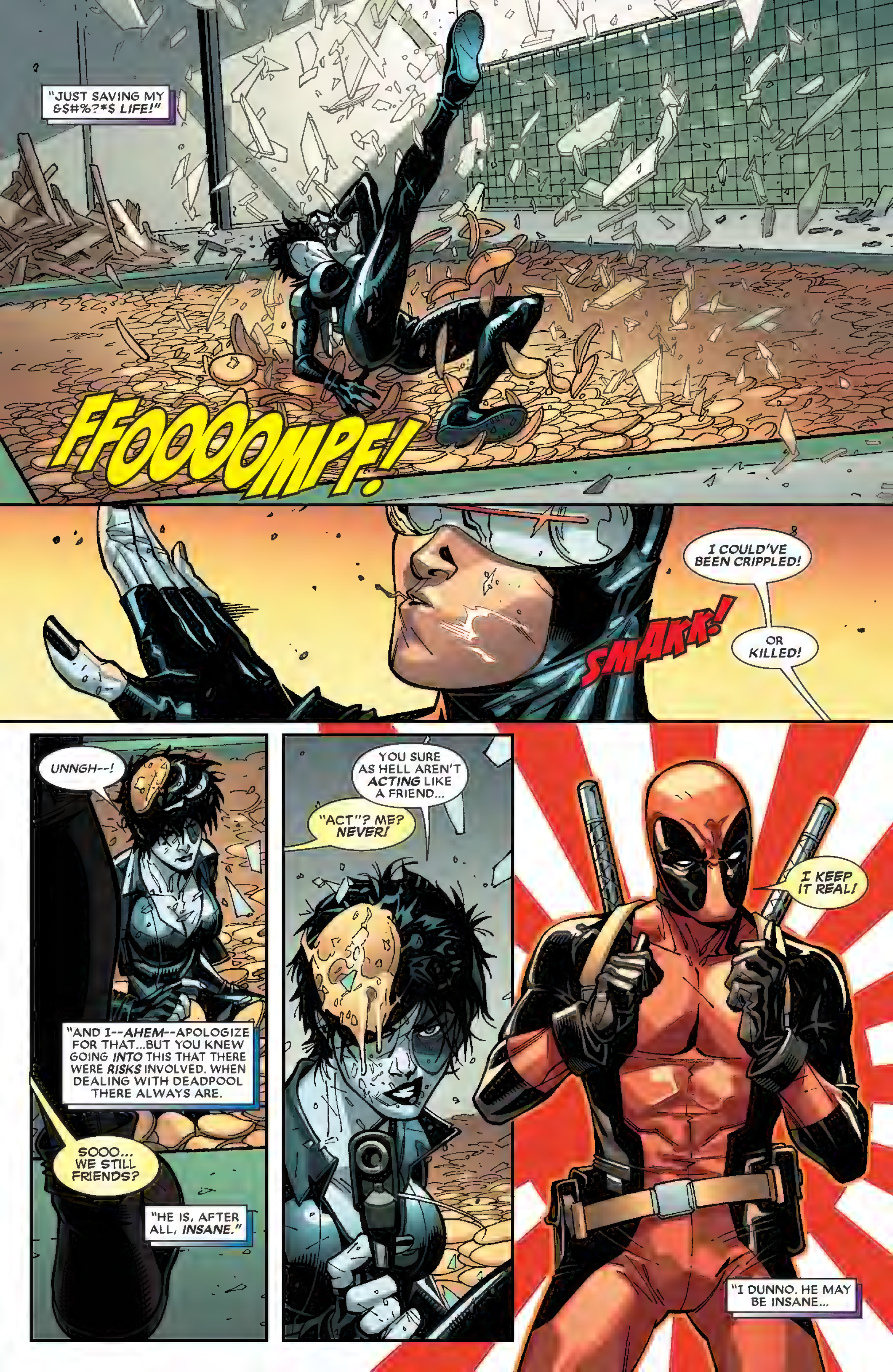

I WONDER...
...COULD *I* ROCK THE POINTS?
CAN YOU EVEN *GET* 'EM IN RED?
"HOW'D IT GO?"

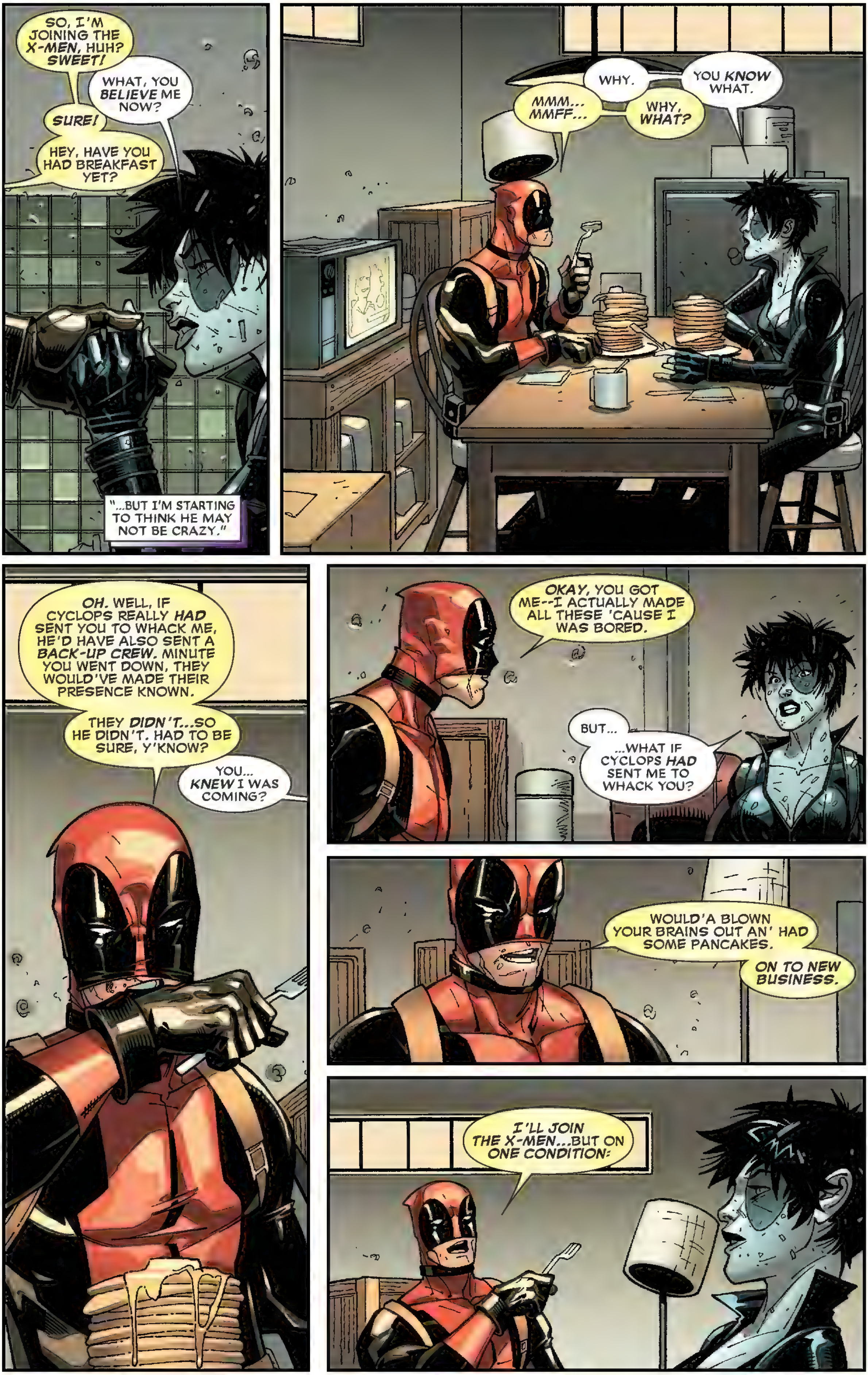

UTOPIA; LATER THAT DAY:
NOT WELL.
DID YOU MAKE THE OFFER?
LOOK, **ASS-HAT**, I DIDN'T COME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE TO BE *IGNORED!*
"YES."
I CAME HERE TO OFFER YOU A SPOT ON THE *X-MEN!*
"DID HE BELIEVE YOU?"
NO YOU **DIDN'T**, DOMINO.
YOU CAME HERE TO KILL ME.
"NO."

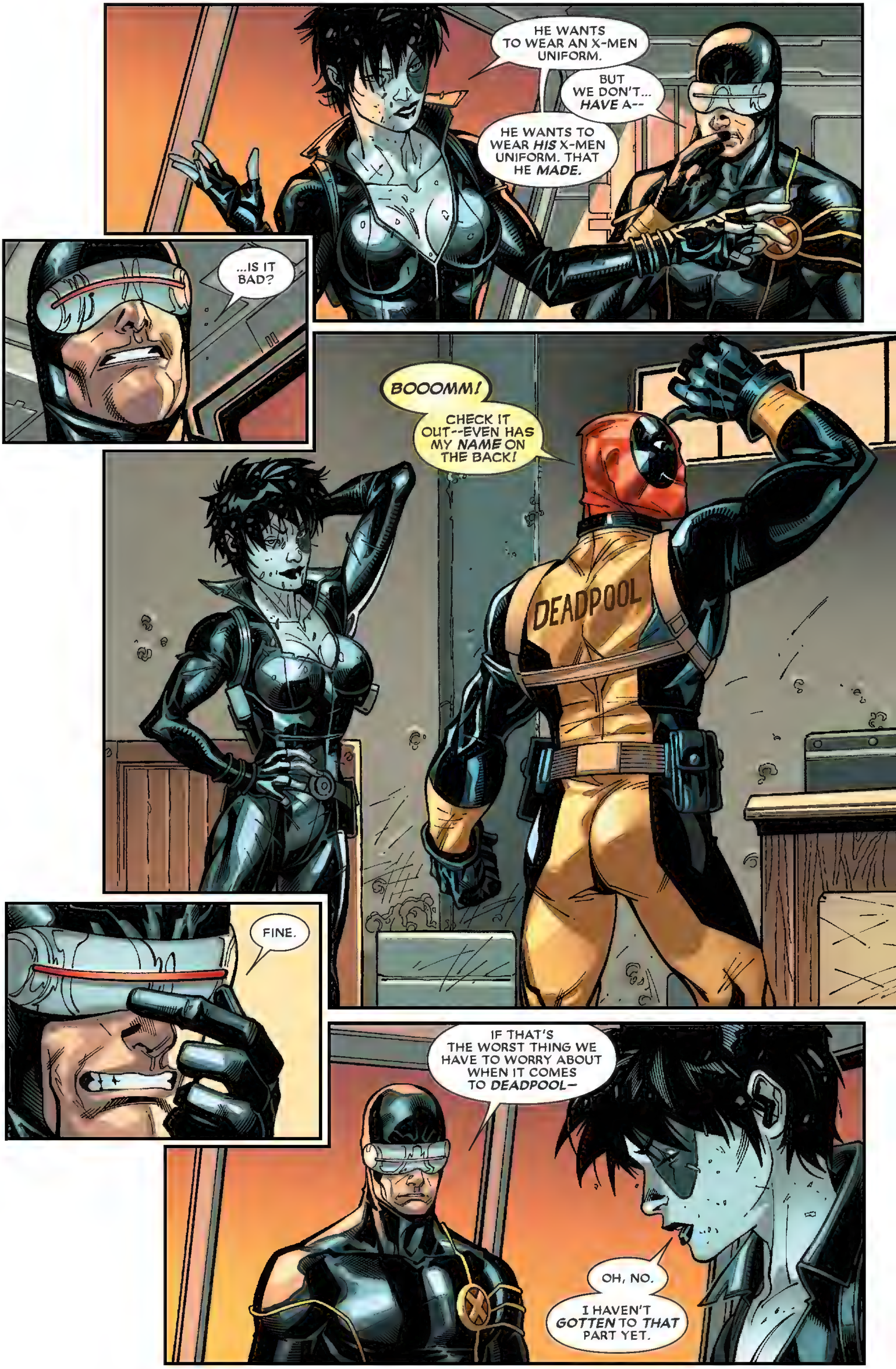

I DIDN'T *THINK* HE WOULD.
YOU DIDN'T?!
THEN WHY'D YOU *SEND* ME?
"BECAUSE SENDING *YOU* MAKES THE MOST *SENSE*."
YOU CAME HERE BECAUSE THAT *NERD* YOU WORK FOR *KNOWS* I'M TOO MUCH OF A LOOSE END TO LEAVE HANGING, SO HE SENT SOMEONE THAT I HAVE *HISTORY* WITH TO *PUT ME DOWN!*
DEADPOOL...WADE. WE'RE *FRIENDS*, REMEMBER?
YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG.
YEAH?
WELL, SO DO YOU.
WE AIN'T FRIENDS.
"SO, YOU *KNEW* HOW THIS WAS GOING TO GO?"

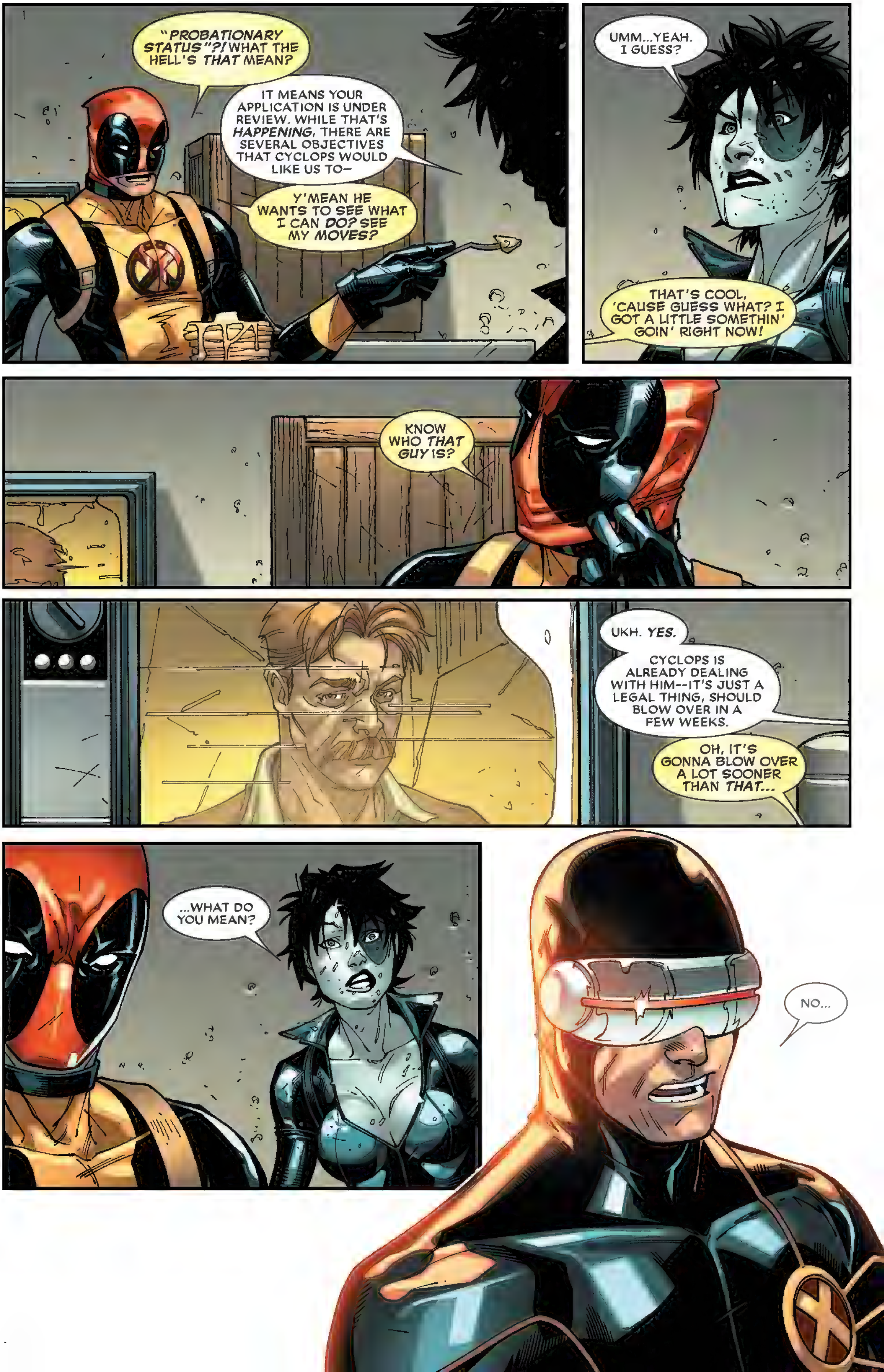

DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE *PANCAKES?*
...THE *WHAT?*
EARLY THAT MORNING:
MMM...
...I LOVE THE SMELL OF 372,844 PANCAKES IN THE MORNING.
SMELLS LIKE VICTORY.

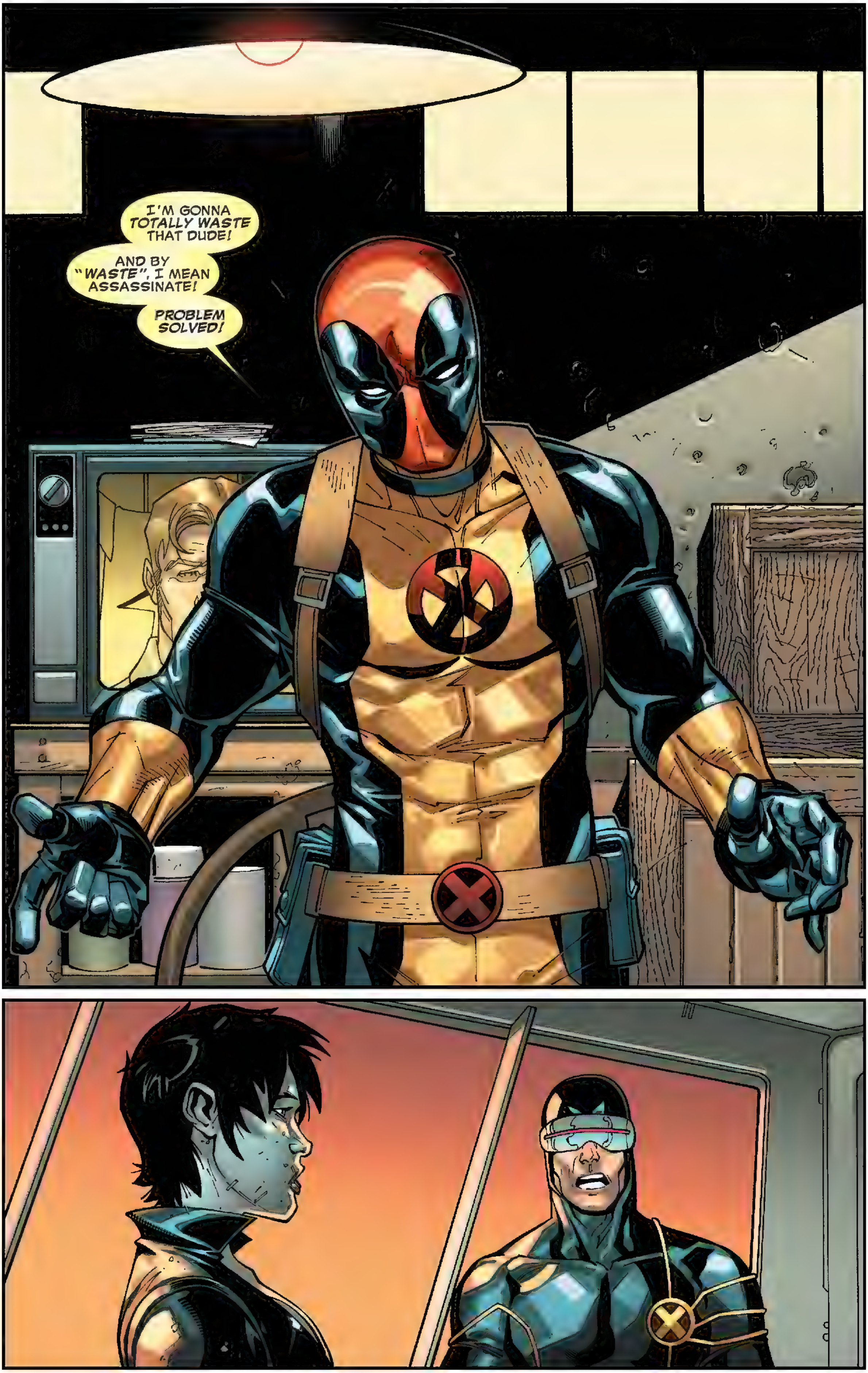

STEP AWAY FROM THE DEADPOOL, MA'AM.
HUH?!
BACK UP!
BETTER?
NOPE, MORE.
WELL?
PERFECT.
CRKT--!
"NO I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT ANY...PANCAKES. WHAT DO *PANCAKES* HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?"
"OH, NOTHING...
KSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHH!

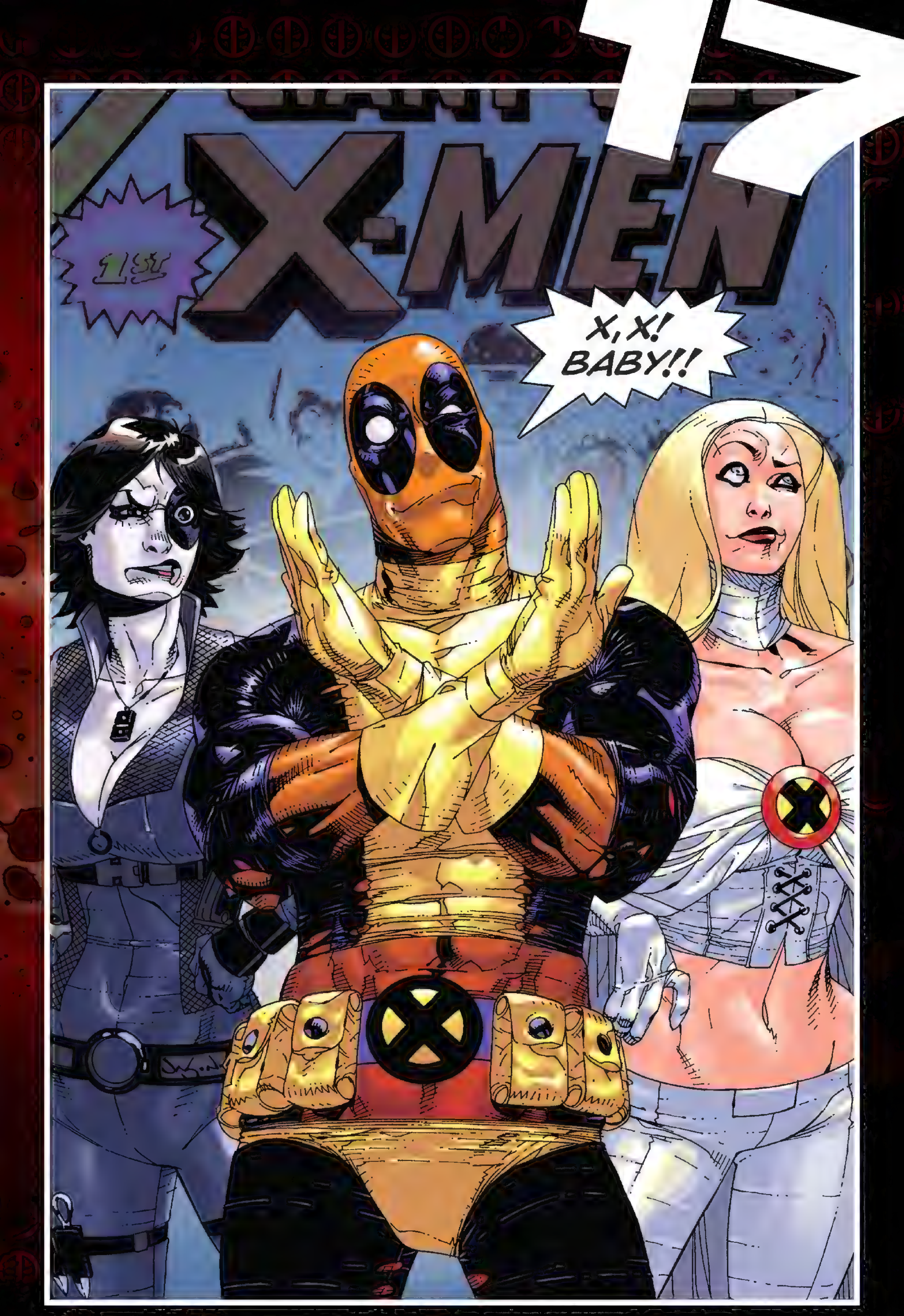

"JUST SAVING MY &$#%?*$ *LIFE!*"
FFOOOOMPF!
SMAKK!
I COULD'VE BEEN CRIPPLED!
OR *KILLED!*
UNNGH--!
"AND I--*AHEM*--APOLOGIZE FOR THAT...BUT YOU KNEW GOING *INTO* THIS THAT THERE WERE *RISKS* INVOLVED. WHEN DEALING WITH DEADPOOL THERE ALWAYS ARE.
SOOO... WE STILL FRIENDS?
"HE IS, AFTER ALL, *INSANE*."
YOU SURE AS HELL AREN'T *ACTING* LIKE A FRIEND...
"ACT"? ME? *NEVER!*
I KEEP IT REAL!
"I DUNNO. HE MAY BE INSANE...

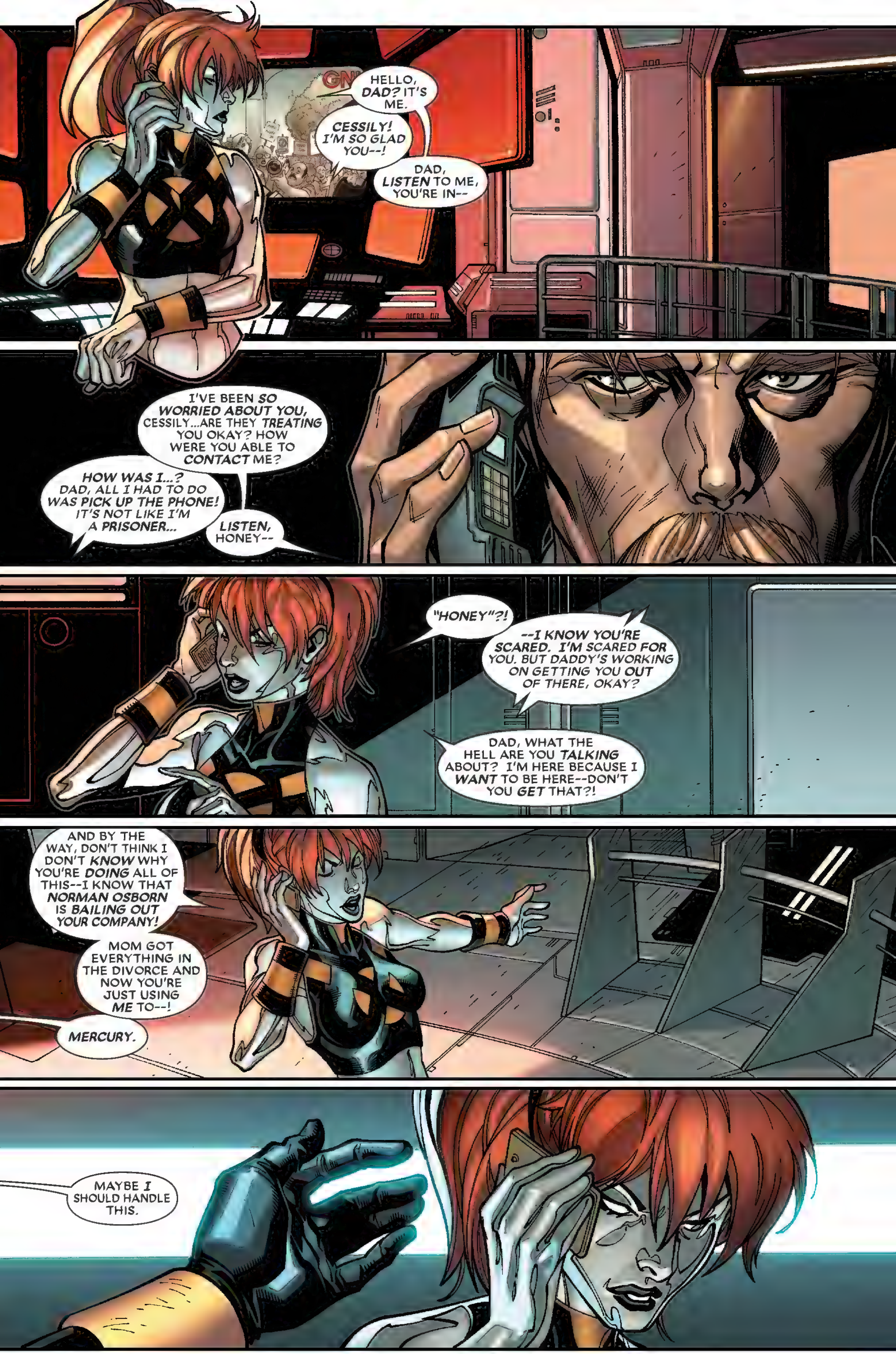

SO, I'M JOINING THE X-MEN, HUH? SWEET!
WHAT, YOU BELIEVE ME NOW?
SURE!
HEY, HAVE YOU HAD BREAKFAST YET?
"...BUT I'M STARTING TO THINK HE MAY NOT BE CRAZY."
MMM... MMFF...
WHY.
WHY, WHAT?
YOU KNOW WHAT.
OH. WELL, IF CYCLOPS REALLY HAD SENT YOU TO WHACK ME, HE'D HAVE ALSO SENT A BACK-UP CREW. MINUTE YOU WENT DOWN, THEY WOULD'VE MADE THEIR PRESENCE KNOWN.
THEY DIDN'T...SO HE DIDN'T. HAD TO BE SURE, Y'KNOW?
YOU... KNEW I WAS COMING?
OKAY, YOU GOT ME--I ACTUALLY MADE ALL THESE 'CAUSE I WAS BORED.
BUT...
...WHAT IF CYCLOPS HAD SENT ME TO WHACK YOU?
WOULD'A BLOWN YOUR BRAINS OUT AN' HAD SOME PANCAKES.
ON TO NEW BUSINESS.
I'LL JOIN THE X-MEN...BUT ON ONE CONDITION:

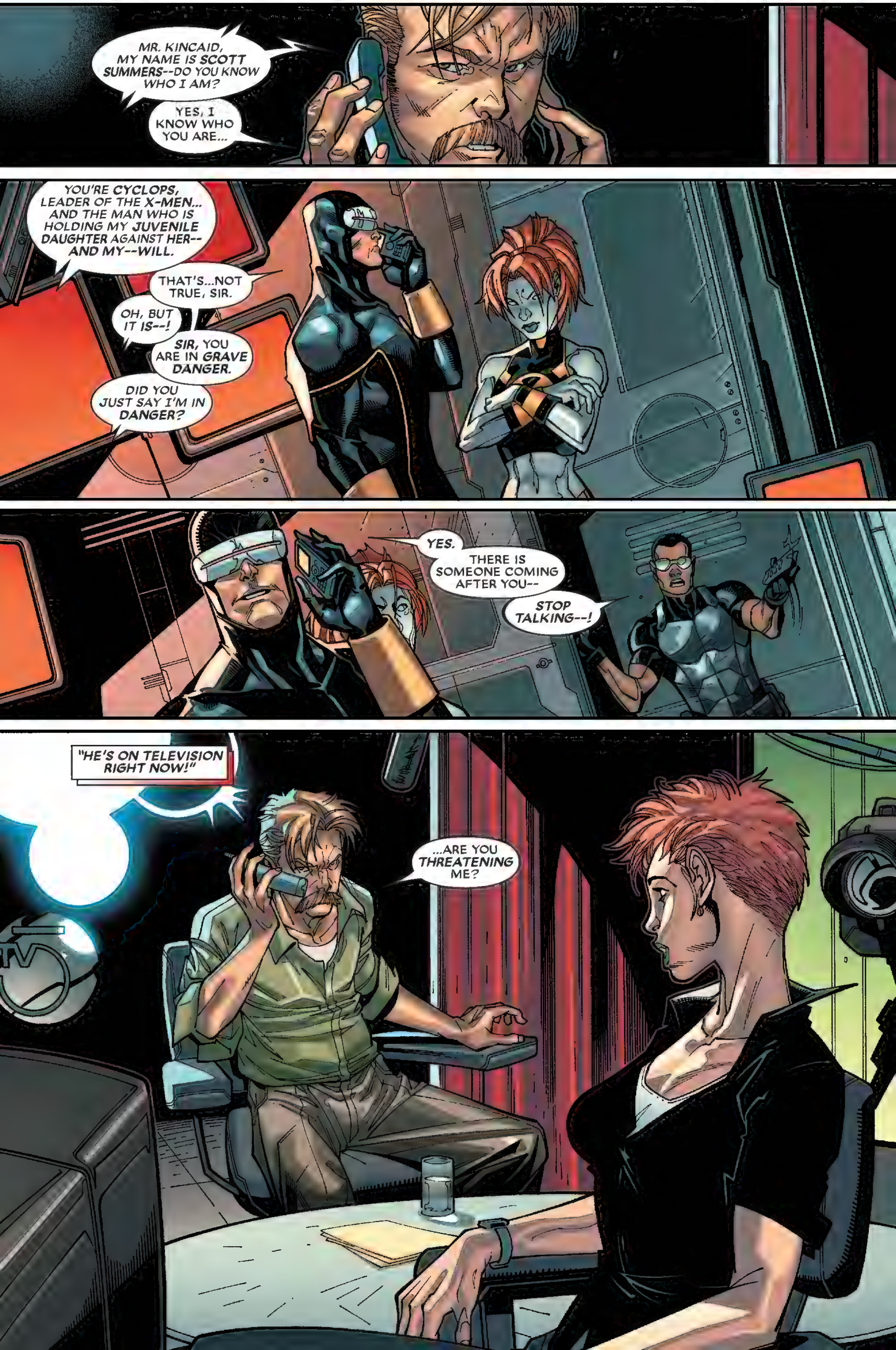

HE WANTS TO WEAR AN X-MEN UNIFORM.
BUT WE DON'T... *HAVE* A--
HE WANTS TO WEAR *HIS* X-MEN UNIFORM. THAT HE *MADE.*
...IS IT BAD?
BOOOMM!
CHECK IT OUT--EVEN HAS MY *NAME* ON THE BACK!
DEADPOOL
FINE.
IF THAT'S THE WORST THING WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHEN IT COMES TO *DEADPOOL*—
OH, NO.
I HAVEN'T *GOTTEN* TO *THAT* PART YET.

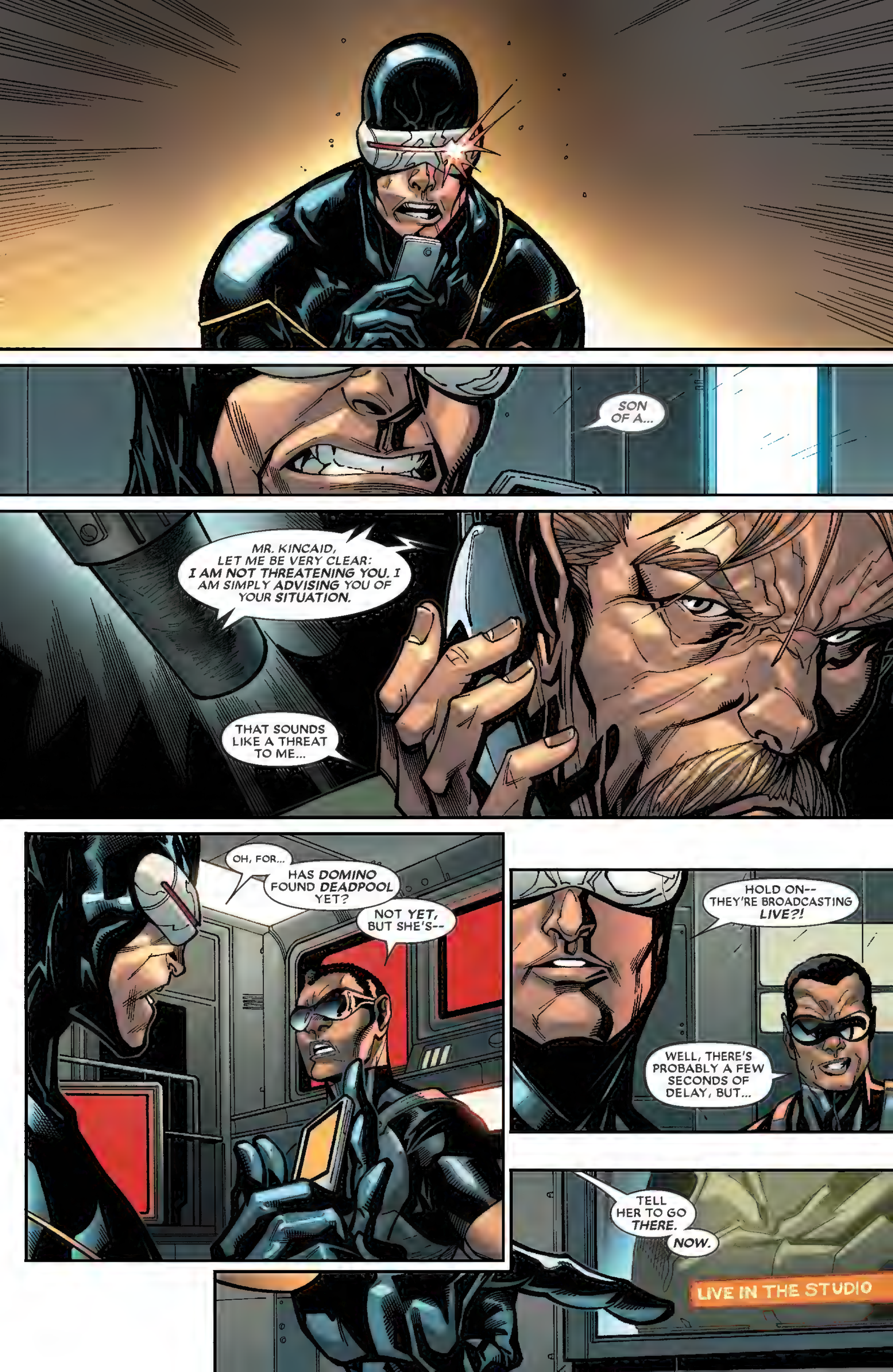

"PROBATIONARY STATUS"?! WHAT THE HELL'S THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS YOUR APPLICATION IS UNDER REVIEW. WHILE THAT'S HAPPENING, THERE ARE SEVERAL OBJECTIVES THAT CYCLOPS WOULD LIKE US TO–
Y'MEAN HE WANTS TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO? SEE MY MOVES?
UMM...YEAH. I GUESS?
THAT'S COOL, 'CAUSE GUESS WHAT? I GOT A LITTLE SOMETHIN' GOIN' RIGHT NOW!
KNOW WHO THAT GUY IS?
UKH. YES.
CYCLOPS IS ALREADY DEALING WITH HIM--IT'S JUST A LEGAL THING, SHOULD BLOW OVER IN A FEW WEEKS.
OH, IT'S GONNA BLOW OVER A LOT SOONER THAN THAT...
...WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
NO...

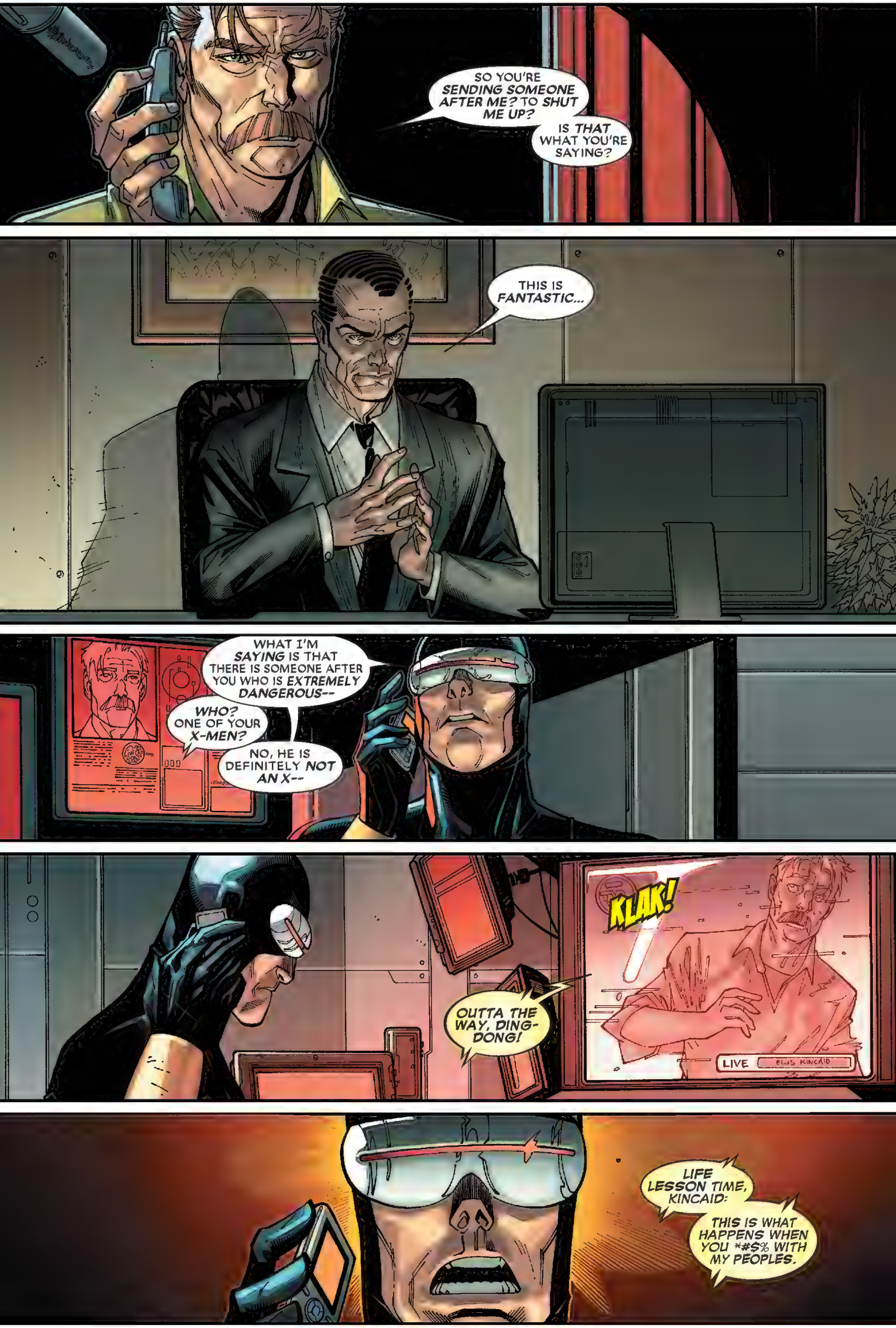

I'M GONNA *TOTALLY WASTE* THAT DUDE!
AND BY "*WASTE*", I MEAN ASSASSINATE!
PROBLEM SOLVED!

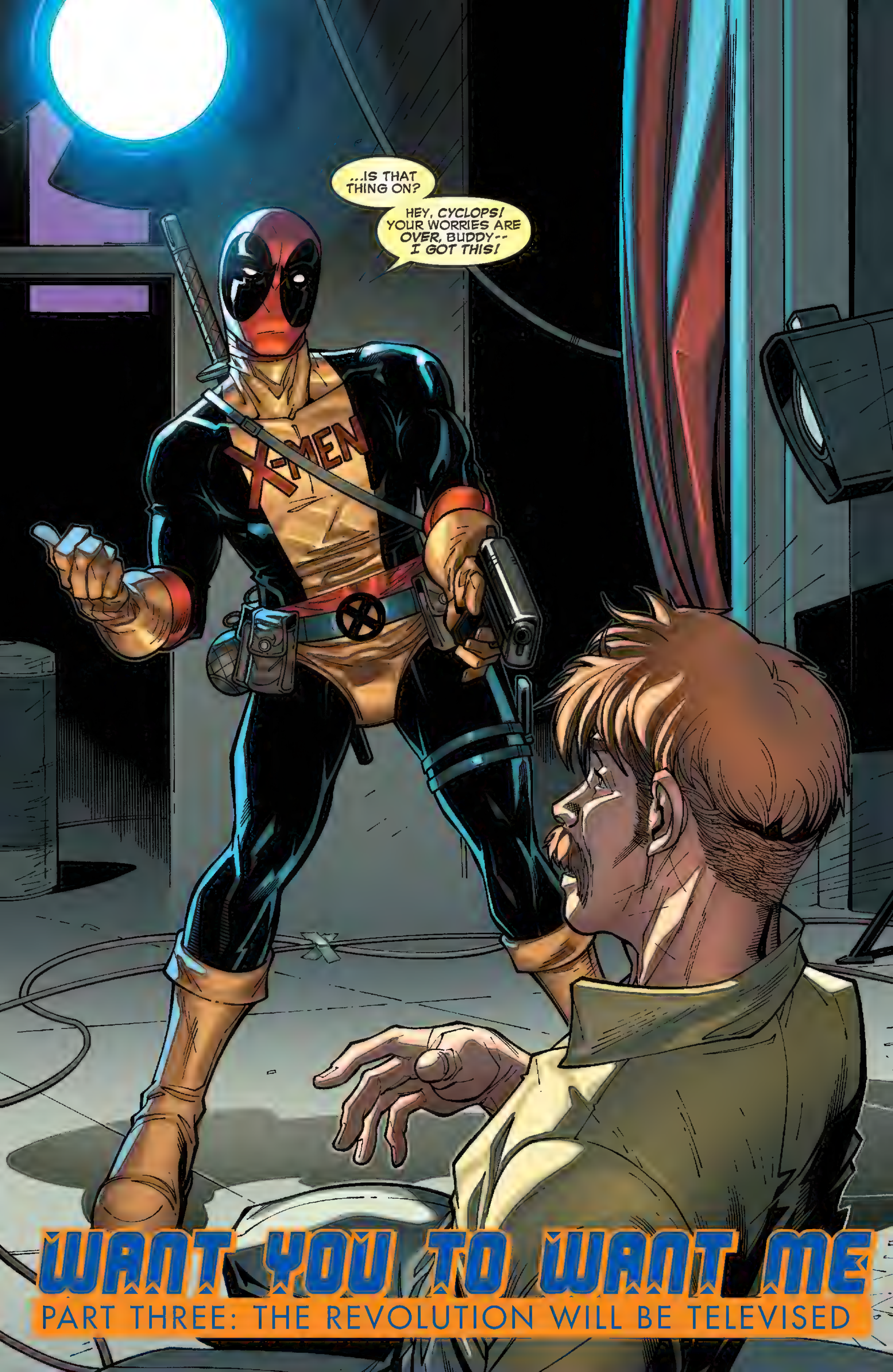

X-MEN
1st
X, X! BABY!!


HELLO, *DAD?* IT'S ME.
CESSILY! I'M SO GLAD YOU--!
DAD, *LISTEN* TO ME, YOU'RE IN--
I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU, CESSILY...ARE THEY *TREATING* YOU OKAY? HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO *CONTACT* ME?
HOW WAS I...? DAD, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS PICK UP THE PHONE! IT'S NOT LIKE I'M A PRISONER...
LISTEN, HONEY--
"HONEY"?!
--I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED. I'M SCARED FOR YOU. BUT DADDY'S WORKING ON GETTING YOU OUT OF THERE, OKAY?
DAD, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT? I'M HERE BECAUSE I *WANT* TO BE HERE--DON'T YOU *GET* THAT?!
AND BY THE WAY, DON'T THINK I DON'T *KNOW* WHY YOU'RE *DOING* ALL OF THIS--I KNOW THAT *NORMAN OSBORN* IS *BAILING OUT YOUR COMPANY!*
MOM GOT EVERYTHING IN THE DIVORCE AND NOW YOU'RE JUST USING *ME* TO--!
MERCURY.
MAYBE *I* SHOULD HANDLE THIS.


MR. KINCAID, MY NAME IS SCOTT SUMMERS--DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
YES, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE...
YOU'RE CYCLOPS, LEADER OF THE X-MEN... AND THE MAN WHO IS HOLDING MY JUVENILE DAUGHTER AGAINST HER--AND MY--WILL.
THAT'S...NOT TRUE, SIR.
OH, BUT IT IS--!
SIR, YOU ARE IN GRAVE DANGER.
DID YOU JUST SAY I'M IN DANGER?
YES.
THERE IS SOMEONE COMING AFTER YOU--
STOP TALKING--!
"HE'S ON TELEVISION RIGHT NOW!"
...ARE YOU THREATENING ME?

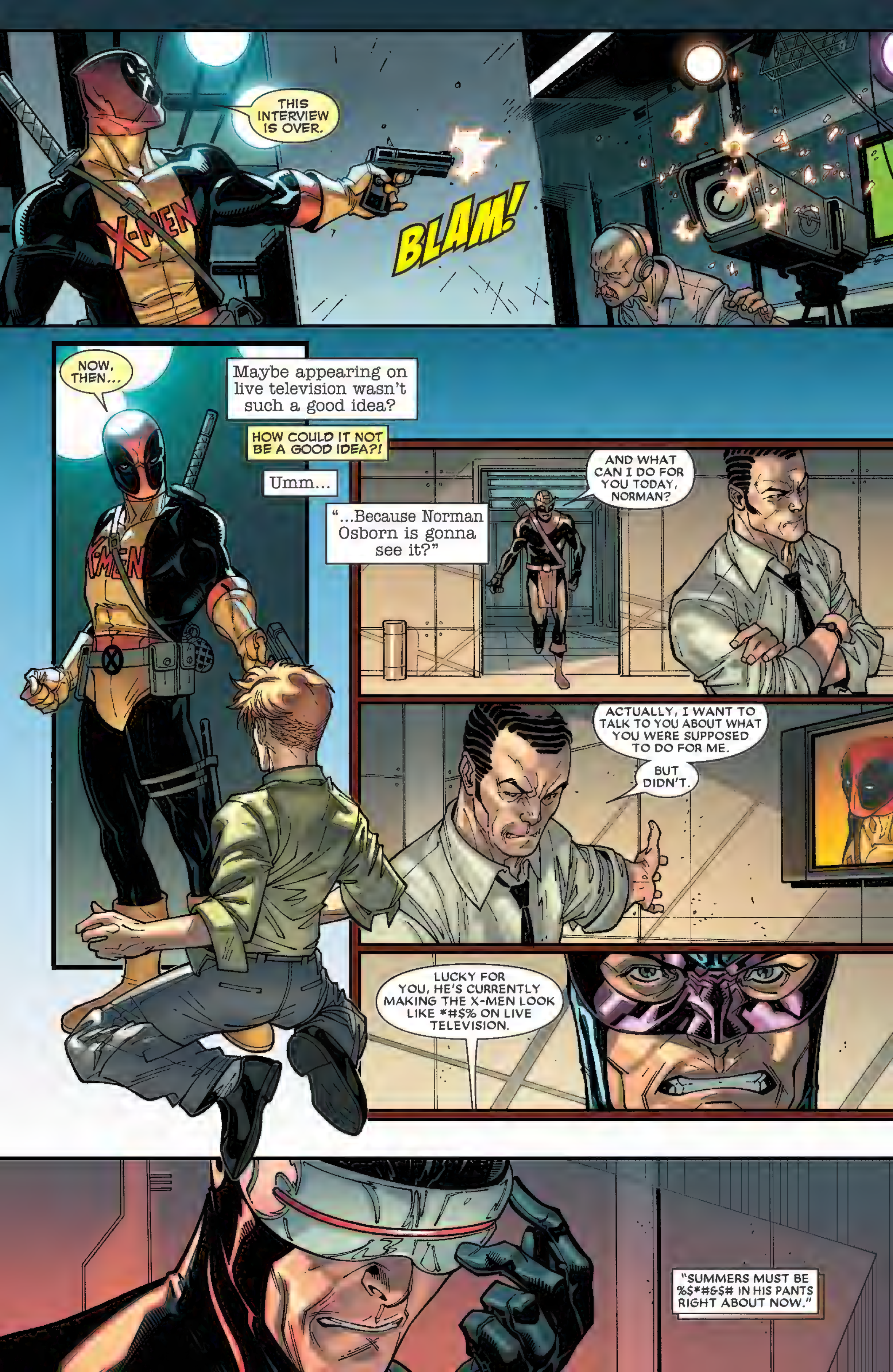

SON OF A...
MR. KINCAID, LET ME BE VERY CLEAR: *I AM NOT THREATENING YOU. I AM SIMPLY **ADVISING** YOU OF YOUR **SITUATION.***
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A THREAT TO ME...
OH, FOR...
HAS **DOMINO** FOUND **DEADPOOL** YET?
NOT **YET,** BUT SHE'S--
HOLD ON-- THEY'RE BROADCASTING ***LIVE?!***
WELL, THERE'S PROBABLY A FEW SECONDS OF DELAY, BUT...
TELL HER TO GO ***THERE.***
NOW.
LIVE IN THE STUDIO

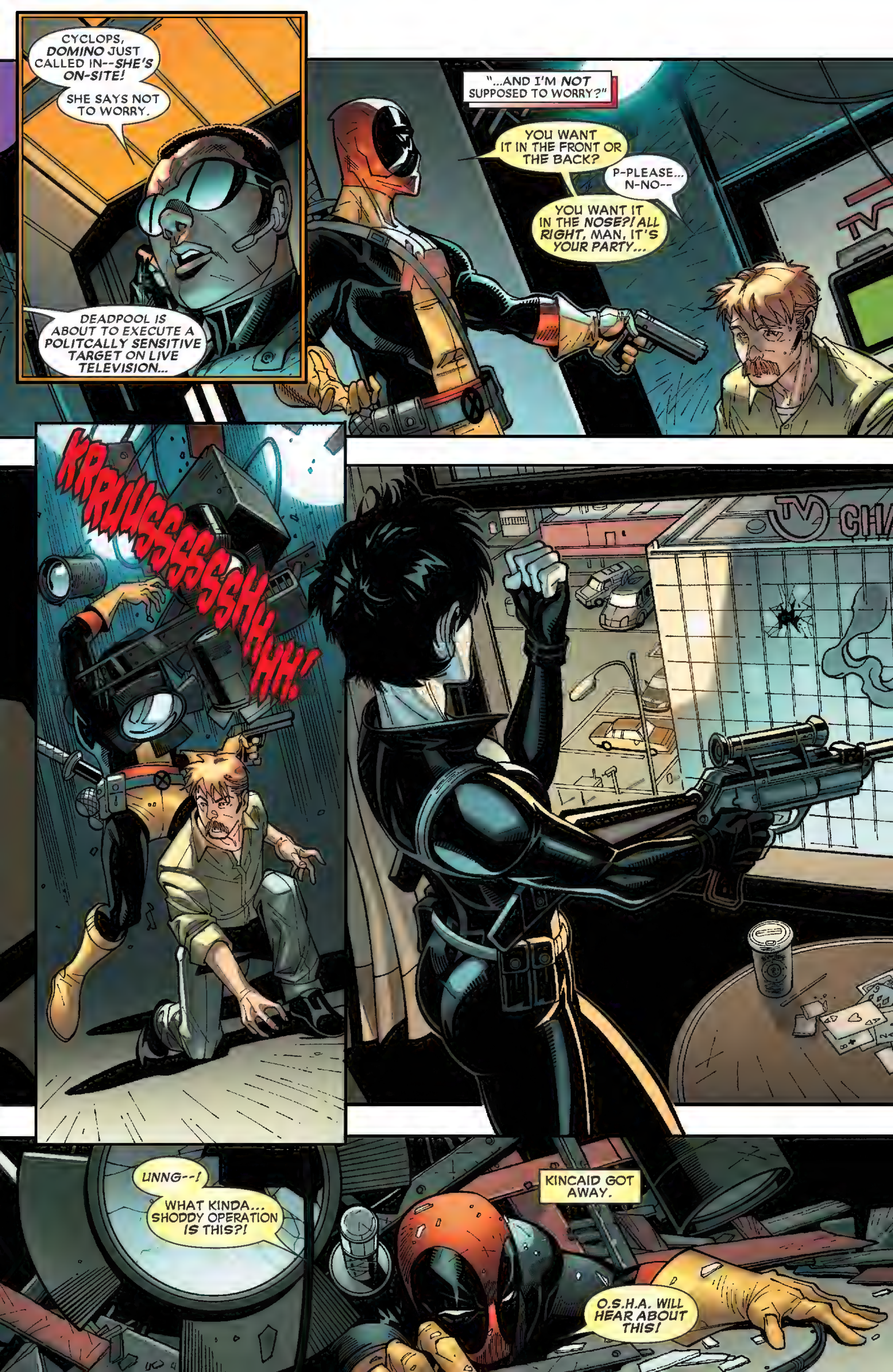

SO YOU'RE *SENDING SOMEONE AFTER ME?* TO *SHUT ME UP?*
IS *THAT* WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?
THIS IS *FANTASTIC...*
WHAT I'M *SAYING* IS THAT THERE IS SOMEONE AFTER YOU WHO IS *EXTREMELY DANGEROUS--*
WHO? ONE OF YOUR *X-MEN?*
NO, HE IS DEFINITELY *NOT* AN *X--*
KLAK!
OUTTA THE WAY, DING-DONG!
LIVE
ELIAS KINCAID
LIFE LESSON TIME, KINCAID:
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU *#$% WITH MY PEOPLES.

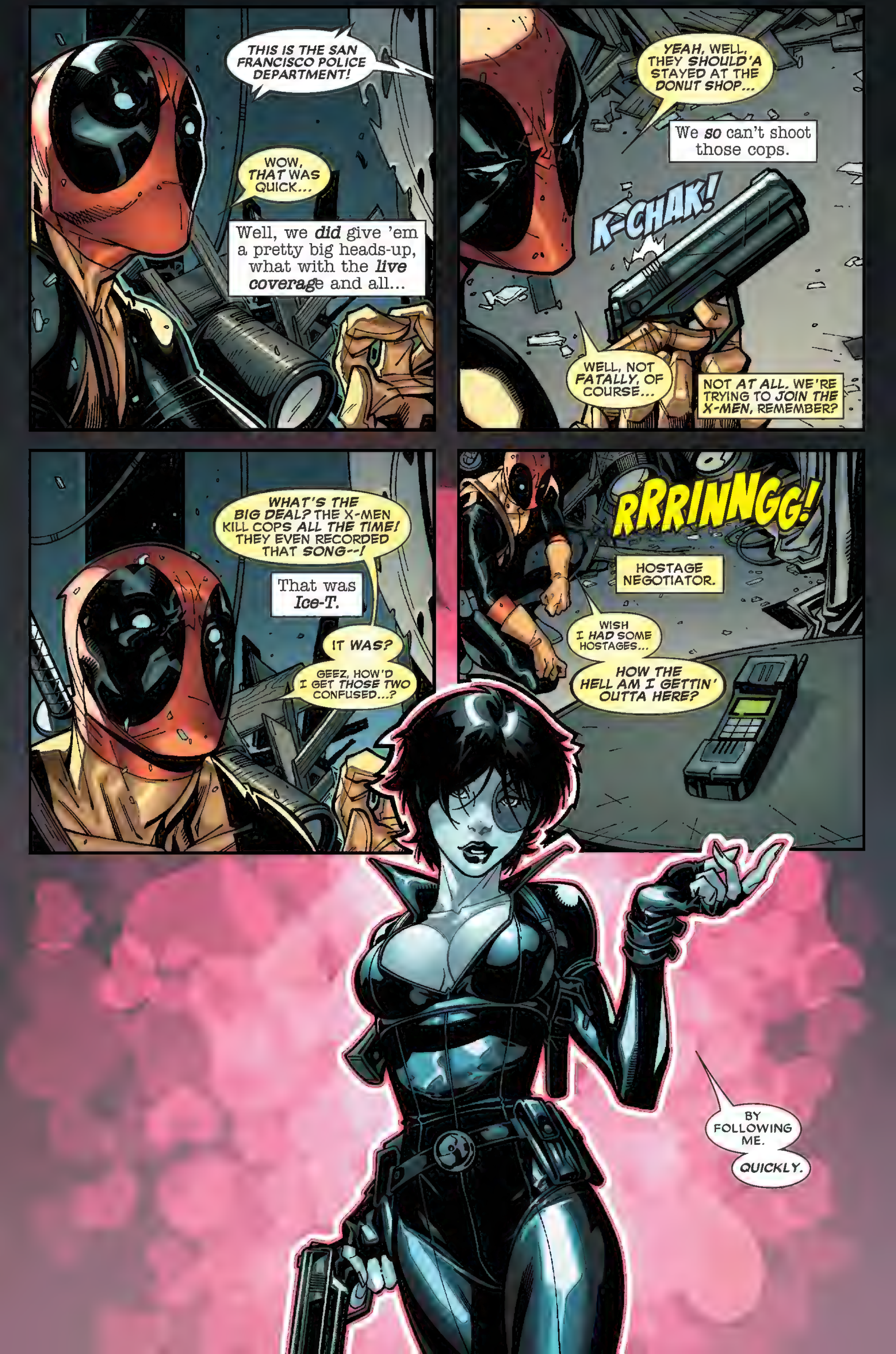

...IS THAT THING ON?
HEY, *CYCLOPS!* YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, BUDDY-- *I GOT THIS!*
X-MEN

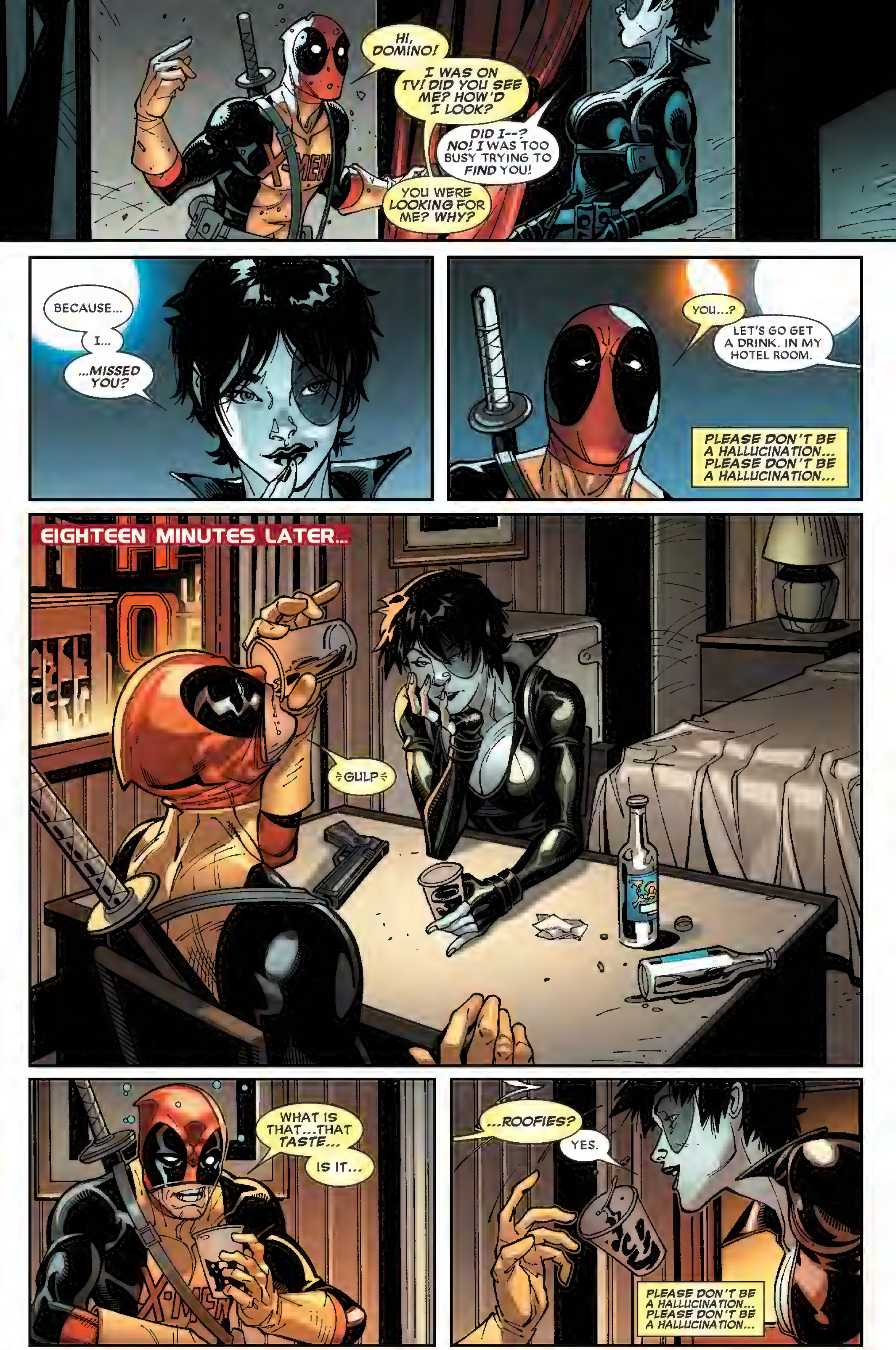
WANT YOU TO WANT ME

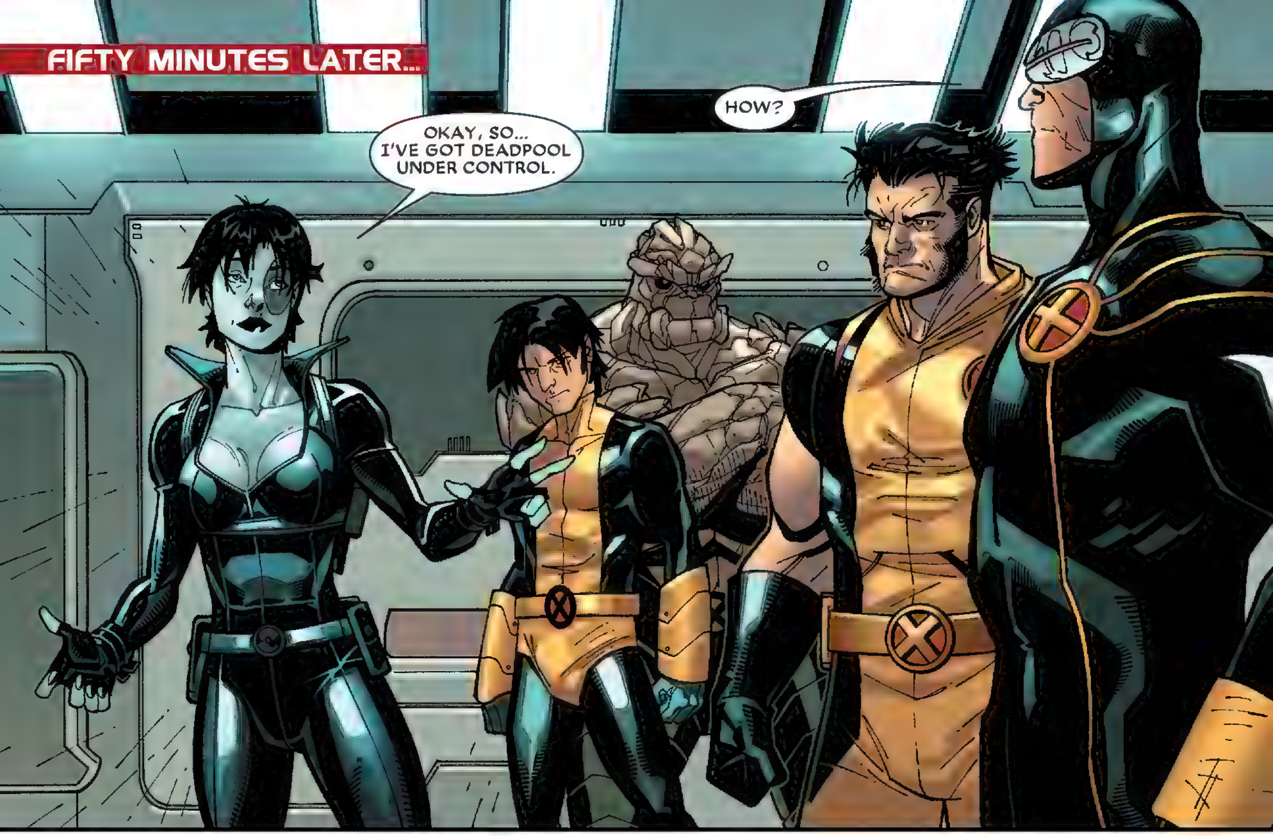
PART THREE: THE REVOLUTION WILL BE TELEVISED

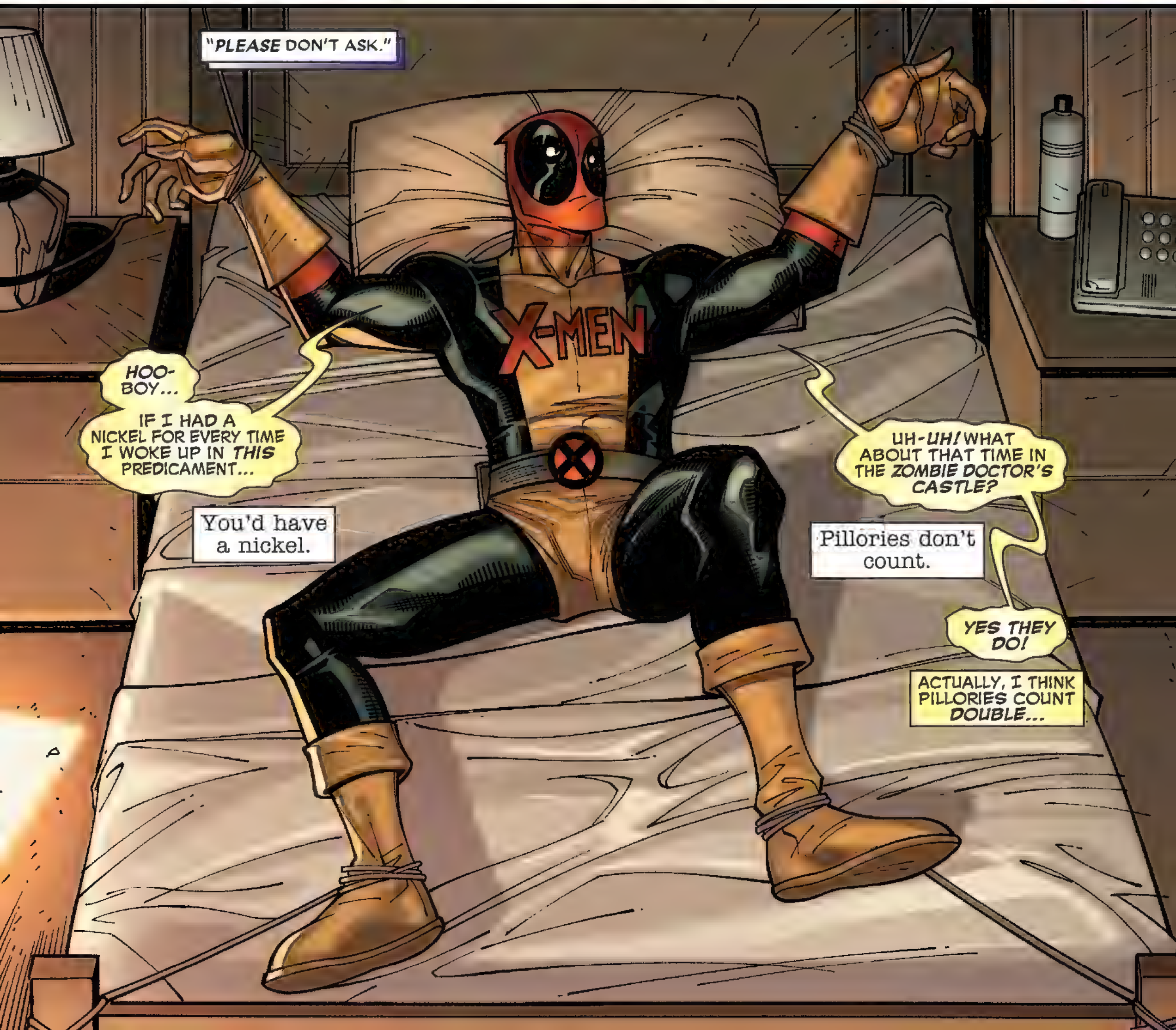

THIS INTERVIEW IS OVER.
BLAM!
NOW, THEN...
Maybe appearing on live television wasn't such a good idea?
HOW COULD IT NOT BE A GOOD IDEA?!
Umm...
"...Because Norman Osborn is gonna see it?"
AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU TODAY, NORMAN?
ACTUALLY, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT WHAT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DO FOR ME.
BUT DIDN'T.
LUCKY FOR YOU, HE'S CURRENTLY MAKING THE X-MEN LOOK LIKE *#$% ON LIVE TELEVISION.
"SUMMERS MUST BE %$*#&$# IN HIS PANTS RIGHT ABOUT NOW."

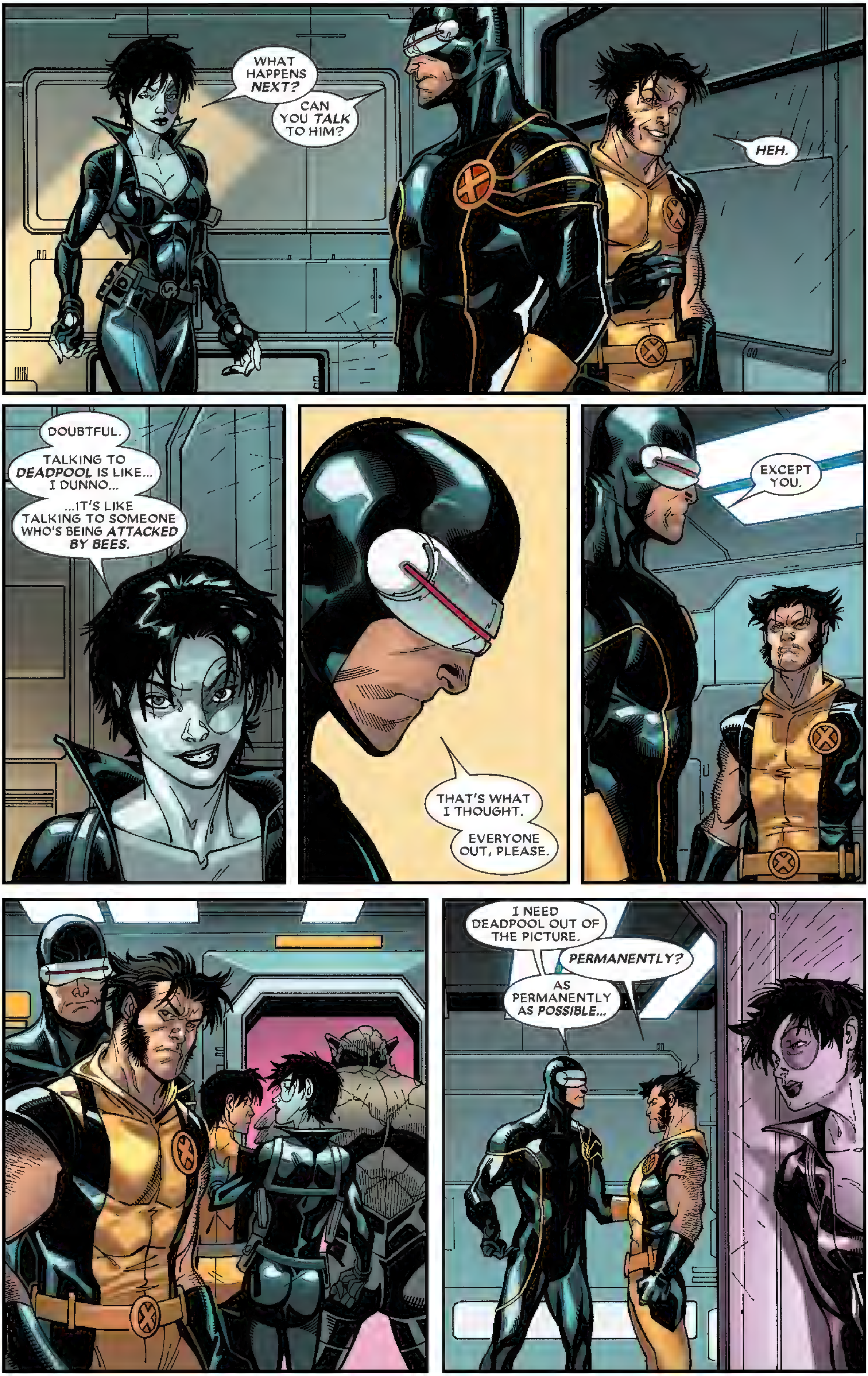

CYCLOPS, DOMINO JUST CALLED IN--SHE'S ON-SITE!
SHE SAYS NOT TO WORRY.
DEADPOOL IS ABOUT TO EXECUTE A POLITCALLY SENSITIVE TARGET ON LIVE TELEVISION...
"...AND I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO WORRY?"
YOU WANT IT IN THE FRONT OR THE BACK?
P-PLEASE... N-NO--
YOU WANT IT IN THE NOSE?! ALL RIGHT, MAN, IT'S YOUR PARTY...
KRRUUSSSSSSHHHH!
TV CHA
UNNG--!
WHAT KINDA... SHODDY OPERATION IS THIS?!
KINCAID GOT AWAY.
O.S.H.A. WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS!

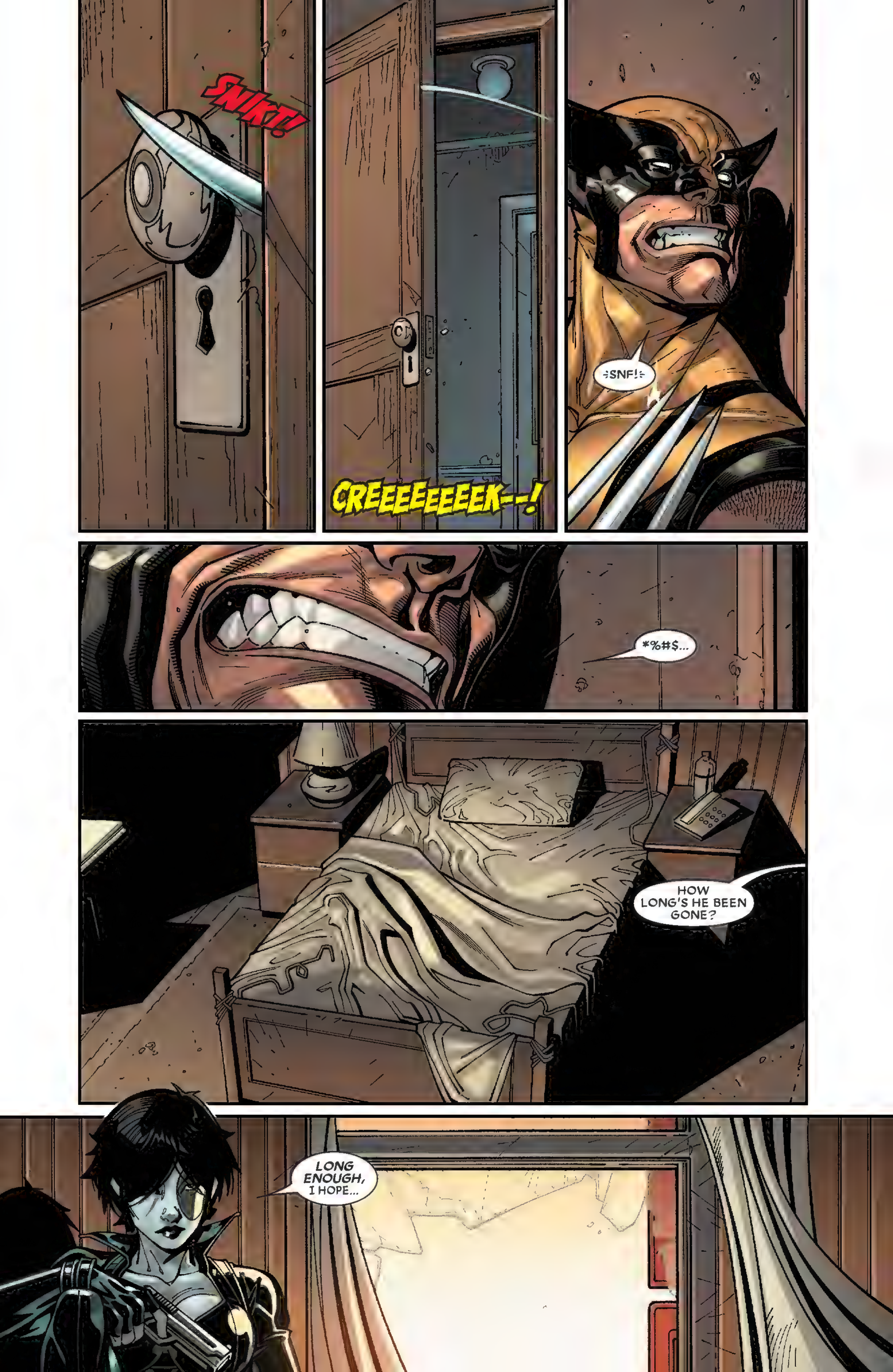

THIS IS THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT!
WOW, THAT WAS QUICK...
Well, we did give 'em a pretty big heads-up, what with the live coverage and all...
YEAH, WELL, THEY SHOULD'A STAYED AT THE DONUT SHOP...
We so can't shoot those cops.
K-CHAK!
WELL, NOT FATALLY, OF COURSE...
NOT AT ALL. WE'RE TRYING TO JOIN THE X-MEN, REMEMBER?
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? THE X-MEN KILL COPS ALL THE TIME! THEY EVEN RECORDED THAT SONG--!
That was Ice-T.
IT WAS?
GEEZ, HOW'D I GET THOSE TWO CONFUSED...?
RRRINNGG!
HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR.
WISH I HAD SOME HOSTAGES...
HOW THE HELL AM I GETTIN' OUTTA HERE?
BY FOLLOWING ME.
QUICKLY.

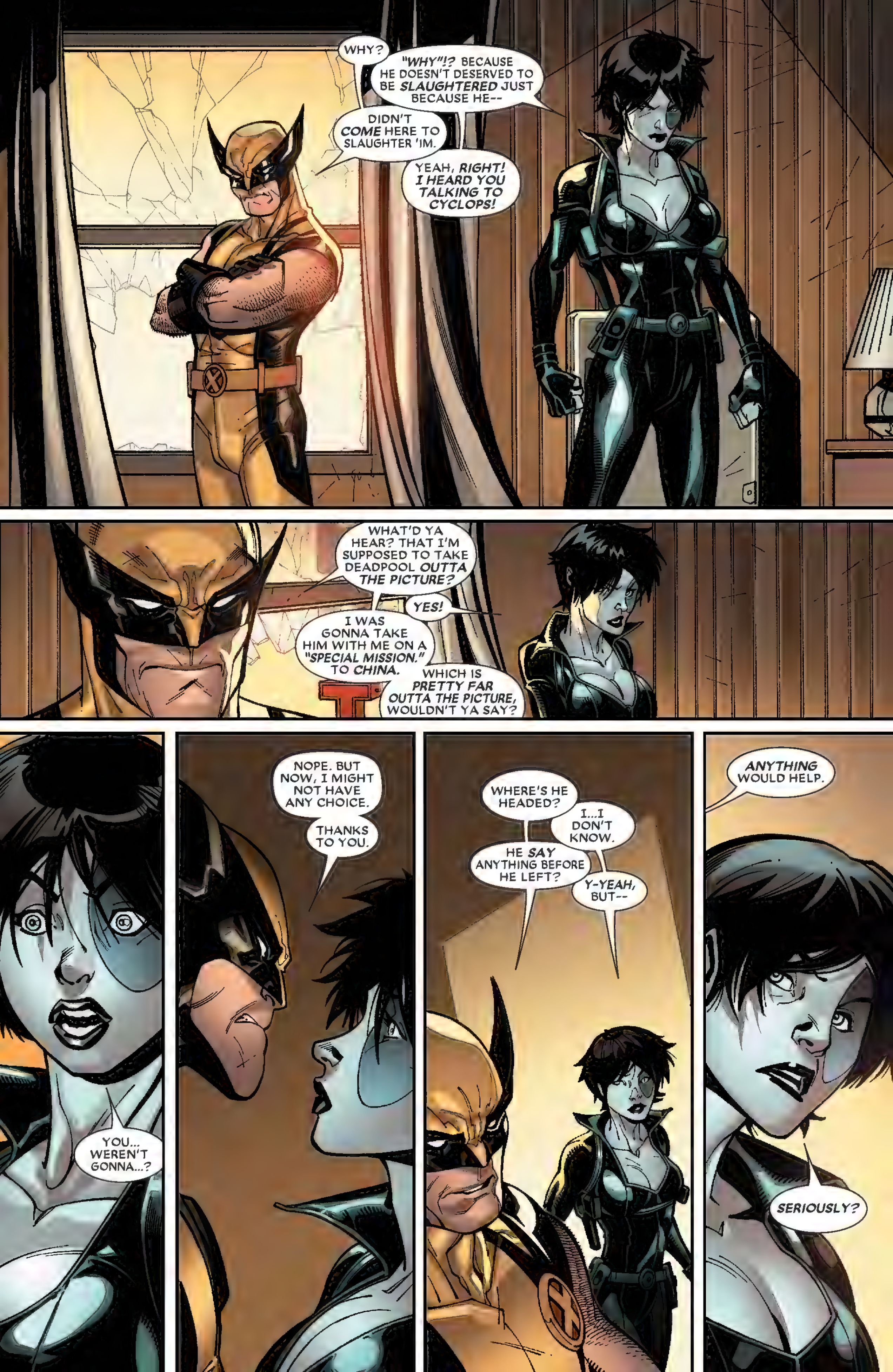

HI, DOMINO!
I WAS ON TV! DID YOU SEE ME? HOW'D I LOOK?
DID I--? NO! I WAS TOO BUSY TRYING TO FIND YOU!
YOU WERE LOOKING FOR ME? WHY?
BECAUSE...
I...
...MISSED YOU?
YOU...?
LET'S GO GET A DRINK. IN MY HOTEL ROOM.
PLEASE DON'T BE A HALLUCINATION... PLEASE DON'T BE A HALLUCINATION...
EIGHTEEN MINUTES LATER...
GULP
WHAT IS THAT...THAT TASTE...
IS IT...
...ROOFIES?
YES.
PLEASE DON'T BE A HALLUCINATION... PLEASE DON'T BE A HALLUCINATION...

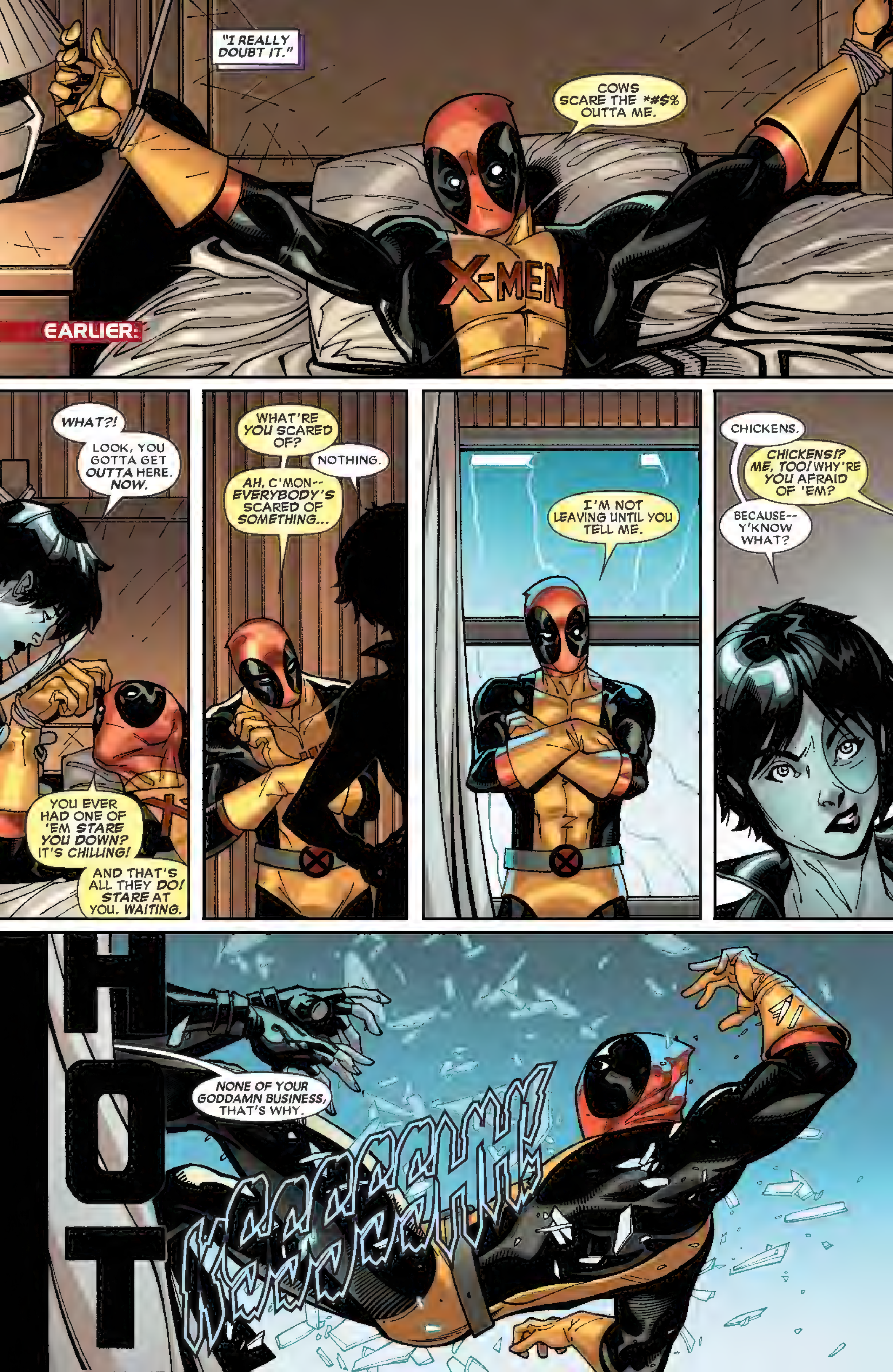

FIFTY MINUTES LATER...
OKAY, SO... I'VE GOT DEADPOOL UNDER CONTROL.
HOW?

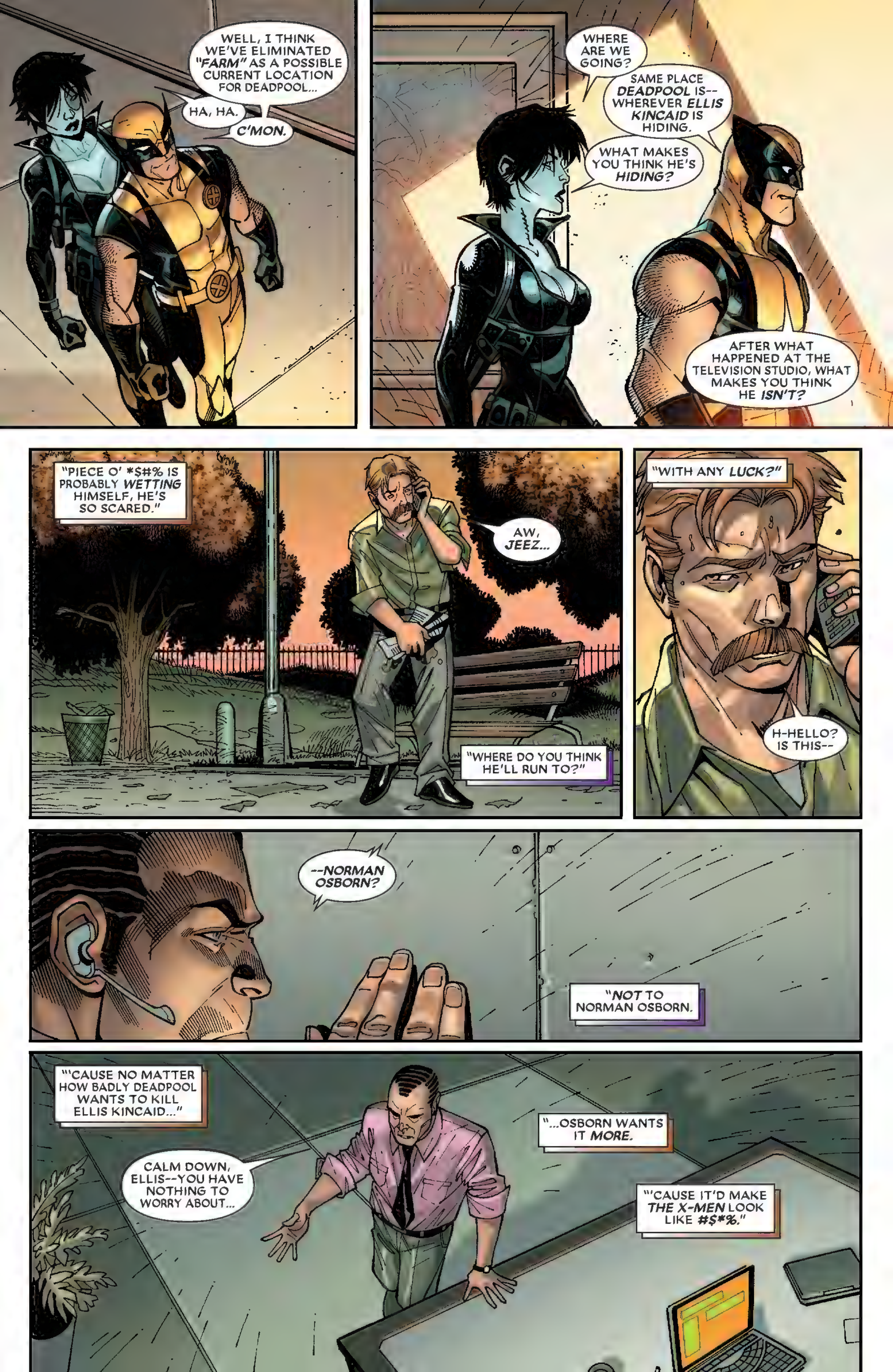

"PLEASE DON'T ASK."
HOO-BOY...
IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR EVERY TIME I WOKE UP IN THIS PREDICAMENT...
You'd have a nickel.
UH-UH! WHAT ABOUT THAT TIME IN THE ZOMBIE DOCTOR'S CASTLE?
Pillories don't count.
YES THEY DO!
ACTUALLY, I THINK PILLORIES COUNT DOUBLE...
X-MEN

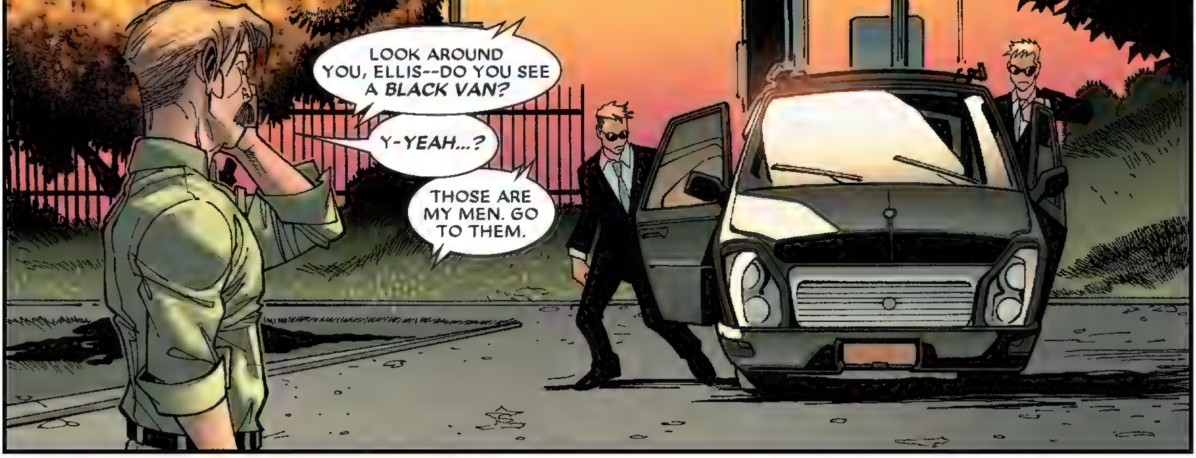

WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*
CAN YOU *TALK* TO HIM?
HEH.
DOUBTFUL.
TALKING TO ***DEADPOOL*** IS LIKE... I DUNNO...
...IT'S LIKE TALKING TO SOMEONE WHO'S BEING ***ATTACKED BY BEES.***
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
EVERYONE OUT, PLEASE.
EXCEPT YOU.
I NEED DEADPOOL OUT OF THE PICTURE.
PERMANENTLY?
AS PERMANENTLY AS ***POSSIBLE...***

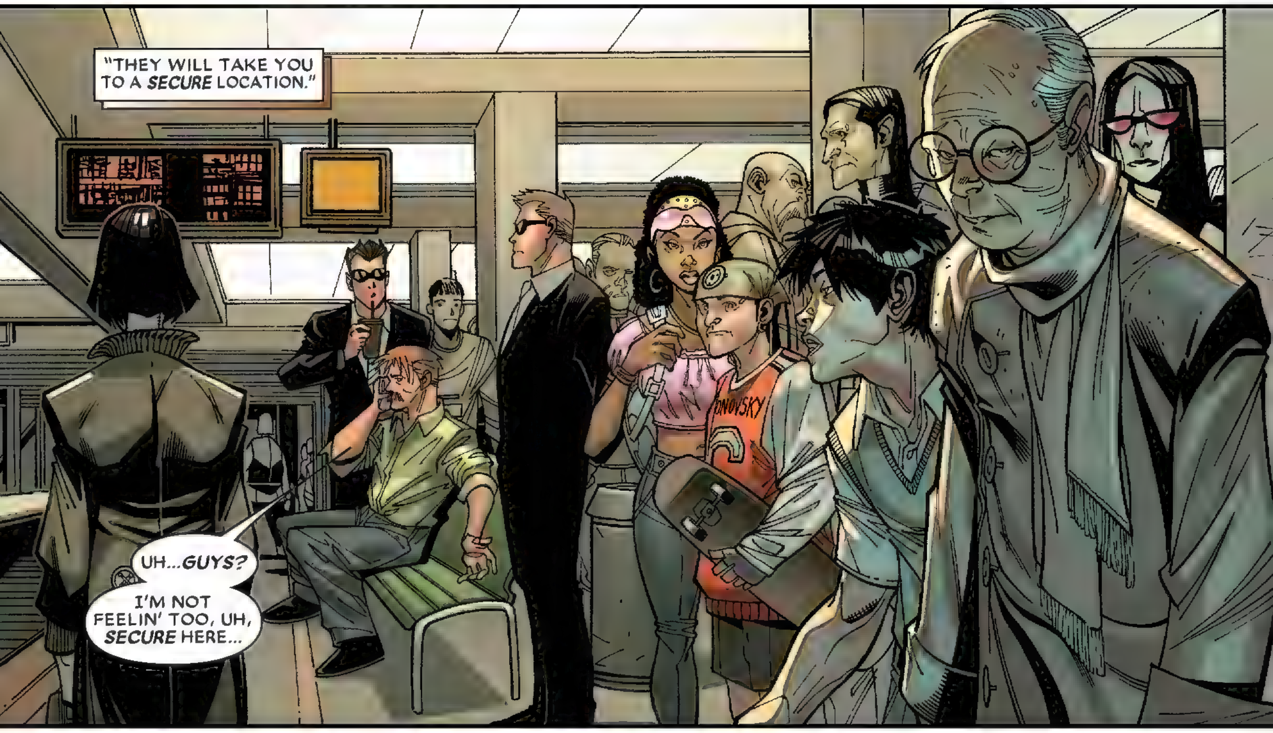

SNIKT!
CREEEEEEEEK--!
SNF!
*%#$...
HOW LONG'S HE BEEN GONE?
LONG ENOUGH, I HOPE...

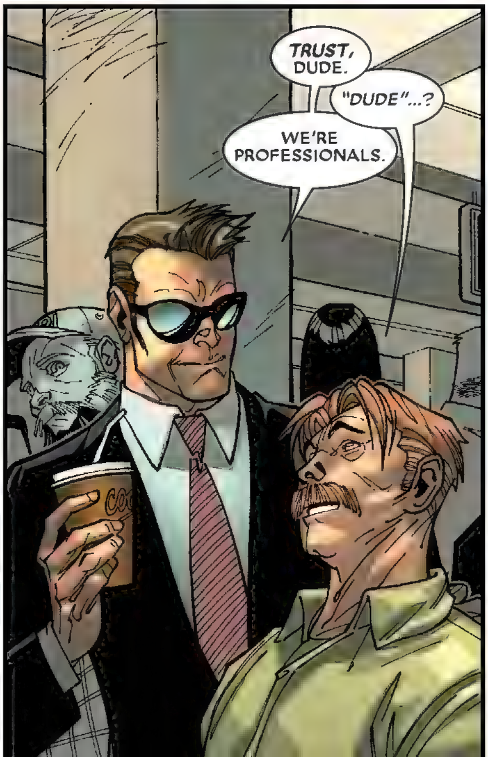

WHY?
"WHY"!? BECAUSE HE DOESN'T DESERVED TO BE SLAUGHTERED JUST BECAUSE HE--
DIDN'T COME HERE TO SLAUGHTER 'IM.
YEAH, RIGHT! I HEARD YOU TALKING TO CYCLOPS!
WHAT'D YA HEAR? THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE DEADPOOL OUTTA THE PICTURE?
YES!
I WAS GONNA TAKE HIM WITH ME ON A "SPECIAL MISSION." TO CHINA.
WHICH IS PRETTY FAR OUTTA THE PICTURE, WOULDN'T YA SAY?
YOU... WEREN'T GONNA...?
NOPE. BUT NOW, I MIGHT NOT HAVE ANY CHOICE.
THANKS TO YOU.
WHERE'S HE HEADED?
I...I DON'T KNOW.
HE SAY ANYTHING BEFORE HE LEFT?
Y-YEAH, BUT--
ANYTHING WOULD HELP.
SERIOUSLY?

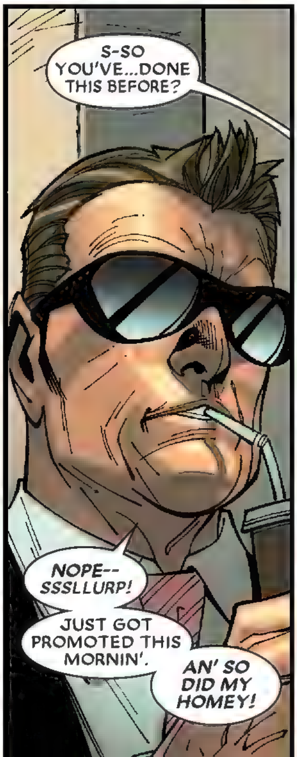

"I REALLY DOUBT IT."
COWS SCARE THE *#$% OUTTA ME.
EARLIER:
WHAT?!
LOOK, YOU GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE. NOW.
YOU EVER HAD ONE OF 'EM STARE YOU DOWN? IT'S CHILLING!
AND THAT'S ALL THEY DO! STARE AT YOU. WAITING.
WHAT'RE YOU SCARED OF?
NOTHING.
AH, C'MON-- EVERYBODY'S SCARED OF SOMETHING...
I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL YOU TELL ME.
CHICKENS.
CHICKENS!? ME, TOO! WHY'RE YOU AFRAID OF 'EM?
BECAUSE-- Y'KNOW WHAT?
HOT
NONE OF YOUR GODDAMN BUSINESS, THAT'S WHY.
KRRRAAASSHH!

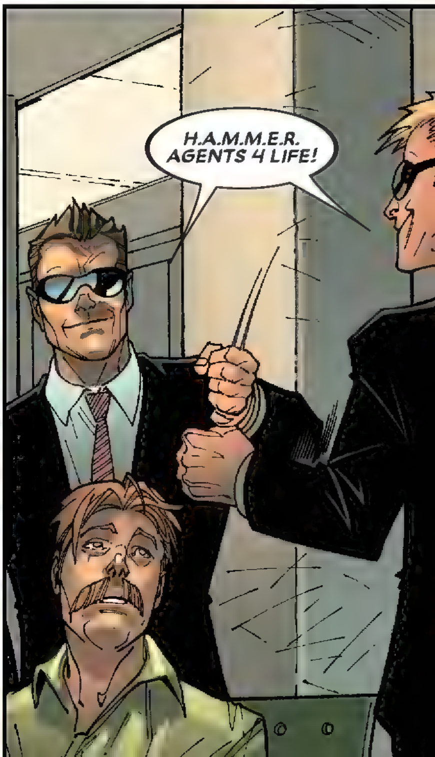

WELL, I THINK WE'VE ELIMINATED "FARM" AS A POSSIBLE CURRENT LOCATION FOR DEADPOOL...
HA, HA.
C'MON.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
SAME PLACE DEADPOOL IS-- WHEREVER ELLIS KINCAID IS HIDING.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S HIDING?
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED AT THE TELEVISION STUDIO, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE ISN'T?
"PIECE O' *$#% IS PROBABLY WETTING HIMSELF, HE'S SO SCARED."
AW, JEEZ...
"WHERE DO YOU THINK HE'LL RUN TO?"
"WITH ANY LUCK?"
H-HELLO? IS THIS--
--NORMAN OSBORN?
"NOT TO NORMAN OSBORN.
"'CAUSE NO MATTER HOW BADLY DEADPOOL WANTS TO KILL ELLIS KINCAID..."
CALM DOWN, ELLIS--YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...
"...OSBORN WANTS IT MORE.
"'CAUSE IT'D MAKE THE X-MEN LOOK LIKE #$*%."

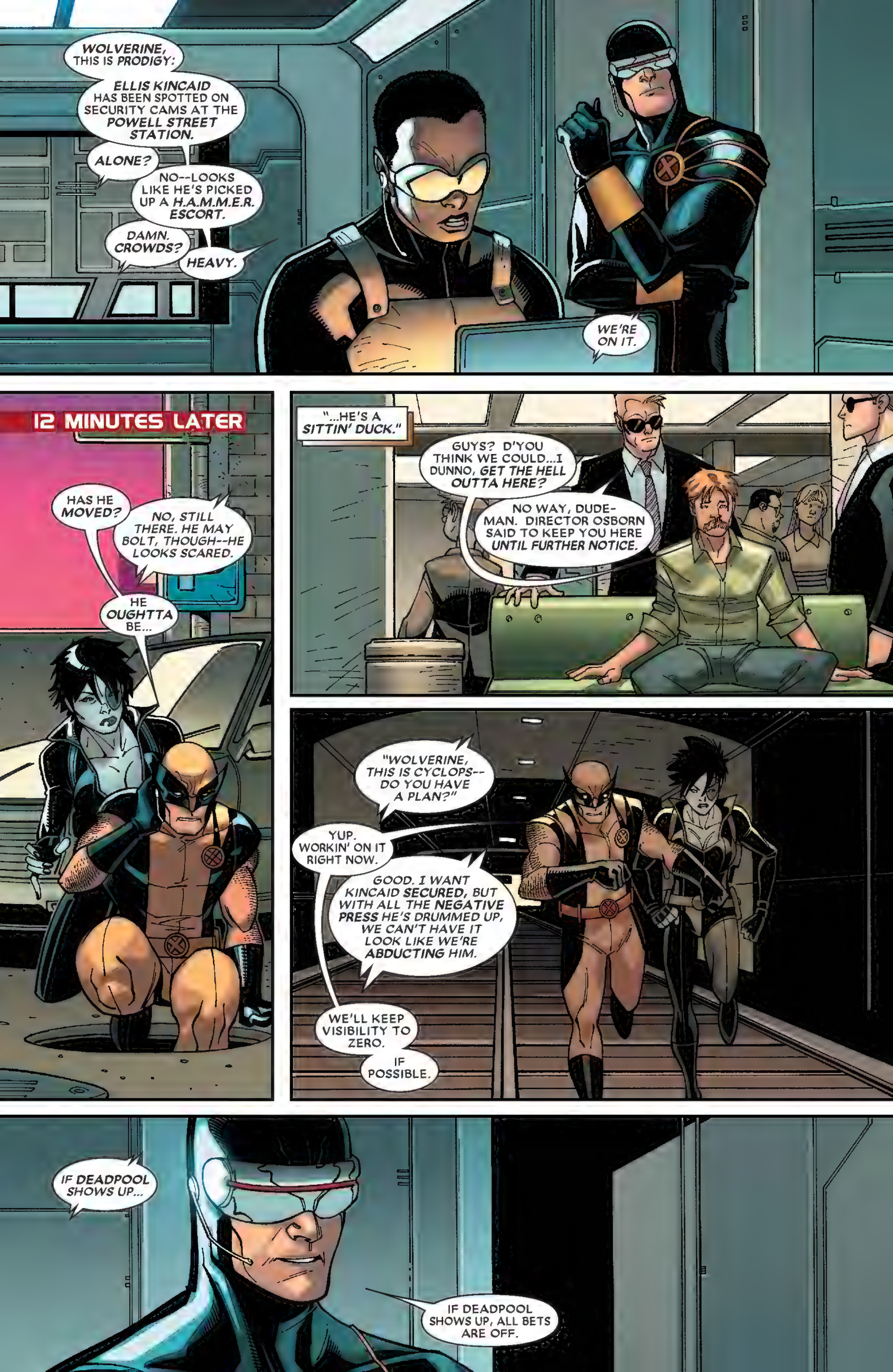

LOOK AROUND YOU, ELLIS--DO YOU SEE A *BLACK VAN?*
Y-*YEAH*...?
THOSE ARE MY MEN. GO TO THEM.

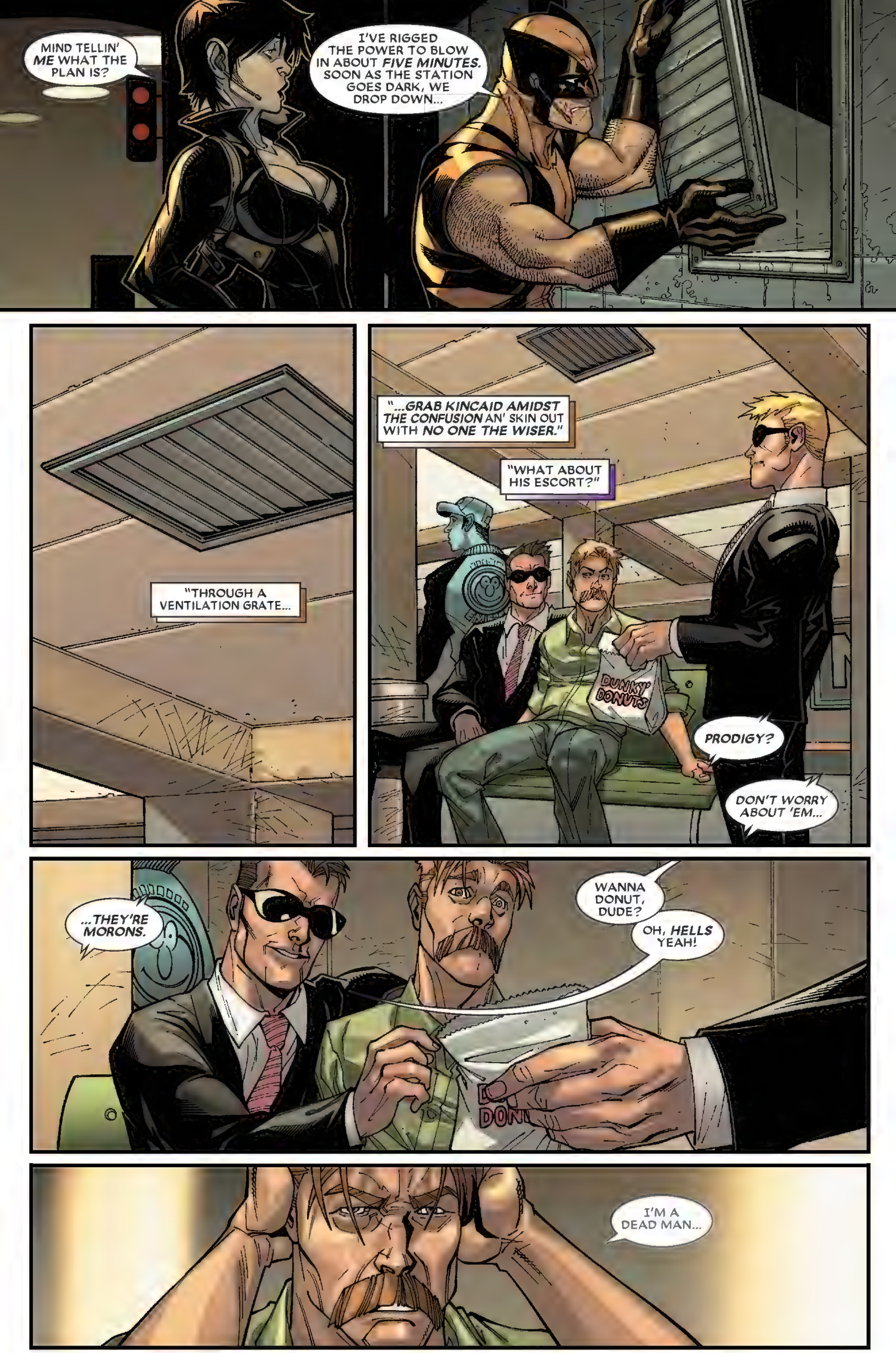

"THEY WILL TAKE YOU TO A *SECURE* LOCATION."
UH...*GUYS?*
I'M NOT FEELIN' TOO, UH, *SECURE* HERE...

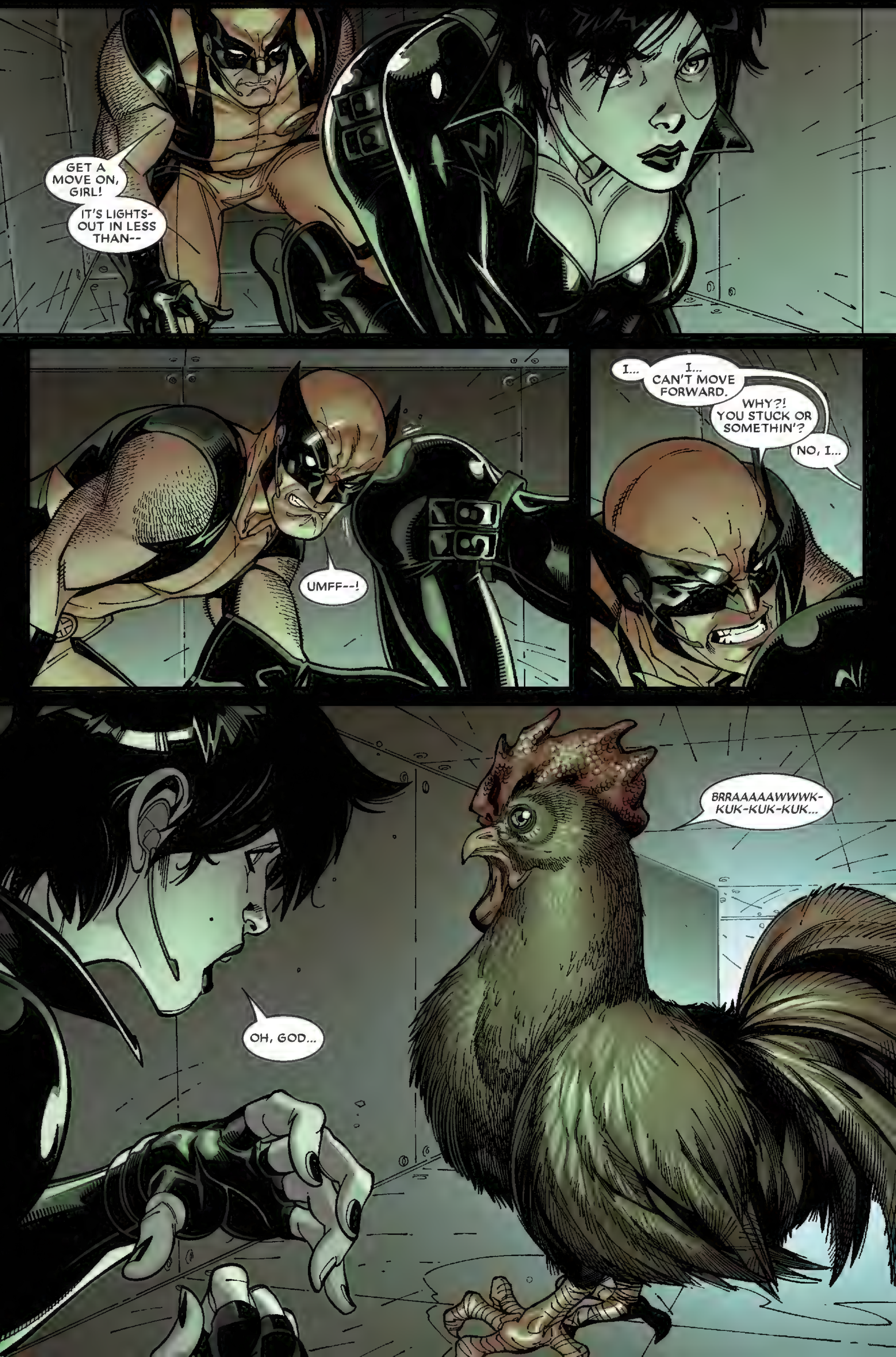

TRUST, DUDE.
"DUDE"...?
WE'RE PROFESSIONALS.

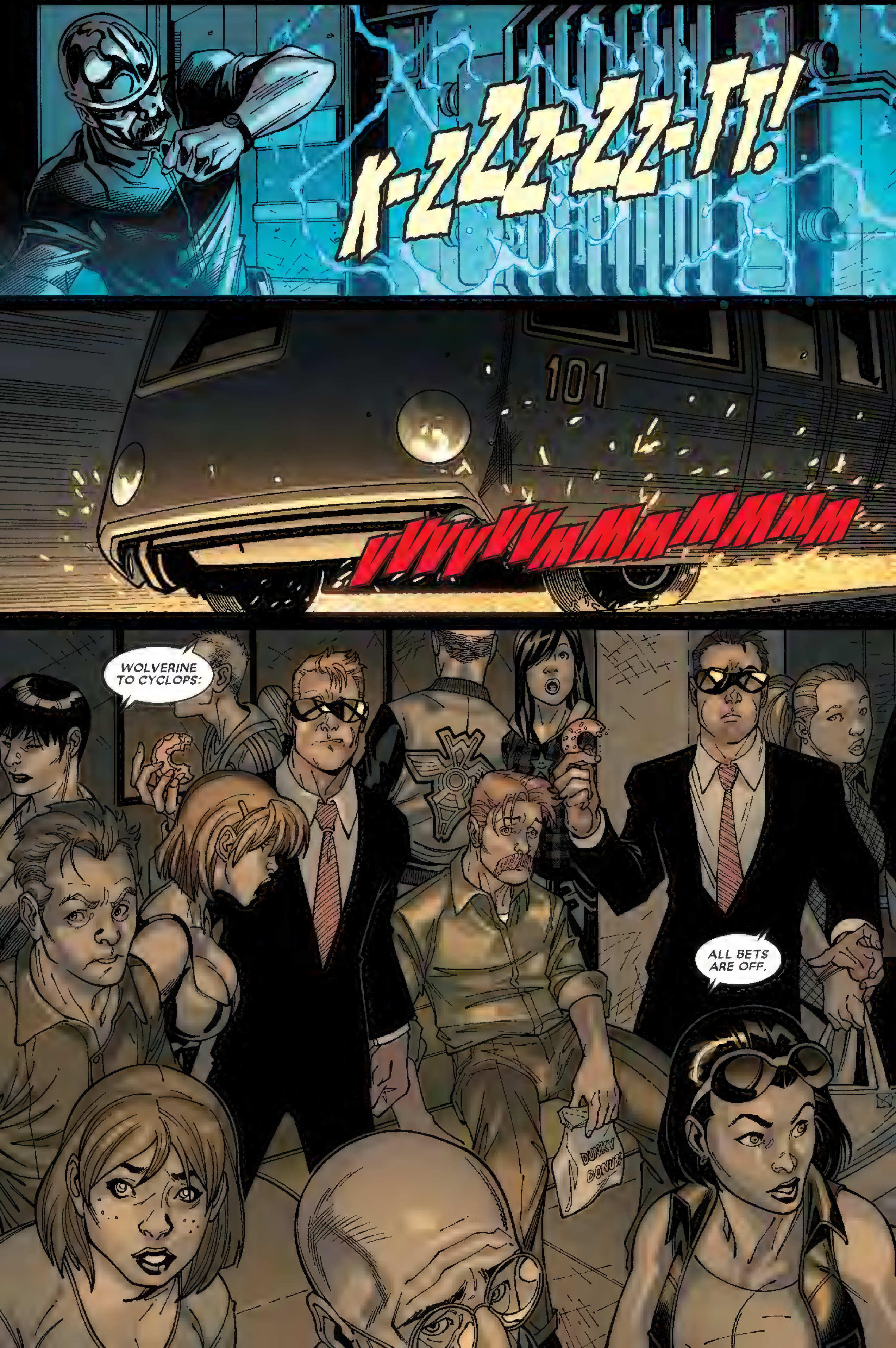

S-SO YOU'VE...DONE THIS BEFORE?
NOPE-- SSSLLURP!
JUST GOT PROMOTED THIS MORNIN'.
AN' SO DID MY HOMEY!

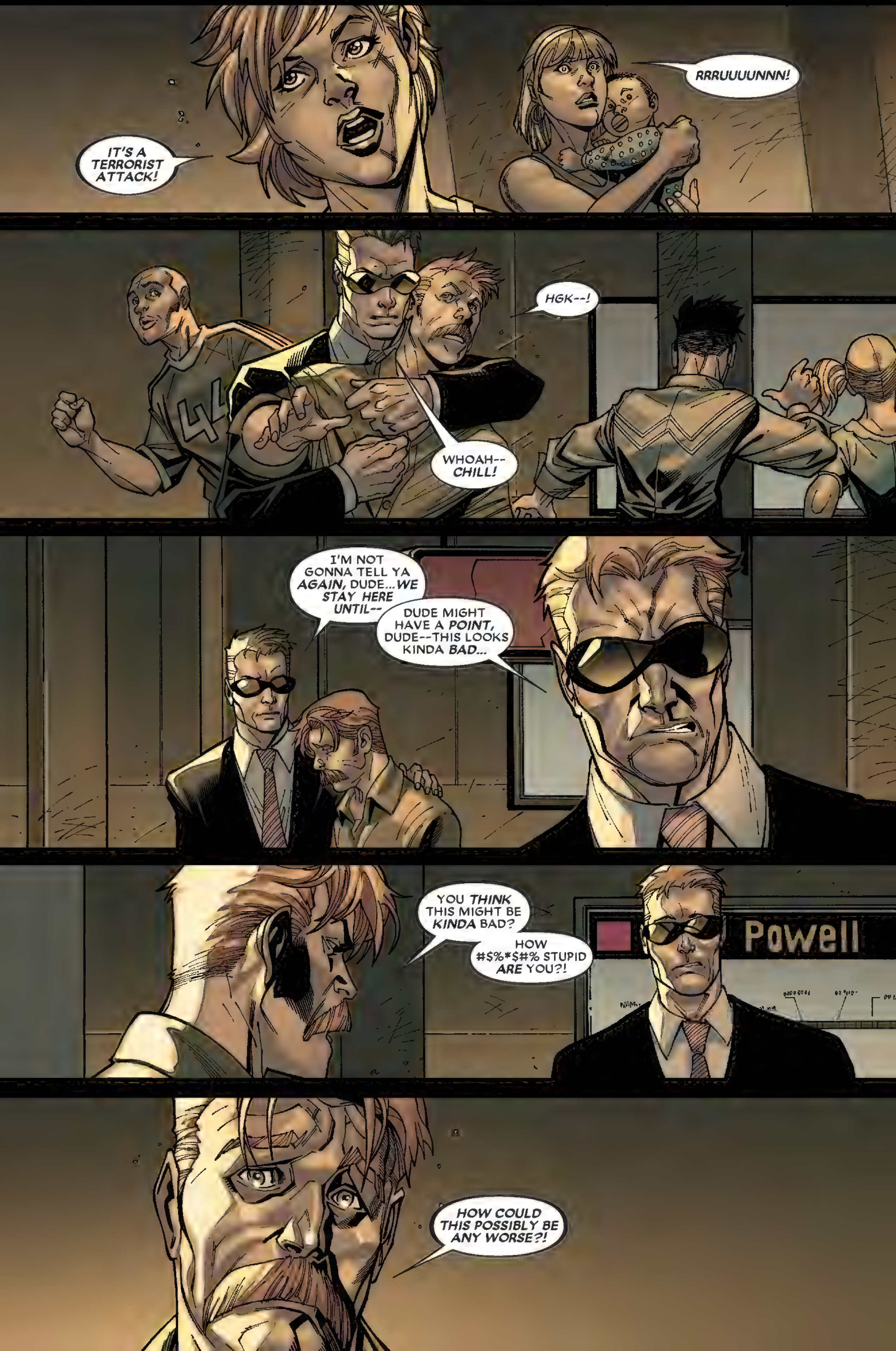

H.A.M.M.E.R. AGENTS 4 LIFE!

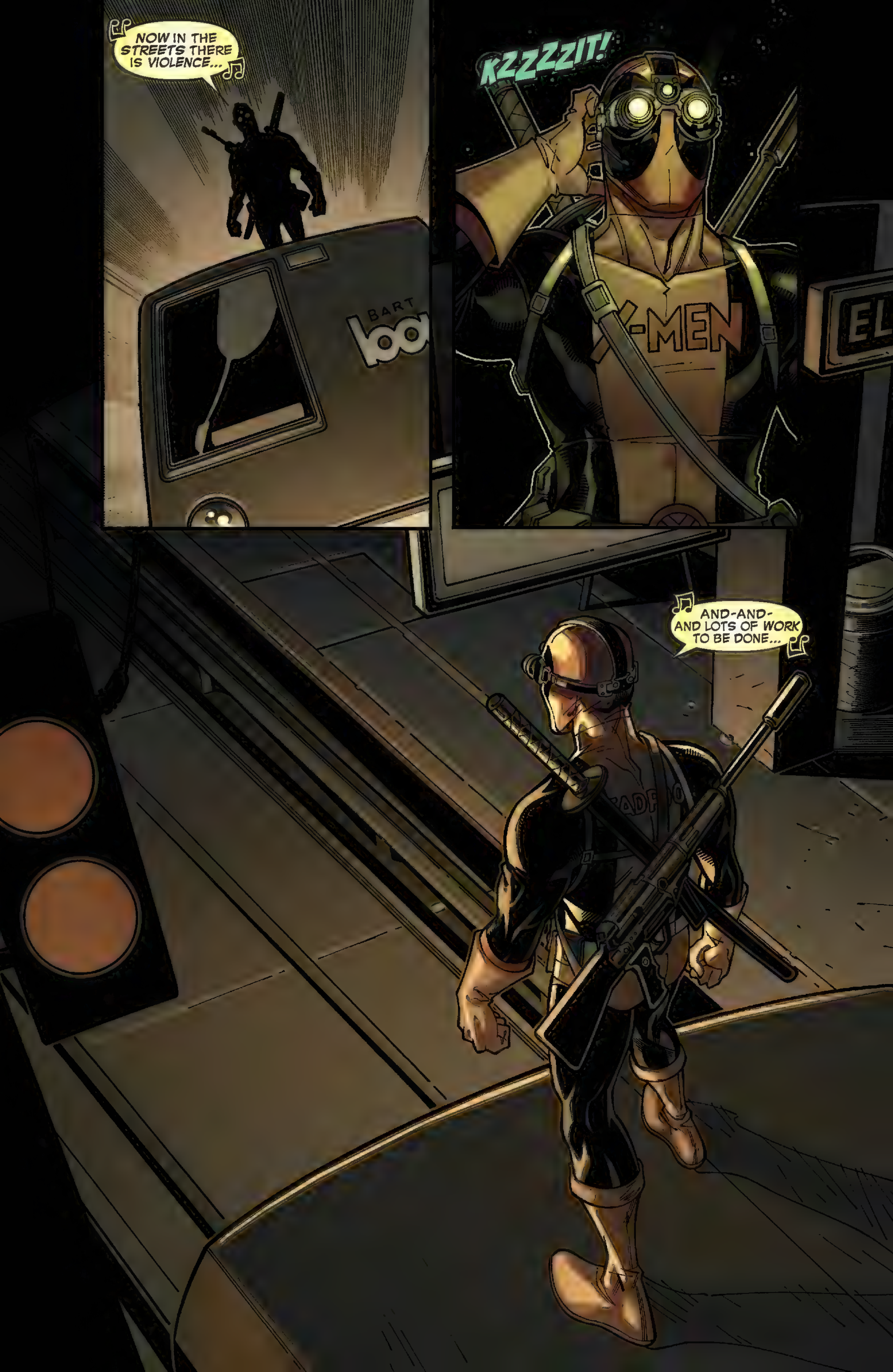

WOLVERINE, THIS IS PRODIGY:
ELLIS KINCAID HAS BEEN SPOTTED ON SECURITY CAMS AT THE POWELL STREET STATION.
ALONE?
NO--LOOKS LIKE HE'S PICKED UP A H.A.M.M.E.R. ESCORT.
DAMN. CROWDS?
HEAVY.
WE'RE ON IT.
12 MINUTES LATER
HAS HE MOVED?
NO, STILL THERE. HE MAY BOLT, THOUGH--HE LOOKS SCARED.
HE OUGHTTA BE...
"...HE'S A SITTIN' DUCK."
GUYS? D'YOU THINK WE COULD...I DUNNO, GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE?
NO WAY, DUDE-MAN. DIRECTOR OSBORN SAID TO KEEP YOU HERE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
"WOLVERINE, THIS IS CYCLOPS--DO YOU HAVE A PLAN?"
YUP. WORKIN' ON IT RIGHT NOW.
GOOD. I WANT KINCAID SECURED, BUT WITH ALL THE NEGATIVE PRESS HE'S DRUMMED UP, WE CAN'T HAVE IT LOOK LIKE WE'RE ABDUCTING HIM.
WE'LL KEEP VISIBILITY TO ZERO.
IF POSSIBLE.
IF DEADPOOL SHOWS UP...
IF DEADPOOL SHOWS UP, ALL BETS ARE OFF.


MIND TELLIN' *ME* WHAT THE PLAN IS?
I'VE RIGGED THE POWER TO BLOW IN ABOUT *FIVE MINUTES.* SOON AS THE STATION GOES DARK, WE DROP DOWN...
"THROUGH A VENTILATION GRATE...
"*...GRAB KINCAID AMIDST THE CONFUSION* AN' SKIN OUT WITH *NO ONE THE WISER.*"
"WHAT ABOUT HIS ESCORT?"
DUNKY' DONUTS
PRODIGY?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT 'EM...
...THEY'RE MORONS.
WANNA DONUT, DUDE?
OH, *HELLS* YEAH!
I'M A DEAD MAN...

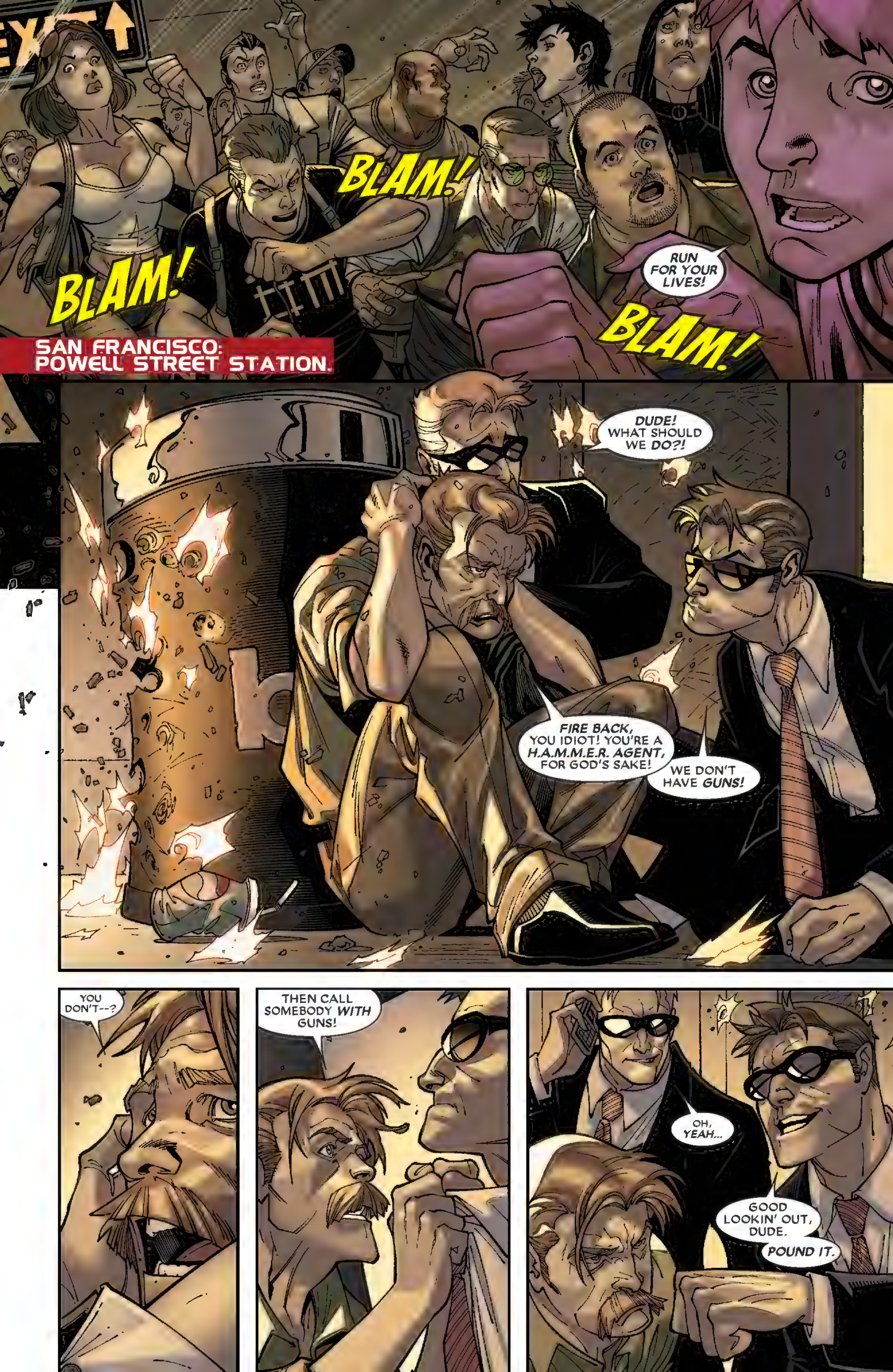

GET A MOVE ON, GIRL!
IT'S LIGHTS-OUT IN LESS THAN--
UMFF--!
I...
I... CAN'T MOVE FORWARD.
WHY?! YOU STUCK OR SOMETHIN'?
NO, I...
BRRAAAAAWWWK-KUK-KUK-KUK...
OH, GOD...

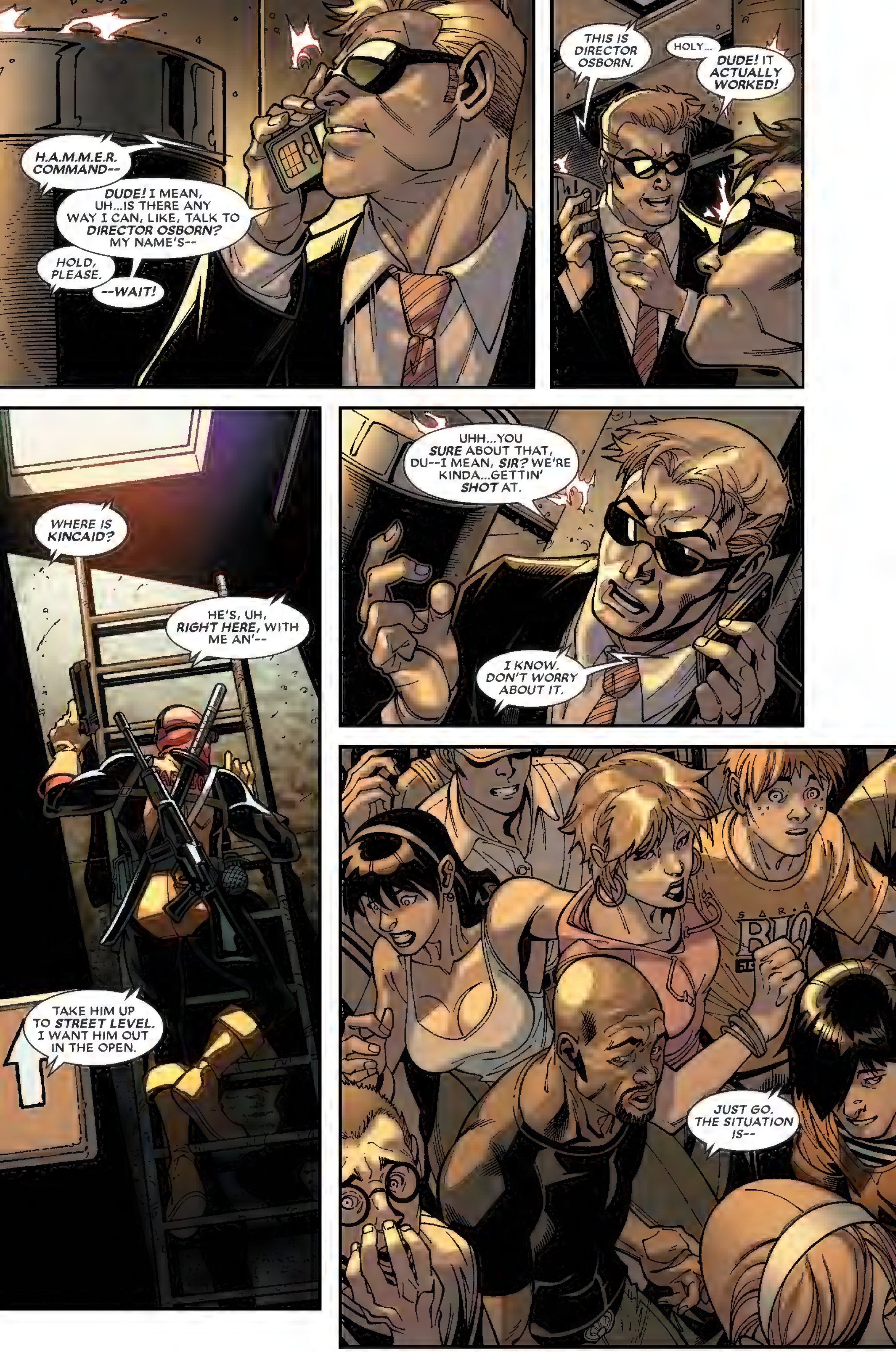

K-ZZZ-ZZ-TT!
101
VVVVVVMMMMMMMMM
WOLVERINE TO CYCLOPS:
ALL BETS ARE OFF.
DUNKY DONUTS

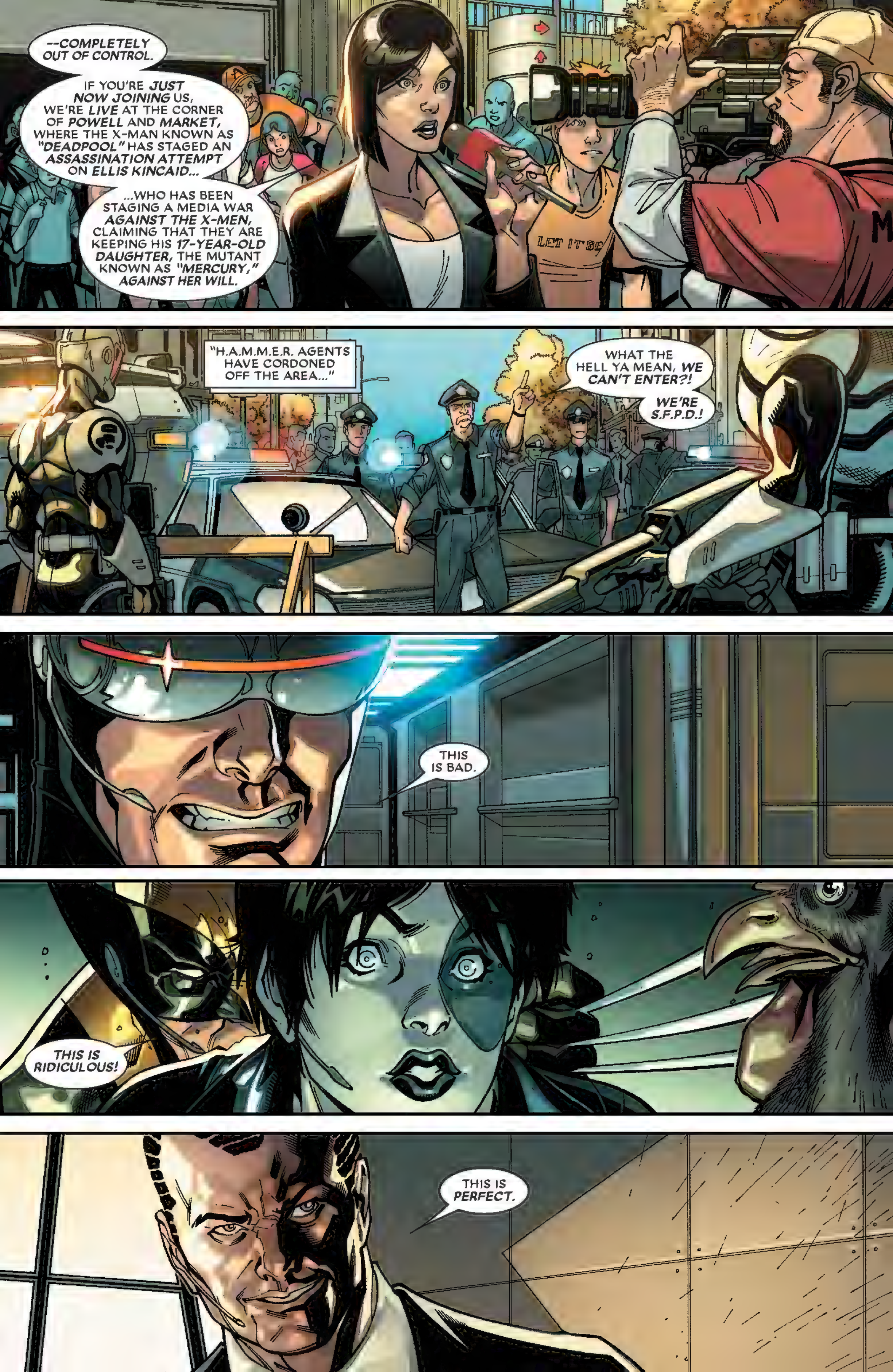

IT'S A TERRORIST ATTACK!
RRRUUUUNNN!
HGK--!
WHOAH-- CHILL!
I'M NOT GONNA TELL YA AGAIN, DUDE...WE STAY HERE UNTIL--
DUDE MIGHT HAVE A POINT, DUDE--THIS LOOKS KINDA BAD...
YOU THINK THIS MIGHT BE KINDA BAD?
HOW #$%*$#% STUPID ARE YOU?!
Powell
HOW COULD THIS POSSIBLY BE ANY WORSE?!


NOW IN THE STREETS THERE IS VIOLENCE...
BART
KZZZZZIT!
X-MEN
EL
AND-AND-AND LOTS OF WORK TO BE DONE...

18


EXIT
BLAM!
BLAM!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
BLAM!
SAN FRANCISCO: POWELL STREET STATION.
DUDE! WHAT SHOULD WE DO?!
FIRE BACK, YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE A H.A.M.M.E.R. AGENT, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
WE DON'T HAVE GUNS!
YOU DON'T--?
THEN CALL SOMEBODY WITH GUNS!
OH, YEAH...
GOOD LOOKIN' OUT, DUDE.
POUND IT.

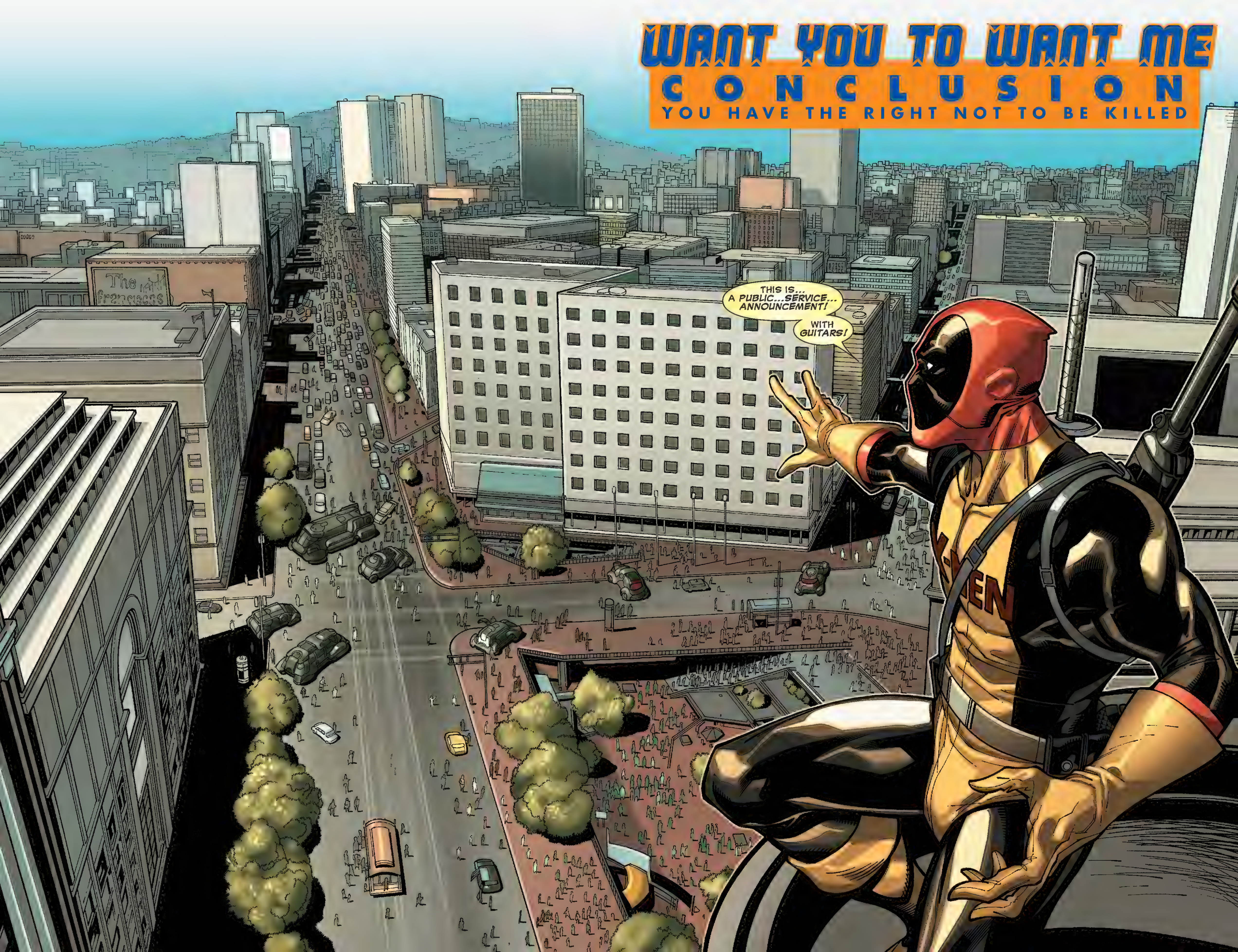

H.A.M.M.E.R. COMMAND--
DUDE! I MEAN, UH...IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN, LIKE, TALK TO DIRECTOR OSBORN? MY NAME'S--
HOLD, PLEASE.
--WAIT!
THIS IS DIRECTOR OSBORN.
HOLY...
DUDE! IT ACTUALLY WORKED!
WHERE IS KINCAID?
HE'S, UH, RIGHT HERE, WITH ME AN'--
TAKE HIM UP TO STREET LEVEL. I WANT HIM OUT IN THE OPEN.
UHH...YOU SURE ABOUT THAT, DU--I MEAN, SIR? WE'RE KINDA...GETTIN' SHOT AT.
I KNOW. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
JUST GO. THE SITUATION IS--

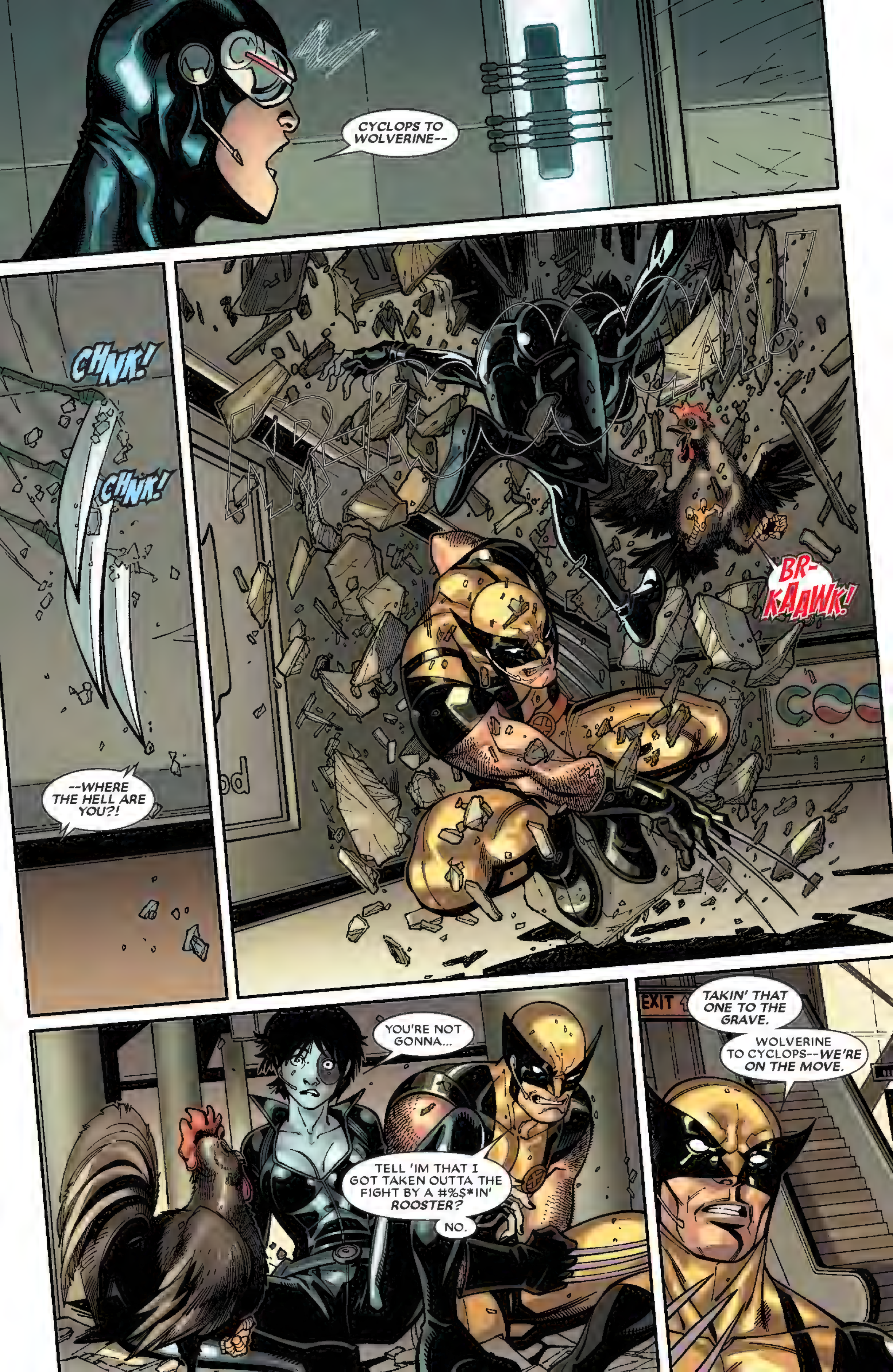

--COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL.
IF YOU'RE JUST NOW JOINING US, WE'RE LIVE AT THE CORNER OF POWELL AND MARKET, WHERE THE X-MAN KNOWN AS "DEADPOOL" HAS STAGED AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON ELLIS KINCAID...
...WHO HAS BEEN STAGING A MEDIA WAR AGAINST THE X-MEN, CLAIMING THAT THEY ARE KEEPING HIS 17-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, THE MUTANT KNOWN AS "MERCURY," AGAINST HER WILL.
LET IT BE
"H.A.M.M.E.R. AGENTS HAVE CORDONED OFF THE AREA..."
WHAT THE HELL YA MEAN, WE CAN'T ENTER?!
WE'RE S.F.P.D.!
THIS IS BAD.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
THIS IS PERFECT.

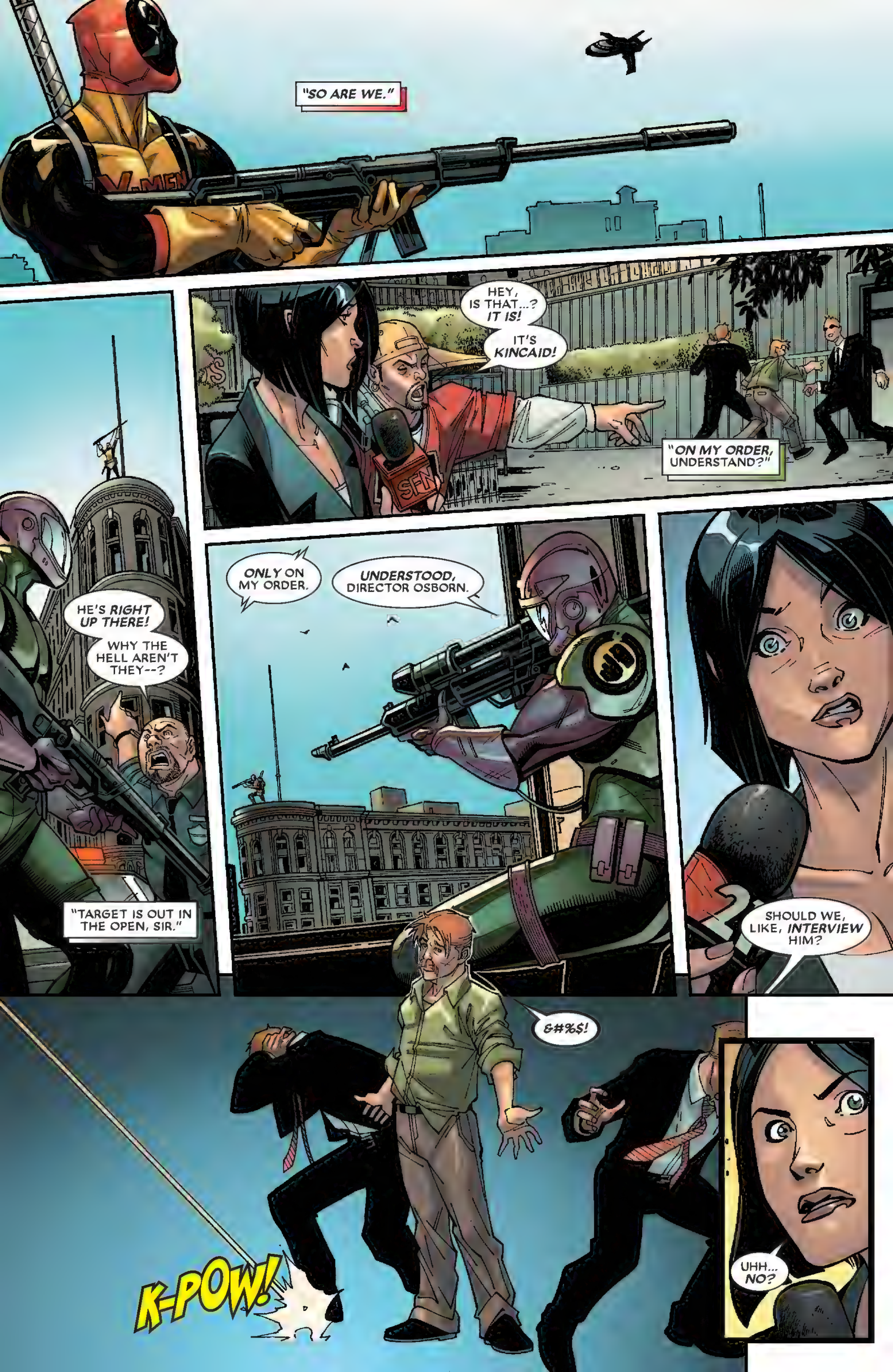
WANT YOU TO WANT ME

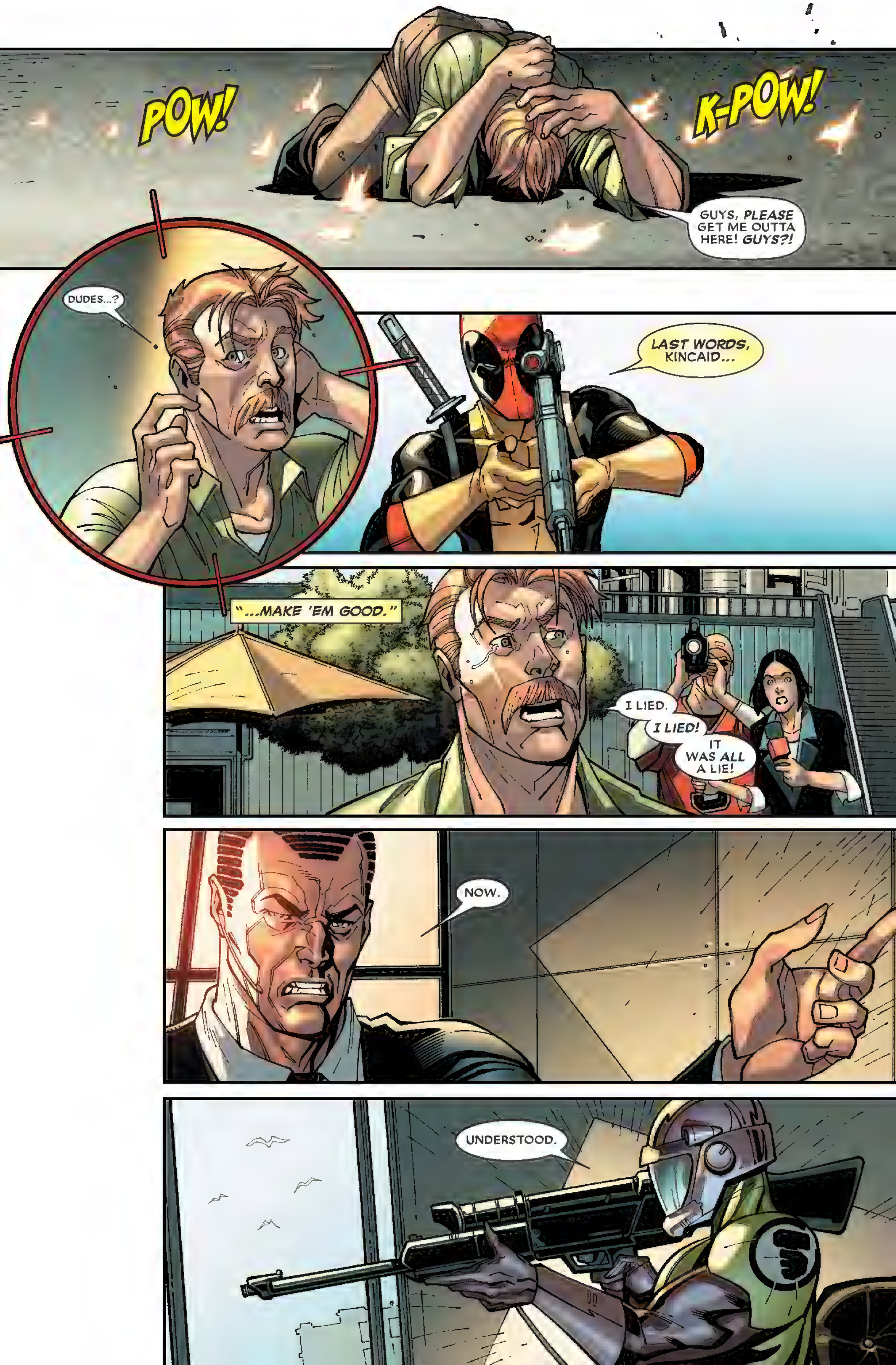
CONCLUSION

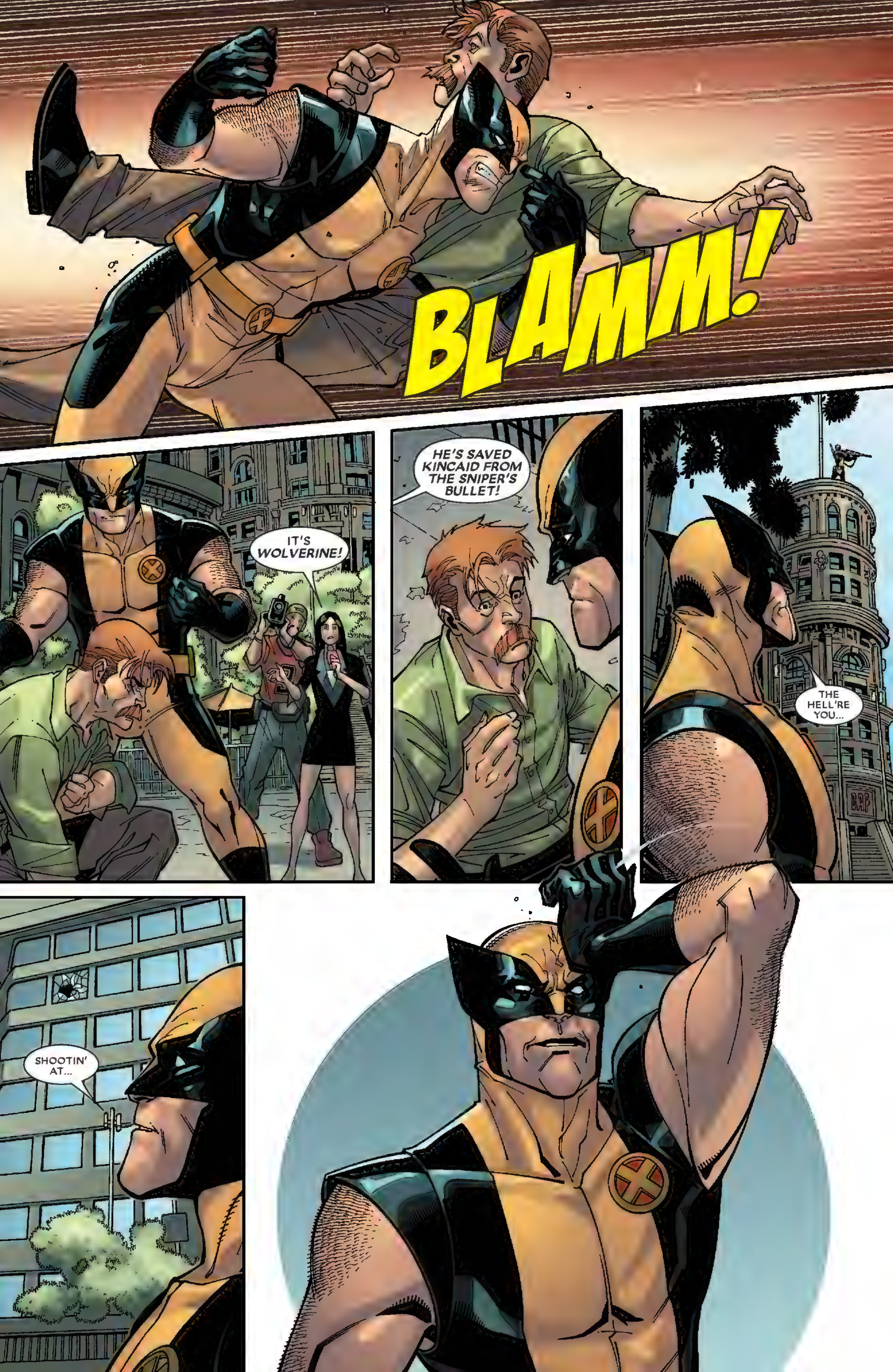
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT NOT TO BE KILLED

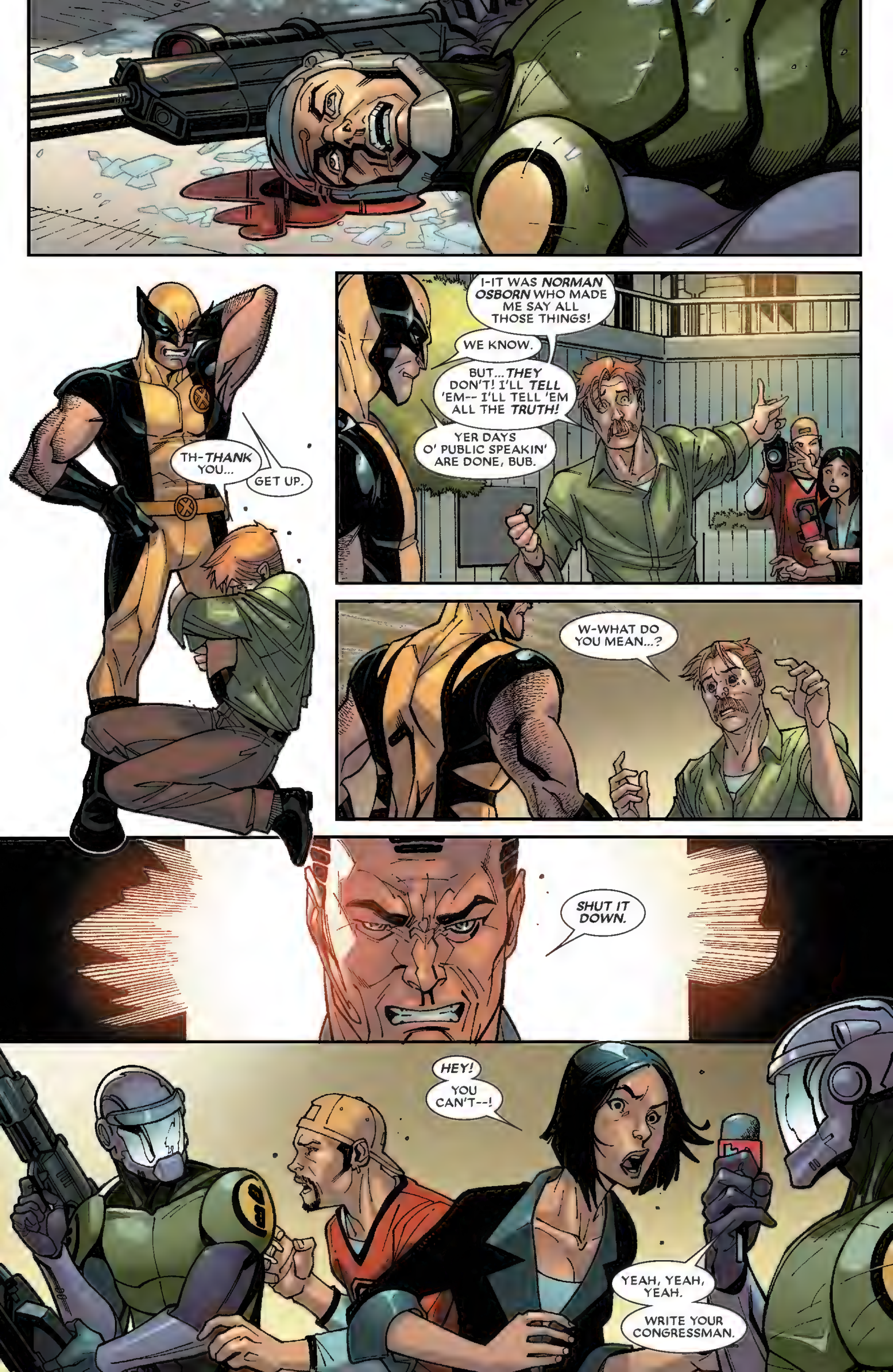

THIS IS... A PUBLIC...SERVICE... ANNOUNCEMENT!
WITH GUITARS!
X-MEN

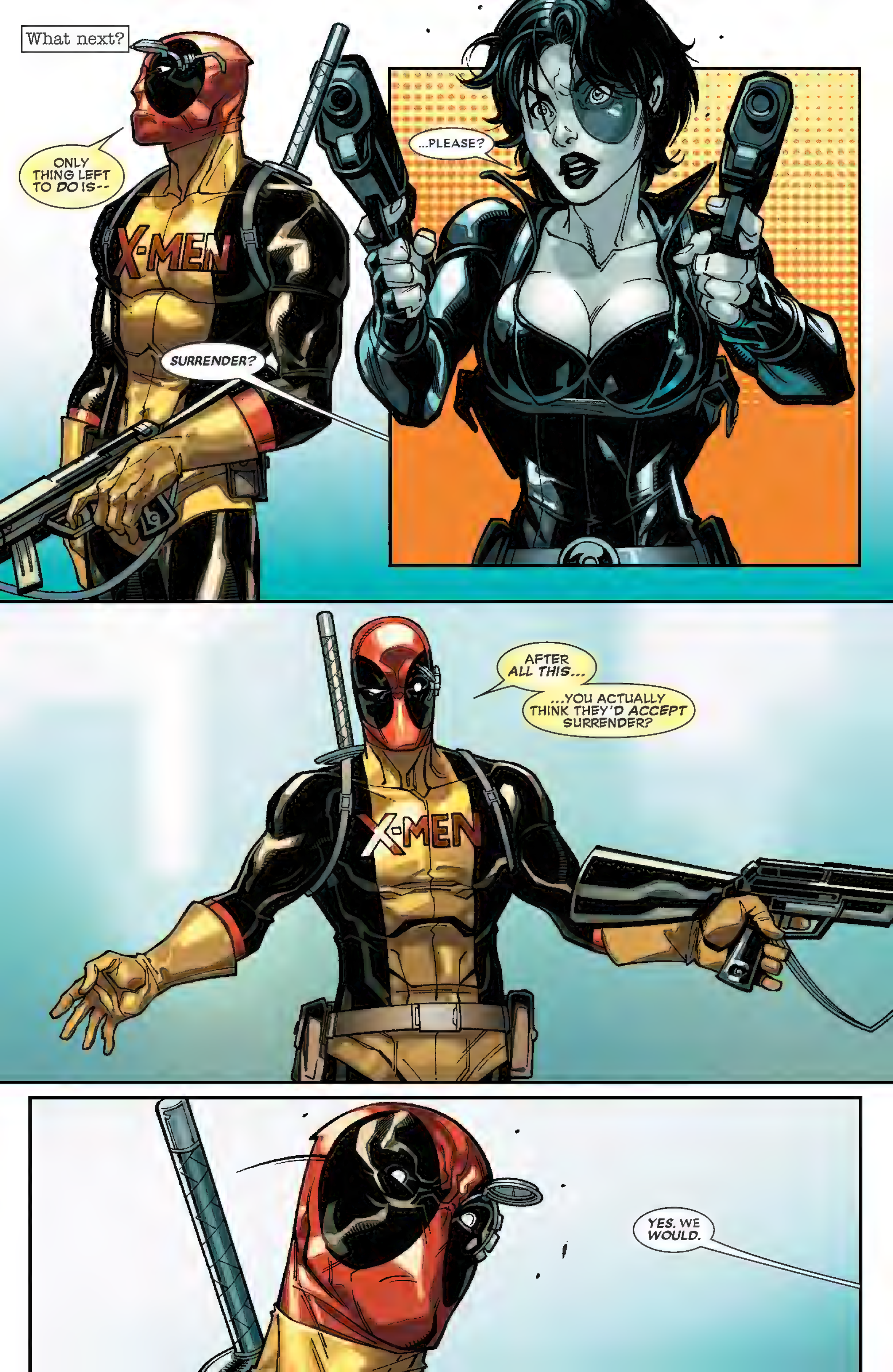

CYCLOPS TO WOLVERINE--
CHNK!
CHNK!
--WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?!
BR-KAAWK!
YOU'RE NOT GONNA...
TELL 'IM THAT I GOT TAKEN OUTTA THE FIGHT BY A #%$*IN' *ROOSTER?*
NO.
EXIT
TAKIN' THAT ONE TO THE GRAVE.
WOLVERINE TO CYCLOPS--*WE'RE ON THE MOVE.*

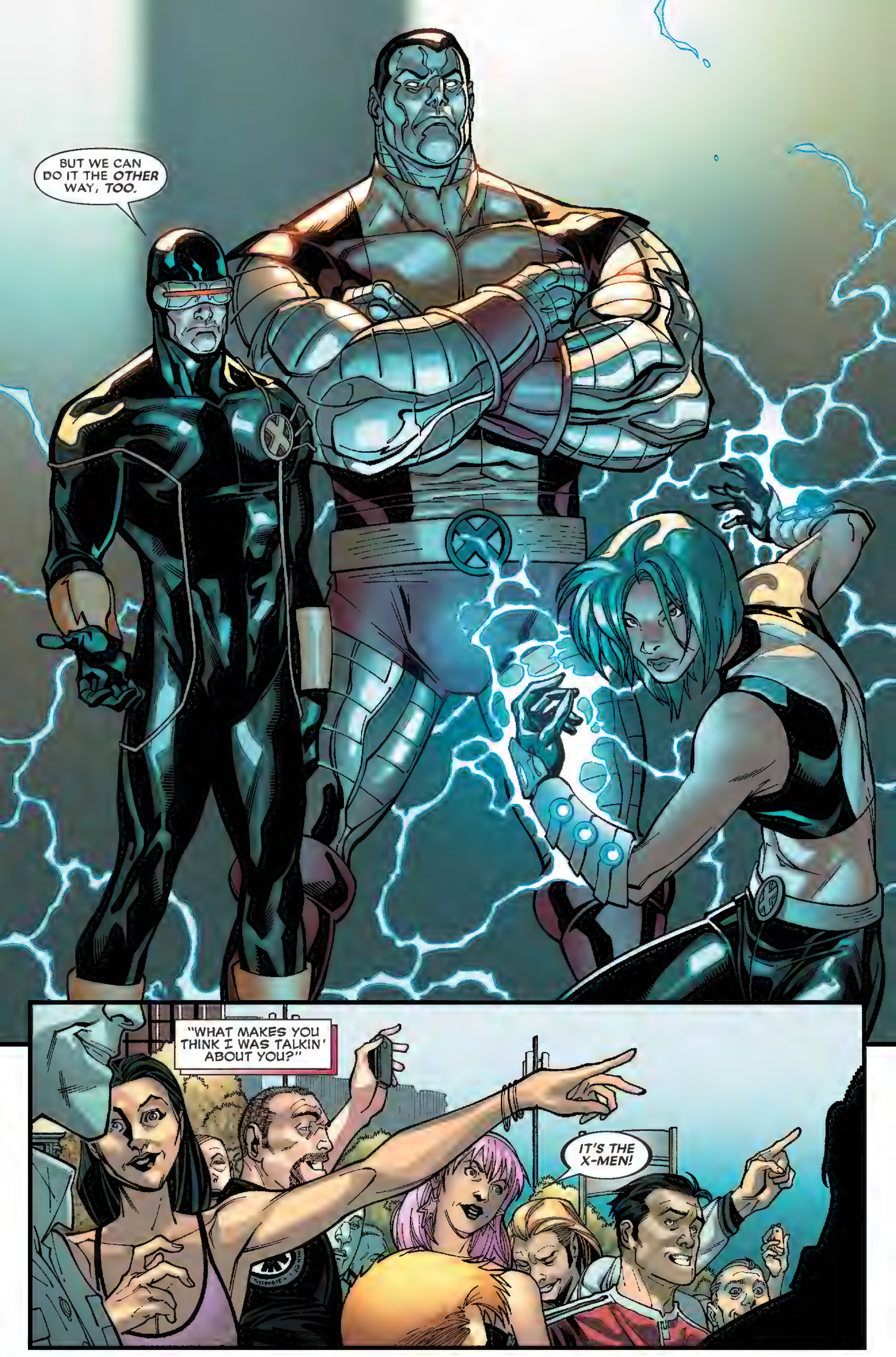

"SO ARE WE."
X-MEN
HEY, IS THAT...? IT IS!
IT'S KINCAID!
SFN
"ON MY ORDER, UNDERSTAND?"
HE'S RIGHT UP THERE!
WHY THE HELL AREN'T THEY--?
"TARGET IS OUT IN THE OPEN, SIR."
ONLY ON MY ORDER.
UNDERSTOOD, DIRECTOR OSBORN.
SHOULD WE, LIKE, INTERVIEW HIM?
&#%$!
K-POW!
UHH... NO?

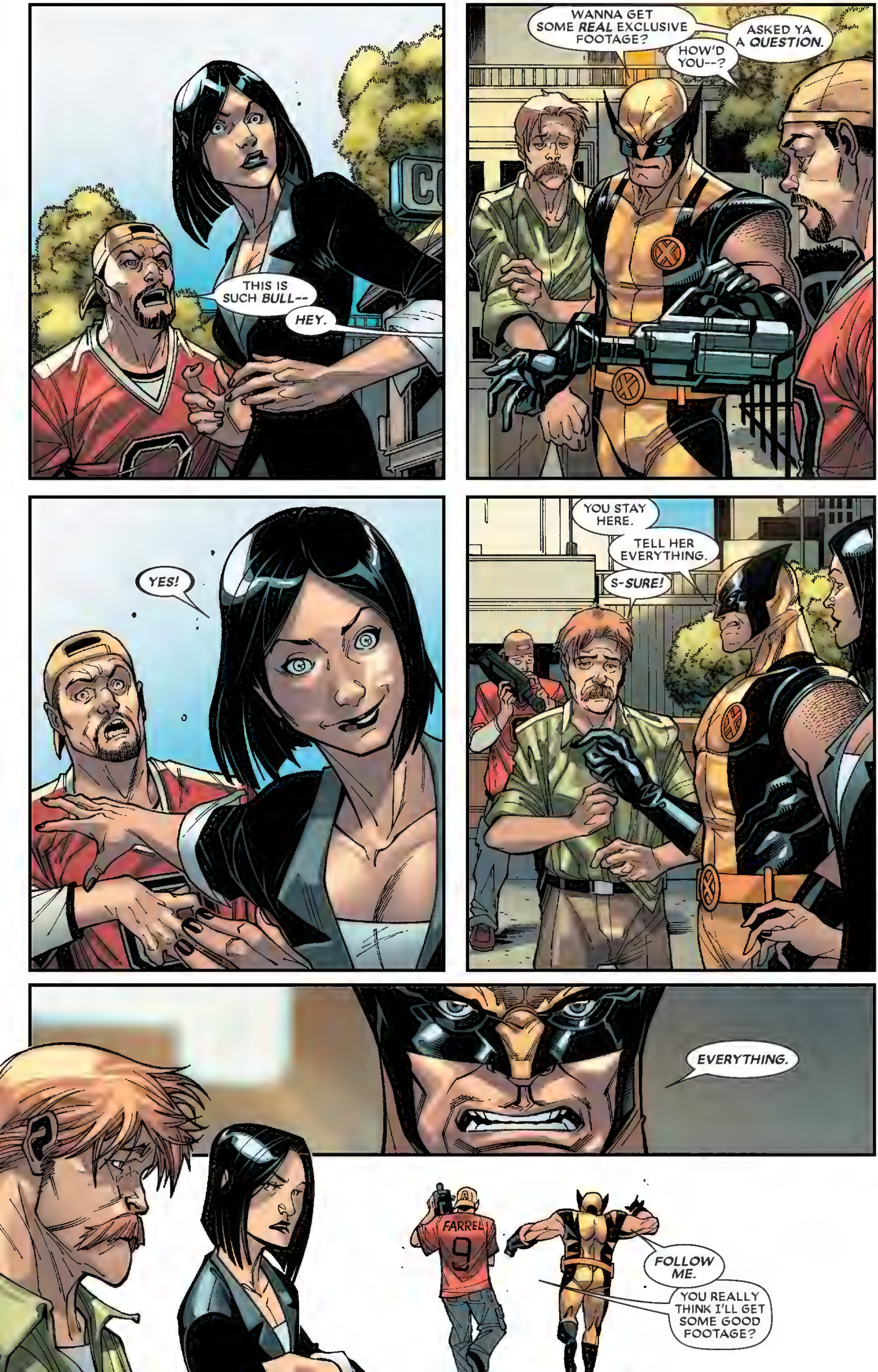

POW!
K-POW!
GUYS, PLEASE GET ME OUTTA HERE! GUYS?!
DUDES...?
LAST WORDS, KINCAID...
"...MAKE 'EM GOOD."
I LIED.
I LIED!
IT WAS ALL A LIE!
NOW.
UNDERSTOOD.

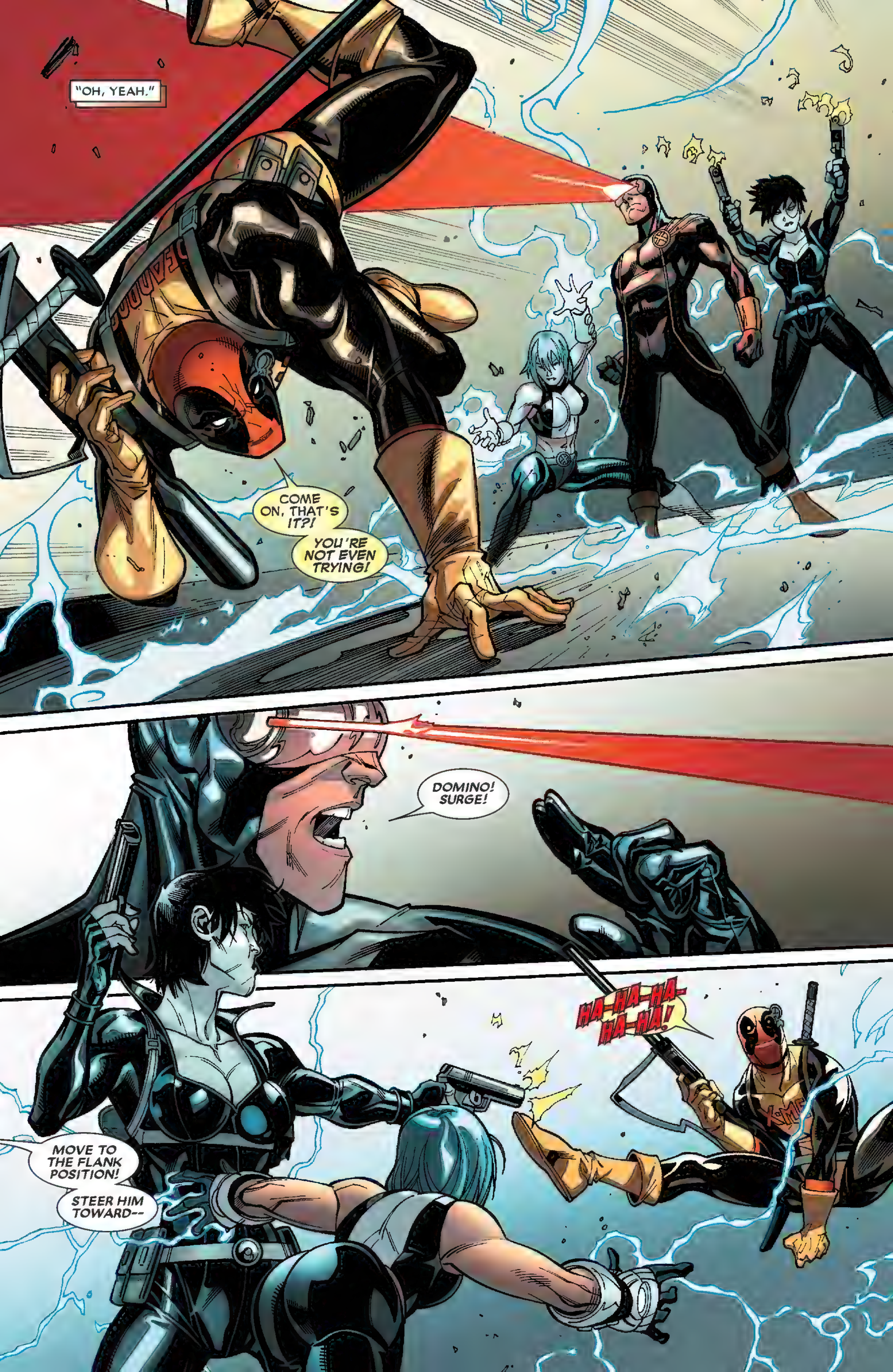

BLAMM!
IT'S WOLVERINE!
HE'S SAVED KINCAID FROM THE SNIPER'S BULLET!
THE HELL'RE YOU...
SHOOTIN' AT...

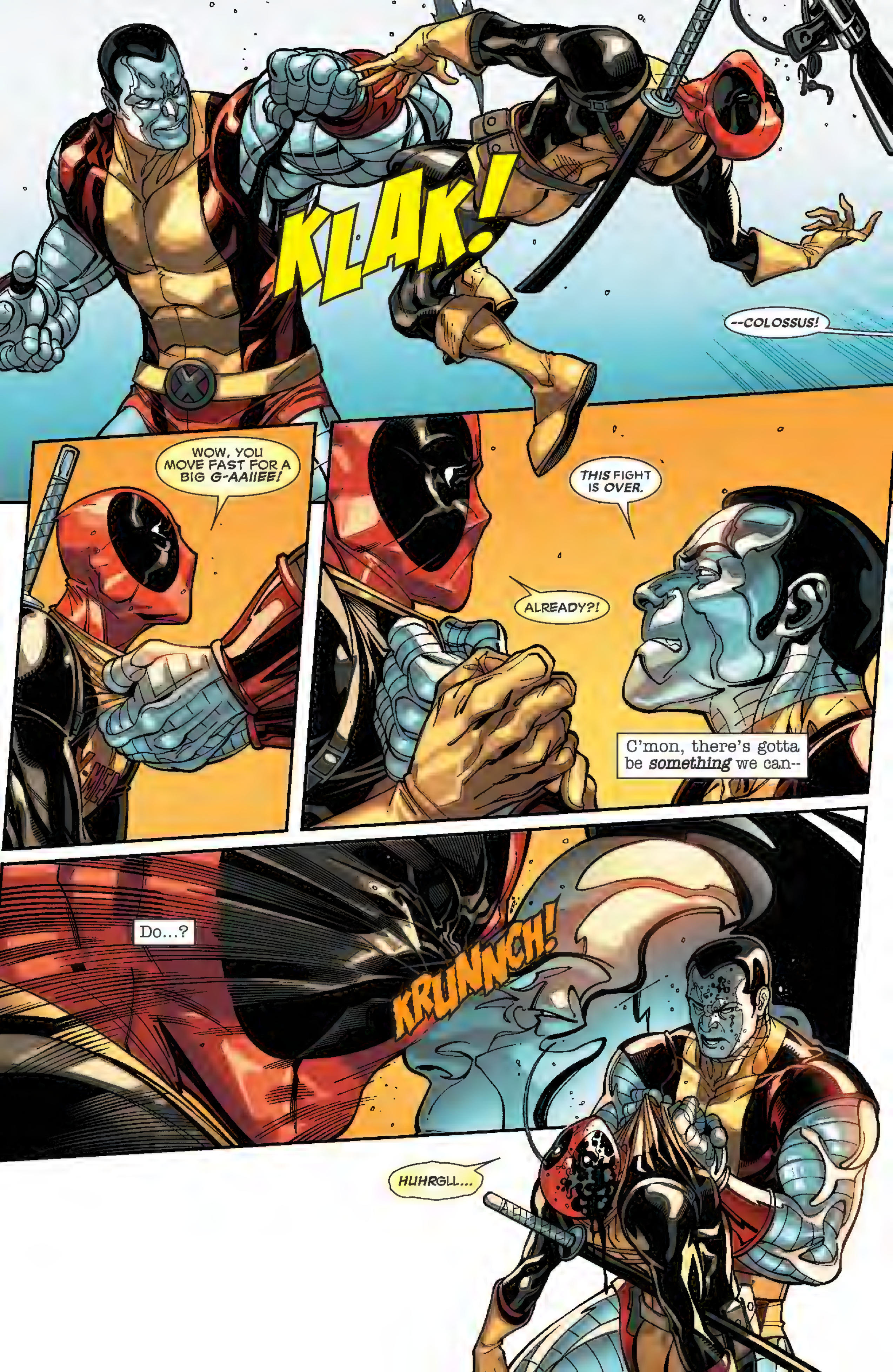

TH-*THANK* YOU...
GET UP.
I-IT WAS **NORMAN OSBORN** WHO MADE ME SAY ALL THOSE THINGS!
WE KNOW.
BUT... *THEY* DON'T! I'LL *TELL* 'EM-- I'LL TELL 'EM ALL THE *TRUTH!*
YER DAYS O' PUBLIC SPEAKIN' ARE DONE, BUB.
W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN...?
SHUT IT DOWN.
HEY!
YOU CAN'T--!
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH.
WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN.

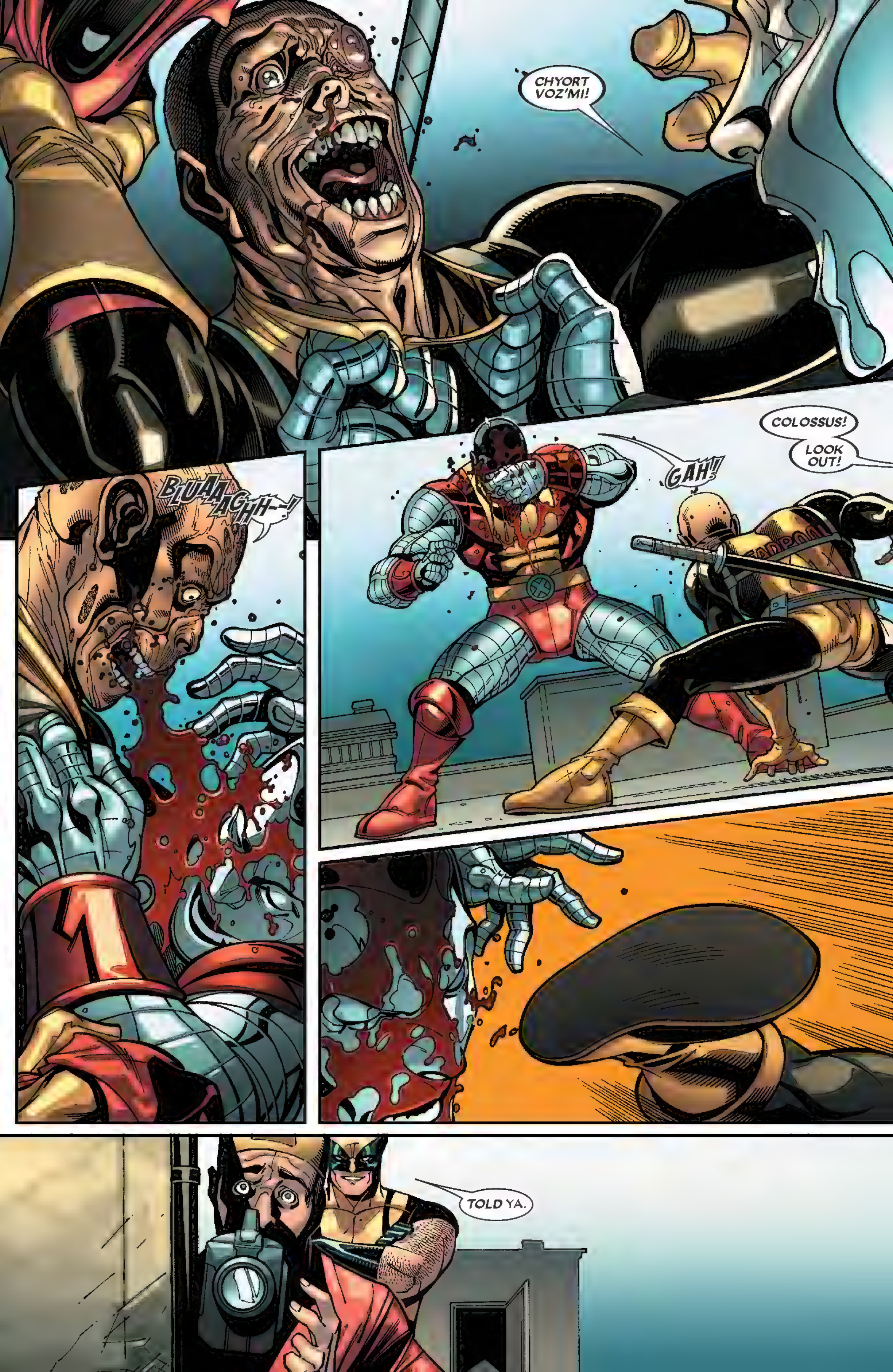

What next?
ONLY THING LEFT TO *DO* IS--
SURRENDER?
...PLEASE?
AFTER *ALL THIS...*
...YOU ACTUALLY THINK THEY'D *ACCEPT* SURRENDER?
YES. WE WOULD.

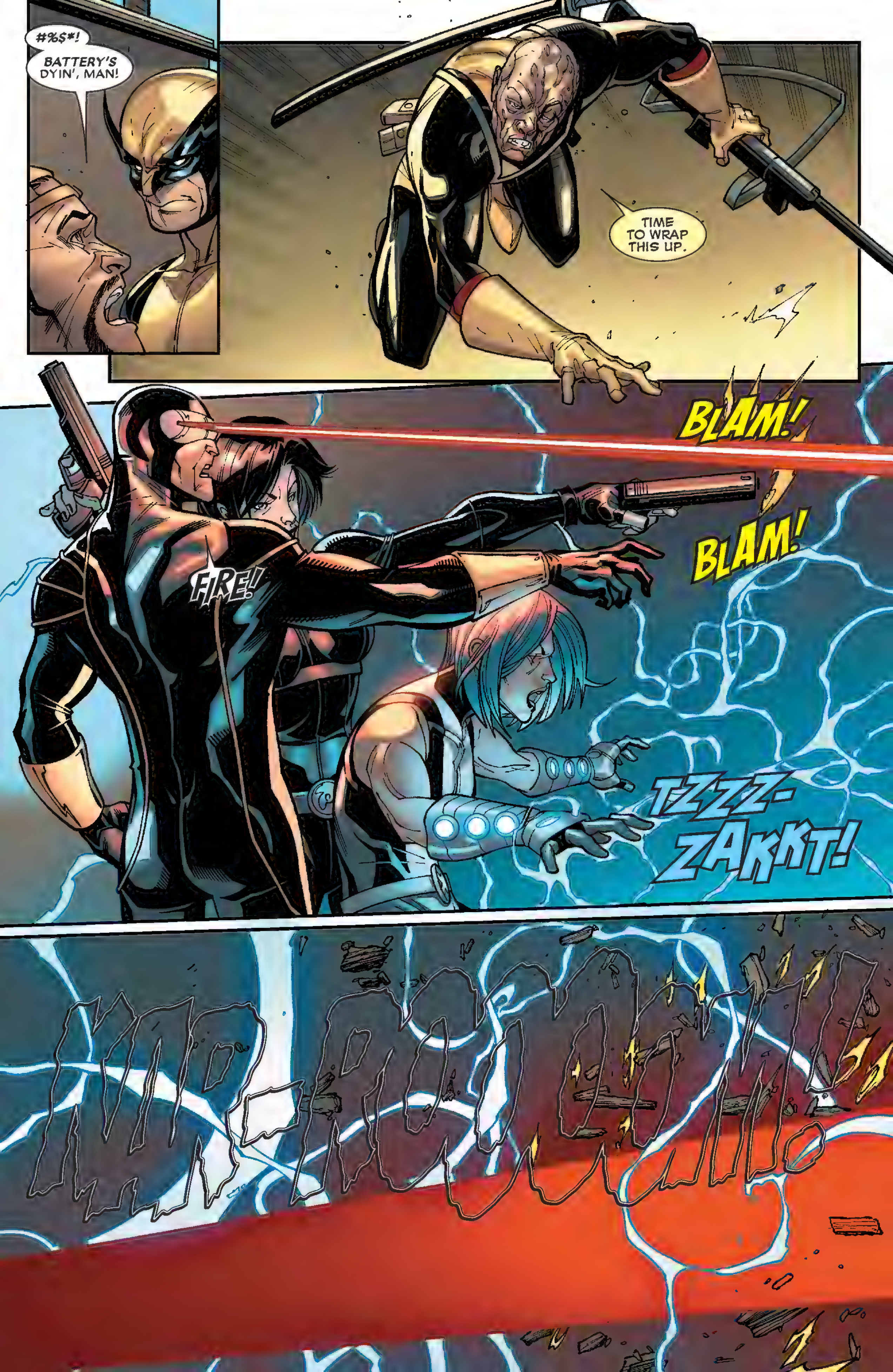

BUT WE CAN DO IT THE *OTHER* WAY, *TOO.*
"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WAS TALKIN' ABOUT YOU?"
IT'S THE X-MEN!

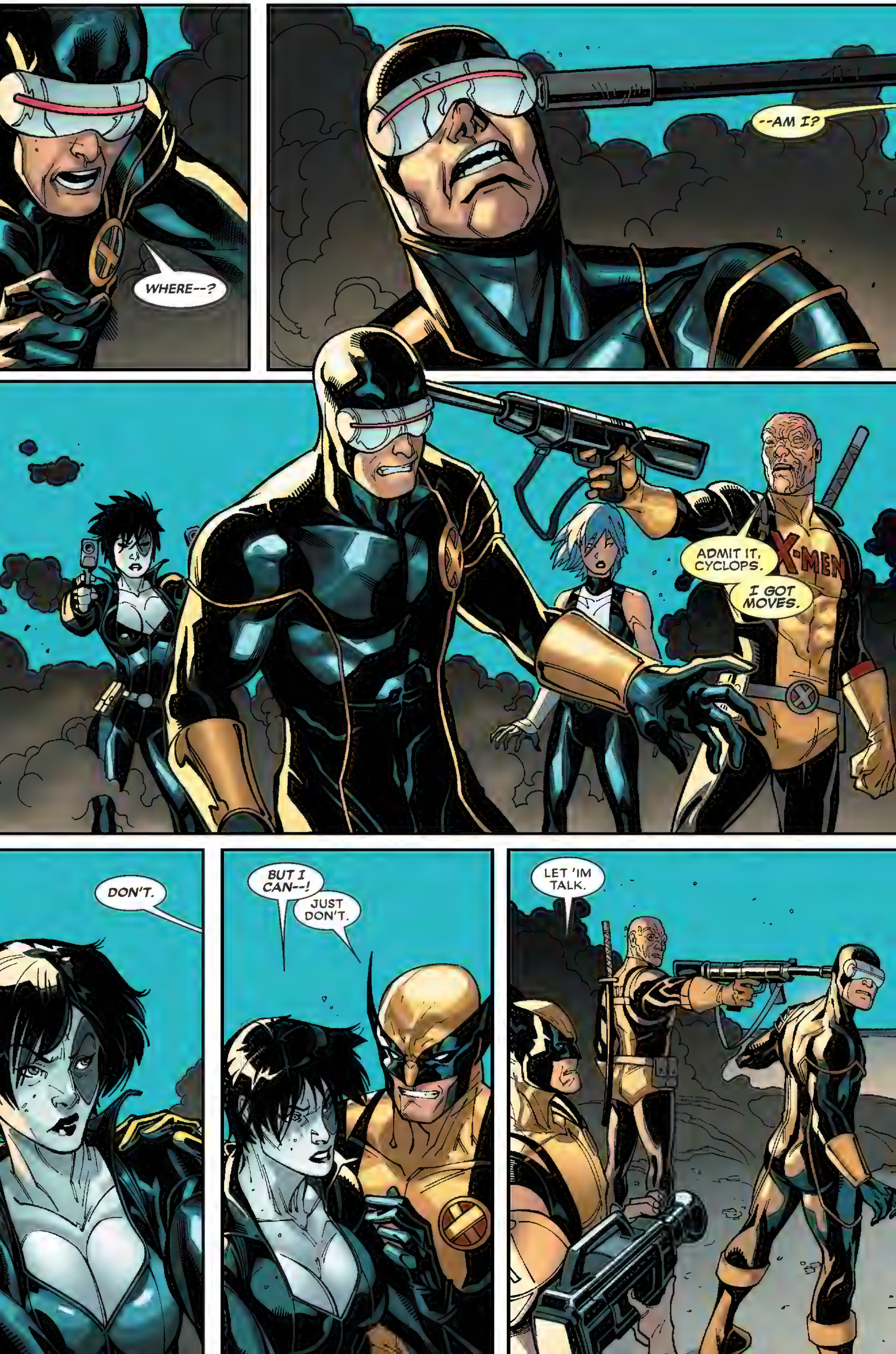

THIS IS SUCH *BULL*--
HEY.
WANNA GET SOME *REAL* EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE?
HOW'D YOU--?
ASKED YA A *QUESTION.*
YES!
YOU STAY HERE.
TELL HER EVERYTHING.
S-SURE!
EVERYTHING.
FARREL 9
FOLLOW ME.
YOU REALLY THINK I'LL GET SOME GOOD FOOTAGE?

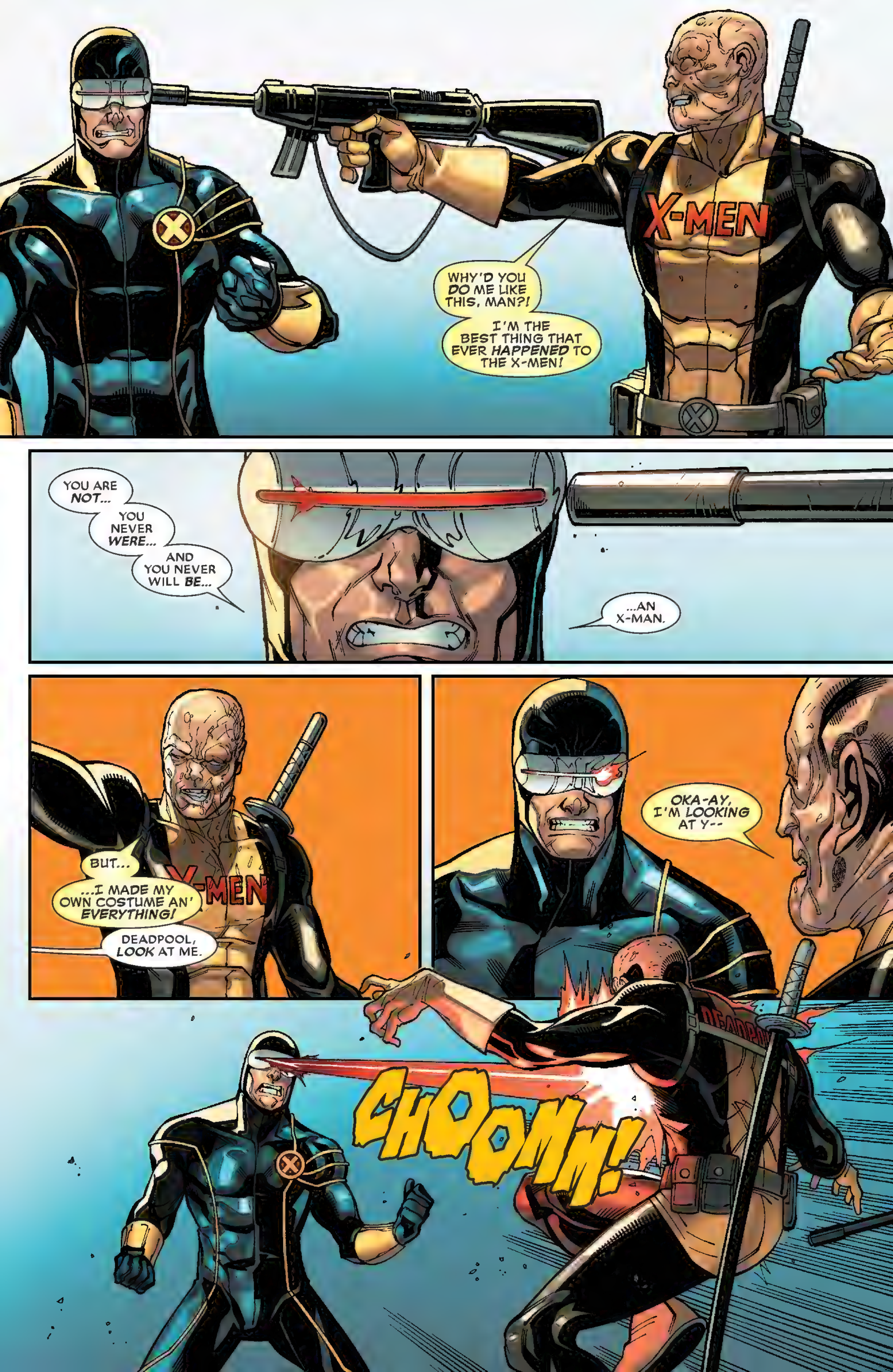

"OH, YEAH."
COME ON, THAT'S IT?!
YOU'RE NOT EVEN TRYING!
DOMINO! SURGE!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
MOVE TO THE FLANK POSITION!
STEER HIM TOWARD--
X-MEN

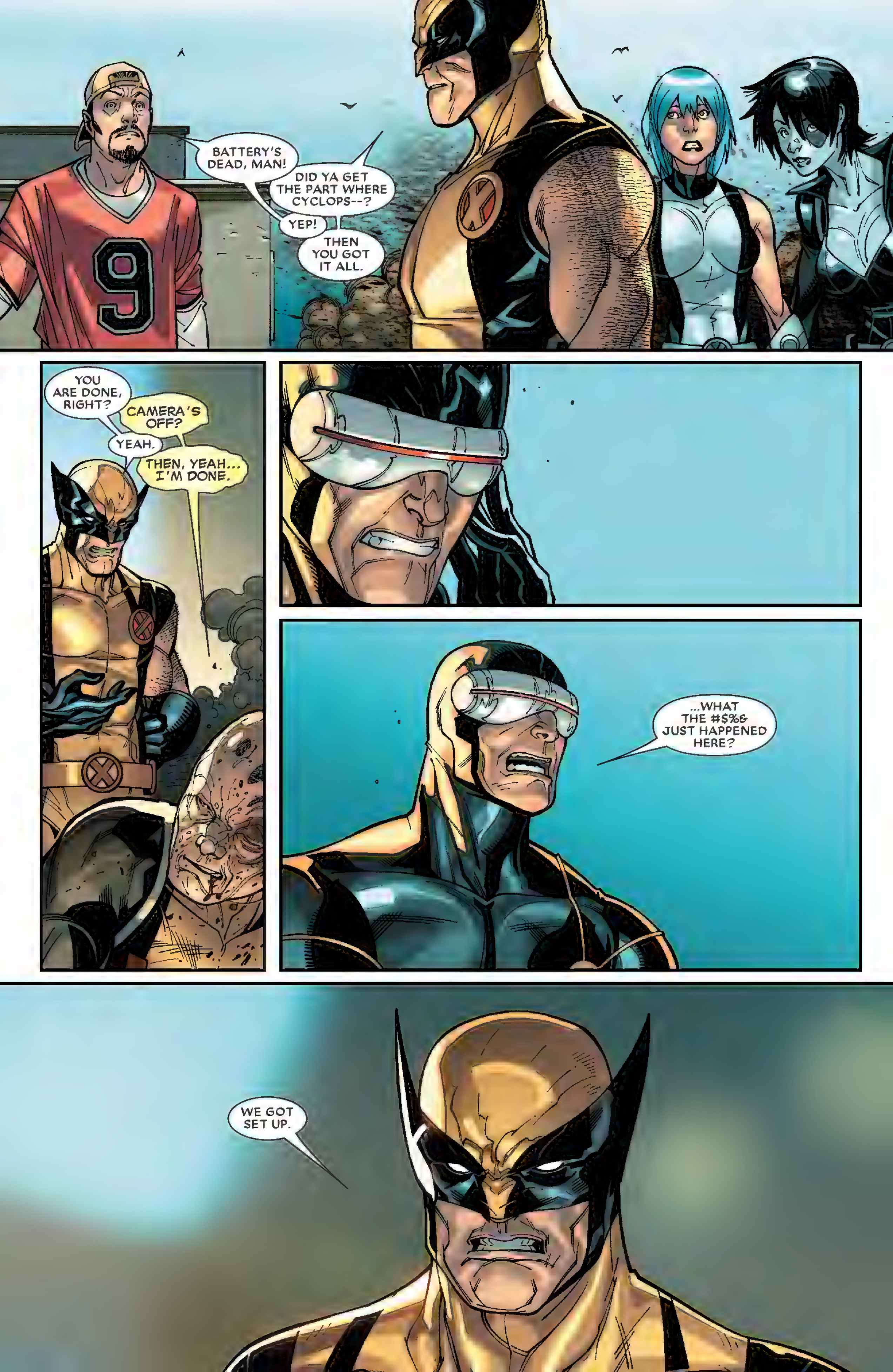

KLAK!
--COLOSSUS!
WOW, YOU MOVE FAST FOR A BIG G-AAIIEE!
THIS FIGHT IS OVER.
ALREADY?!
C'mon, there's gotta be something we can--
Do...?
KRUNNCH!
HUHRGLL...

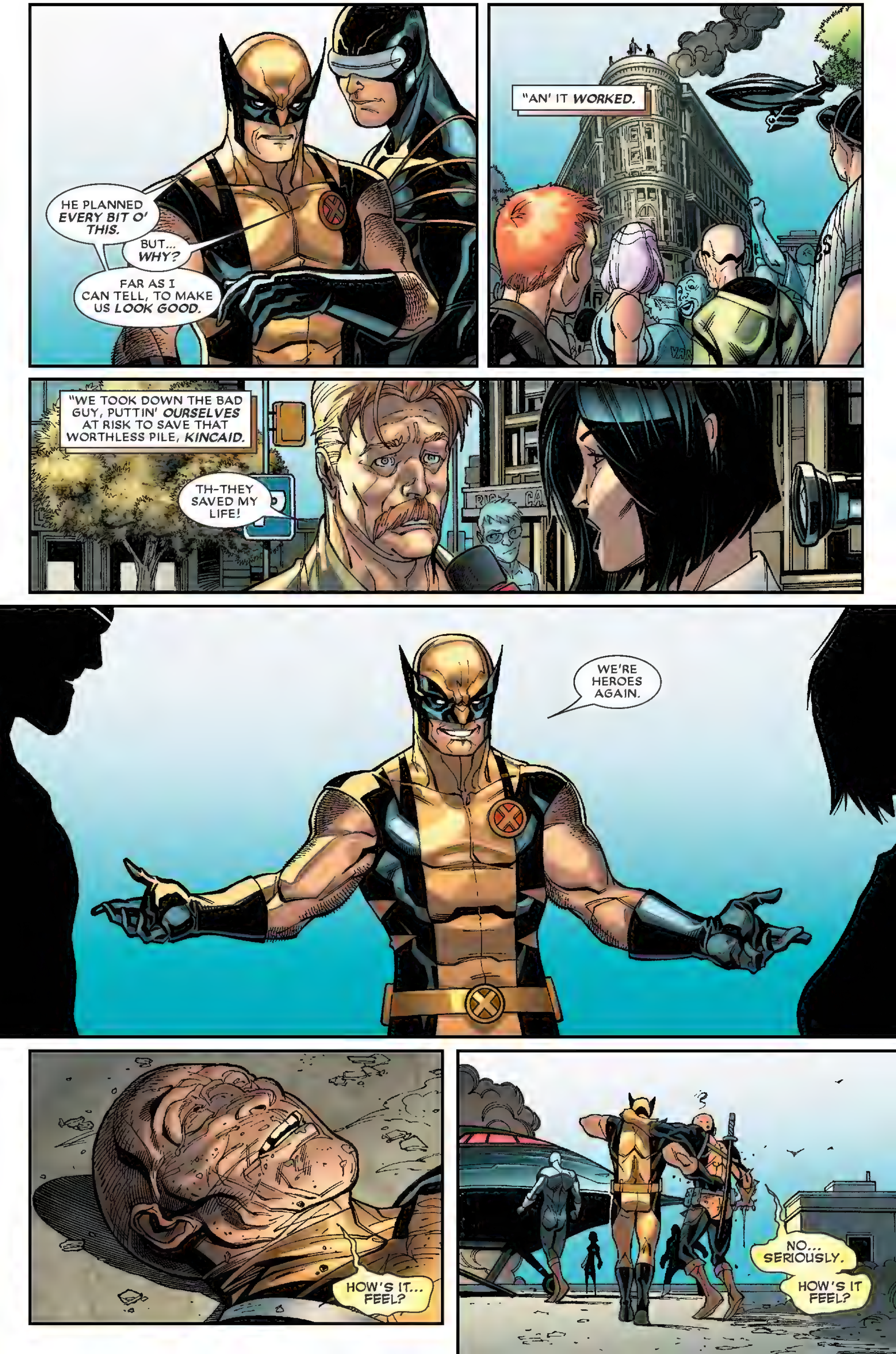

CHYORT VOZ'MI!
BLUAAAGHH--!
COLOSSUS!
LOOK OUT!
GAH!!
TOLD YA.

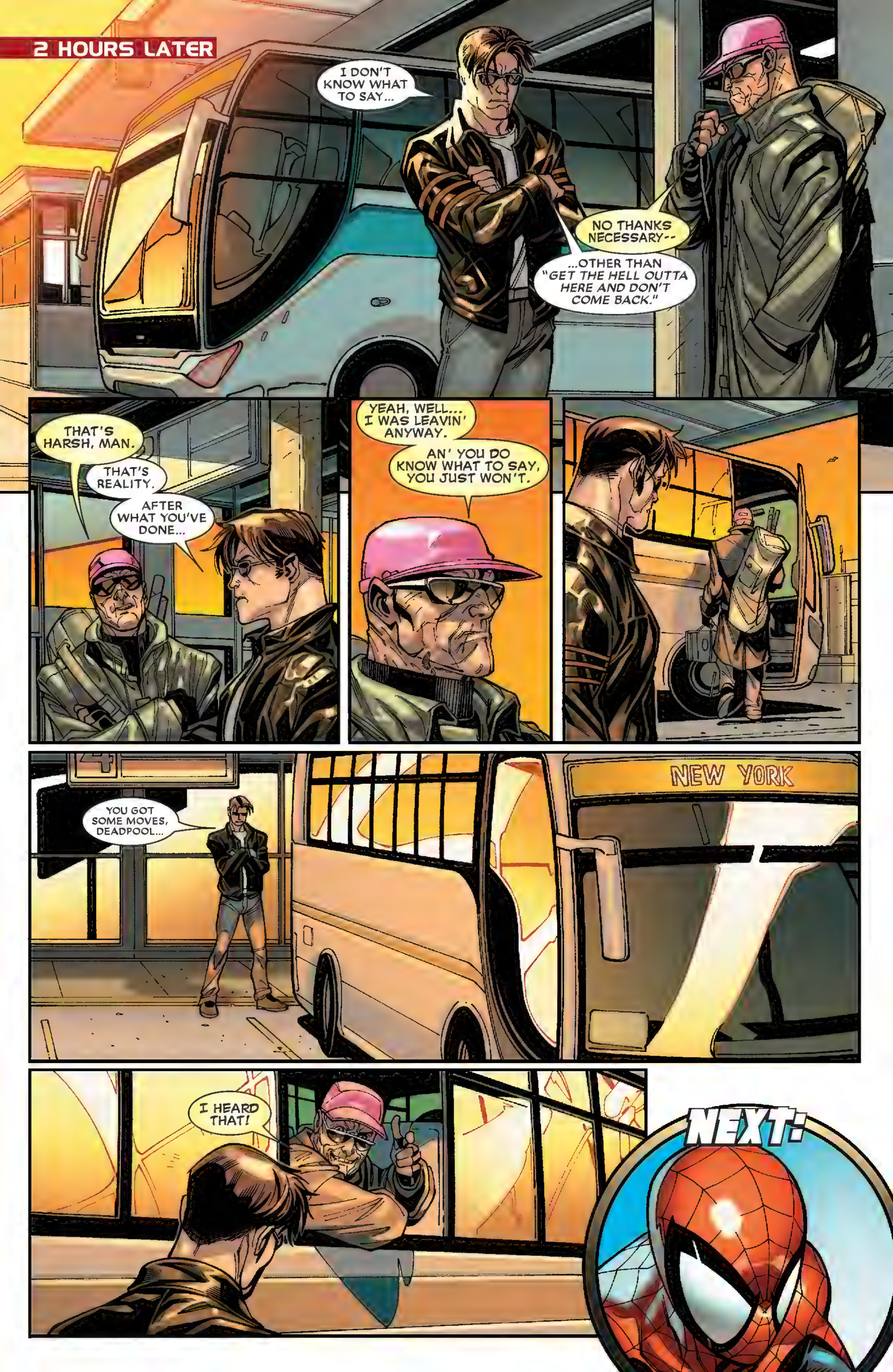

#%$*!
BATTERY'S DYIN', MAN!
TIME TO WRAP THIS UP.
BLAM!
FIRE!
BLAM!
TZZZ-ZAKKT!
KR-KROOOOM!


WHERE--?
--AM I?
ADMIT IT, CYCLOPS.
I GOT MOVES.
DON'T.
BUT I CAN--!
JUST DON'T.
LET 'IM TALK.

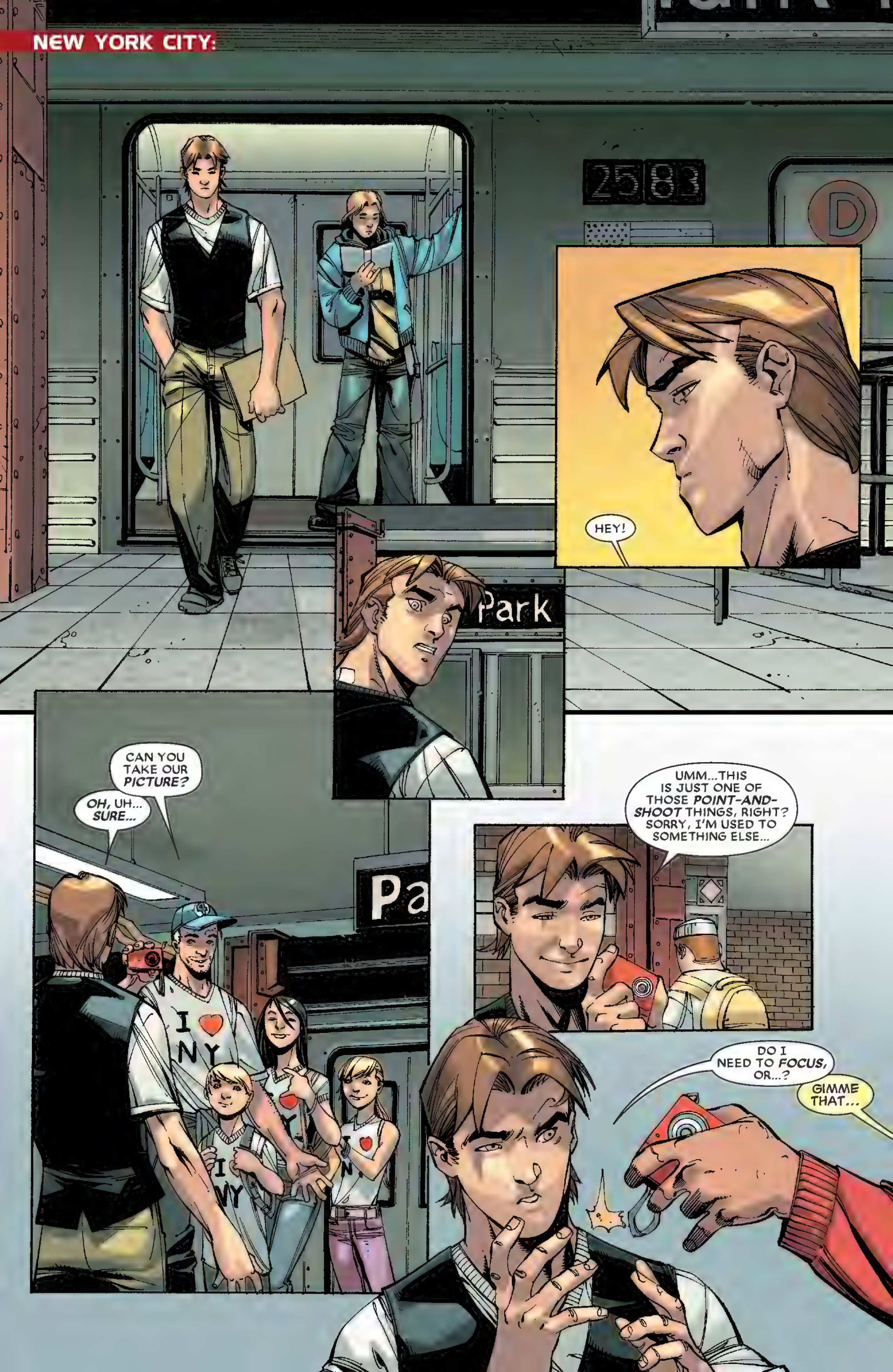

WHY'D YOU DO ME LIKE THIS, MAN?!
I'M THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE X-MEN!
X-MEN
YOU ARE NOT...
YOU NEVER WERE...
AND YOU NEVER WILL BE...
...AN X-MAN.
BUT...
...I MADE MY OWN COSTUME AN' EVERYTHING!
DEADPOOL, LOOK AT ME.
OKA-AY, I'M LOOKING AT Y--
CHOOMM!

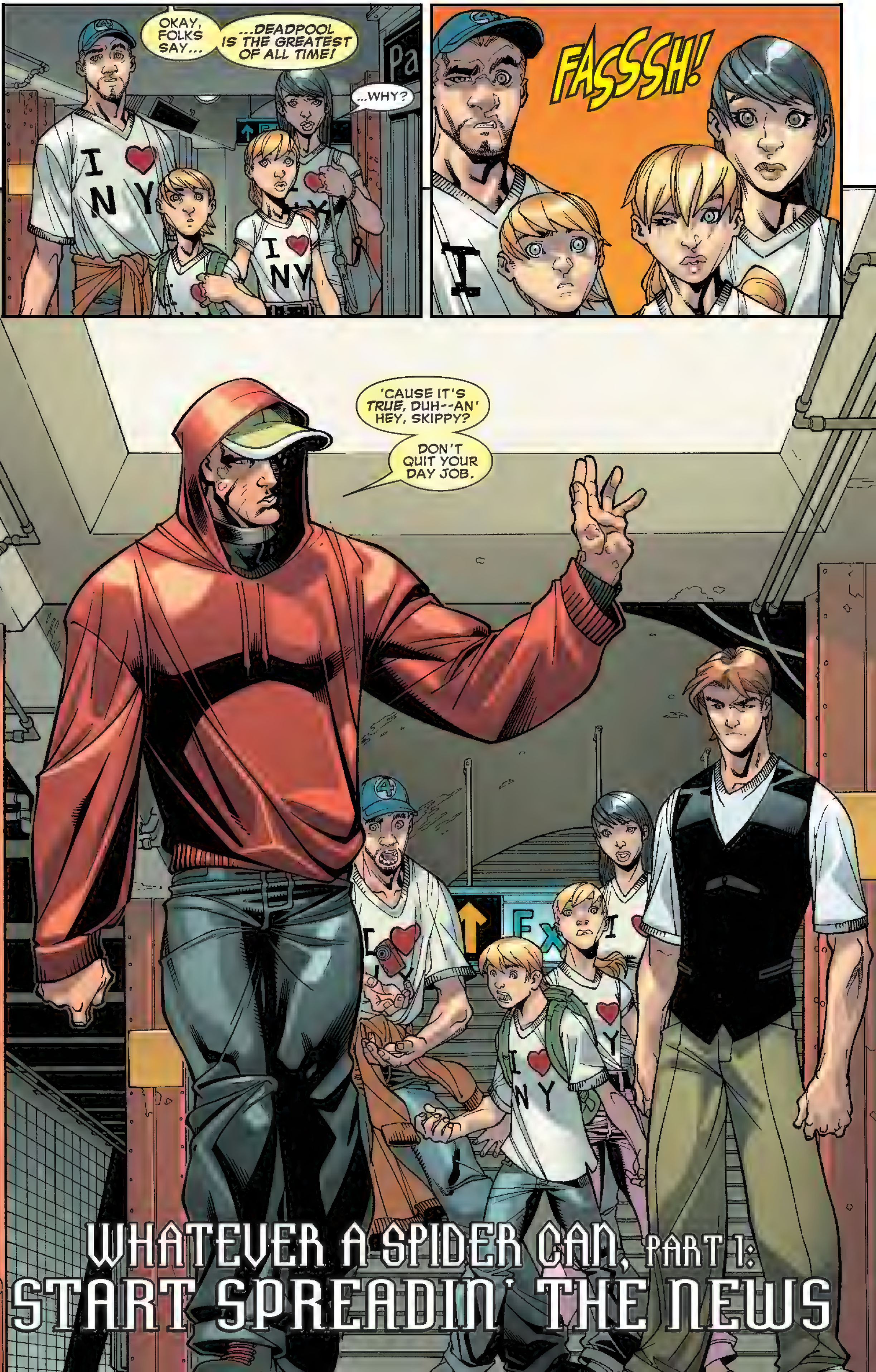

BATTERY'S DEAD, MAN!
DID YA GET THE PART WHERE CYCLOPS--?
YEP!
THEN YOU GOT IT ALL.
YOU ARE DONE, RIGHT?
CAMERA'S OFF?
YEAH.
THEN, YEAH... I'M DONE.
...WHAT THE #$%& JUST HAPPENED HERE?
WE GOT SET UP.


HE PLANNED *EVERY BIT O' THIS.*
BUT... *WHY?*
FAR AS I CAN TELL, TO MAKE US *LOOK GOOD.*
"AN' IT *WORKED.*
"WE TOOK DOWN THE BAD GUY, PUTTIN' *OURSELVES* AT RISK TO SAVE THAT WORTHLESS PILE, *KINCAID.*
TH-THEY SAVED MY LIFE!
WE'RE HEROES AGAIN.
HOW'S IT... FEEL?
NO... SERIOUSLY.
HOW'S IT FEEL?

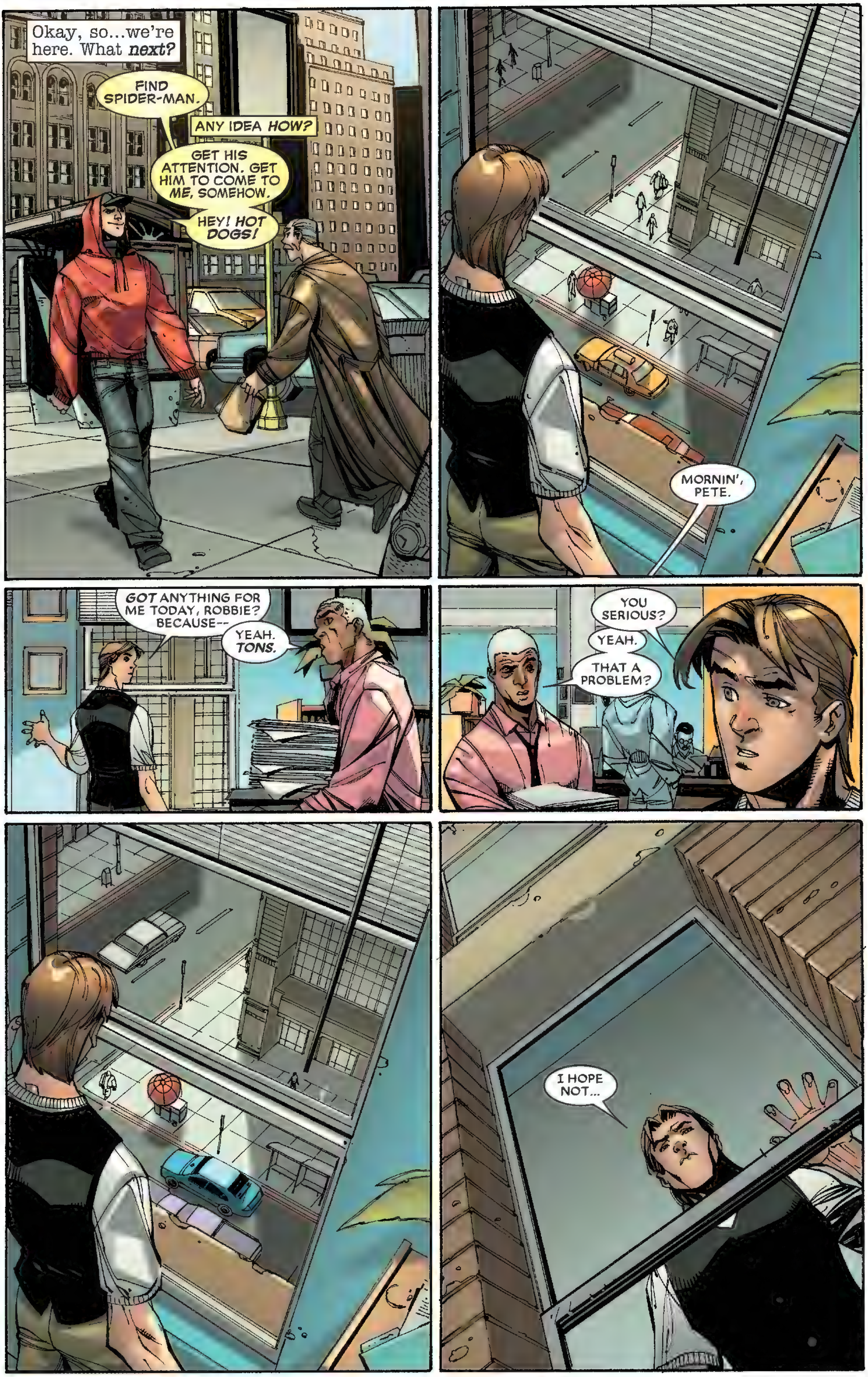

2 HOURS LATER
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
NO THANKS NECESSARY--
...OTHER THAN "GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE AND DON'T COME BACK."
THAT'S HARSH, MAN.
THAT'S REALITY.
AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE...
YEAH, WELL... I WAS LEAVIN' ANYWAY.
AN' YOU DO KNOW WHAT TO SAY, YOU JUST WON'T.
NEW YORK
YOU GOT SOME MOVES, DEADPOOL...
I HEARD THAT!
NEXT:

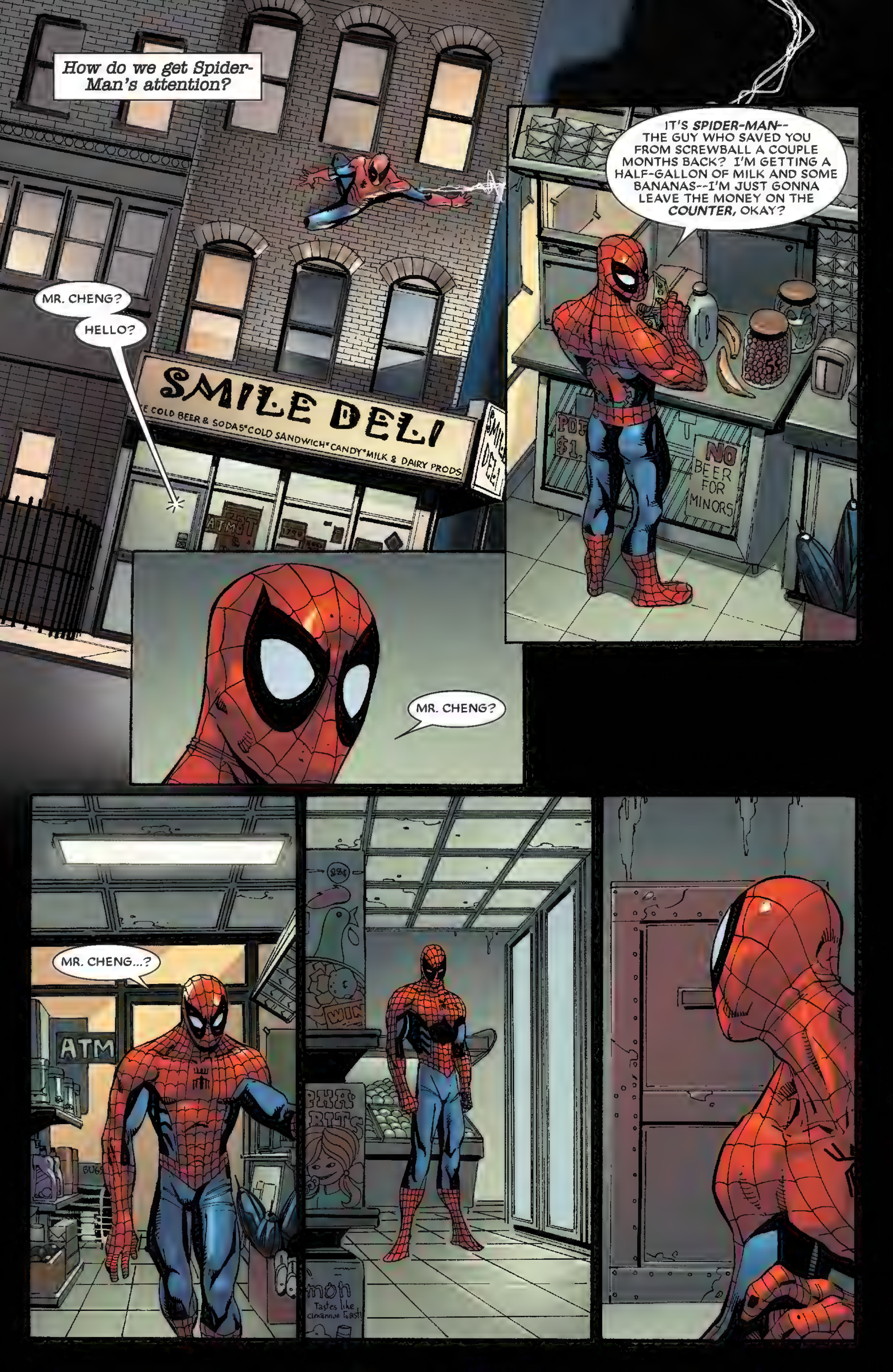
19

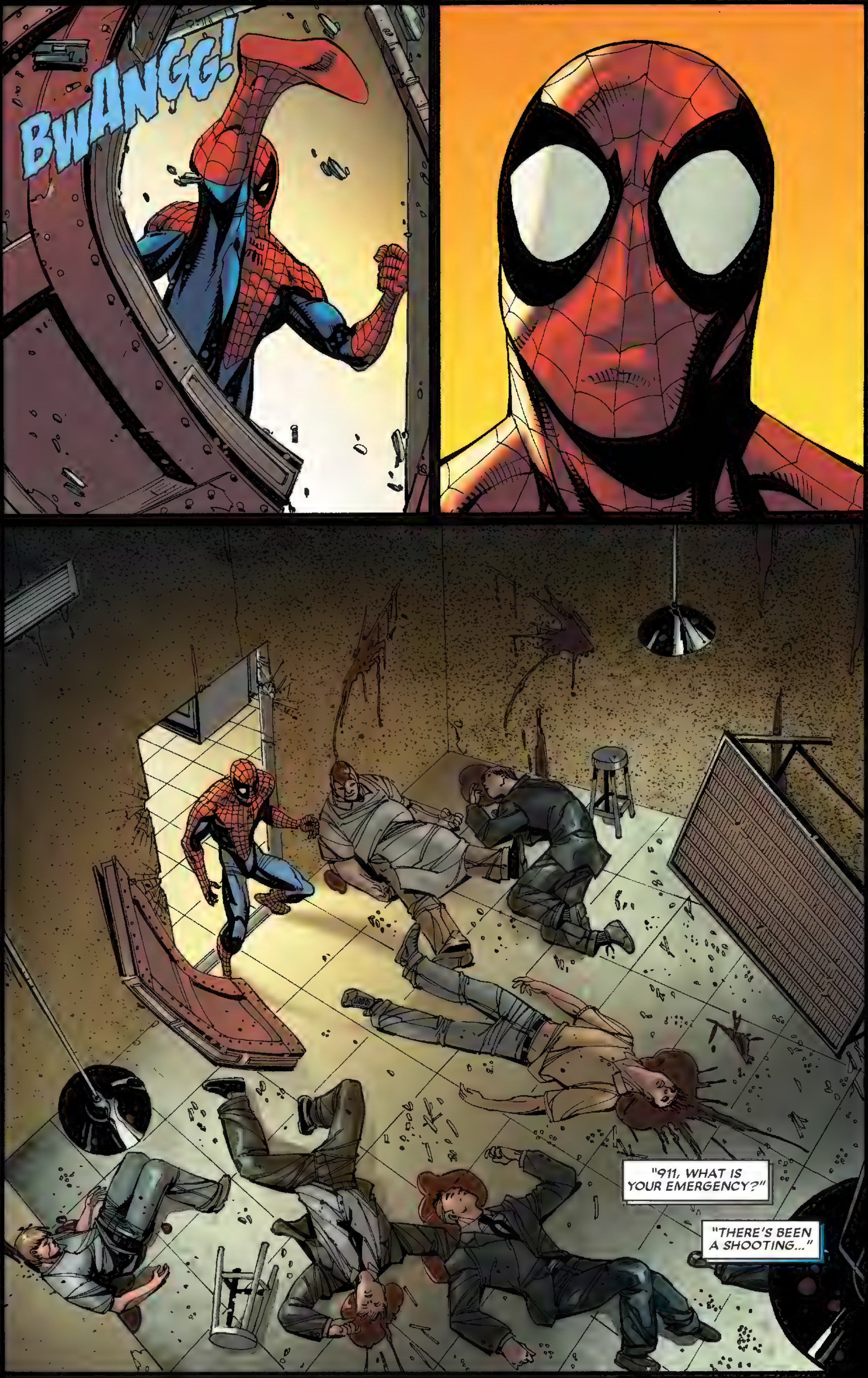

NEW YORK CITY:
2583
D
HEY!
Park
CAN YOU TAKE OUR *PICTURE?*
OH, UH... SURE...
Pa
UMM...THIS IS JUST ONE OF THOSE *POINT-AND-SHOOT* THINGS, RIGHT? SORRY, I'M USED TO SOMETHING ELSE...
DO I NEED TO *FOCUS,* OR...?
GIMME THAT...

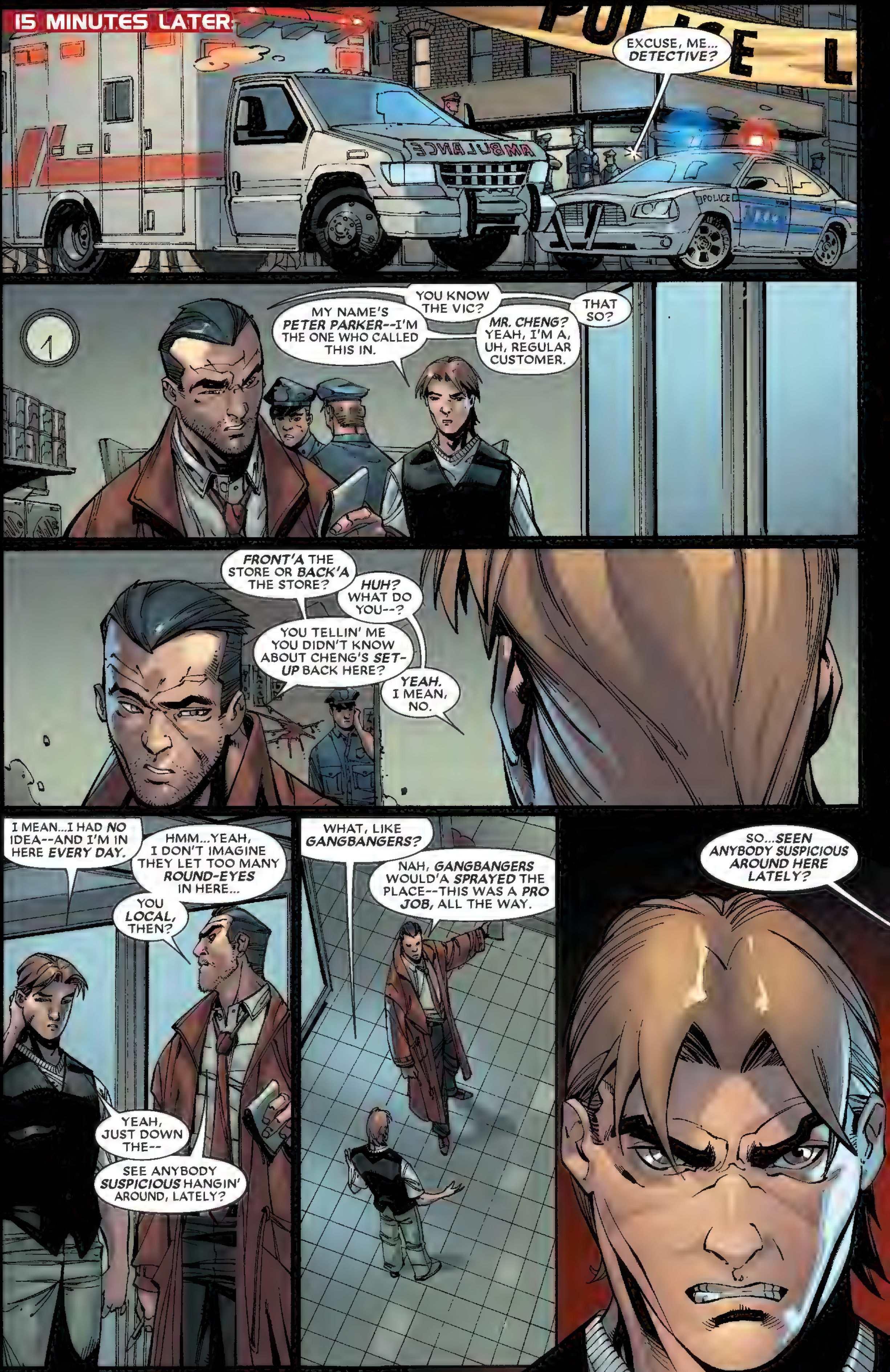

OKAY, FOLKS SAY...
...DEADPOOL IS THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME!
...WHY?
FASSSH!
'CAUSE IT'S *TRUE*, DUH--AN' HEY, SKIPPY?
DON'T QUIT YOUR DAY JOB.

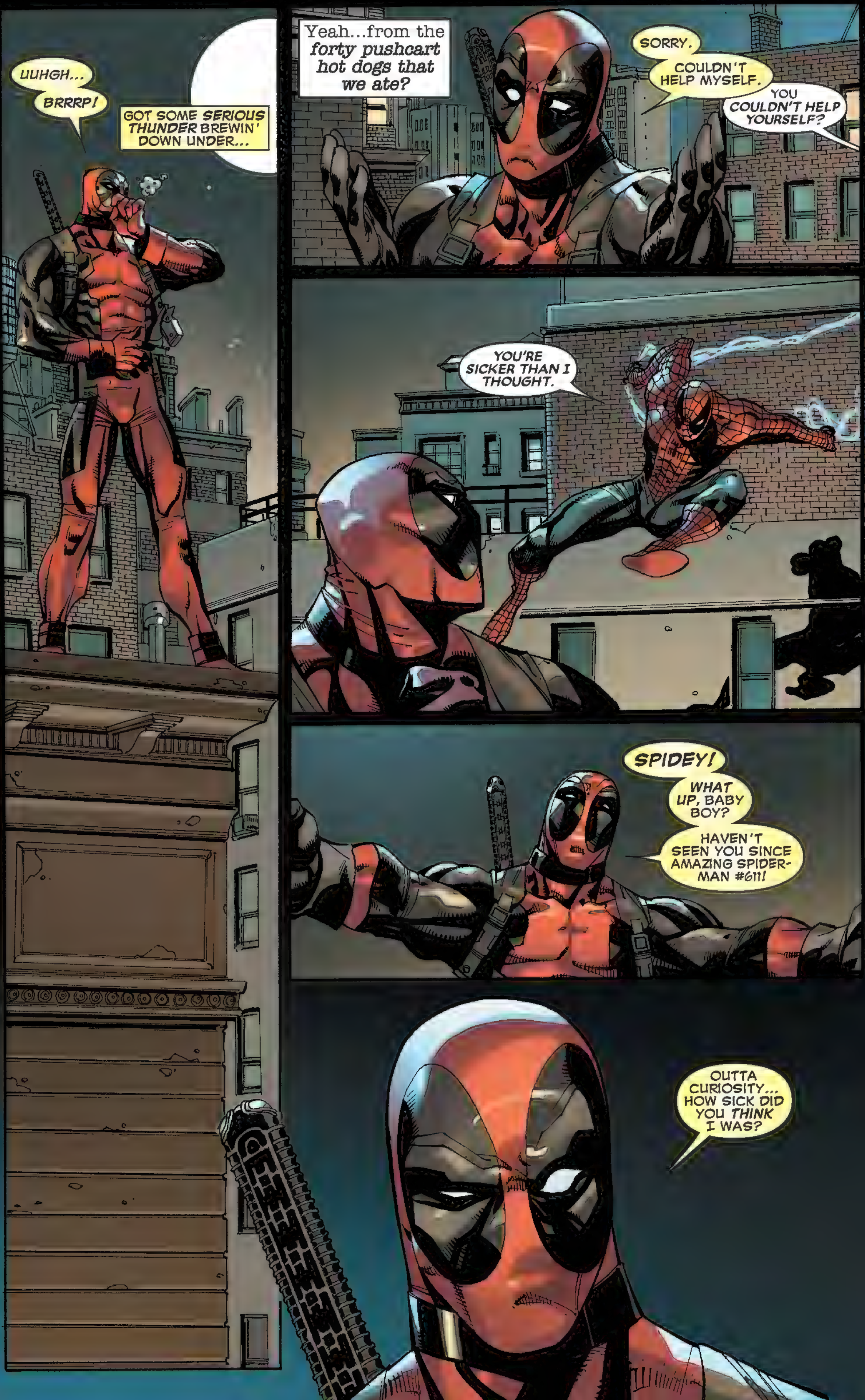
WHATEVER A SPIDER CAN, PART 1:
START SPREADIN' THE NEWS

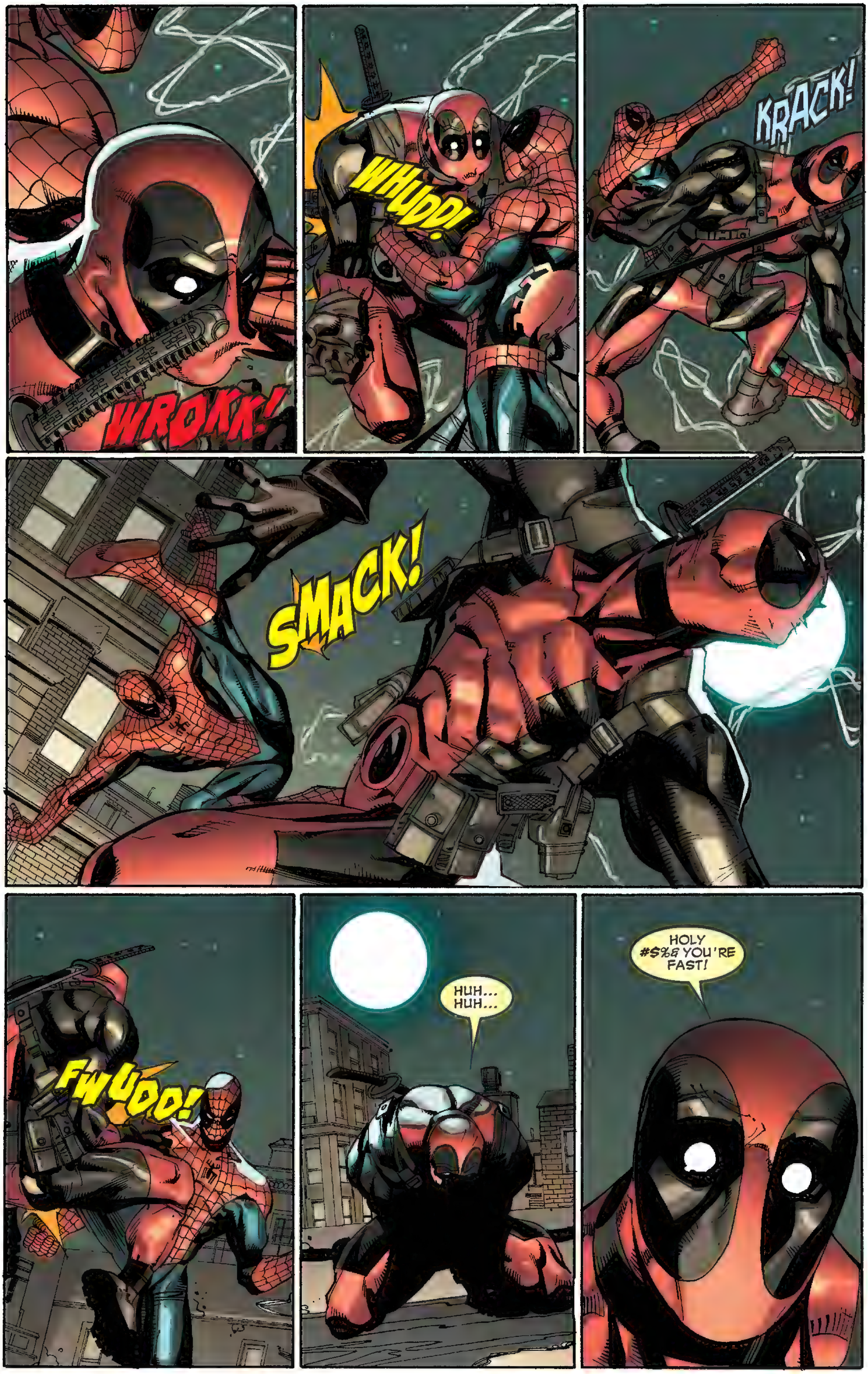

Okay, so...we're here. What *next?*
FIND SPIDER-MAN.
ANY IDEA *HOW?*
GET HIS ATTENTION. GET HIM TO COME TO *ME*, SOMEHOW.
HEY! *HOT DOGS!*
MORNIN', PETE.
GOT ANYTHING FOR ME TODAY, ROBBIE? BECAUSE--
YEAH. *TONS.*
YOU SERIOUS?
YEAH.
THAT A PROBLEM?
I HOPE NOT...

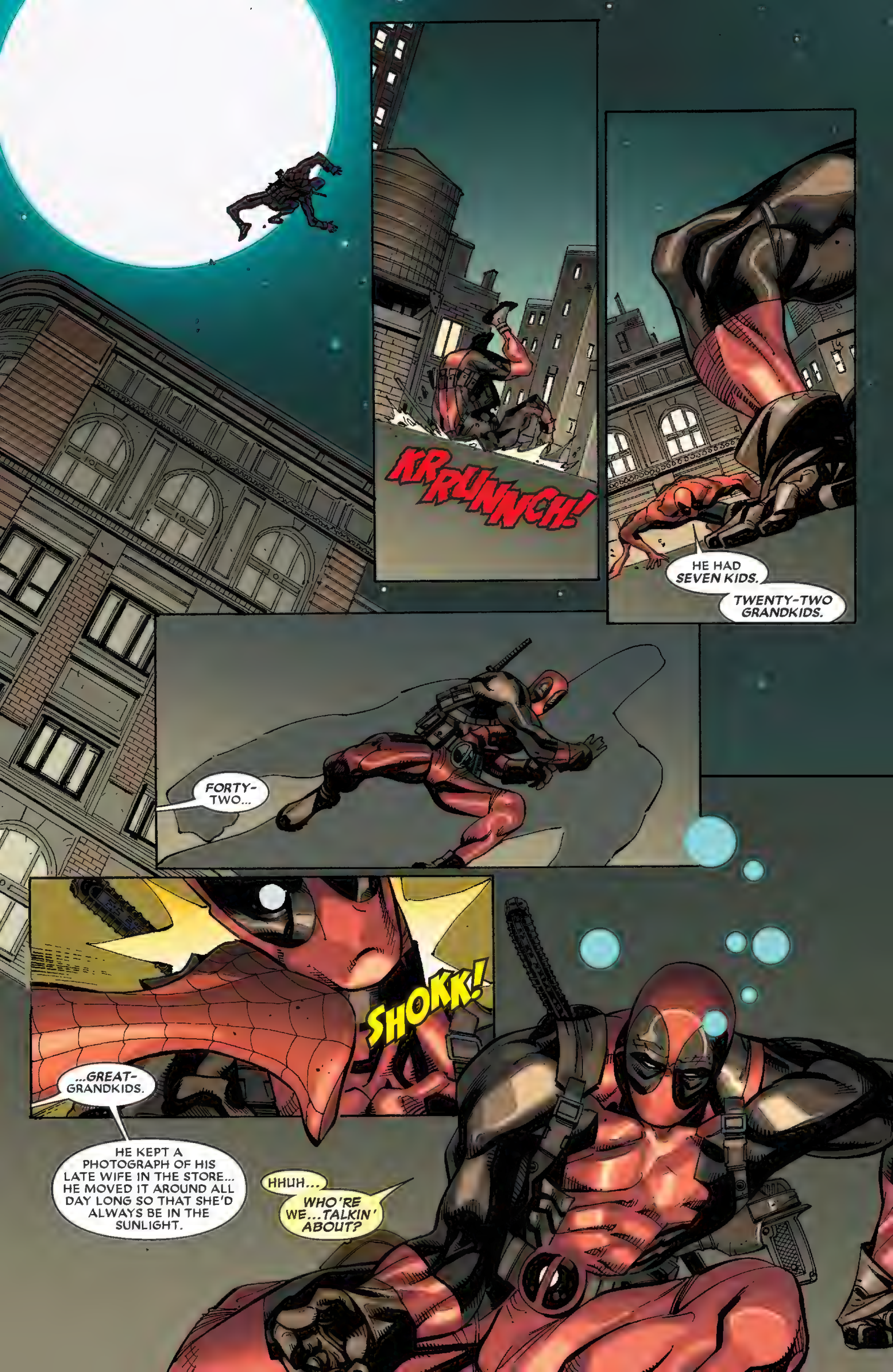

How do we get Spider-Man's attention?
MR. CHENG?
HELLO?
SMILE DELI
COLD BEER & SODAS*COLD SANDWICH*CANDY*MILK & DAIRY PRODS
SMILE DELI
ATM
IT'S SPIDER-MAN-- THE GUY WHO SAVED YOU FROM SCREWBALL A COUPLE MONTHS BACK? I'M GETTING A HALF-GALLON OF MILK AND SOME BANANAS--I'M JUST GONNA LEAVE THE MONEY ON THE COUNTER, OKAY?
POP $1.
NO BEER FOR MINORS
5¢
MR. CHENG?
MR. CHENG...?
ATM
WIN
Tastes like cinnamon toast!

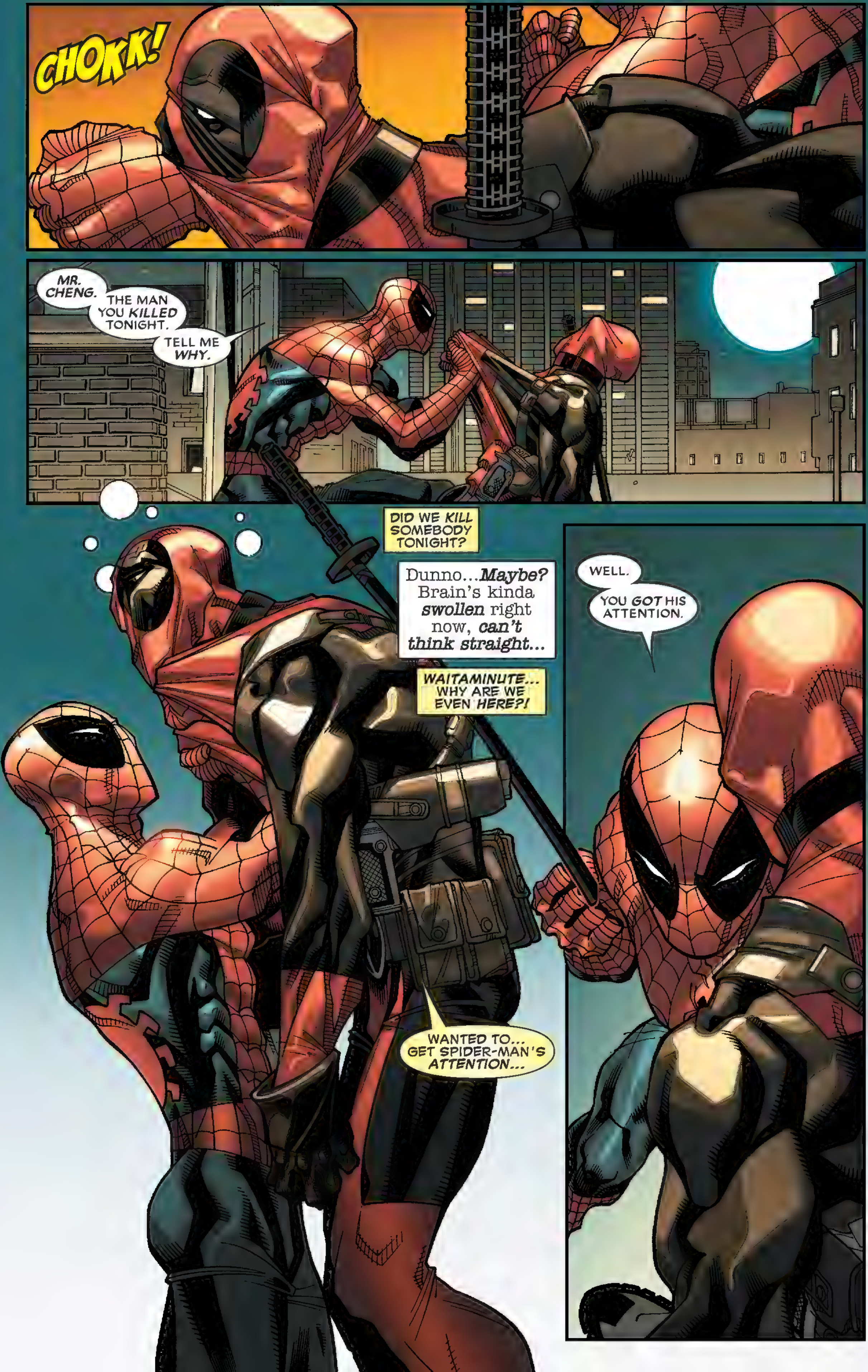

BWANGG!
"911, WHAT IS YOUR EMERGENCY?"
"THERE'S BEEN A SHOOTING..."

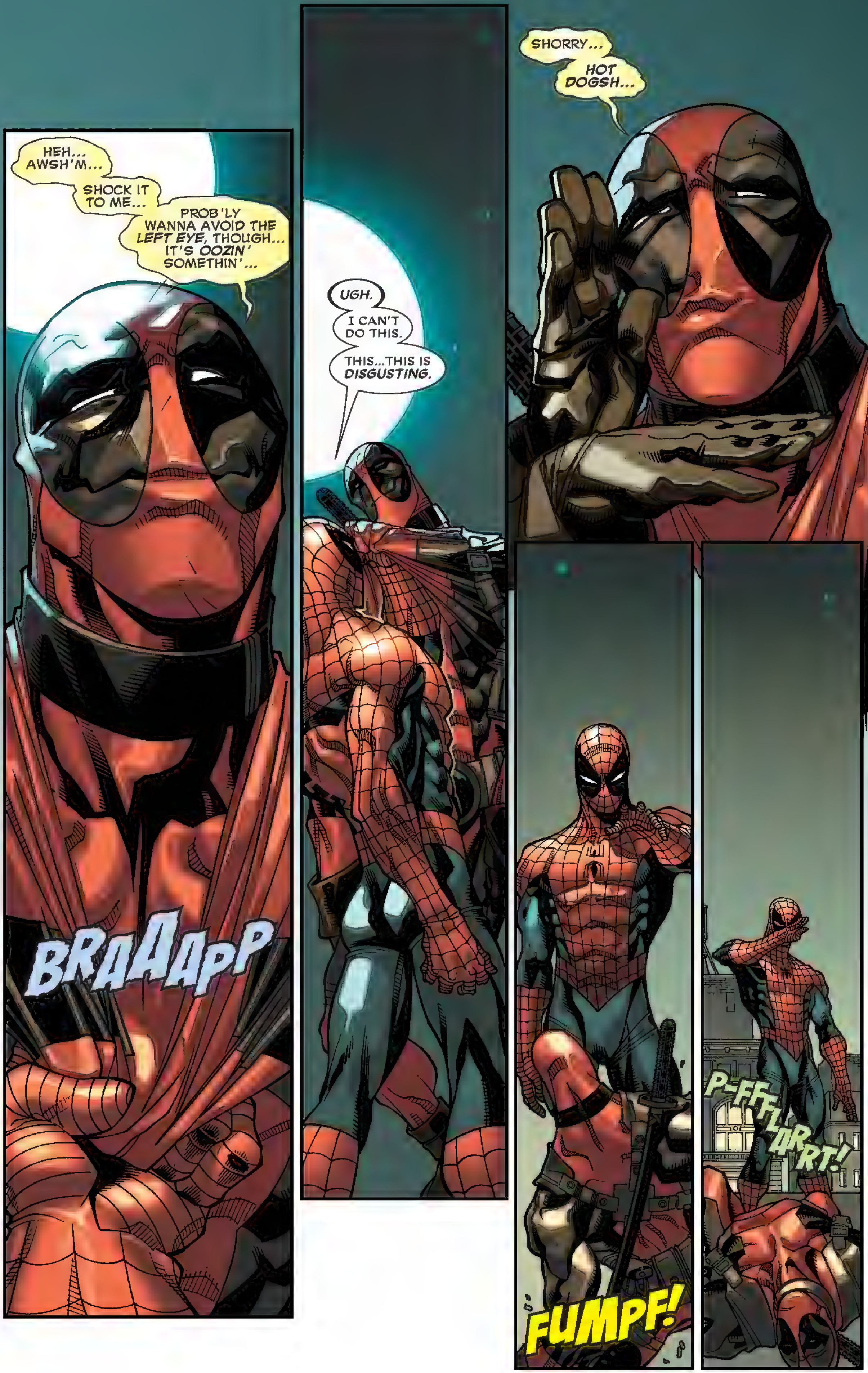

15 MINUTES LATER
POLICE L
AMBULANCE
POLICE
EXCUSE, ME... *DETECTIVE?*
MY NAME'S *PETER PARKER*--I'M THE ONE WHO CALLED THIS IN.
YOU KNOW THE VIC?
MR. CHENG? YEAH, I'M A, UH, REGULAR CUSTOMER.
THAT SO?
FRONT'A THE STORE OR *BACK'A* THE STORE?
HUH? WHAT DO YOU--?
YOU TELLIN' ME YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT CHENG'S *SET-UP* BACK HERE?
YEAH. I MEAN, NO.
I MEAN...I HAD *NO* IDEA--AND I'M IN HERE *EVERY DAY.*
HMM...YEAH, I DON'T IMAGINE THEY LET TOO MANY *ROUND-EYES* IN HERE...
YOU *LOCAL,* THEN?
YEAH, JUST DOWN THE--
SEE ANYBODY *SUSPICIOUS* HANGIN' AROUND, LATELY?
WHAT, LIKE *GANGBANGERS?*
NAH, *GANGBANGERS* WOULD'A *SPRAYED* THE PLACE--THIS WAS A *PRO JOB,* ALL THE WAY.
SO...*SEEN ANYBODY SUSPICIOUS AROUND HERE LATELY?*

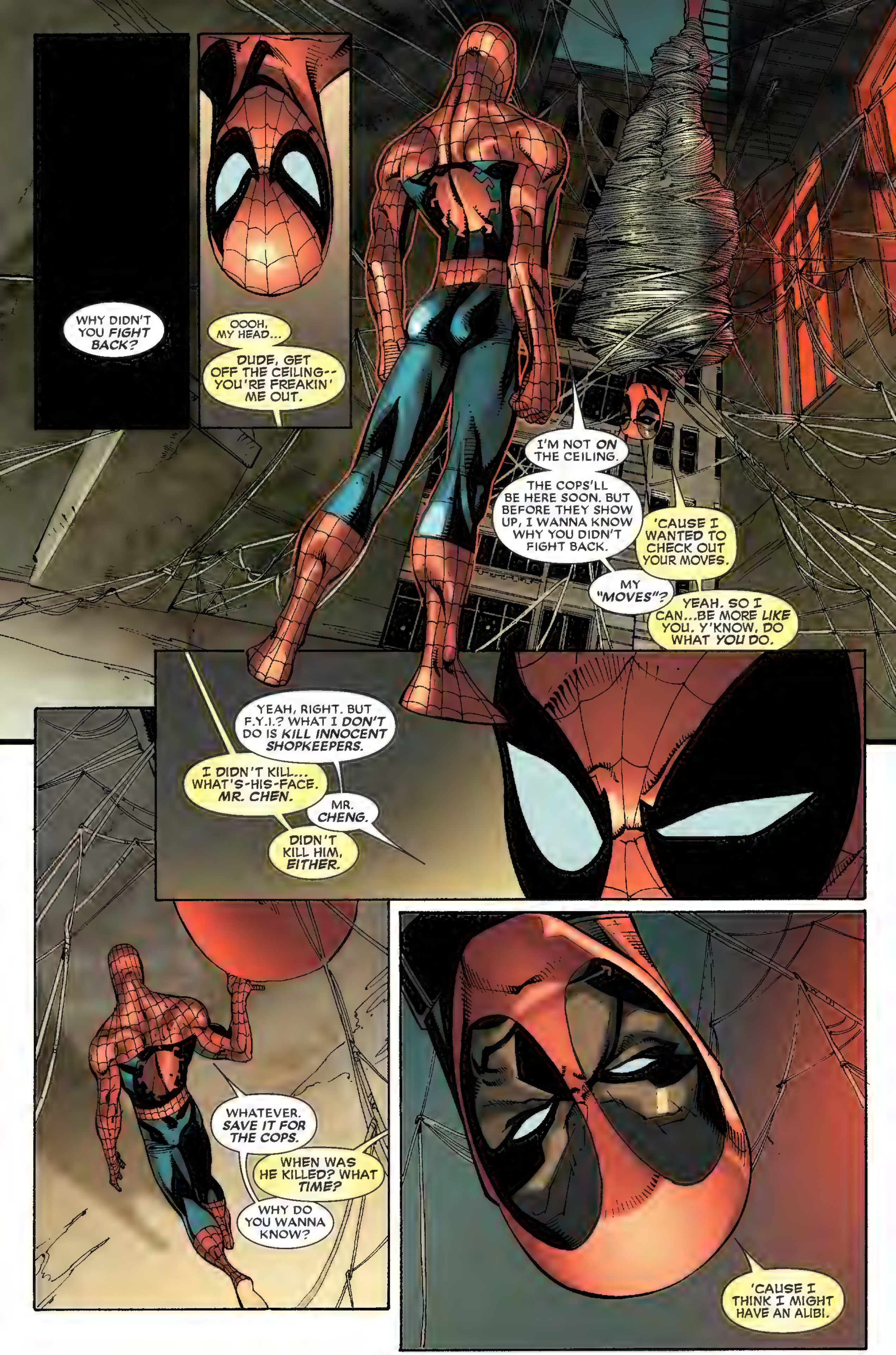

UUHGH...
BRRRP!
GOT SOME SERIOUS THUNDER BREWIN' DOWN UNDER...
Yeah...from the forty pushcart hot dogs that we ate?
SORRY.
COULDN'T HELP MYSELF.
YOU COULDN'T HELP YOURSELF?
YOU'RE SICKER THAN I THOUGHT.
SPIDEY!
WHAT UP, BABY BOY?
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #611!
OUTTA CURIOSITY... HOW SICK DID YOU THINK I WAS?

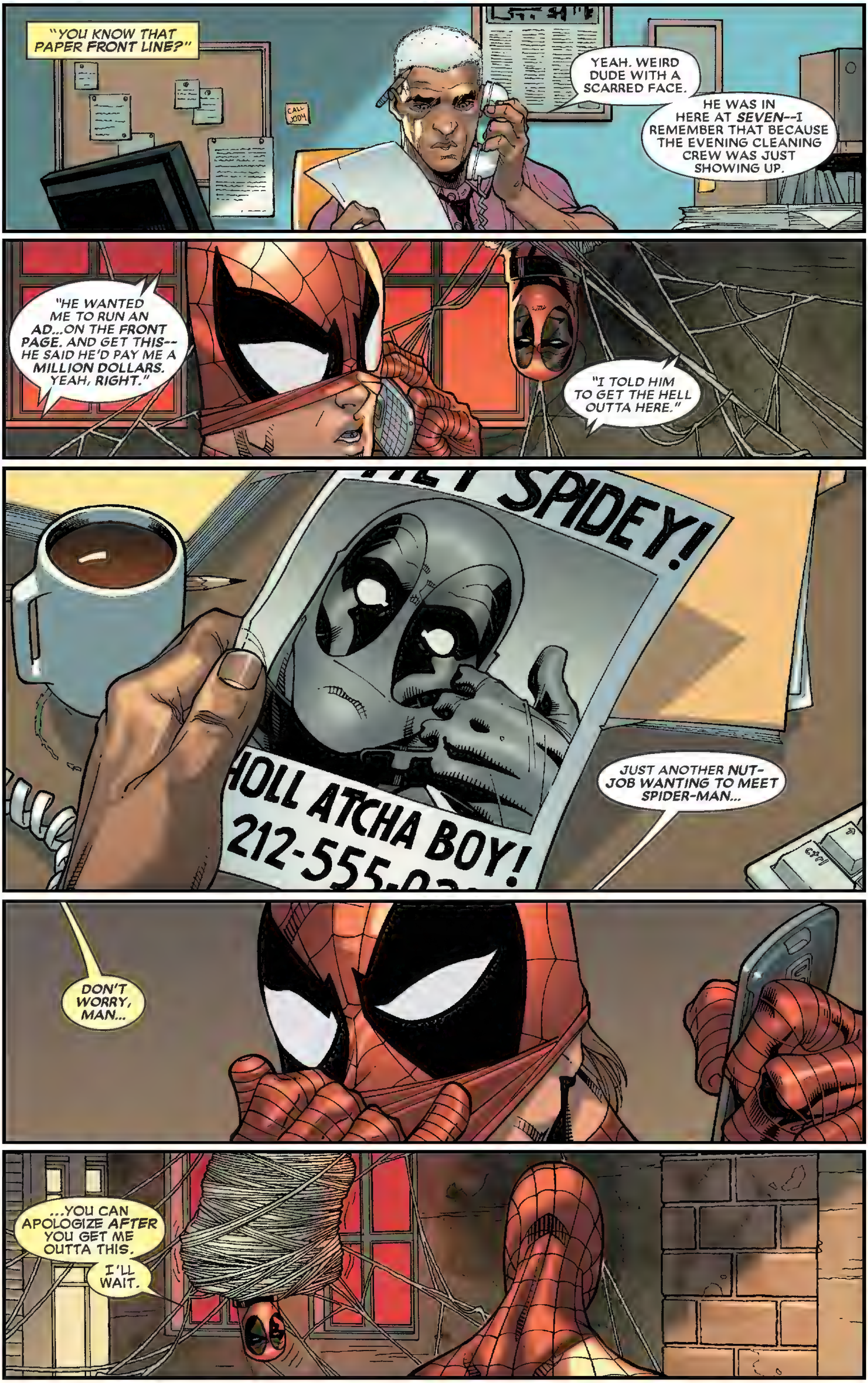

WROKK!
WHUDD!
KRACK!
SMACK!
FWUDD!
HUH... HUH...
HOLY #$%& YOU'RE FAST!

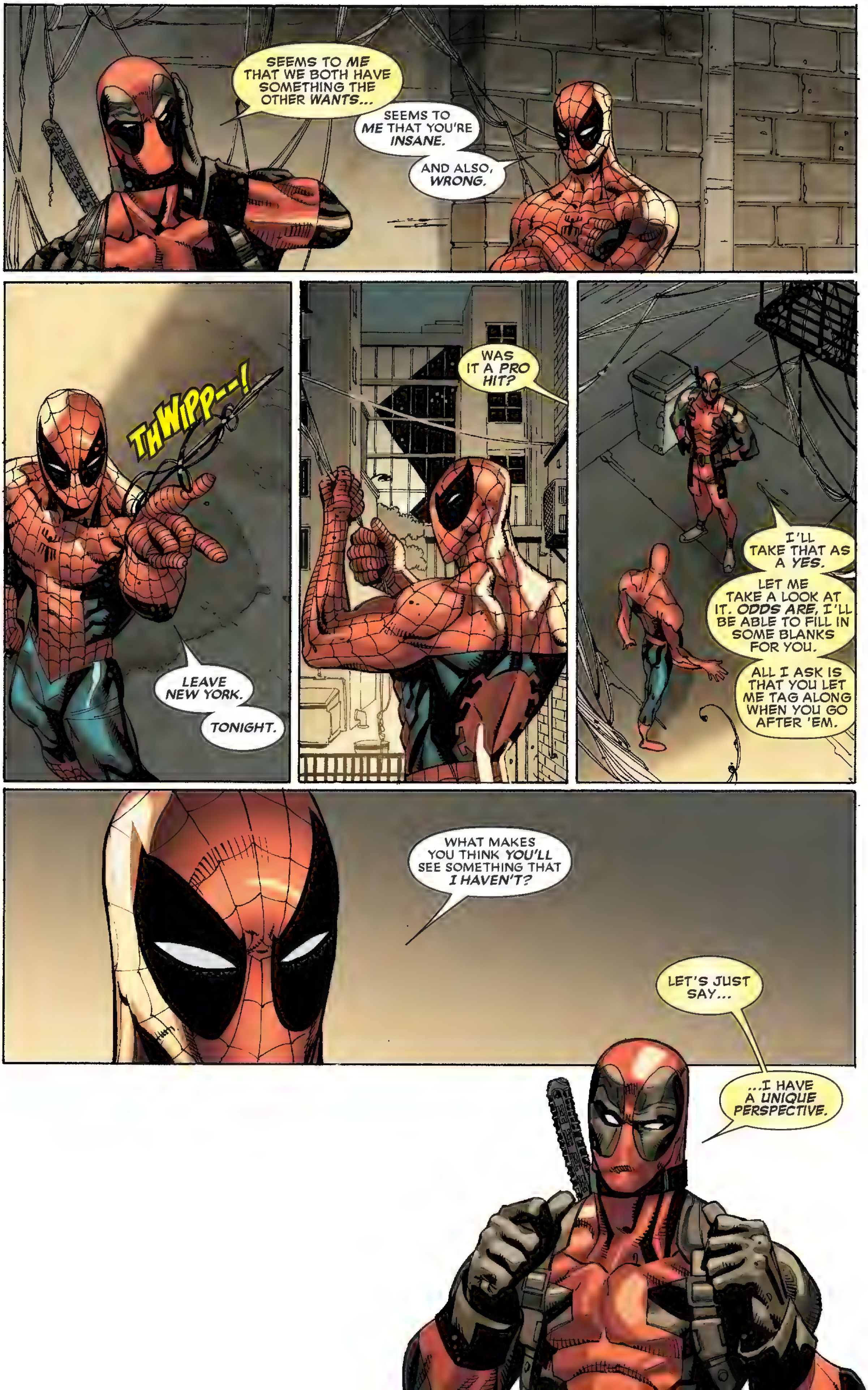

KRRUNNCH!
HE HAD SEVEN KIDS.
TWENTY-TWO GRANDKIDS.
FORTY-TWO...
SHOKK!
...GREAT-GRANDKIDS.
HE KEPT A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS LATE WIFE IN THE STORE... HE MOVED IT AROUND ALL DAY LONG SO THAT SHE'D ALWAYS BE IN THE SUNLIGHT.
HHUH...
WHO'RE WE...TALKIN' ABOUT?

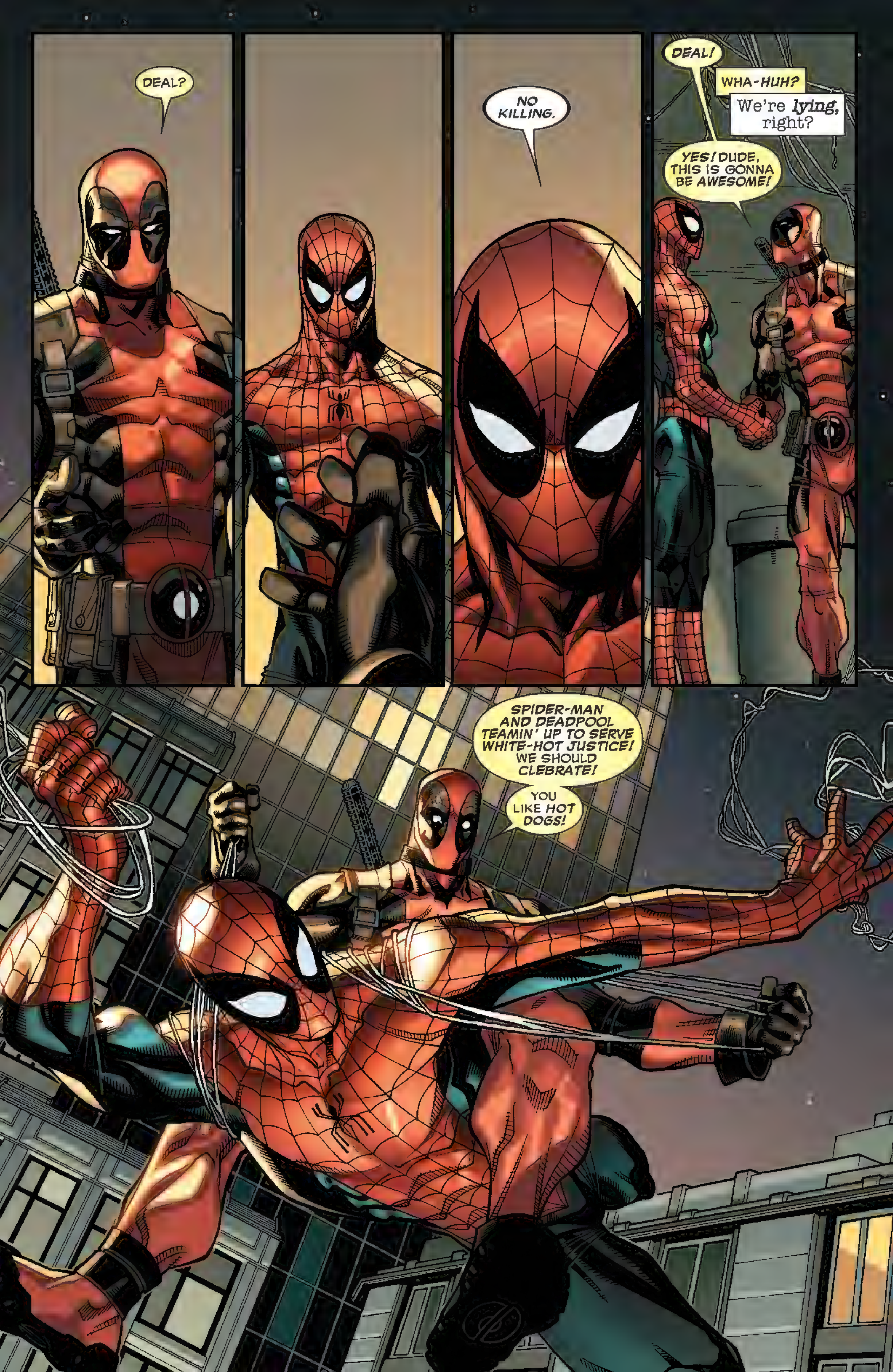

CHOKK!
MR. CHENG.
THE MAN YOU KILLED TONIGHT.
TELL ME WHY.
DID WE KILL SOMEBODY TONIGHT?
Dunno...Maybe? Brain's kinda swollen right now, can't think straight...
WAITAMINUTE... WHY ARE WE EVEN HERE?!
WANTED TO... GET SPIDER-MAN'S ATTENTION...
WELL.
YOU GOT HIS ATTENTION.

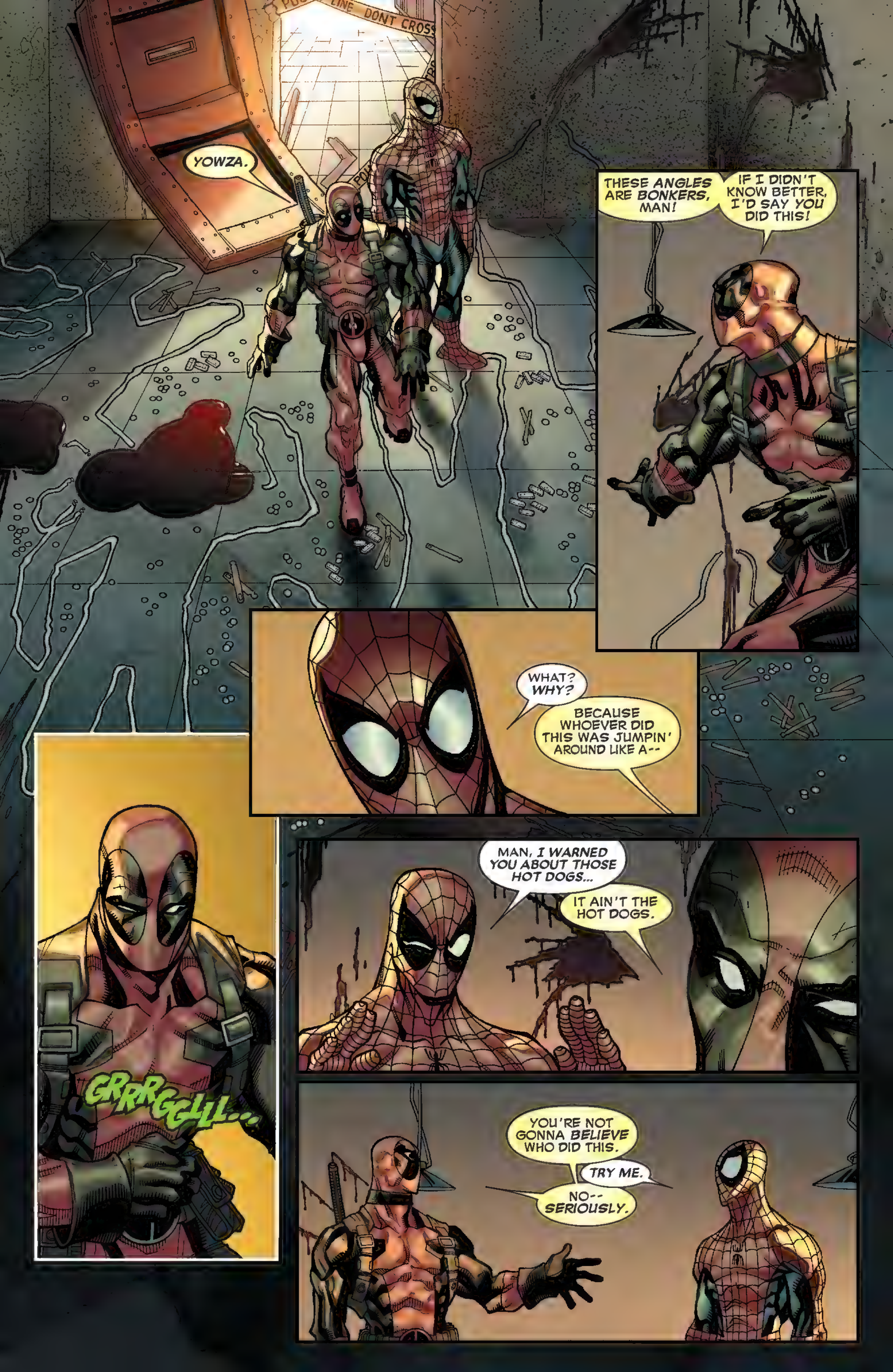

HEH... AWSH'M...
SHOCK IT TO ME...
PROB'LY WANNA AVOID THE *LEFT EYE*, THOUGH... IT'S *OOZIN'* SOMETHIN'...
BRAAAPP
UGH.
I CAN'T DO THIS.
THIS...THIS IS *DISGUSTING.*
SHORRY...
HOT DOGSH...
FUMPF!
P-FFFLORRT!

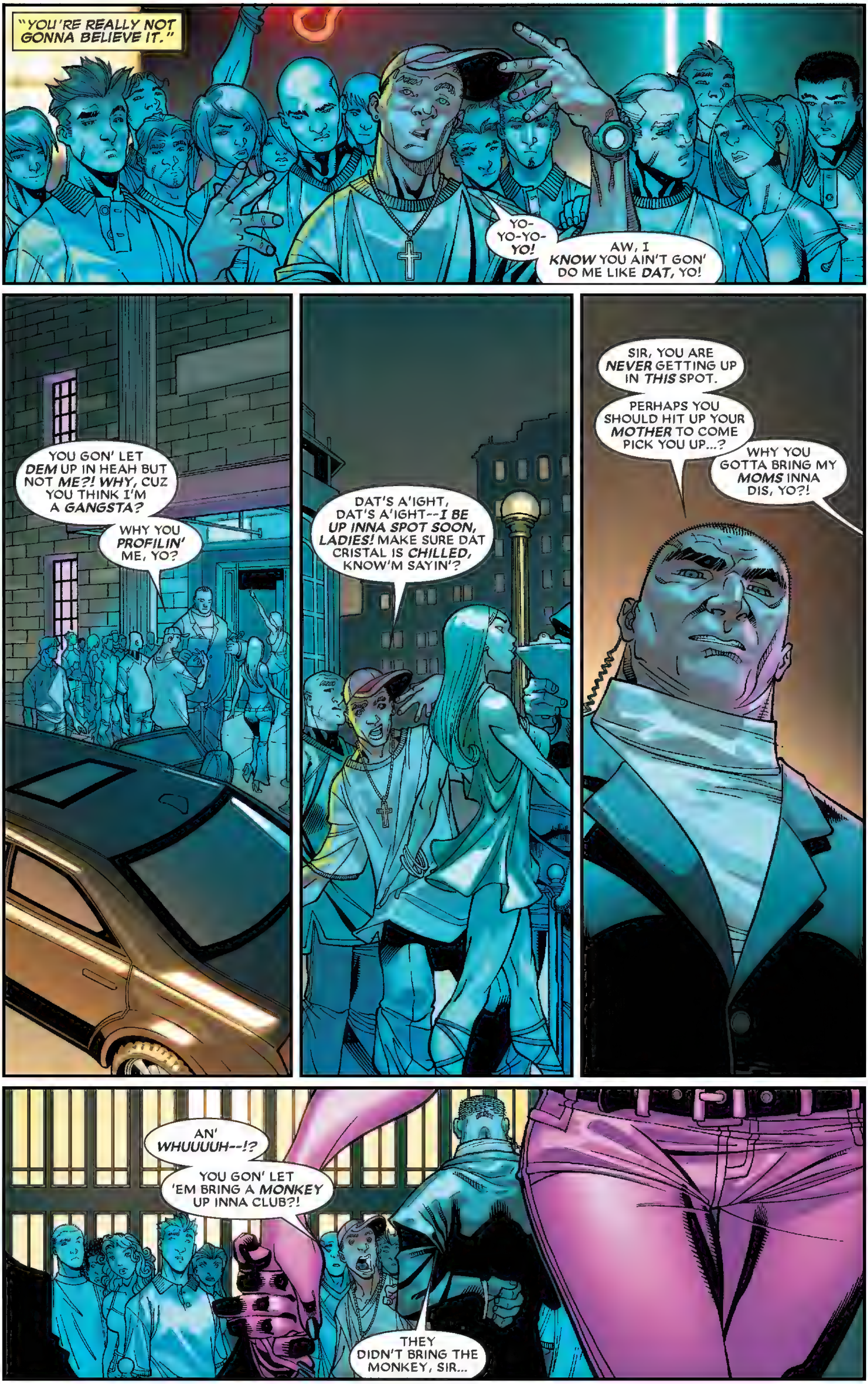

WHY DIDN'T YOU *FIGHT* BACK?
OOOH, MY HEAD...
DUDE, GET OFF THE CEILING-- YOU'RE FREAKIN' ME OUT.
I'M NOT *ON* THE CEILING.
THE COPS'LL BE HERE SOON. BUT BEFORE THEY SHOW UP, I WANNA KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T FIGHT BACK.
'CAUSE I WANTED TO CHECK OUT YOUR MOVES.
MY *"MOVES"?*
YEAH. SO I CAN...BE MORE *LIKE* YOU. Y'KNOW, DO WHAT *YOU* DO.
YEAH, RIGHT. BUT F.Y.I.? WHAT I *DON'T* DO IS *KILL INNOCENT SHOPKEEPERS.*
I DIDN'T KILL... WHAT'S-HIS-FACE. *MR. CHEN.*
MR. *CHENG.*
DIDN'T KILL HIM, *EITHER.*
WHATEVER. *SAVE IT FOR THE COPS.*
WHEN WAS HE KILLED? WHAT *TIME?*
WHY DO YOU WANNA KNOW?
'CAUSE I THINK I MIGHT HAVE AN ALIBI.

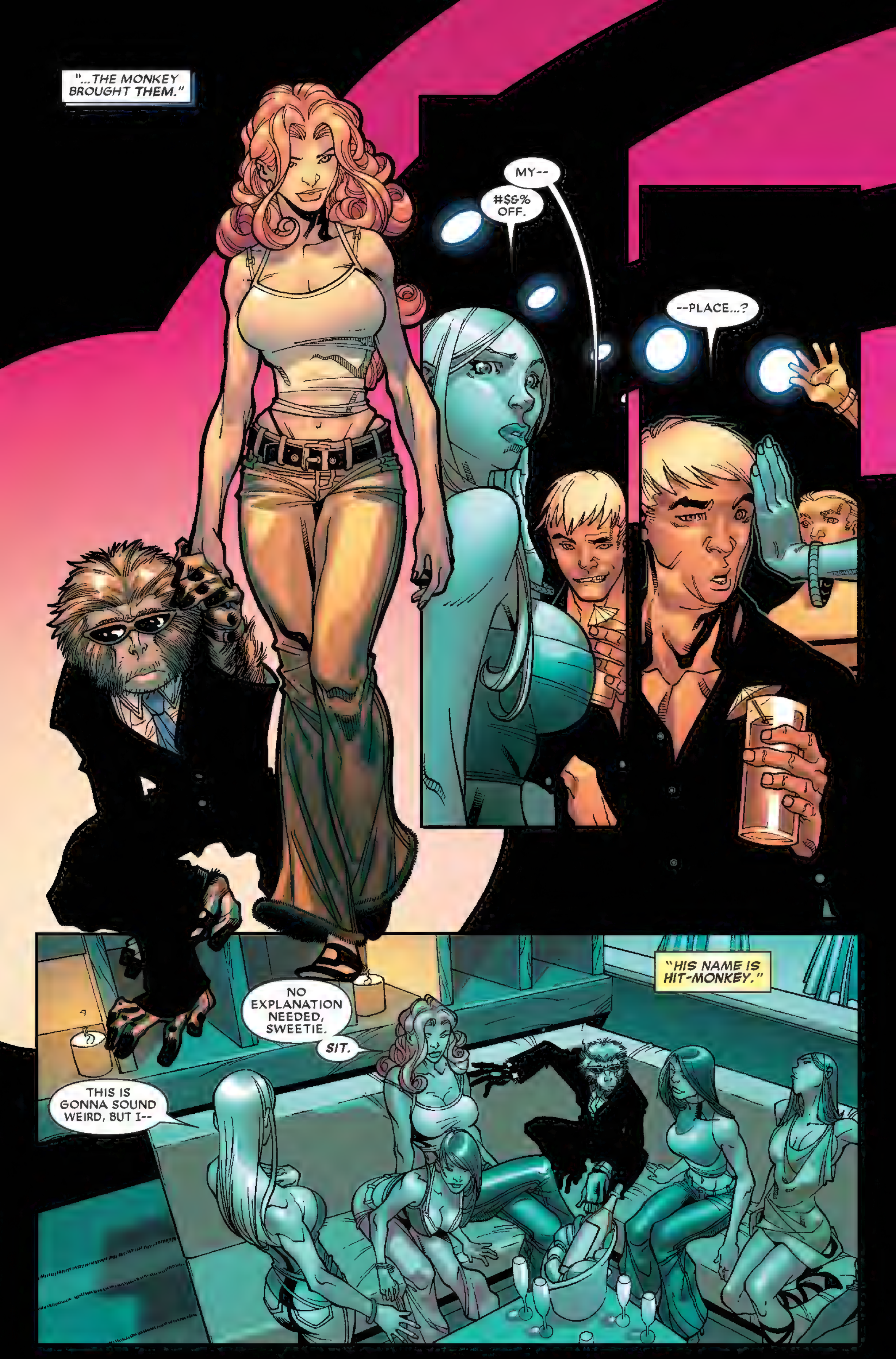

"YOU KNOW THAT PAPER FRONT LINE?"
CALL JODY
YEAH. WEIRD DUDE WITH A SCARRED FACE.
HE WAS IN HERE AT *SEVEN*--I REMEMBER THAT BECAUSE THE EVENING CLEANING CREW WAS JUST SHOWING UP.
"HE WANTED ME TO RUN AN AD...ON THE FRONT PAGE. AND GET THIS--HE SAID HE'D PAY ME A MILLION DOLLARS. YEAH, RIGHT."
"I TOLD HIM TO GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE."
SPIDEY!
HOLL ATCHA BOY!
212-555-
JUST ANOTHER NUT-JOB WANTING TO MEET SPIDER-MAN...
DON'T WORRY, MAN...
...YOU CAN APOLOGIZE *AFTER* YOU GET ME OUTTA THIS.
I'LL WAIT.

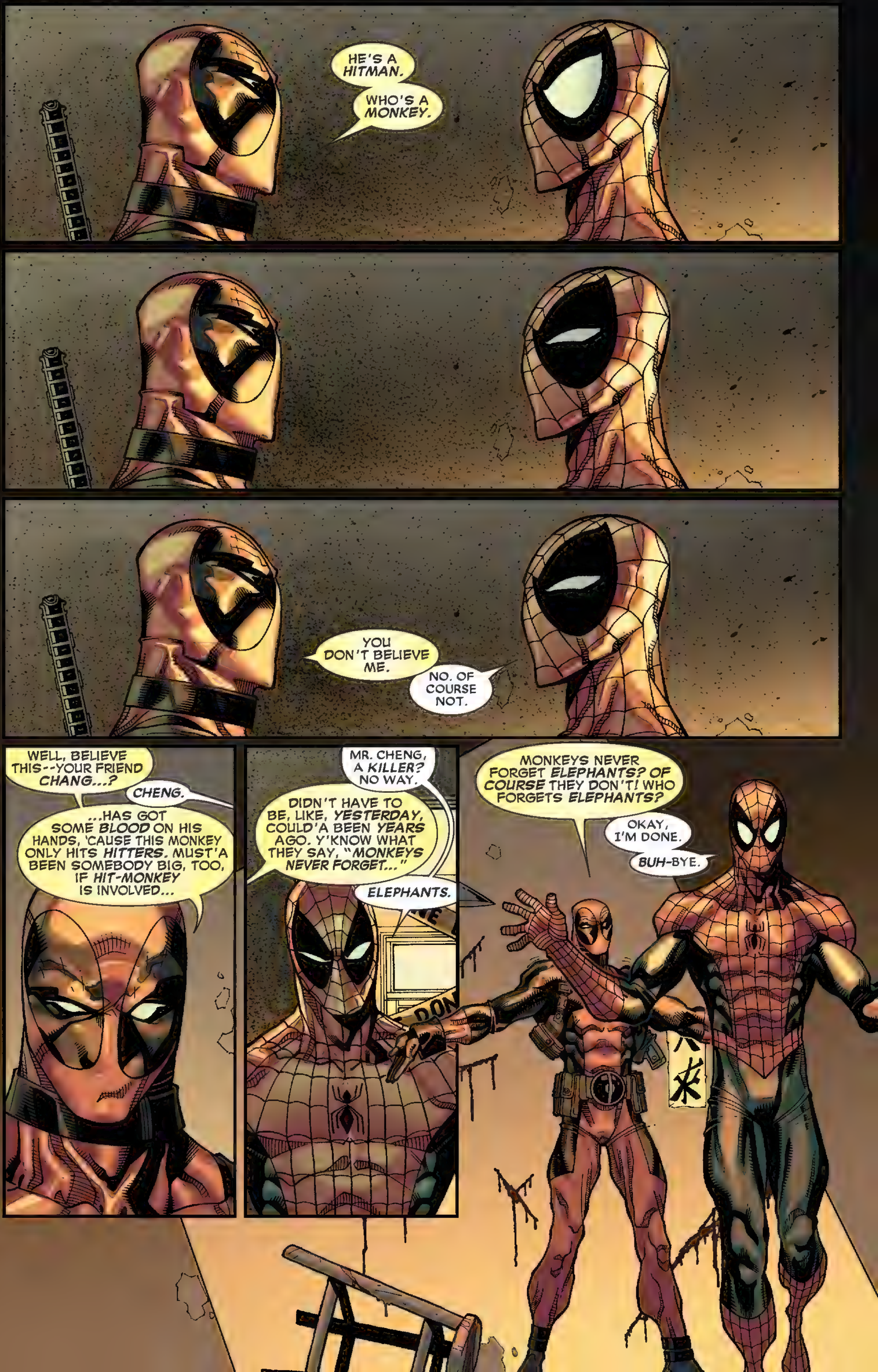

SEEMS TO ME THAT WE BOTH HAVE SOMETHING THE OTHER WANTS...
SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU'RE INSANE.
AND ALSO, WRONG.
THWIPP--!
LEAVE NEW YORK.
TONIGHT.
WAS IT A PRO HIT?
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A YES.
LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT IT. ODDS ARE, I'LL BE ABLE TO FILL IN SOME BLANKS FOR YOU.
ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU LET ME TAG ALONG WHEN YOU GO AFTER 'EM.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL SEE SOMETHING THAT I HAVEN'T?
LET'S JUST SAY...
...I HAVE A UNIQUE PERSPECTIVE.

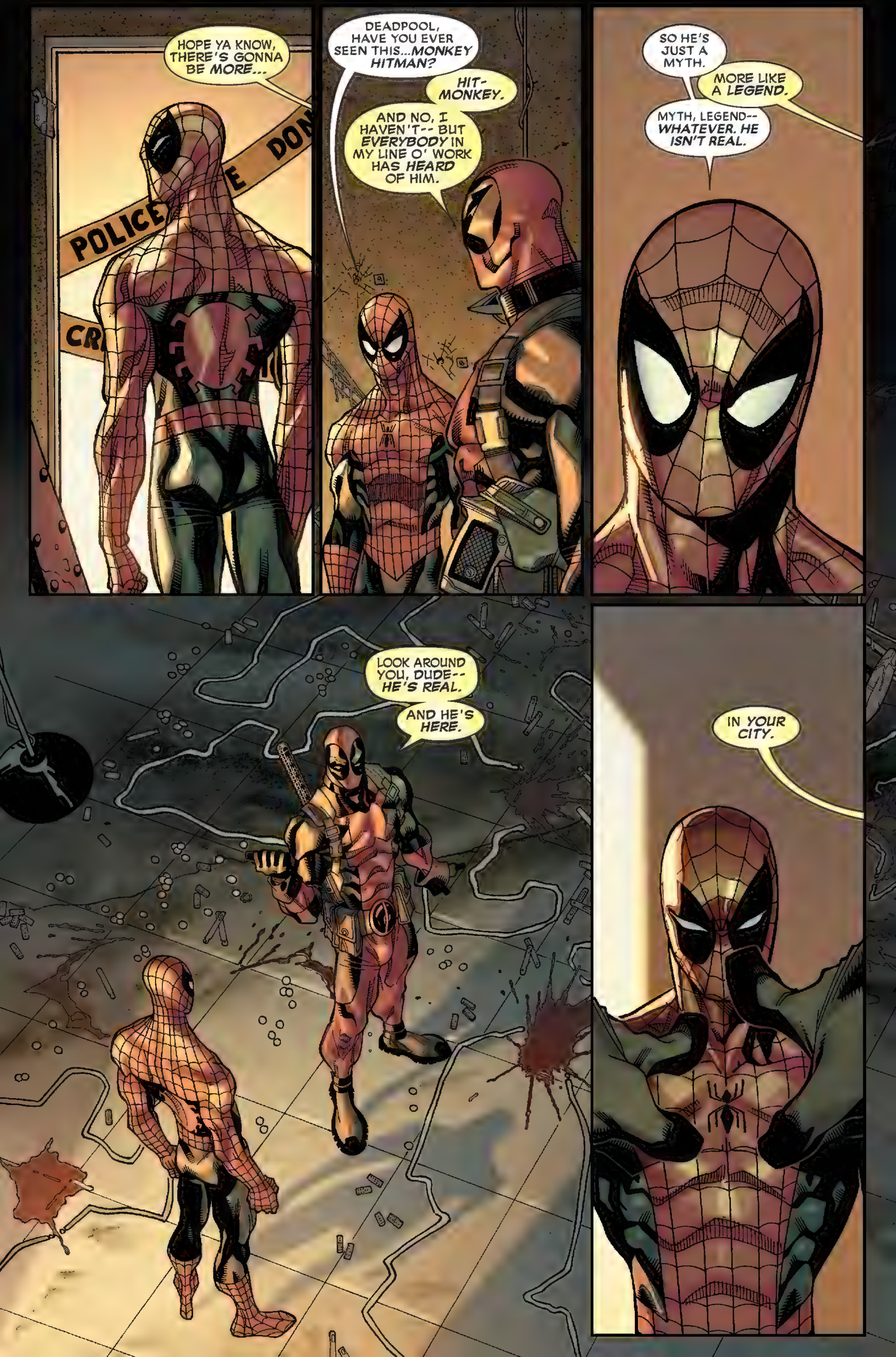

DEAL?
NO KILLING.
DEAL!
WHA-HUH?
We're *lying*, right?
YES! DUDE, THIS IS GONNA BE AWESOME!
SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL TEAMIN' UP TO SERVE WHITE-HOT JUSTICE! WE SHOULD CLEBRATE!
YOU LIKE HOT DOGS!

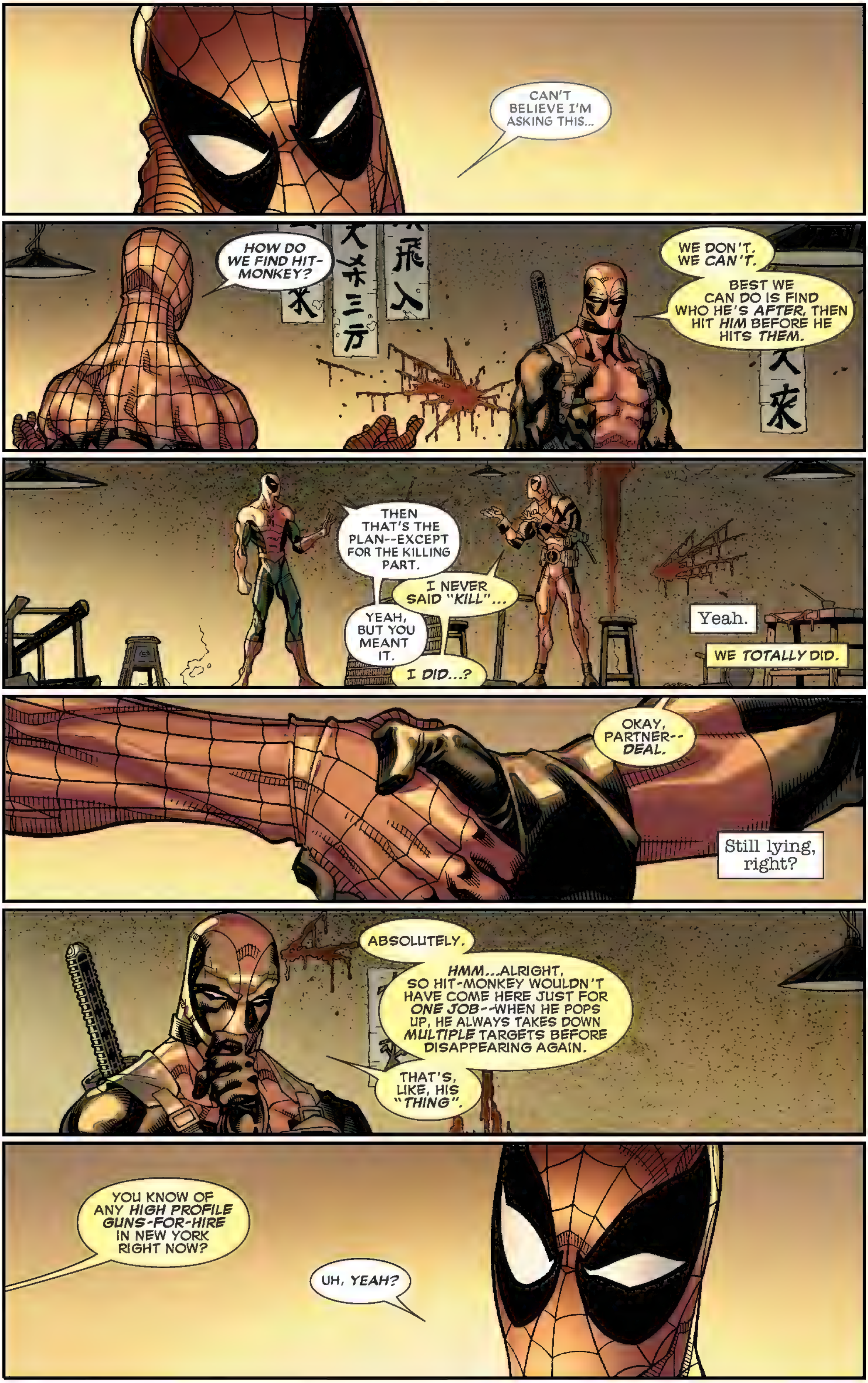

LINE DONT CROSS
YOWZA.
THESE ANGLES ARE BONKERS, MAN!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY YOU DID THIS!
WHAT? WHY?
BECAUSE WHOEVER DID THIS WAS JUMPIN' AROUND LIKE A--
GRRRGGLLL...
MAN, I WARNED YOU ABOUT THOSE HOT DOGS...
IT AIN'T THE HOT DOGS.
YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE WHO DID THIS.
TRY ME.
NO-- SERIOUSLY.

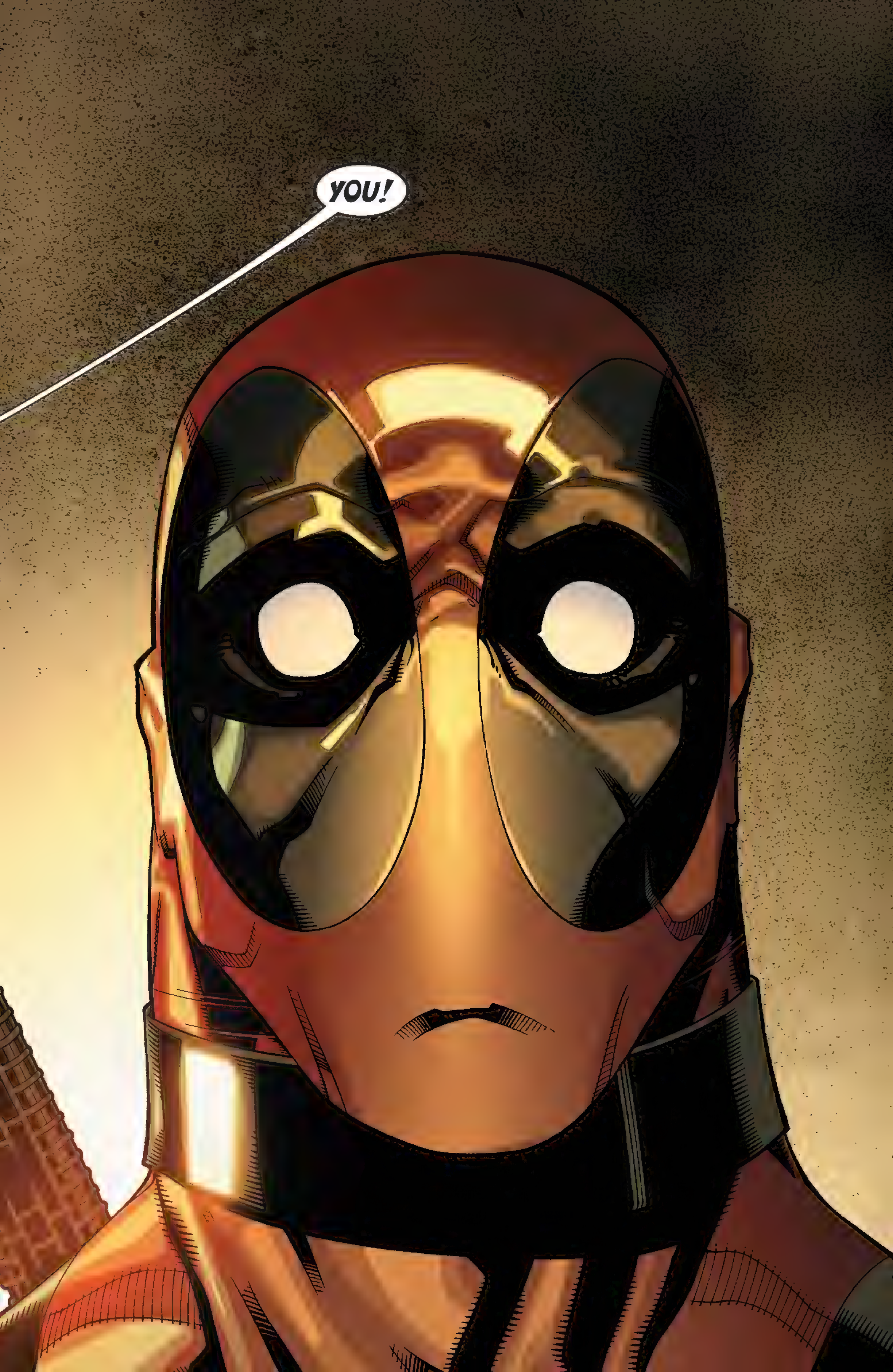

"YOU'RE REALLY NOT GONNA BELIEVE IT."
YO-YO-YO-YO!
AW, I KNOW YOU AIN'T GON' DO ME LIKE DAT, YO!
YOU GON' LET DEM UP IN HEAH BUT NOT ME?! WHY, CUZ YOU THINK I'M A GANGSTA?
WHY YOU PROFILIN' ME, YO?
DAT'S A'IGHT, DAT'S A'IGHT--I BE UP INNA SPOT SOON, LADIES! MAKE SURE DAT CRISTAL IS CHILLED, KNOW'M SAYIN'?
SIR, YOU ARE NEVER GETTING UP IN THIS SPOT.
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD HIT UP YOUR MOTHER TO COME PICK YOU UP...?
WHY YOU GOTTA BRING MY MOMS INNA DIS, YO?!
AN' WHUUUUH--!?
YOU GON' LET 'EM BRING A MONKEY UP INNA CLUB?!
THEY DIDN'T BRING THE MONKEY, SIR...


"...THE MONKEY BROUGHT THEM."
MY--
#$&% OFF.
--PLACE...?
"HIS NAME IS HIT-MONKEY."
NO EXPLANATION NEEDED, SWEETIE.
SIT.
THIS IS GONNA SOUND WEIRD, BUT I--

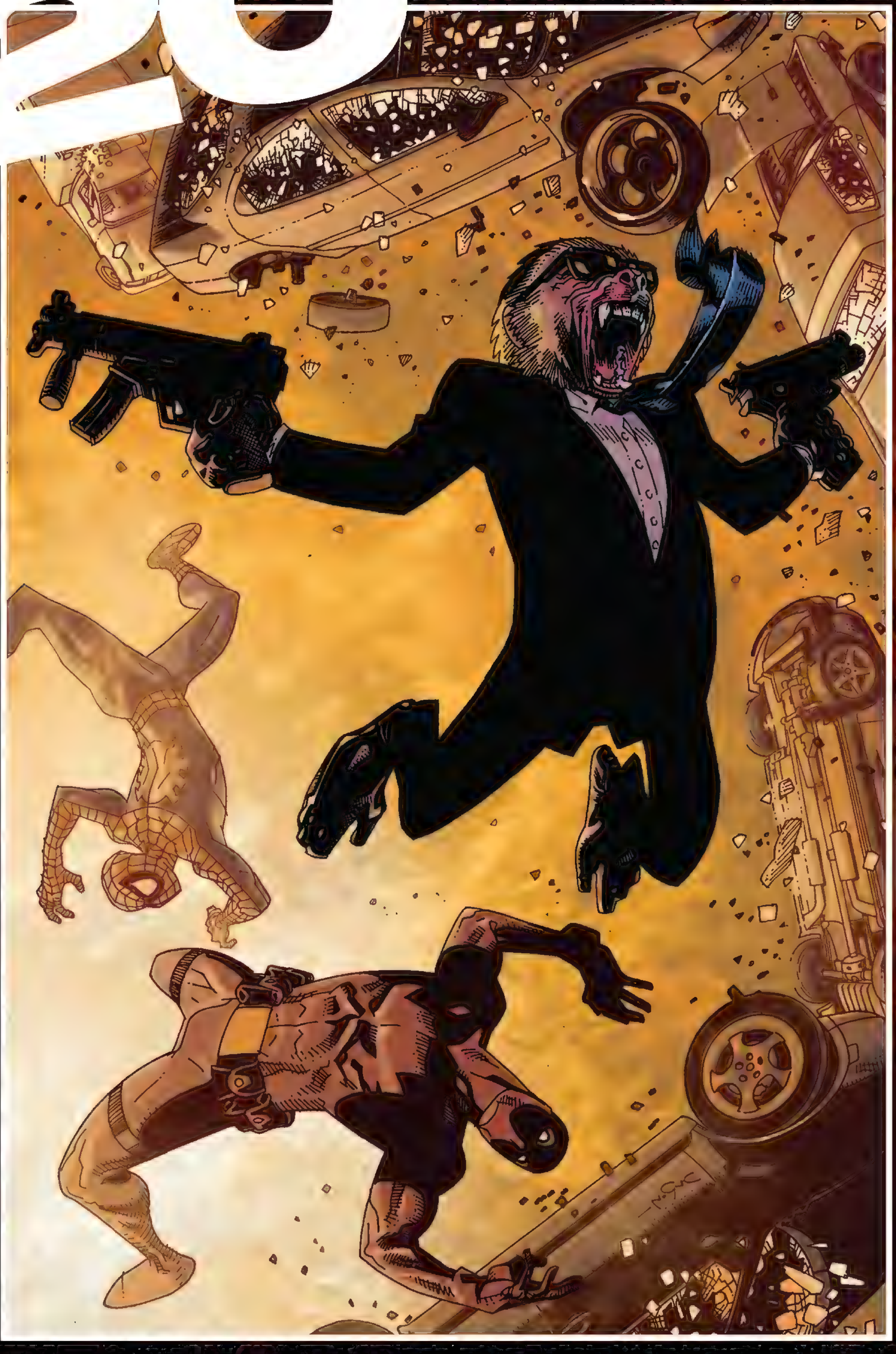

HE'S A HITMAN.
WHO'S A MONKEY.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME.
NO. OF COURSE NOT.
WELL, BELIEVE THIS--YOUR FRIEND CHANG...?
CHENG.
...HAS GOT SOME BLOOD ON HIS HANDS, 'CAUSE THIS MONKEY ONLY HITS HITTERS. MUST'A BEEN SOMEBODY BIG, TOO, IF HIT-MONKEY IS INVOLVED...
MR. CHENG, A KILLER? NO WAY.
DIDN'T HAVE TO BE, LIKE, YESTERDAY, COULD'A BEEN YEARS AGO. Y'KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, "MONKEYS NEVER FORGET..."
ELEPHANTS.
MONKEYS NEVER FORGET ELEPHANTS? OF COURSE THEY DON'T! WHO FORGETS ELEPHANTS?
OKAY, I'M DONE.
BUH-BYE.

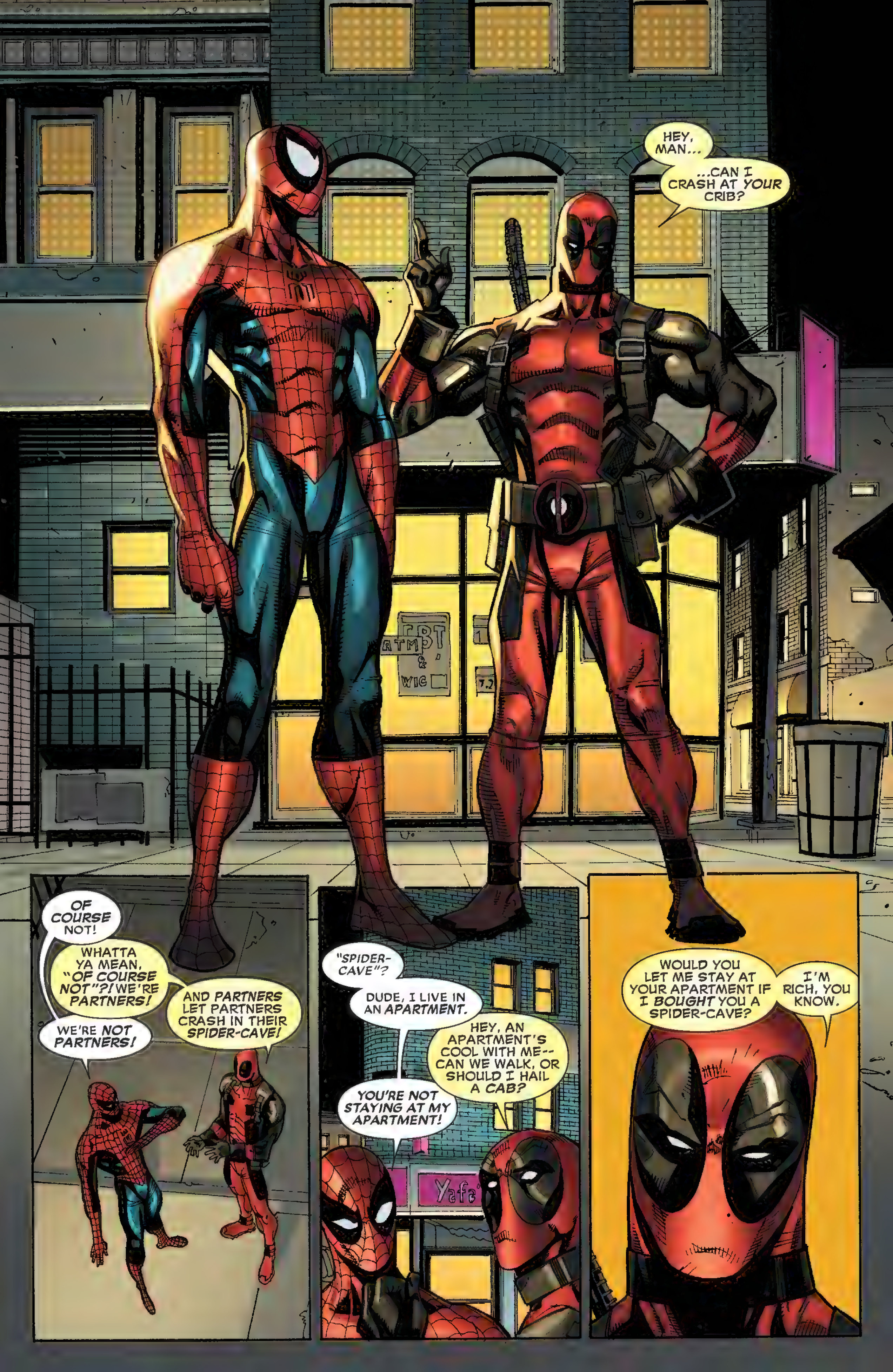

HOPE YA KNOW, THERE'S GONNA BE *MORE*...
POLICE
DEADPOOL, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS...*MONKEY HITMAN?*
HIT-MONKEY.
AND NO, I HAVEN'T-- BUT *EVERYBODY* IN MY LINE O' WORK HAS *HEARD* OF HIM.
SO HE'S JUST A MYTH.
MORE LIKE A *LEGEND.*
MYTH, LEGEND-- *WHATEVER. HE ISN'T REAL.*
LOOK AROUND YOU, DUDE-- *HE'S REAL.*
AND HE'S *HERE.*
IN *YOUR CITY.*

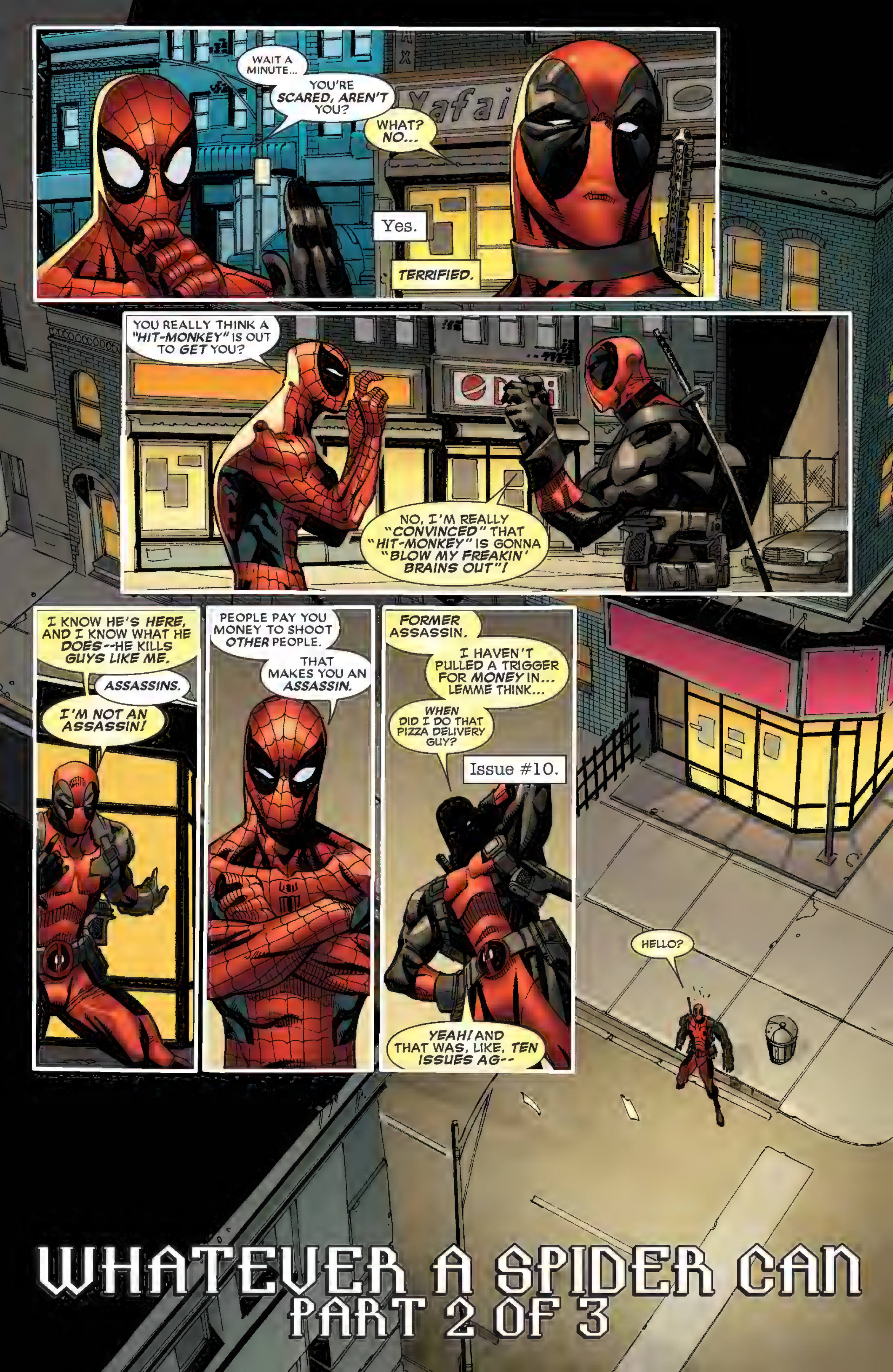

CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ASKING THIS...
HOW DO WE FIND HIT-MONKEY?
WE DON'T. WE CAN'T.
BEST WE CAN DO IS FIND WHO HE'S AFTER, THEN HIT HIM BEFORE HE HITS THEM.
THEN THAT'S THE PLAN--EXCEPT FOR THE KILLING PART.
I NEVER SAID "KILL"...
YEAH, BUT YOU MEANT IT.
I DID...?
Yeah.
WE TOTALLY DID.
OKAY, PARTNER--DEAL.
Still lying, right?
ABSOLUTELY.
HMM...ALRIGHT, SO HIT-MONKEY WOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE JUST FOR ONE JOB--WHEN HE POPS UP, HE ALWAYS TAKES DOWN MULTIPLE TARGETS BEFORE DISAPPEARING AGAIN.
THAT'S, LIKE, HIS "THING".
YOU KNOW OF ANY HIGH PROFILE GUNS-FOR-HIRE IN NEW YORK RIGHT NOW?
UH, YEAH?

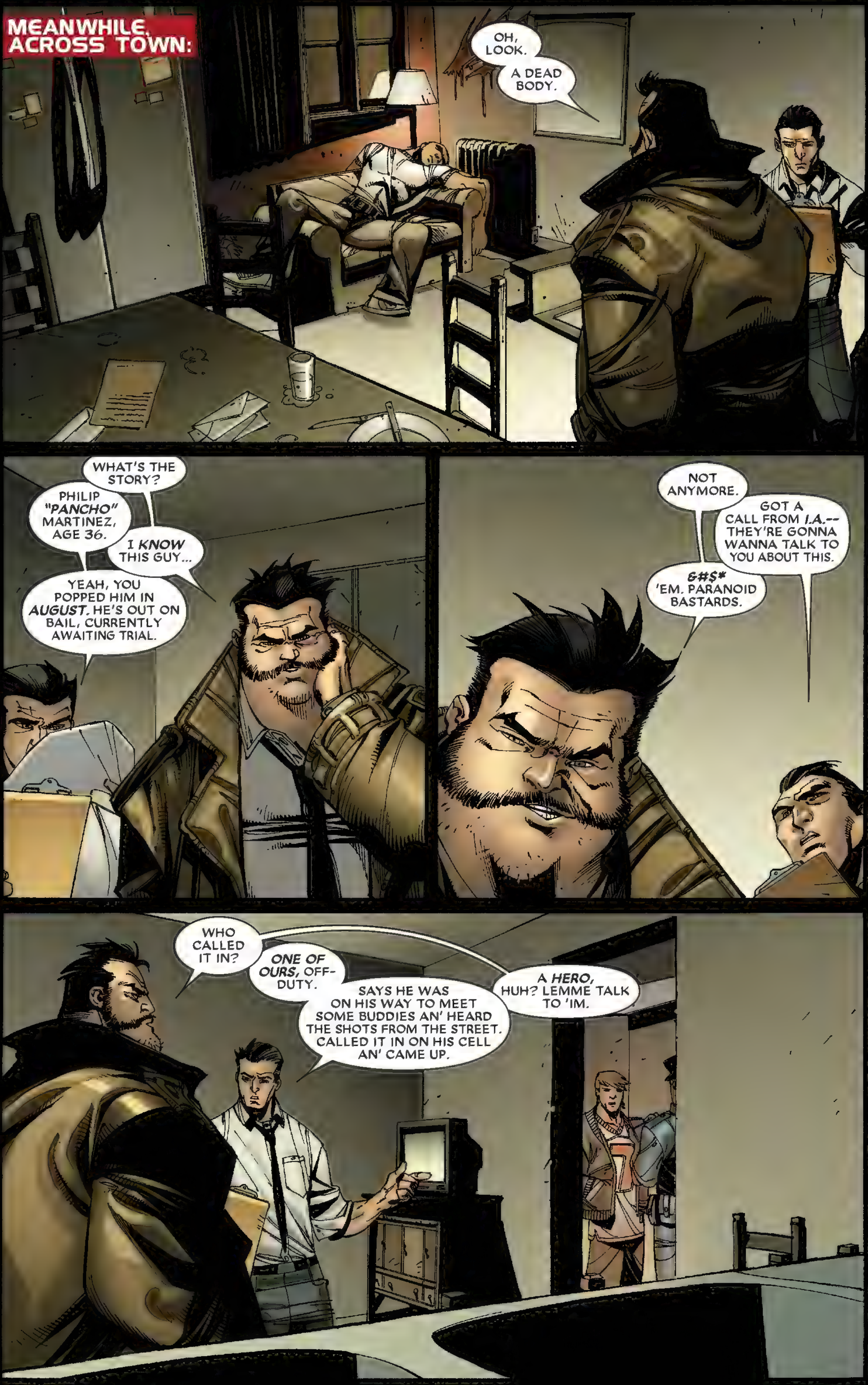

YOU!

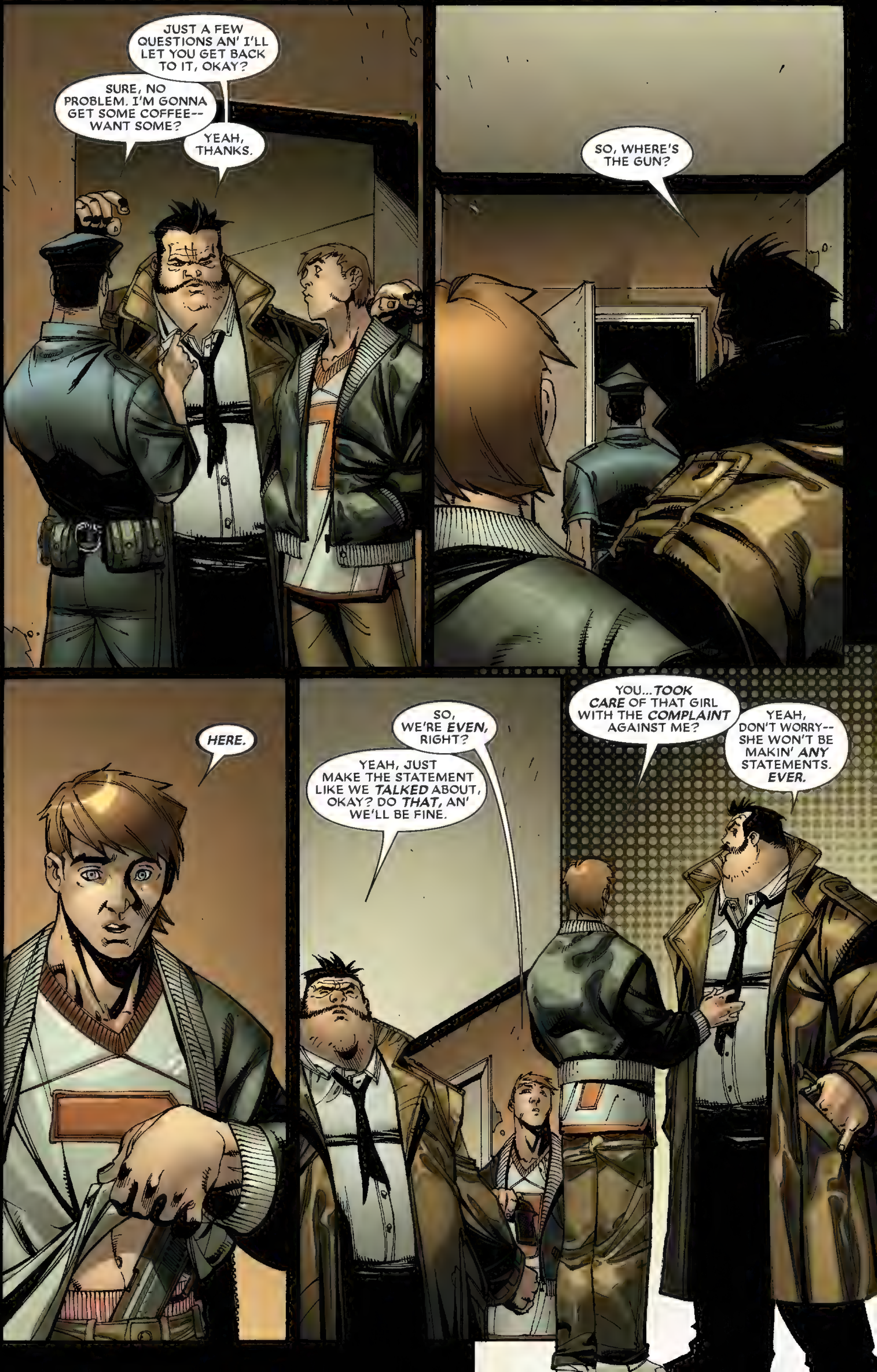
20

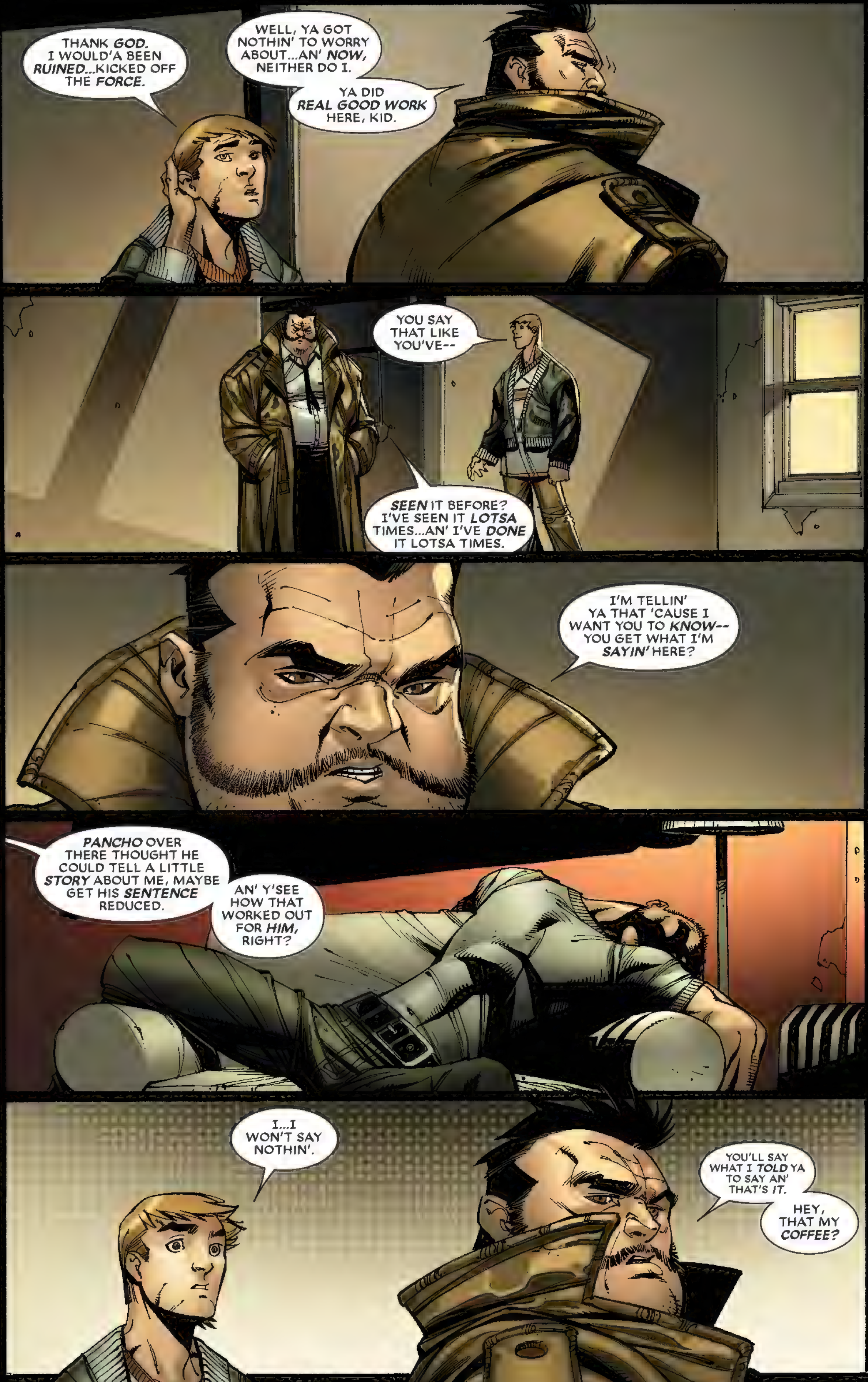


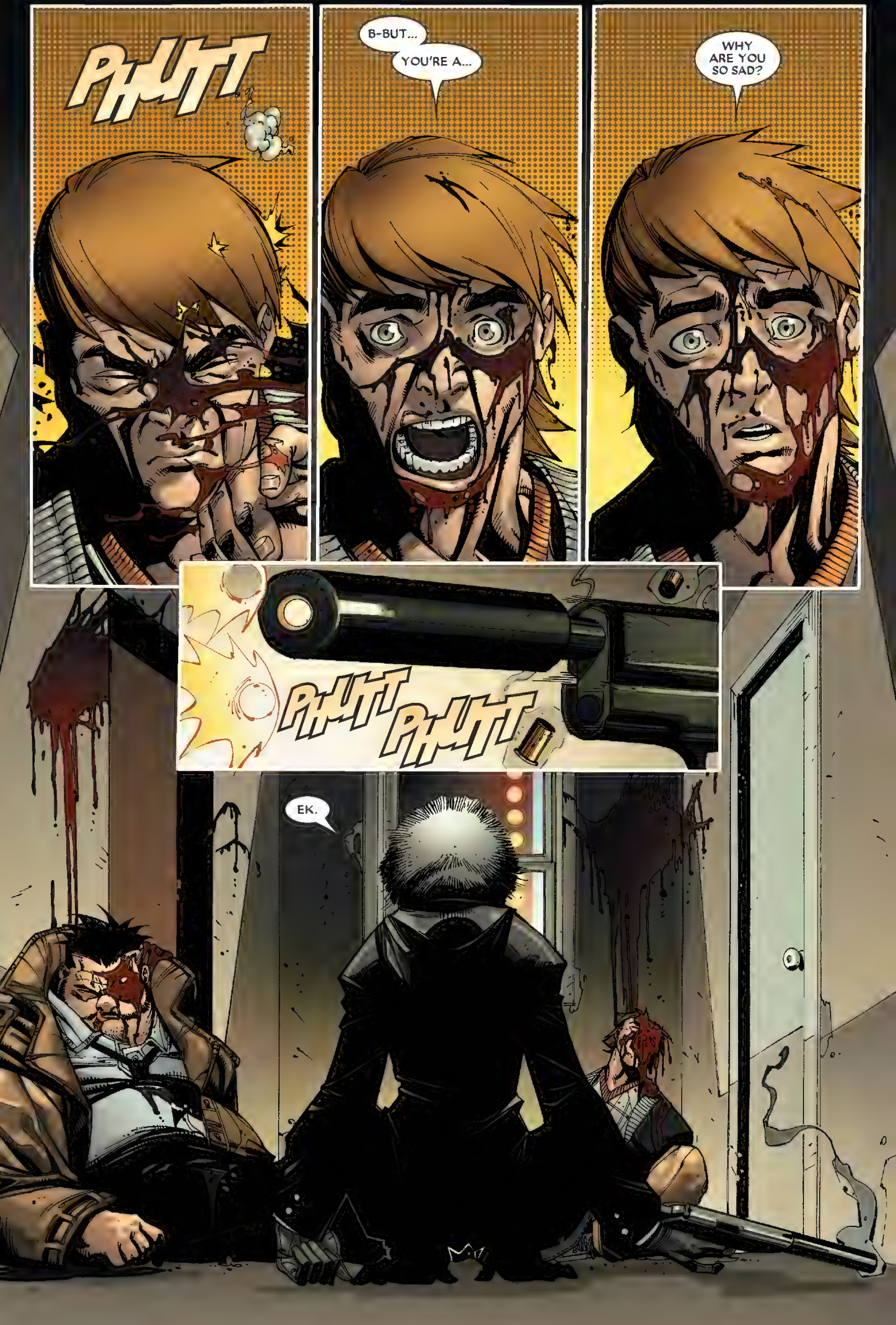

HEY, MAN...
...CAN I CRASH AT YOUR CRIB?
ATM
WIC
OF COURSE NOT!
WHATTA YA MEAN, "OF COURSE NOT"?! WE'RE PARTNERS!
AND PARTNERS LET PARTNERS CRASH IN THEIR SPIDER-CAVE!
WE'RE NOT PARTNERS!
"SPIDER-CAVE"?
DUDE, I LIVE IN AN APARTMENT.
HEY, AN APARTMENT'S COOL WITH ME--CAN WE WALK, OR SHOULD I HAIL A CAB?
YOU'RE NOT STAYING AT MY APARTMENT!
Yafa
WOULD YOU LET ME STAY AT YOUR APARTMENT IF I BOUGHT YOU A SPIDER-CAVE?
I'M RICH, YOU KNOW.

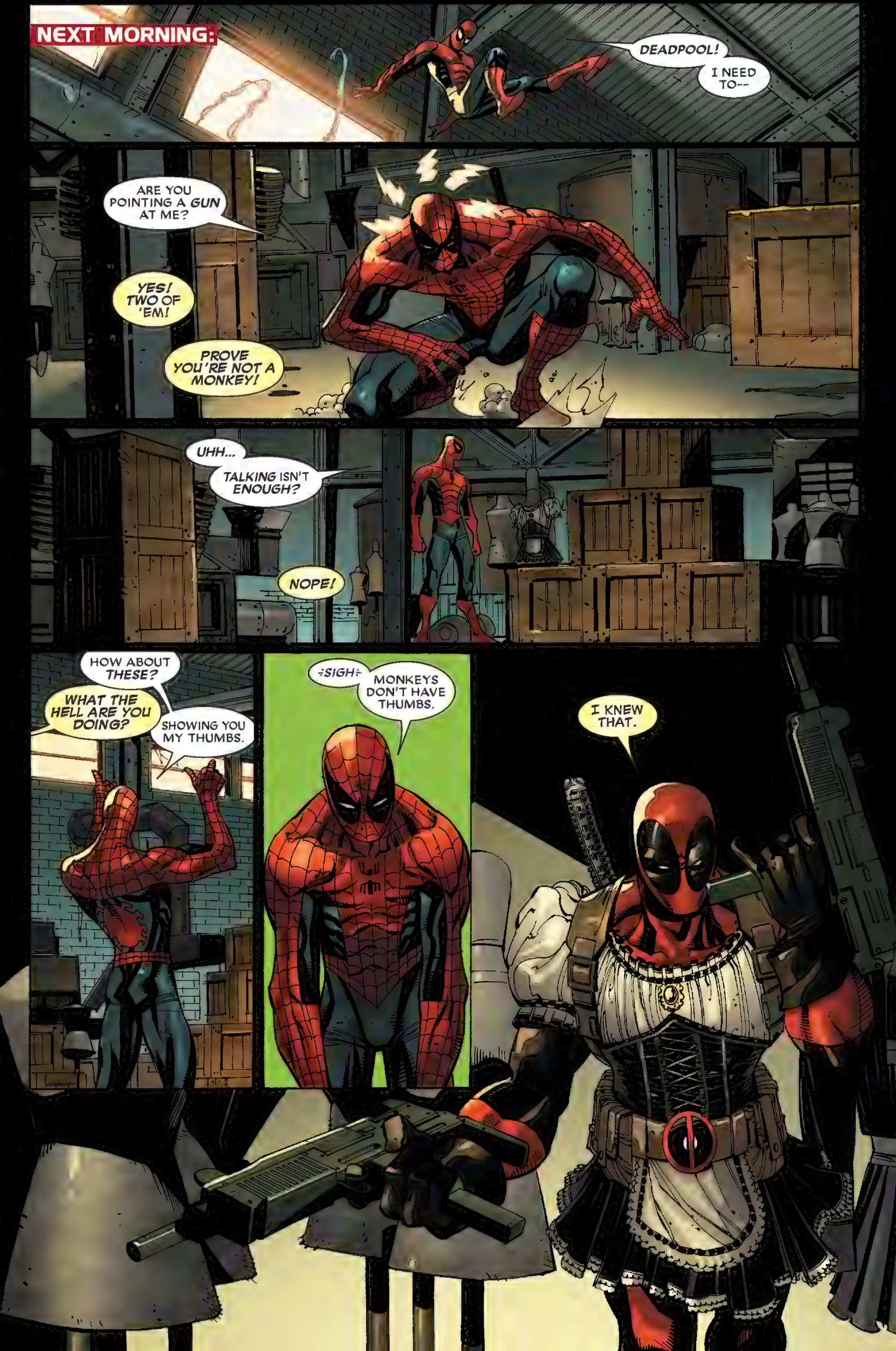

WAIT A MINUTE...
YOU'RE *SCARED,* AREN'T YOU?
WHAT? *NO...*
Yes.
TERRIFIED.
YOU REALLY THINK A *"HIT-MONKEY"* IS OUT TO *GET* YOU?
NO, I'M REALLY *"CONVINCED"* THAT *"HIT-MONKEY"* IS GONNA *"BLOW MY FREAKIN' BRAINS OUT"!*
I KNOW HE'S *HERE,* AND I KNOW WHAT HE *DOES*--HE KILLS *GUYS LIKE ME.*
ASSASSINS.
I'M NOT AN ASSASSIN!
PEOPLE PAY YOU MONEY TO SHOOT *OTHER* PEOPLE.
THAT MAKES YOU AN *ASSASSIN.*
FORMER ASSASSIN.
I HAVEN'T PULLED A TRIGGER FOR *MONEY* IN... LEMME THINK...
WHEN DID I DO THAT PIZZA DELIVERY GUY?
Issue #10.
YEAH! AND THAT WAS, LIKE, *TEN ISSUES* AG--
HELLO?
WHATEVER A SPIDER CAN
PART 2 OF 3

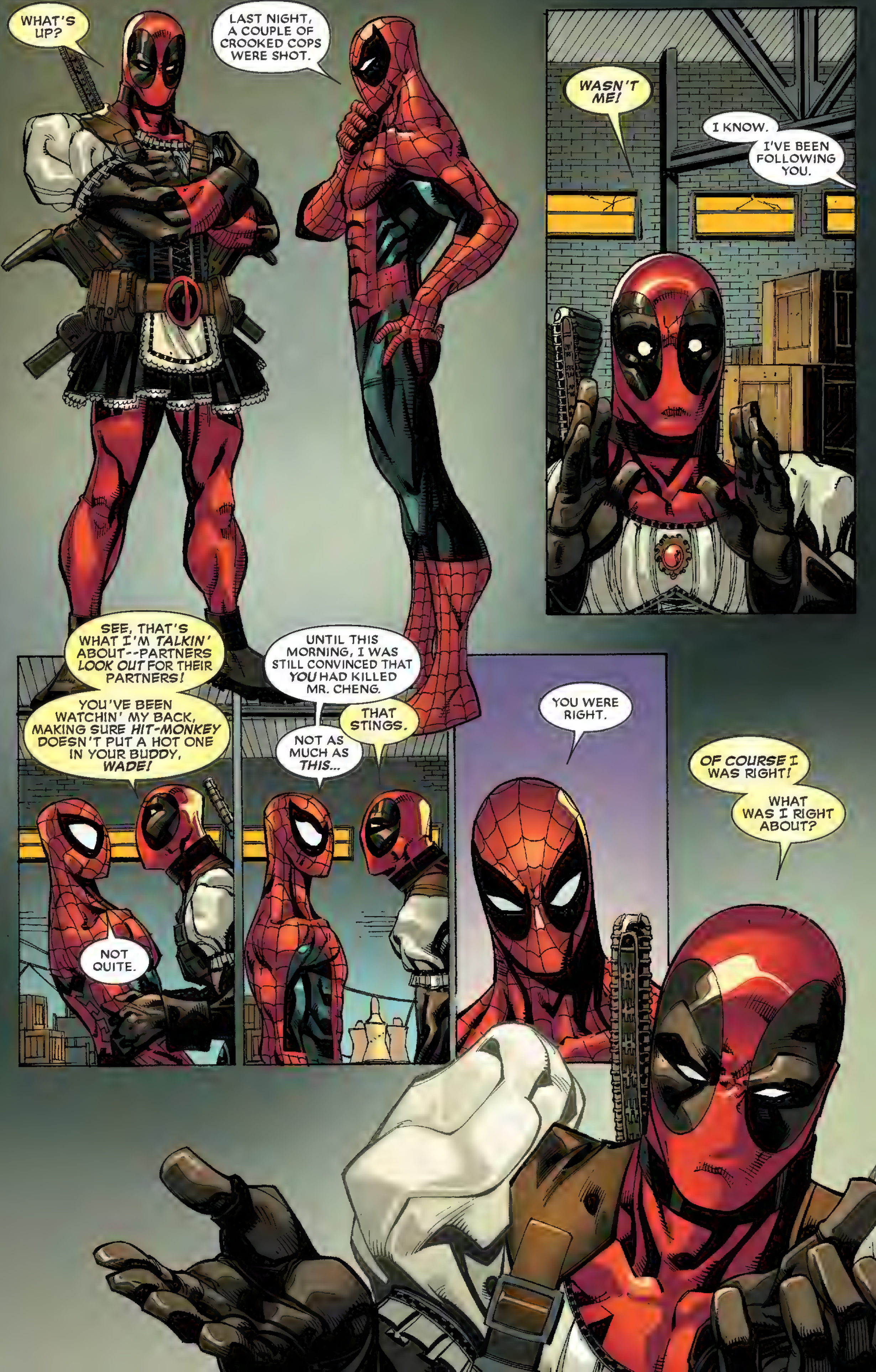

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN:
OH, LOOK.
A DEAD BODY.
WHAT'S THE STORY?
PHILIP "PANCHO" MARTINEZ, AGE 36.
I KNOW THIS GUY...
YEAH, YOU POPPED HIM IN AUGUST. HE'S OUT ON BAIL, CURRENTLY AWAITING TRIAL.
NOT ANYMORE.
GOT A CALL FROM I.A.-- THEY'RE GONNA WANNA TALK TO YOU ABOUT THIS.
&#$* 'EM. PARANOID BASTARDS.
WHO CALLED IT IN?
ONE OF OURS, OFF-DUTY.
SAYS HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO MEET SOME BUDDIES AN' HEARD THE SHOTS FROM THE STREET. CALLED IT IN ON HIS CELL AN' CAME UP.
A HERO, HUH? LEMME TALK TO 'IM.

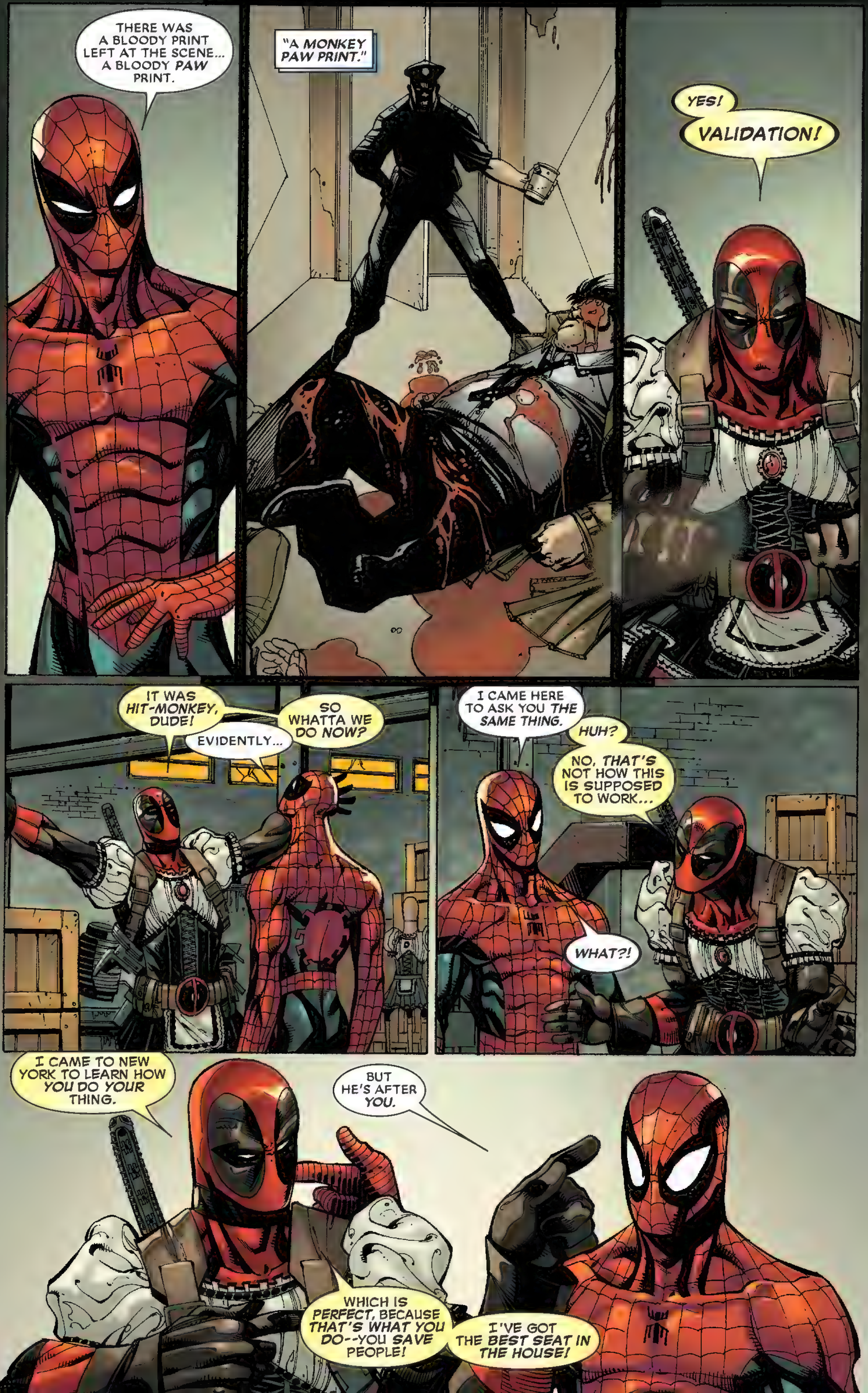

JUST A FEW QUESTIONS AN' I'LL LET YOU GET BACK TO IT, OKAY?
SURE, NO PROBLEM. I'M GONNA GET SOME COFFEE-- WANT SOME?
YEAH, THANKS.
SO, WHERE'S THE GUN?
HERE.
SO, WE'RE *EVEN,* RIGHT?
YEAH, JUST MAKE THE STATEMENT LIKE WE *TALKED* ABOUT, OKAY? DO *THAT,* AN' WE'LL BE FINE.
YOU... *TOOK CARE* OF THAT GIRL WITH THE *COMPLAINT* AGAINST ME?
YEAH, DON'T WORRY-- SHE WON'T BE MAKIN' *ANY* STATEMENTS. *EVER.*

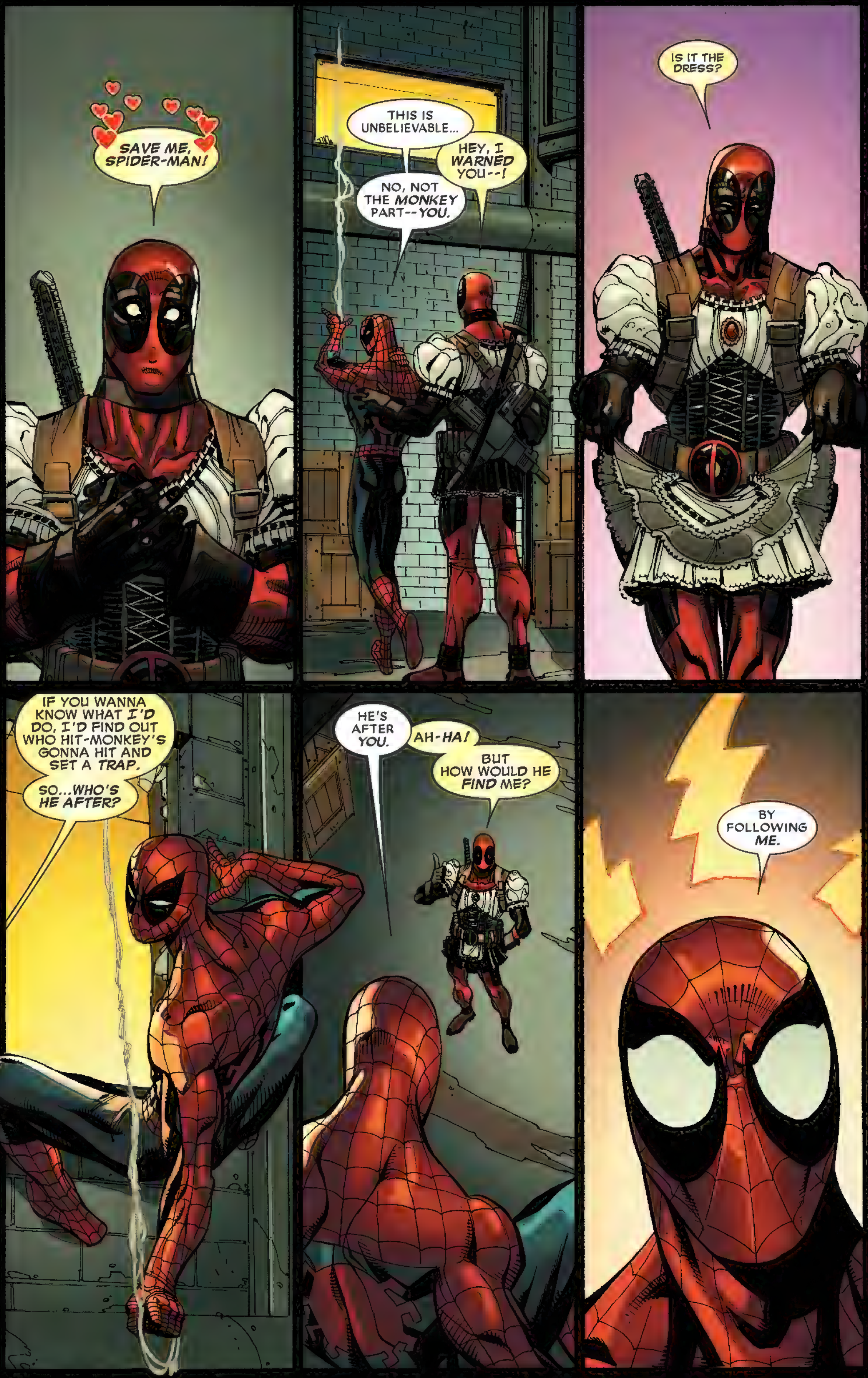

THANK GOD. I WOULD'A BEEN RUINED...KICKED OFF THE FORCE.
WELL, YA GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT...AN' NOW, NEITHER DO I.
YA DID REAL GOOD WORK HERE, KID.
YOU SAY THAT LIKE YOU'VE--
SEEN IT BEFORE? I'VE SEEN IT LOTSA TIMES...AN' I'VE DONE IT LOTSA TIMES.
I'M TELLIN' YA THAT 'CAUSE I WANT YOU TO KNOW-- YOU GET WHAT I'M SAYIN' HERE?
PANCHO OVER THERE THOUGHT HE COULD TELL A LITTLE STORY ABOUT ME, MAYBE GET HIS SENTENCE REDUCED.
AN' Y'SEE HOW THAT WORKED OUT FOR HIM, RIGHT?
I...I WON'T SAY NOTHIN'.
YOU'LL SAY WHAT I TOLD YA TO SAY AN' THAT'S IT.
HEY, THAT MY COFFEE?


PHUTT
B-BUT...
YOU'RE A...
WHY ARE YOU SO SAD?
PHUTT PHUTT
EK.

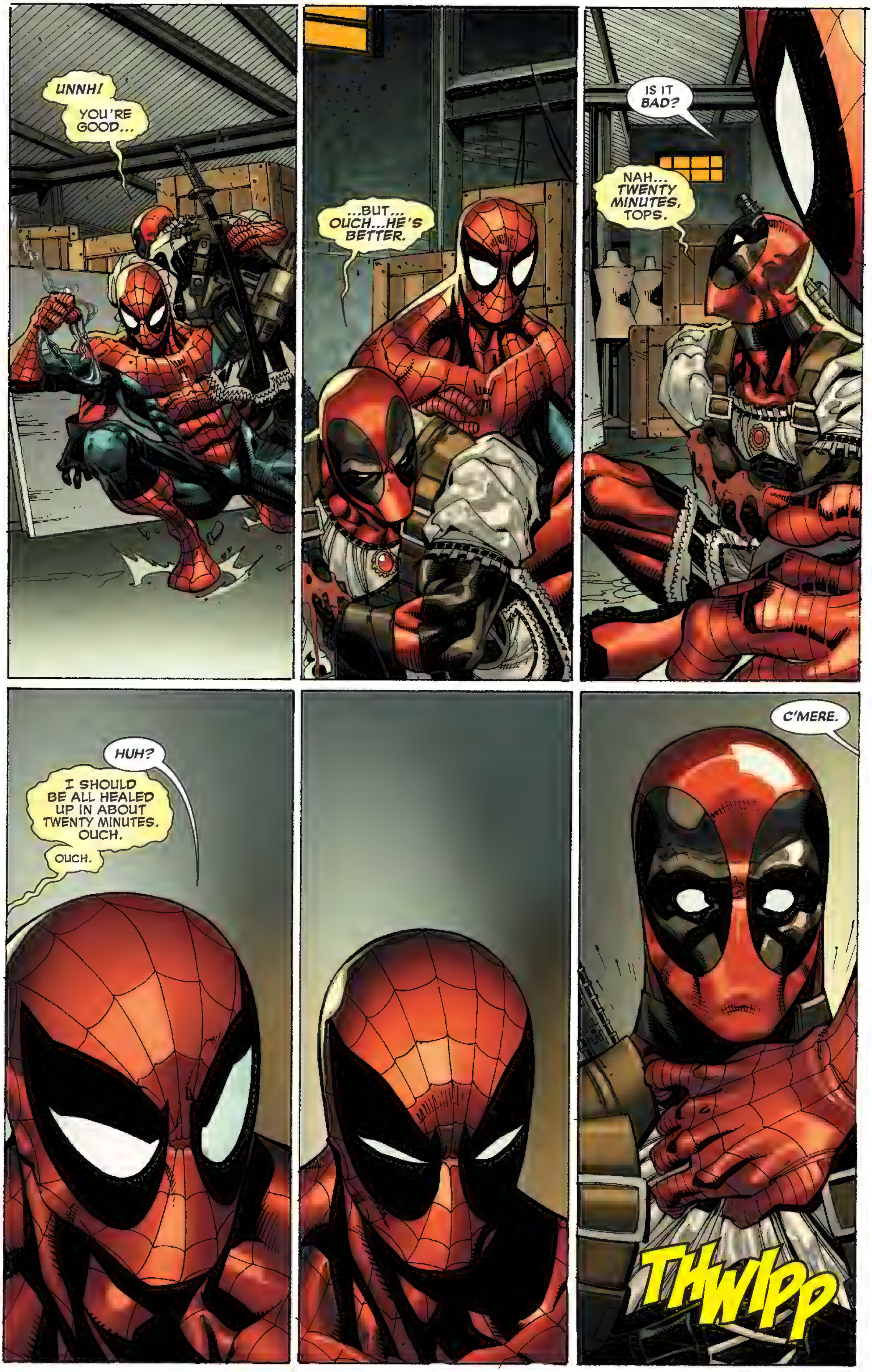

NEXT MORNING:
DEADPOOL!
I NEED TO--
ARE YOU POINTING A GUN AT ME?
YES! TWO OF 'EM!
PROVE YOU'RE NOT A MONKEY!
UHH...
TALKING ISN'T ENOUGH?
NOPE!
HOW ABOUT THESE?
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
SHOWING YOU MY THUMBS.
=SIGH=
MONKEYS DON'T HAVE THUMBS.
I KNEW THAT.

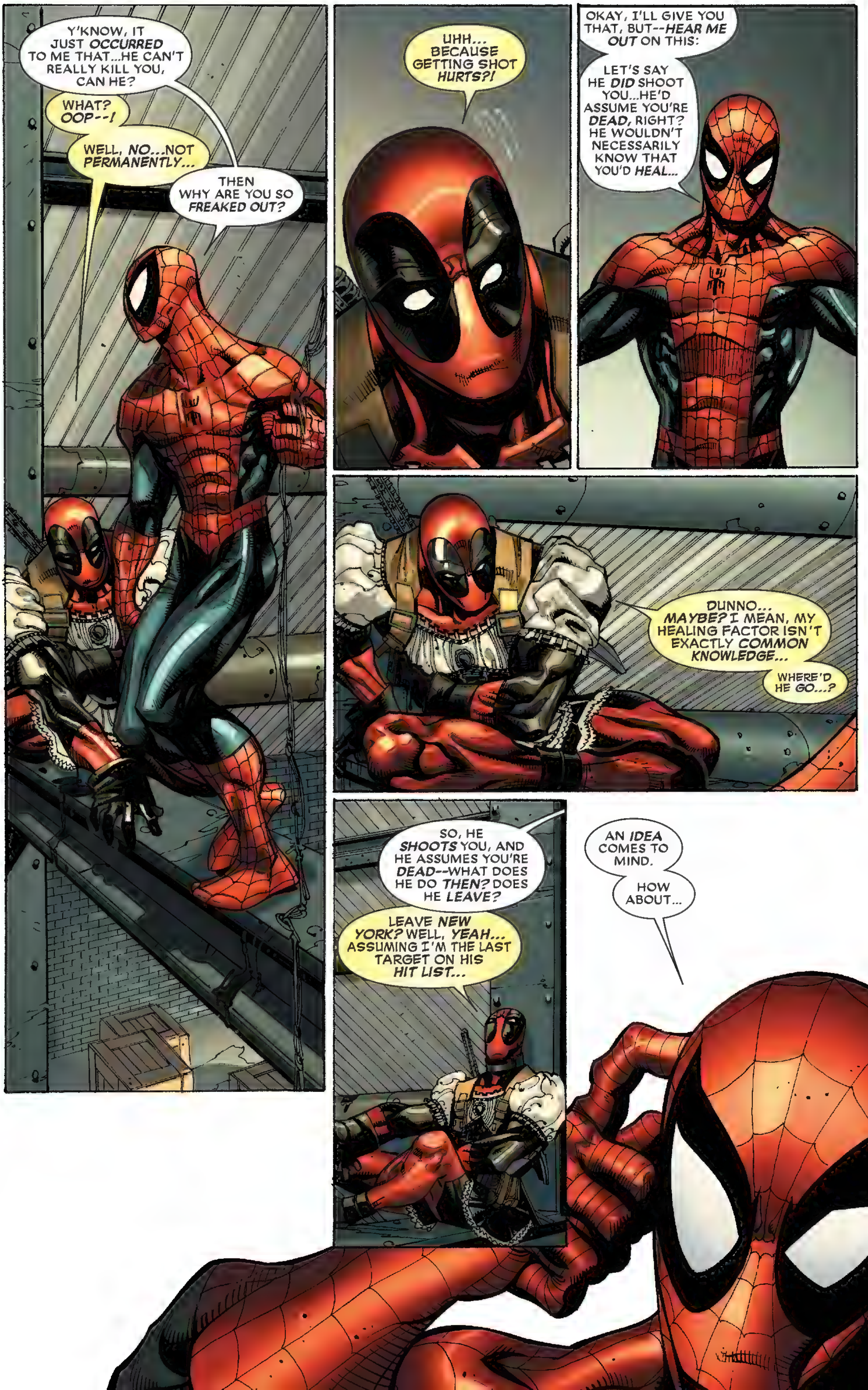

WHAT'S UP?
LAST NIGHT, A COUPLE OF CROOKED COPS WERE SHOT.
WASN'T ME!
I KNOW.
I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU.
SEE, THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT--PARTNERS LOOK OUT FOR THEIR PARTNERS!
YOU'VE BEEN WATCHIN' MY BACK, MAKING SURE HIT-MONKEY DOESN'T PUT A HOT ONE IN YOUR BUDDY, WADE!
NOT QUITE.
UNTIL THIS MORNING, I WAS STILL CONVINCED THAT YOU HAD KILLED MR. CHENG.
THAT STINGS.
NOT AS MUCH AS THIS...
YOU WERE RIGHT.
OF COURSE I WAS RIGHT!
WHAT WAS I RIGHT ABOUT?

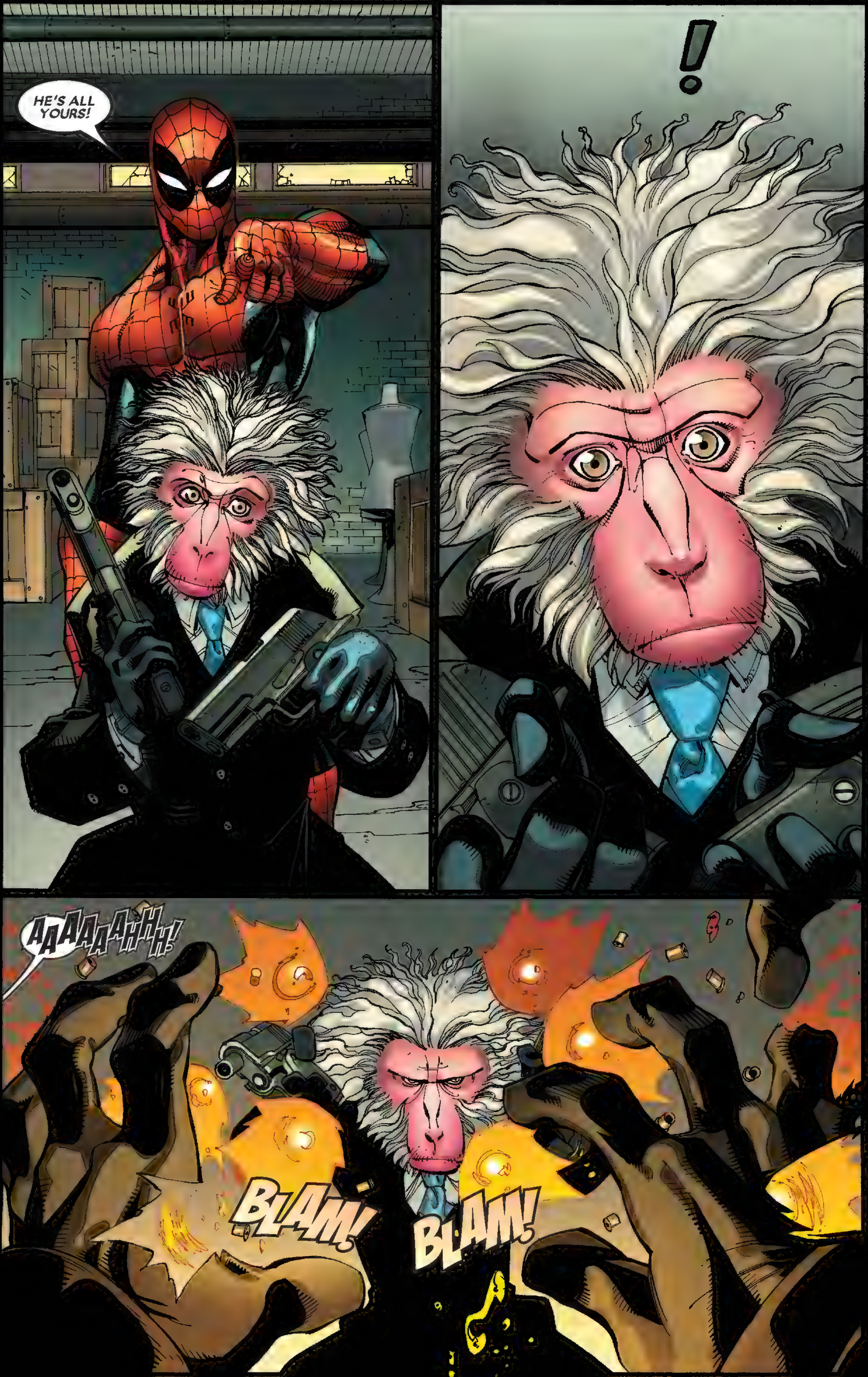

THERE WAS A BLOODY PRINT LEFT AT THE SCENE... A BLOODY *PAW* PRINT.
"A *MONKEY PAW PRINT*."
YES!
VALIDATION!
IT WAS *HIT-MONKEY*, *DUDE!*
EVIDENTLY...
SO WHATTA WE *DO NOW?*
I CAME HERE TO ASK YOU *THE SAME THING.*
HUH?
NO, *THAT'S* NOT HOW THIS IS SUPPOSED TO WORK...
WHAT?!
I CAME TO NEW YORK TO LEARN HOW *YOU* DO *YOUR* THING.
BUT HE'S AFTER *YOU.*
WHICH IS *PERFECT*, BECAUSE *THAT'S WHAT YOU DO*--YOU *SAVE* PEOPLE!
I'VE GOT THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE!

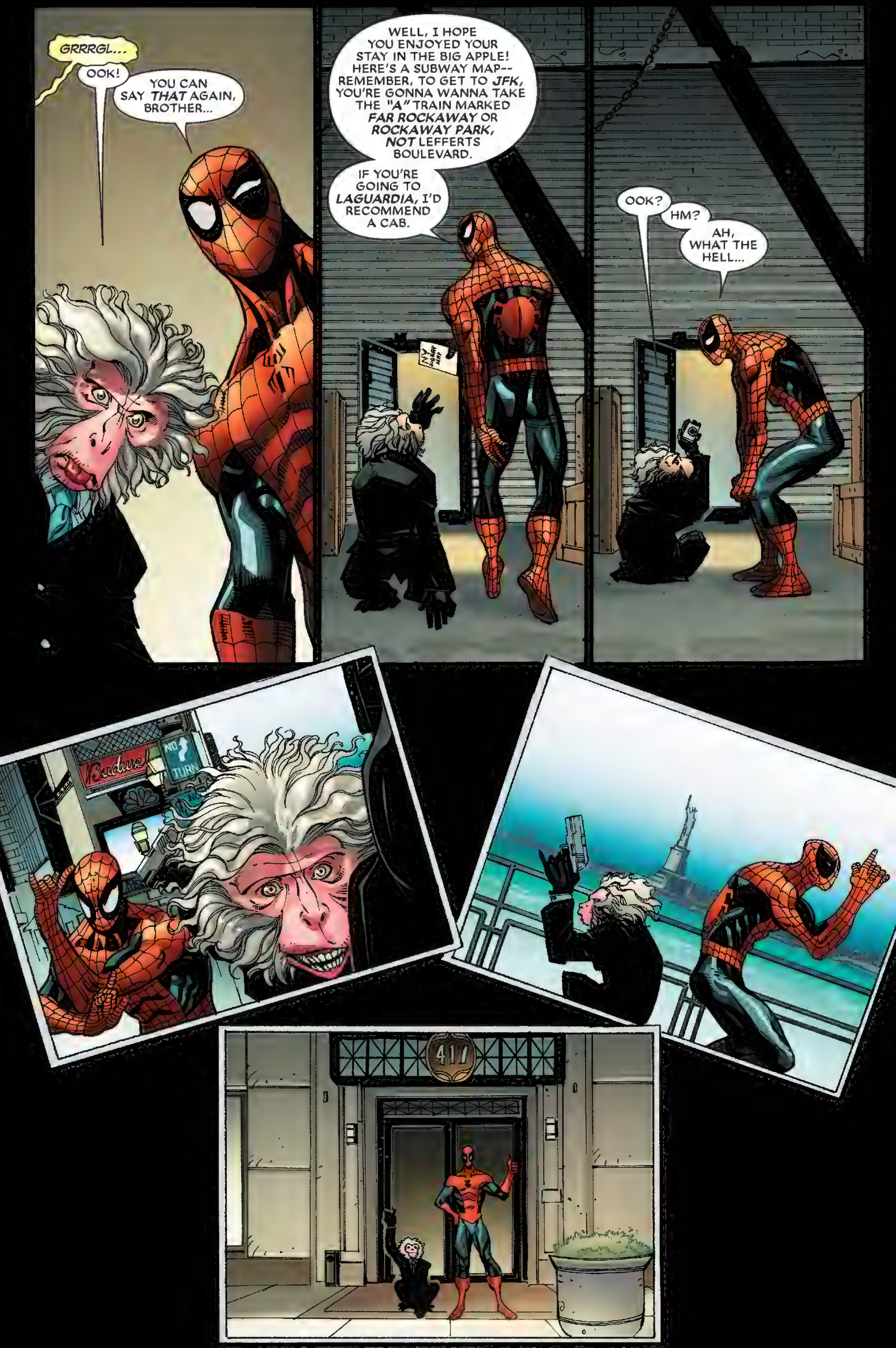

SAVE ME, SPIDER-MAN!
THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE...
HEY, I WARNED YOU--!
NO, NOT THE MONKEY PART--YOU.
IS IT THE DRESS?
IF YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT I'D DO, I'D FIND OUT WHO HIT-MONKEY'S GONNA HIT AND SET A TRAP.
SO...WHO'S HE AFTER?
HE'S AFTER YOU.
AH-HA!
BUT HOW WOULD HE FIND ME?
BY FOLLOWING ME.

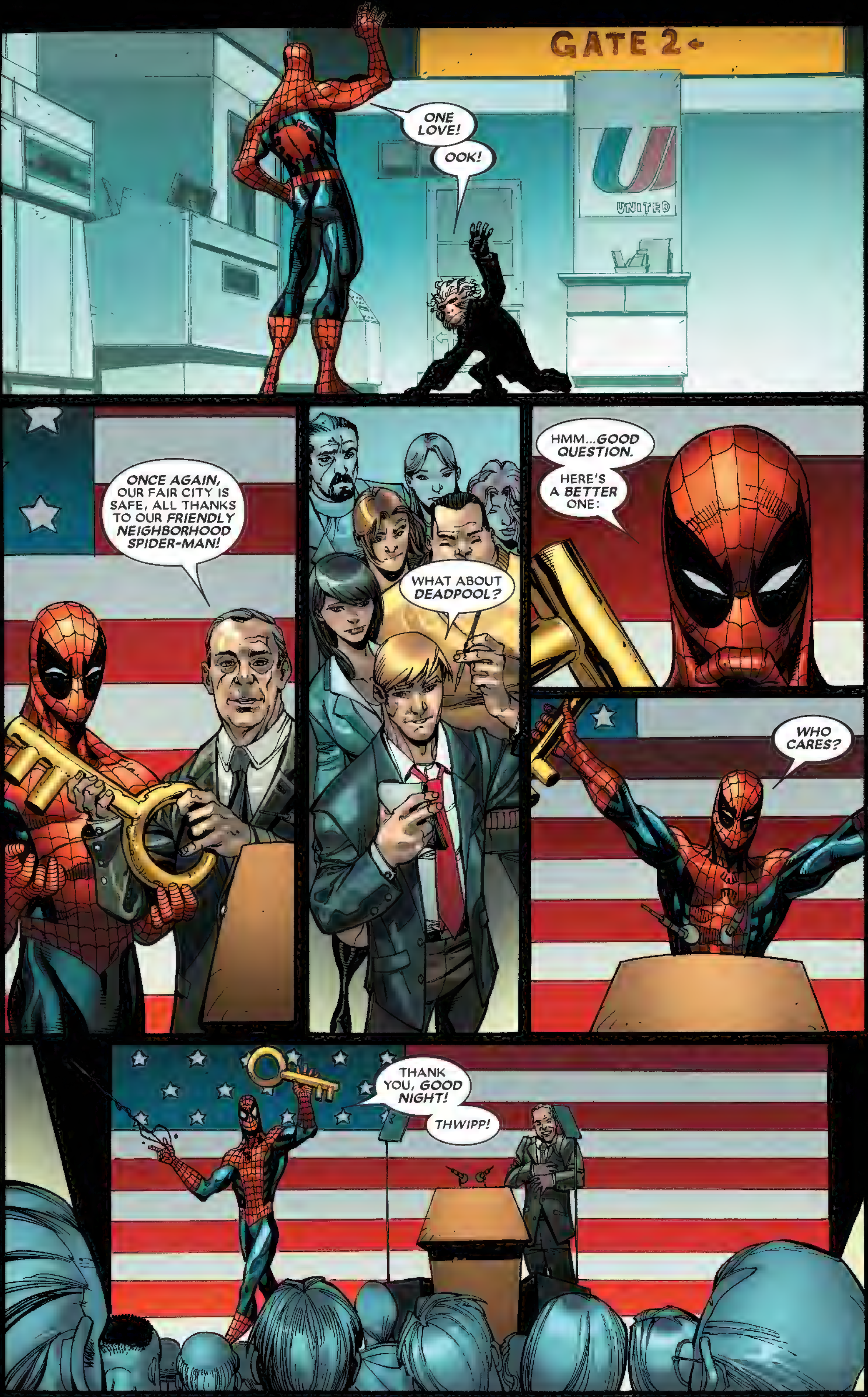
BLAM!
RRREEEEEEEE--!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

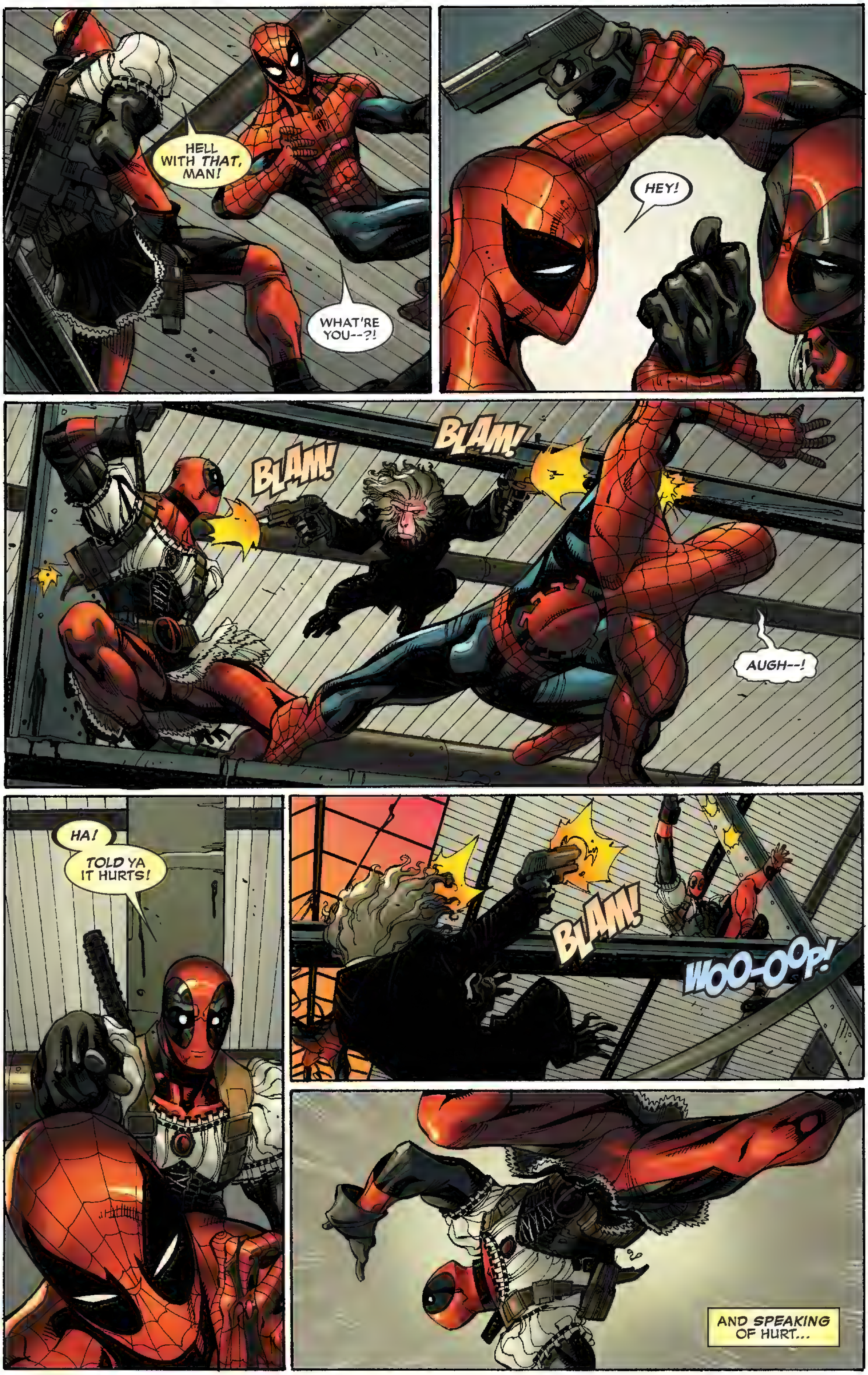

UNNH!
YOU'RE GOOD...
...BUT... OUCH...HE'S BETTER.
IS IT BAD?
NAH... TWENTY MINUTES, TOPS.
HUH?
I SHOULD BE ALL HEALED UP IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES. OUCH.
OUCH.
C'MERE.
THWIPP

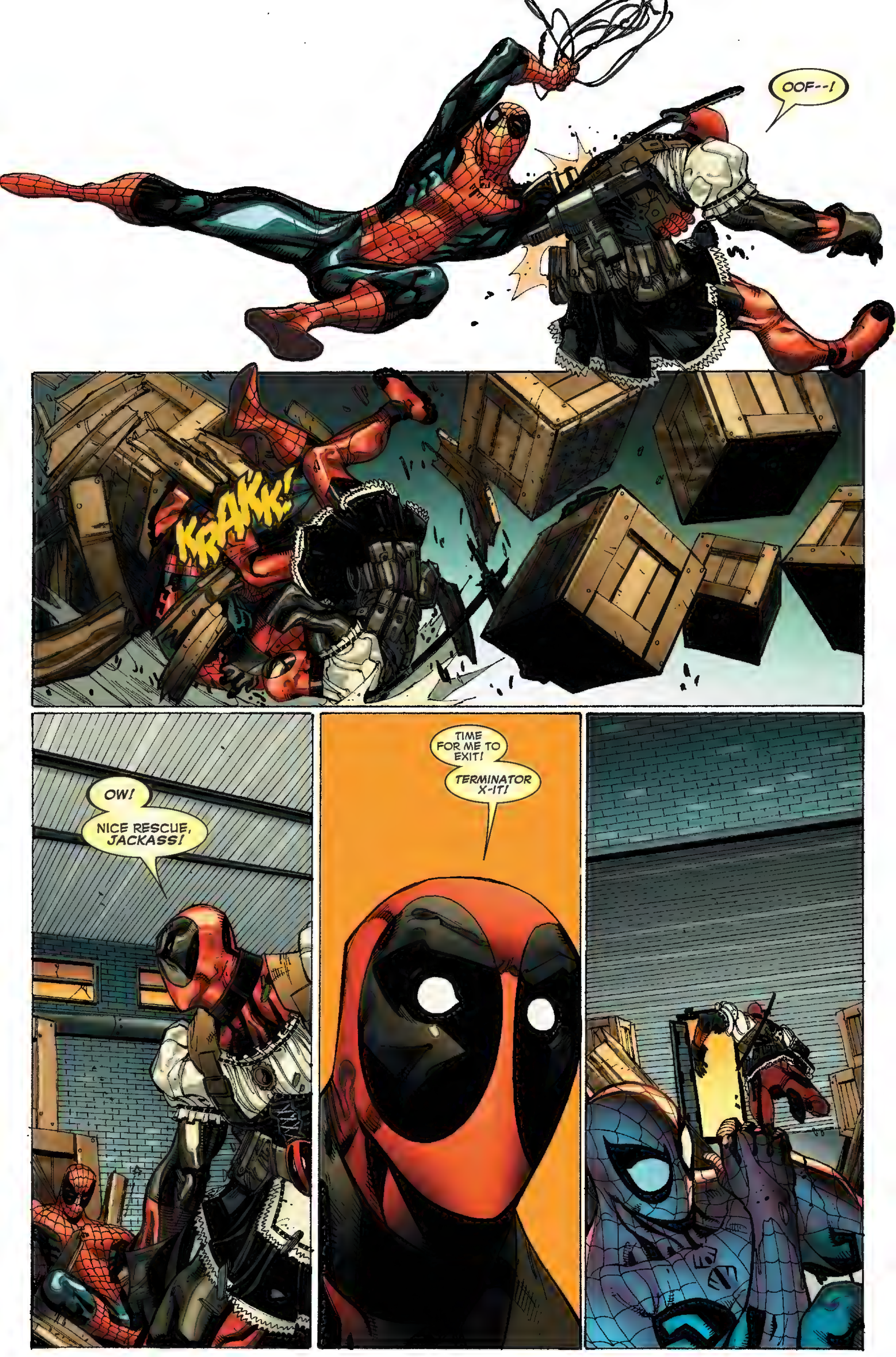

Y'KNOW, IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME THAT...HE CAN'T REALLY KILL YOU, CAN HE?
WHAT? OOP--!
WELL, NO...NOT PERMANENTLY...
THEN WHY ARE YOU SO FREAKED OUT?
UHH... BECAUSE GETTING SHOT HURTS?!
OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT, BUT--HEAR ME OUT ON THIS:
LET'S SAY HE DID SHOOT YOU...HE'D ASSUME YOU'RE DEAD, RIGHT? HE WOULDN'T NECESSARILY KNOW THAT YOU'D HEAL...
DUNNO... MAYBE? I MEAN, MY HEALING FACTOR ISN'T EXACTLY COMMON KNOWLEDGE...
WHERE'D HE GO...?
SO, HE SHOOTS YOU, AND HE ASSUMES YOU'RE DEAD--WHAT DOES HE DO THEN? DOES HE LEAVE?
LEAVE NEW YORK? WELL, YEAH... ASSUMING I'M THE LAST TARGET ON HIS HIT LIST...
AN IDEA COMES TO MIND.
HOW ABOUT...

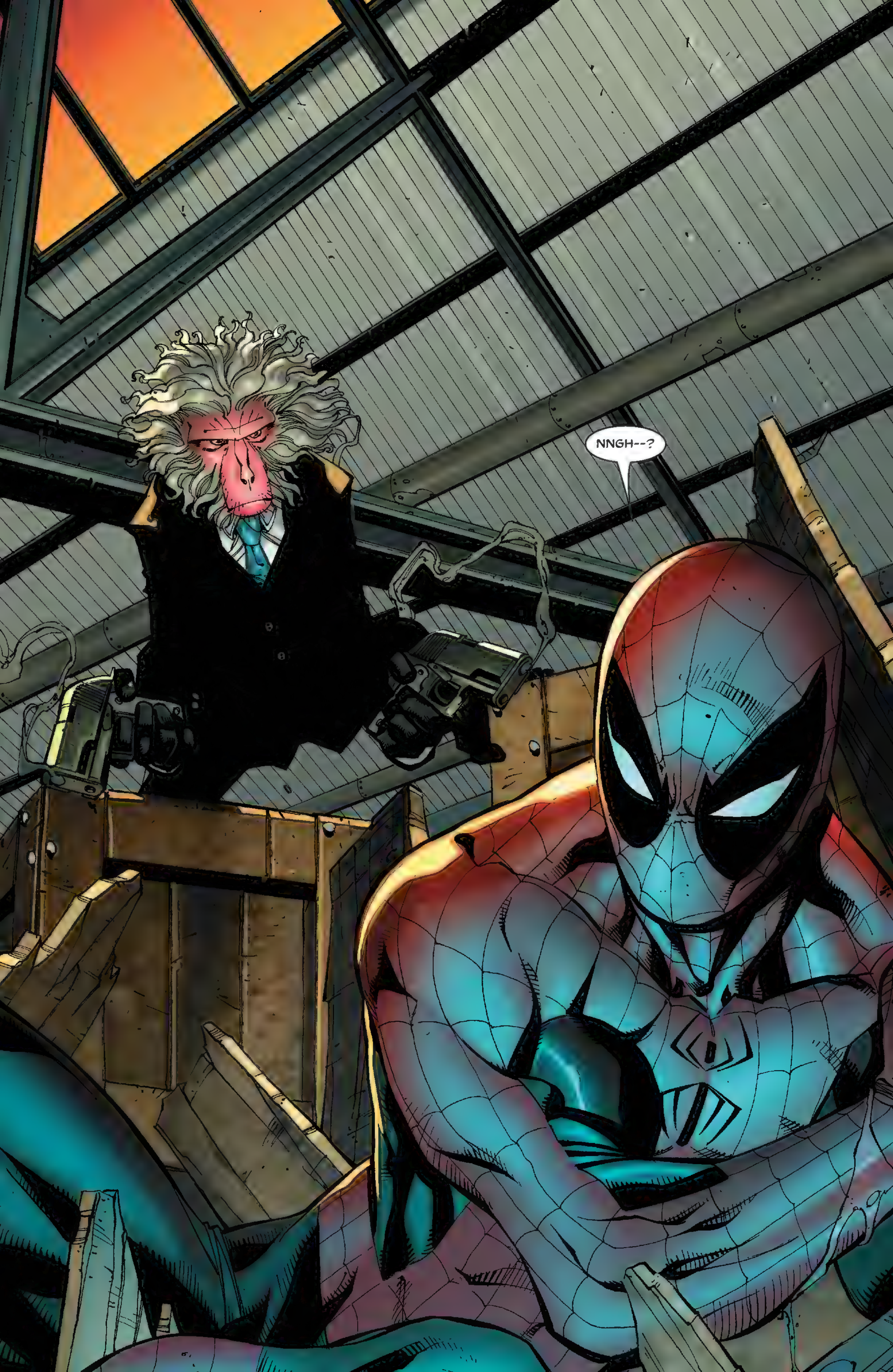

HE'S ALL YOURS!
!
AAAAAAHHHH!
BLAM!
BLAM!

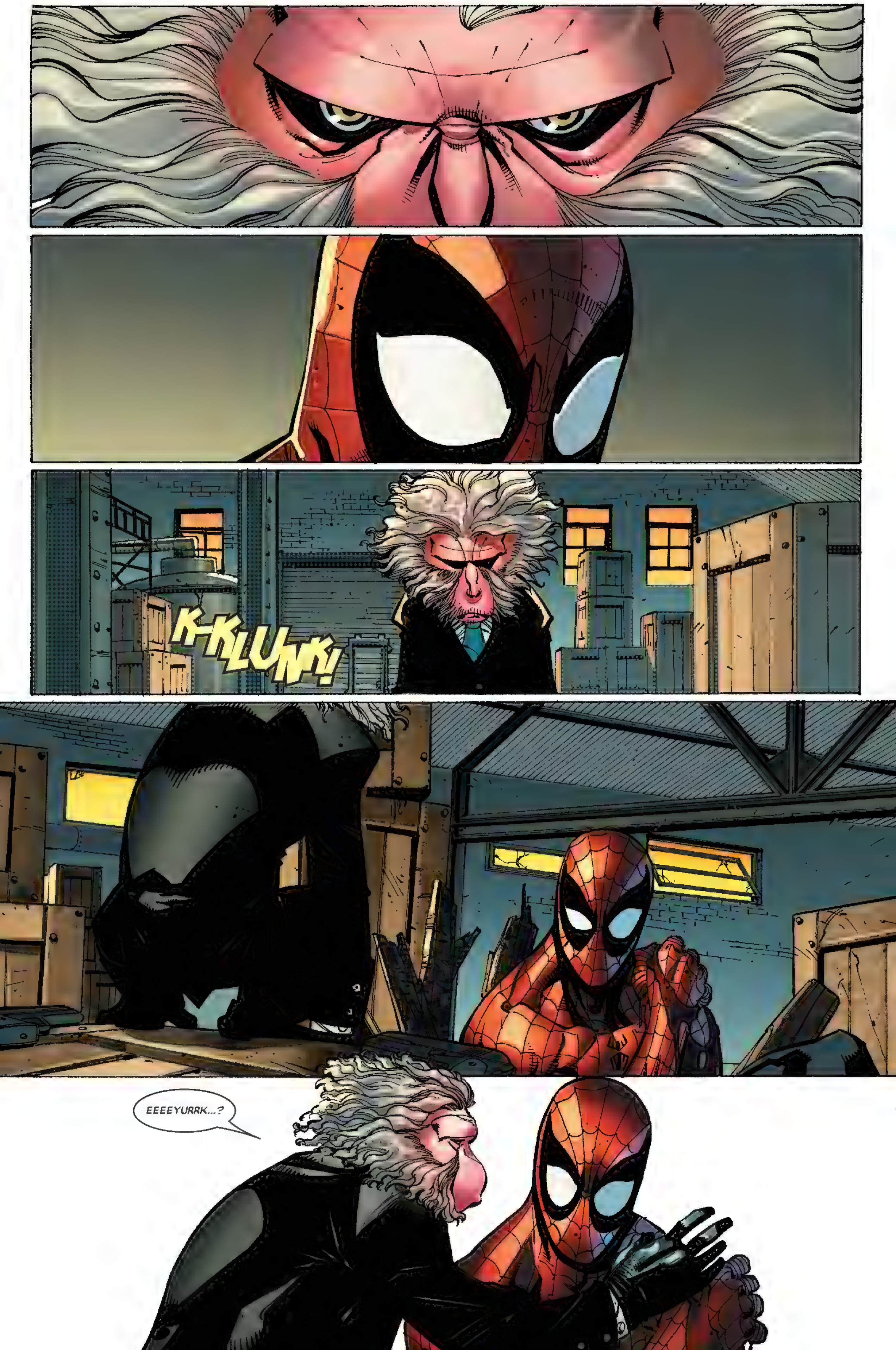

GRRRGL...
OOK!
YOU CAN SAY *THAT* AGAIN, BROTHER...
WELL, I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR STAY IN THE BIG APPLE! HERE'S A SUBWAY MAP-- REMEMBER, TO GET TO *JFK*, YOU'RE GONNA WANNA TAKE THE *"A"* TRAIN MARKED *FAR ROCKAWAY* OR *ROCKAWAY PARK*, *NOT* LEFFERTS BOULEVARD.
IF YOU'RE GOING TO *LAGUARDIA*, I'D RECOMMEND A CAB.
NY SUBWAY MAP
OOK?
HM?
AH, WHAT THE HELL...
Budwe
NO TURN
417

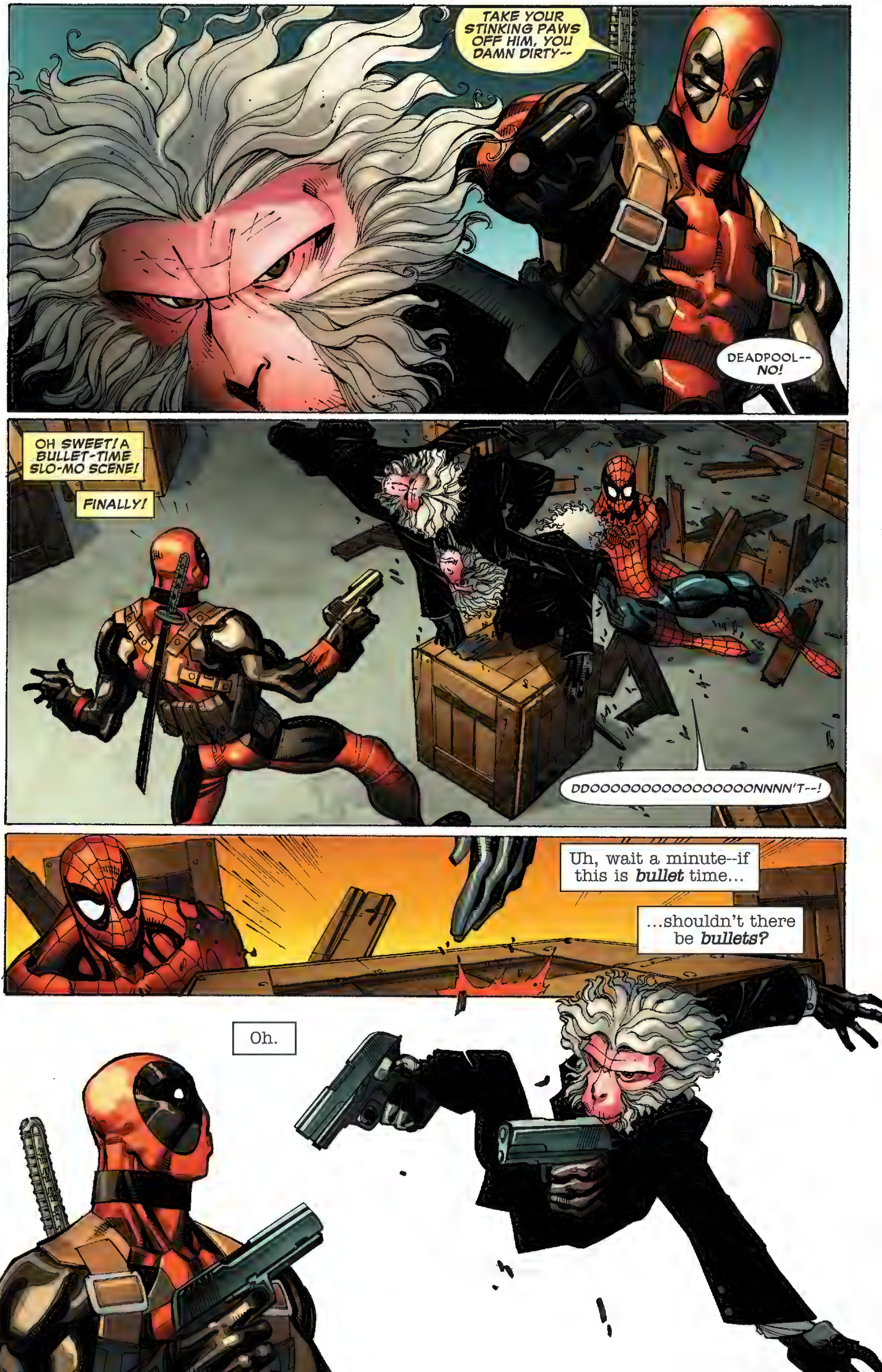

GATE 2
UNITED
ONE LOVE!
OOK!
ONCE AGAIN, OUR FAIR CITY IS SAFE, ALL THANKS TO OUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN!
WHAT ABOUT DEADPOOL?
HMM...GOOD QUESTION.
HERE'S A BETTER ONE:
WHO CARES?
THANK YOU, GOOD NIGHT!
THWIPP!


HELL WITH *THAT,* MAN!
WHAT'RE YOU--?!
HEY!
BLAM!
BLAM!
AUGH--!
HA!
TOLD YA IT HURTS!
BLAM!
WOO-OOP!
AND SPEAKING OF HURT...


OOF--!
KRAKK!
OW!
NICE RESCUE, JACKASS!
TIME FOR ME TO EXIT!
TERMINATOR X-IT!

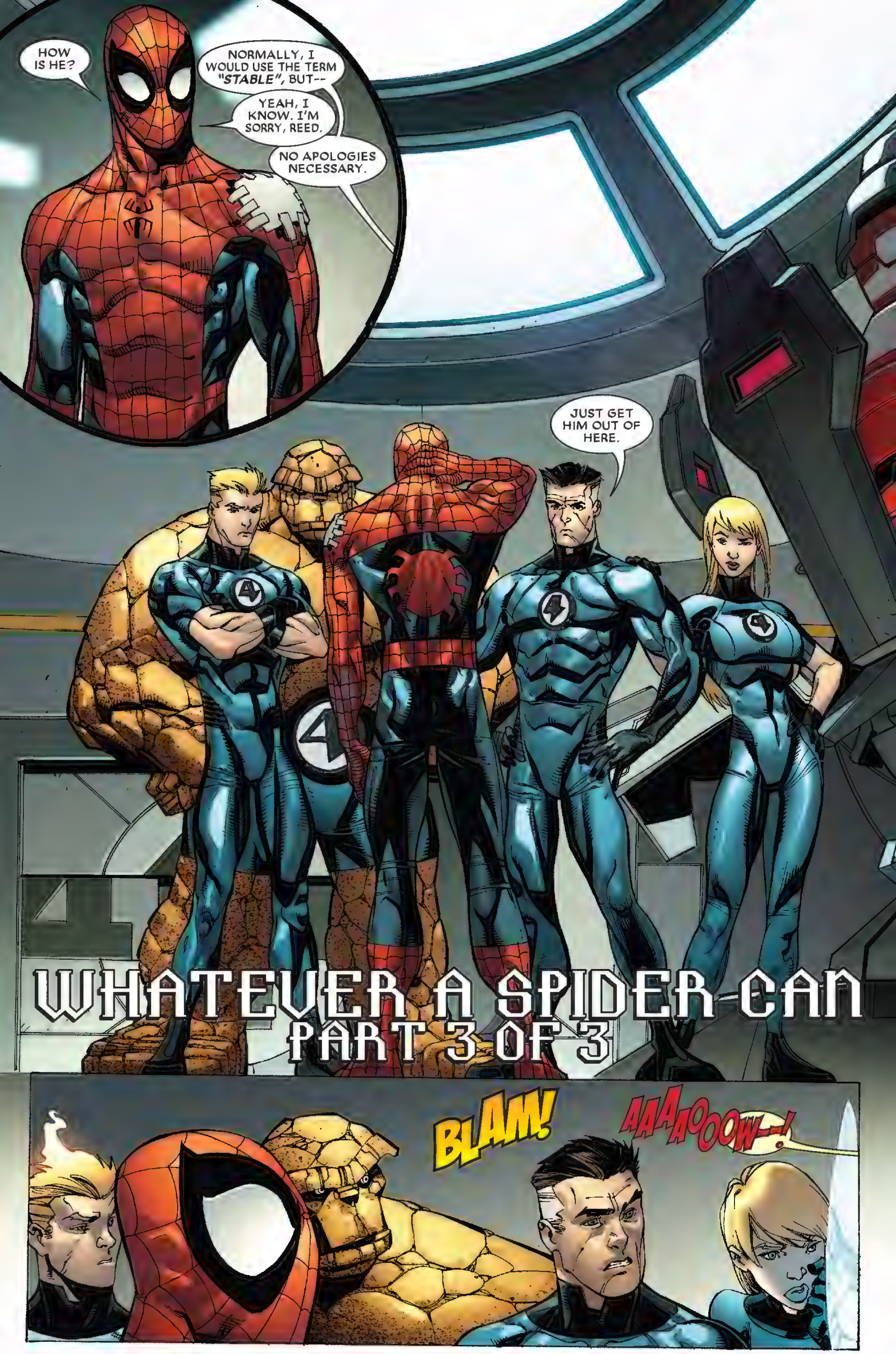

NNGH--?

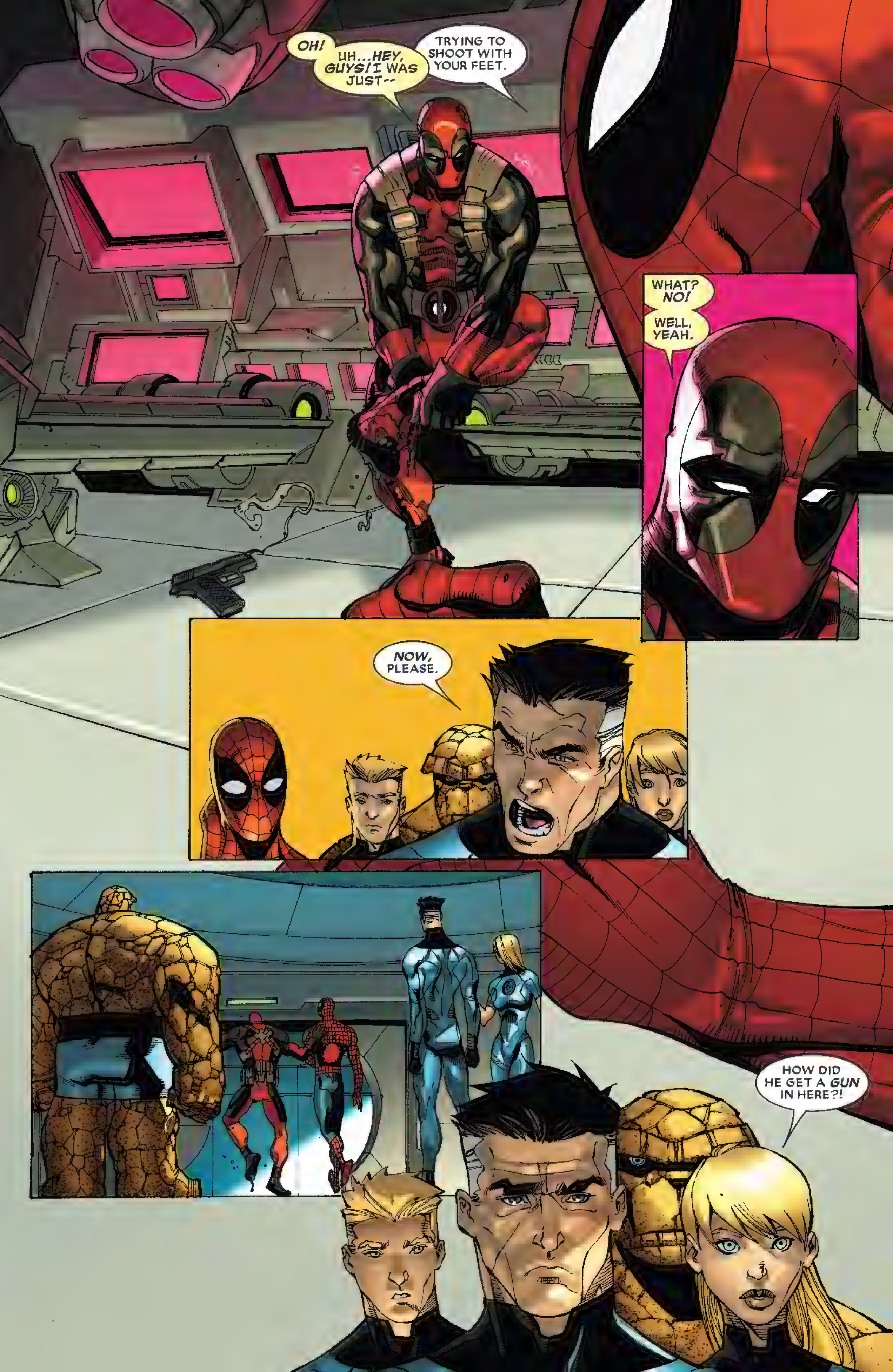

K-KLUNK!
EEEEYURRK...?

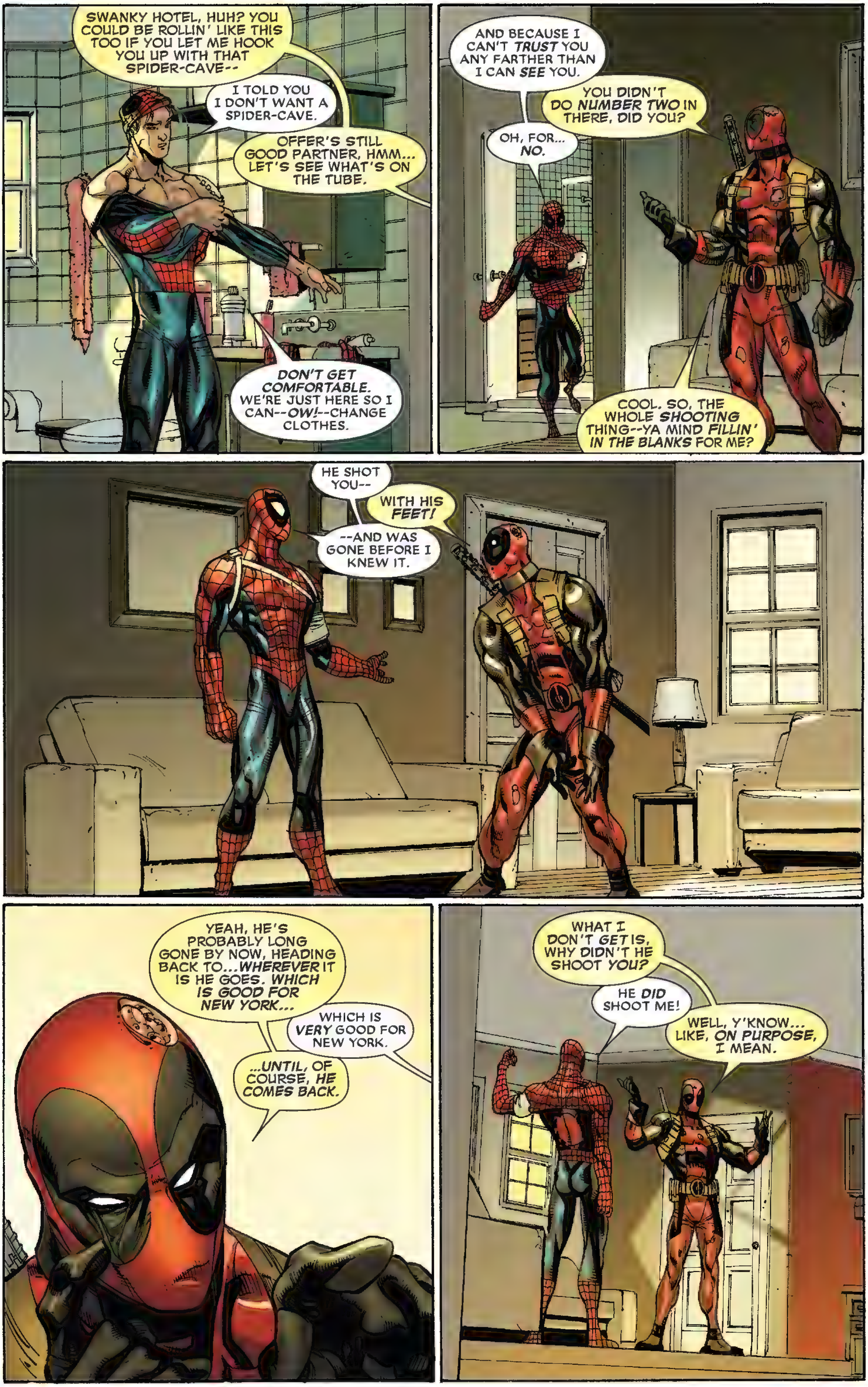

TAKE YOUR STINKING PAWS OFF HIM, YOU DAMN DIRTY--
DEADPOOL-- NO!
OH SWEET! A BULLET-TIME SLO-MO SCENE!
FINALLY!
DDOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNN'T--!
Uh, wait a minute--if this is bullet time...
...shouldn't there be bullets?
Oh.

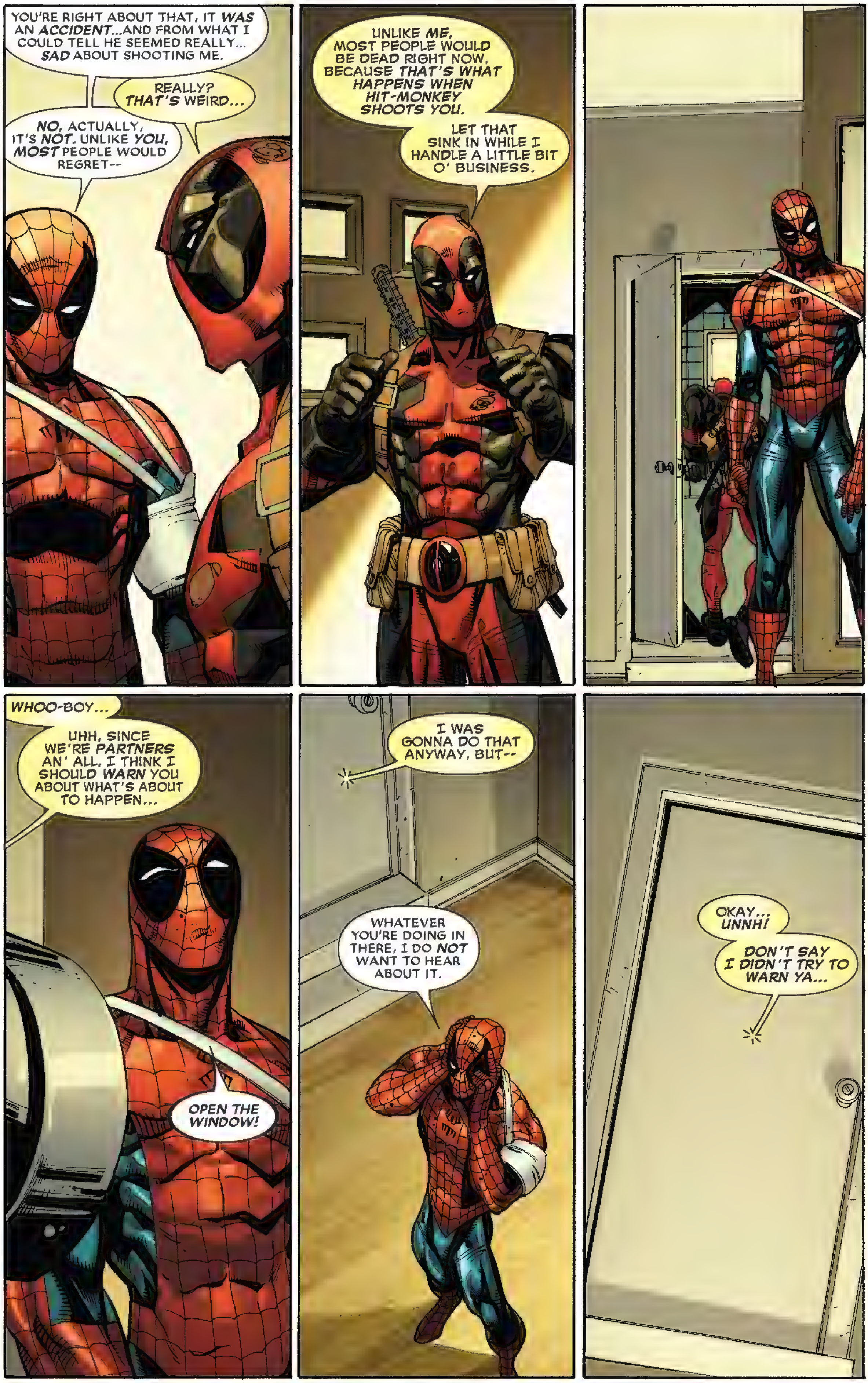
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

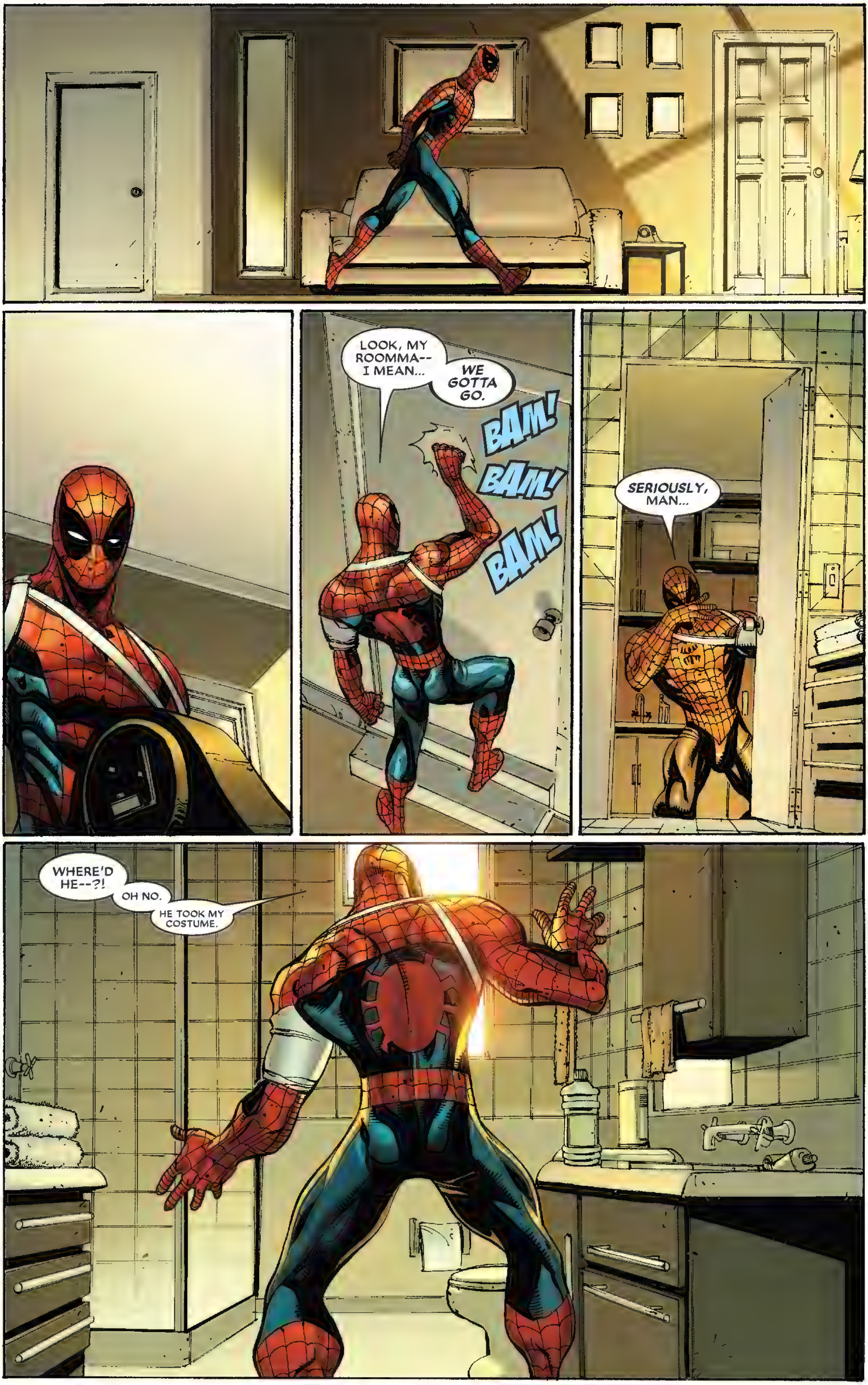
21

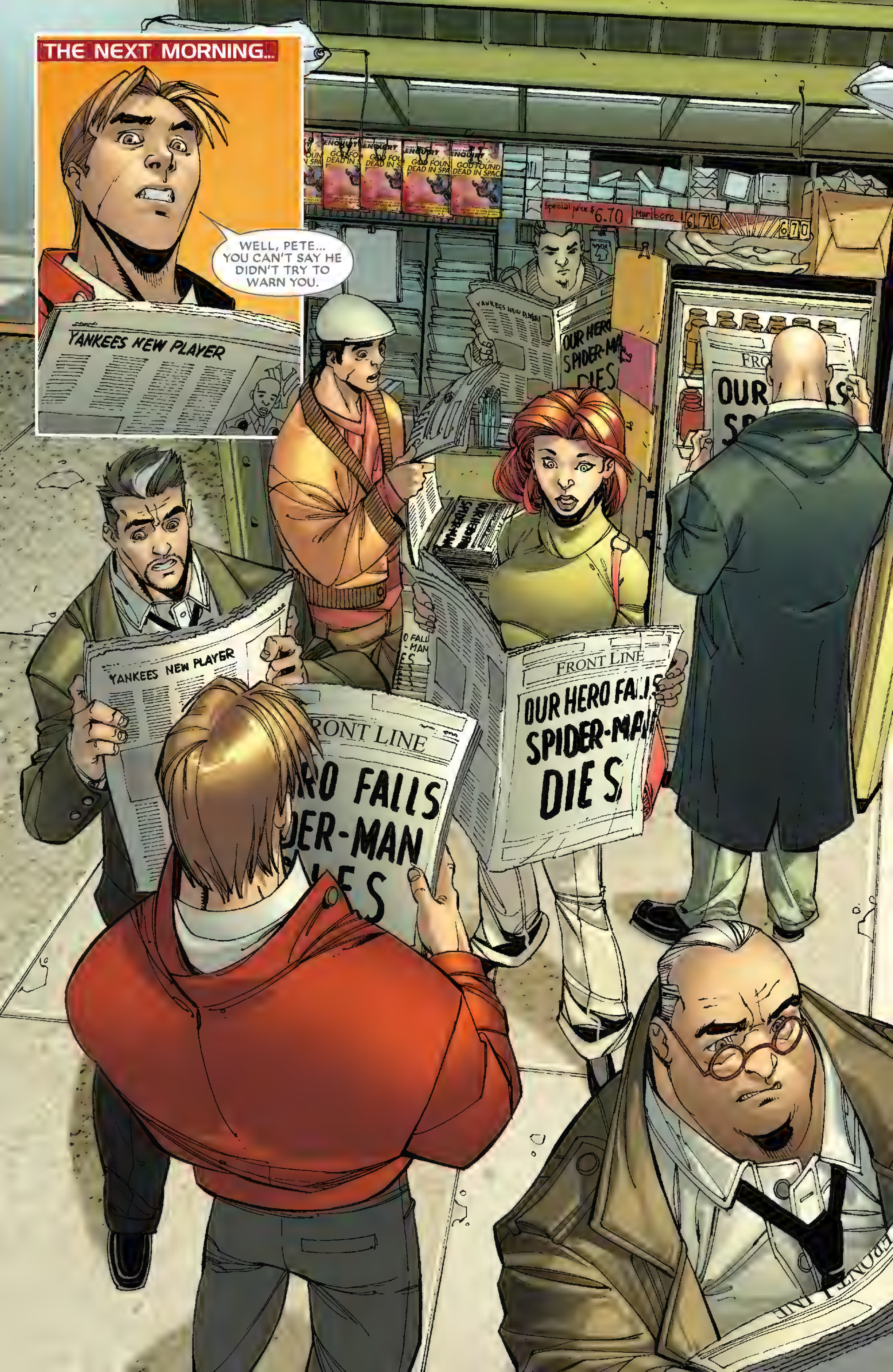

HOW IS HE?
NORMALLY, I WOULD USE THE TERM "STABLE", BUT--
YEAH, I KNOW. I'M SORRY, REED.
NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY.
JUST GET HIM OUT OF HERE.
WHATEVER A SPIDER CAN
PART 3 OF 3
BLAM!
AAAAOOOW--!

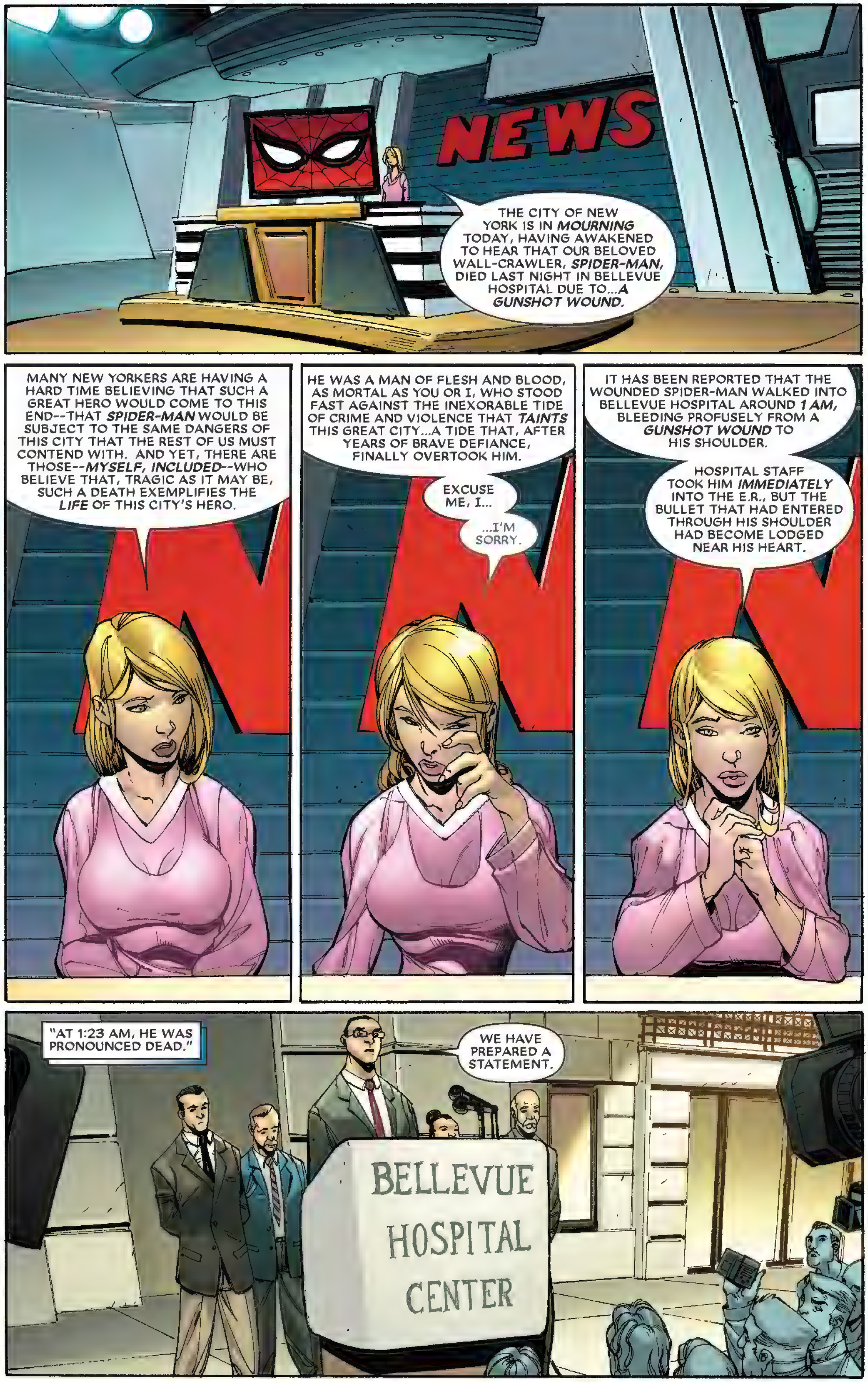

OH!
UH...HEY, GUYS! I WAS JUST--
TRYING TO SHOOT WITH YOUR FEET.
WHAT? NO!
WELL, YEAH.
NOW, PLEASE.
HOW DID HE GET A GUN IN HERE?!

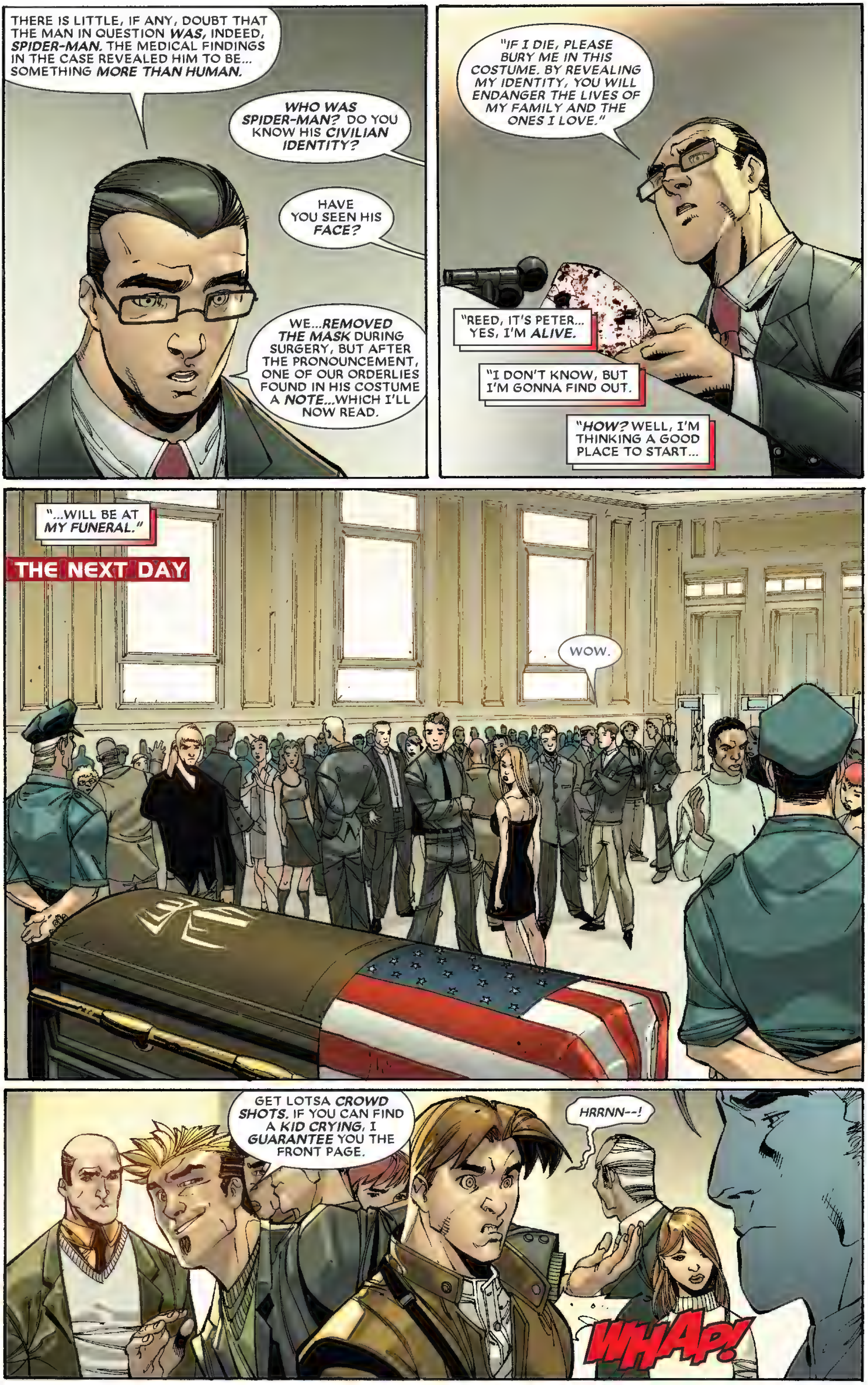

SWANKY HOTEL, HUH? YOU COULD BE ROLLIN' LIKE THIS TOO IF YOU LET ME HOOK YOU UP WITH THAT SPIDER-CAVE--
I TOLD YOU I DON'T WANT A SPIDER-CAVE.
OFFER'S STILL GOOD PARTNER. HMM... LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE TUBE.
DON'T GET COMFORTABLE. WE'RE JUST HERE SO I CAN--OW!--CHANGE CLOTHES.
AND BECAUSE I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANY FARTHER THAN I CAN SEE YOU.
YOU DIDN'T DO NUMBER TWO IN THERE, DID YOU?
OH, FOR... NO.
COOL. SO, THE WHOLE SHOOTING THING--YA MIND FILLIN' IN THE BLANKS FOR ME?
HE SHOT YOU--
WITH HIS FEET!
--AND WAS GONE BEFORE I KNEW IT.
YEAH, HE'S PROBABLY LONG GONE BY NOW, HEADING BACK TO...WHEREVER IT IS HE GOES. WHICH IS GOOD FOR NEW YORK...
WHICH IS VERY GOOD FOR NEW YORK.
...UNTIL, OF COURSE, HE COMES BACK.
WHAT I DON'T GET IS, WHY DIDN'T HE SHOOT YOU?
HE DID SHOOT ME!
WELL, Y'KNOW... LIKE, ON PURPOSE, I MEAN.

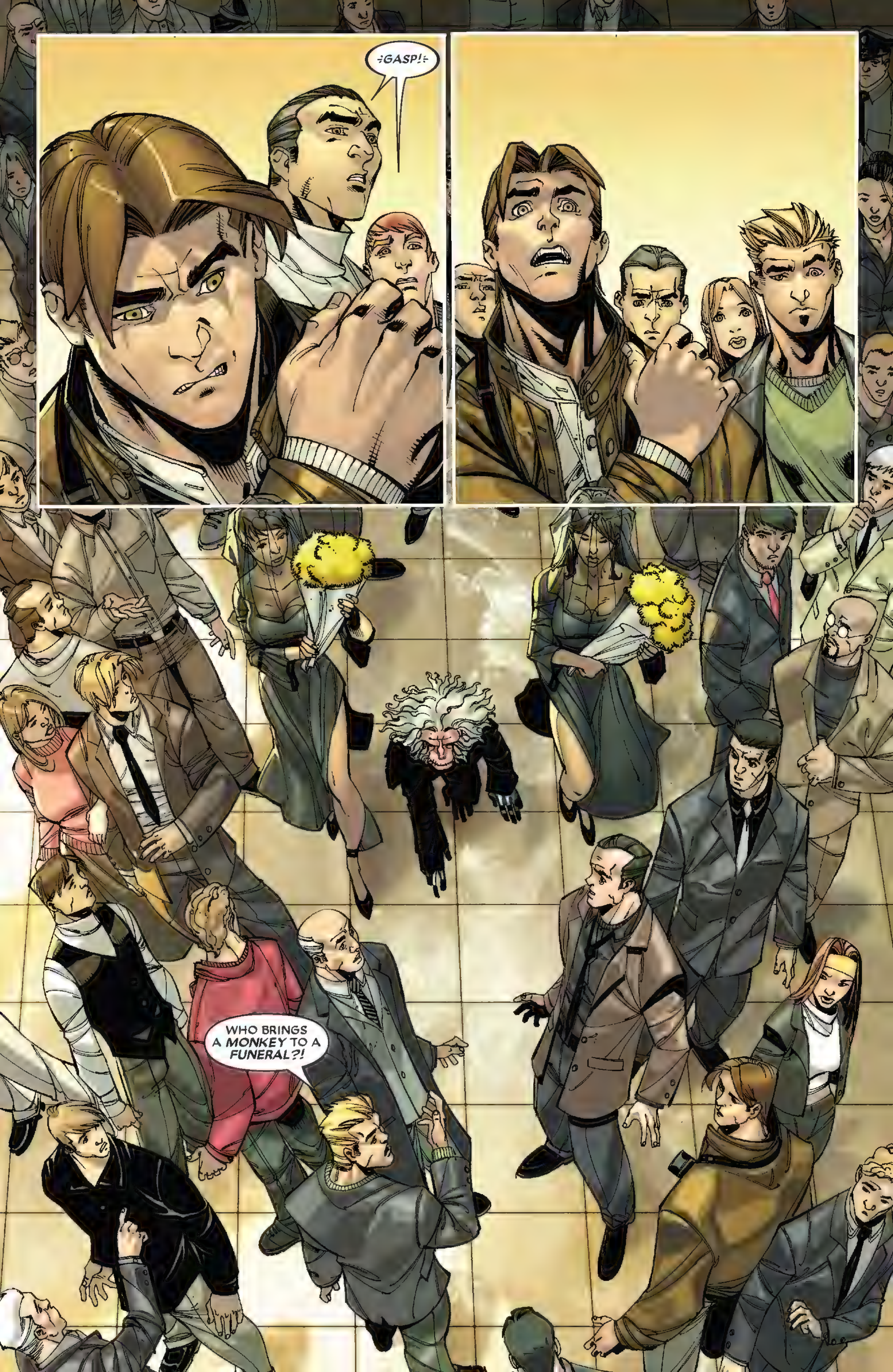

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, IT *WAS* AN *ACCIDENT*...AND FROM WHAT I COULD TELL HE SEEMED REALLY... *SAD* ABOUT SHOOTING ME.
REALLY? *THAT'S* WEIRD...
NO, ACTUALLY, IT'S *NOT*. UNLIKE *YOU*, *MOST* PEOPLE WOULD REGRET--
UNLIKE *ME*, MOST PEOPLE WOULD BE DEAD RIGHT NOW, BECAUSE *THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HIT-MONKEY SHOOTS YOU.*
LET THAT SINK IN WHILE I HANDLE A LITTLE BIT O' BUSINESS.
WHOO-BOY...
UHH, SINCE WE'RE *PARTNERS* AN' ALL, I THINK I SHOULD *WARN* YOU ABOUT WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN...
OPEN THE WINDOW!
I WAS GONNA DO THAT ANYWAY, BUT--
WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING IN THERE, I DO *NOT* WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT.
OKAY... *UNNH!*
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T TRY TO WARN YA...

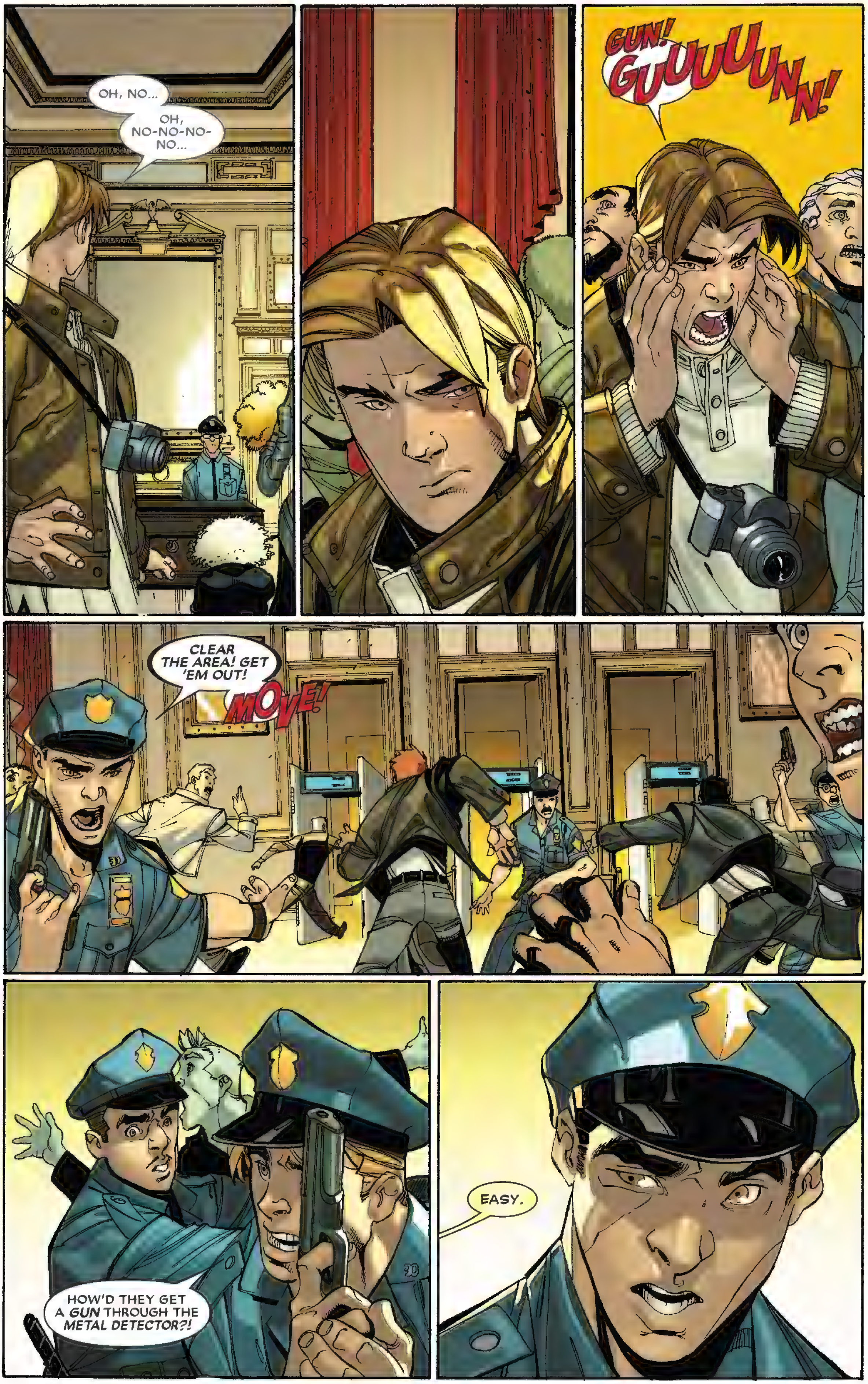

LOOK, MY ROOMMA-- I MEAN...
WE GOTTA GO.
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
SERIOUSLY, MAN...
WHERE'D HE--?!
OH NO.
HE TOOK MY COSTUME.

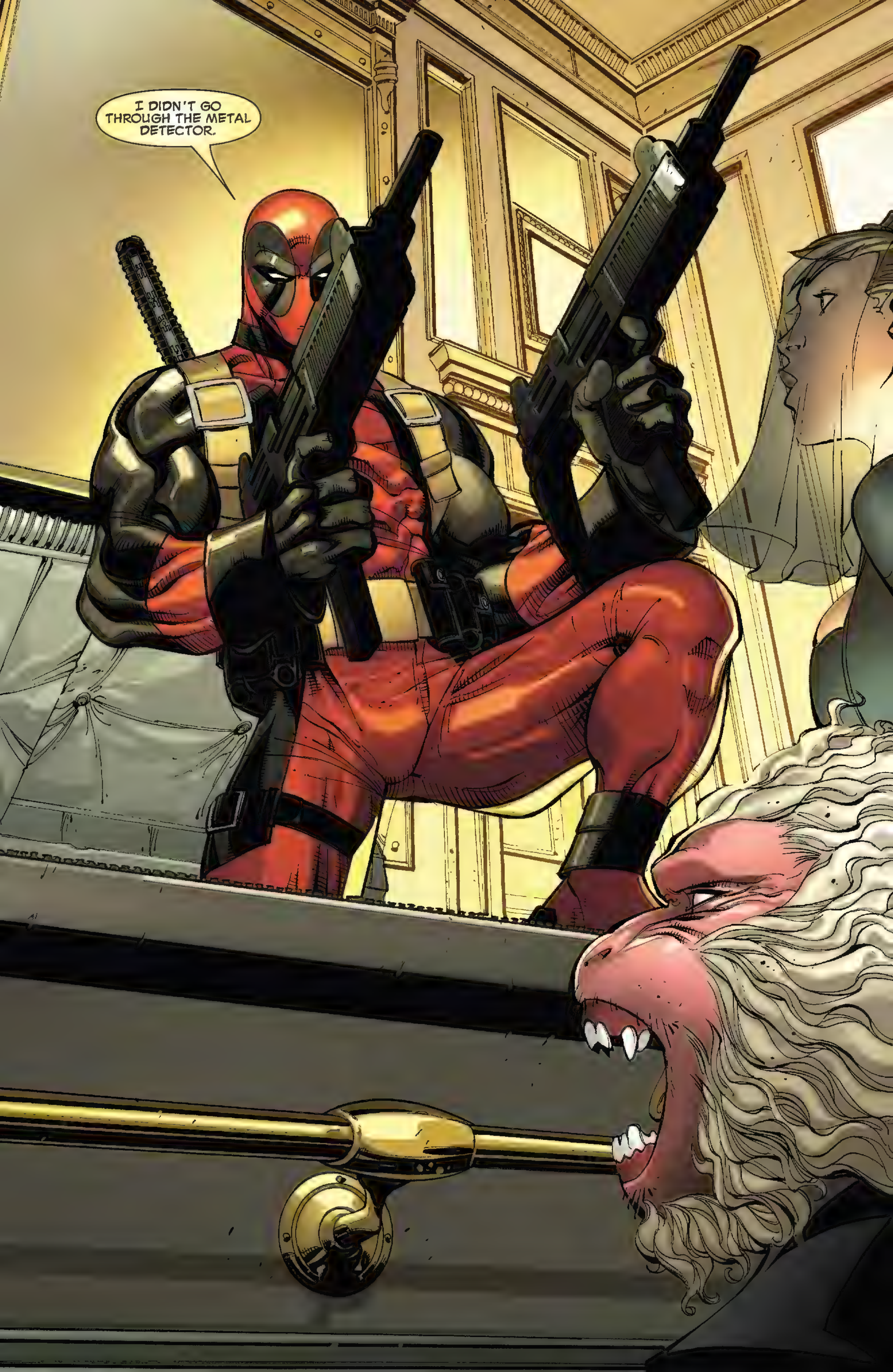

THE NEXT MORNING...
WELL, PETE... YOU CAN'T SAY HE DIDN'T TRY TO WARN YOU.
YANKEES NEW PLAYER
ENQUIRER
GOD FOUND DEAD IN SPACE
Special price $6.70
Marlboro
6.70
FRONT LINE
OUR HERO FALLS SPIDER-MAN DIES

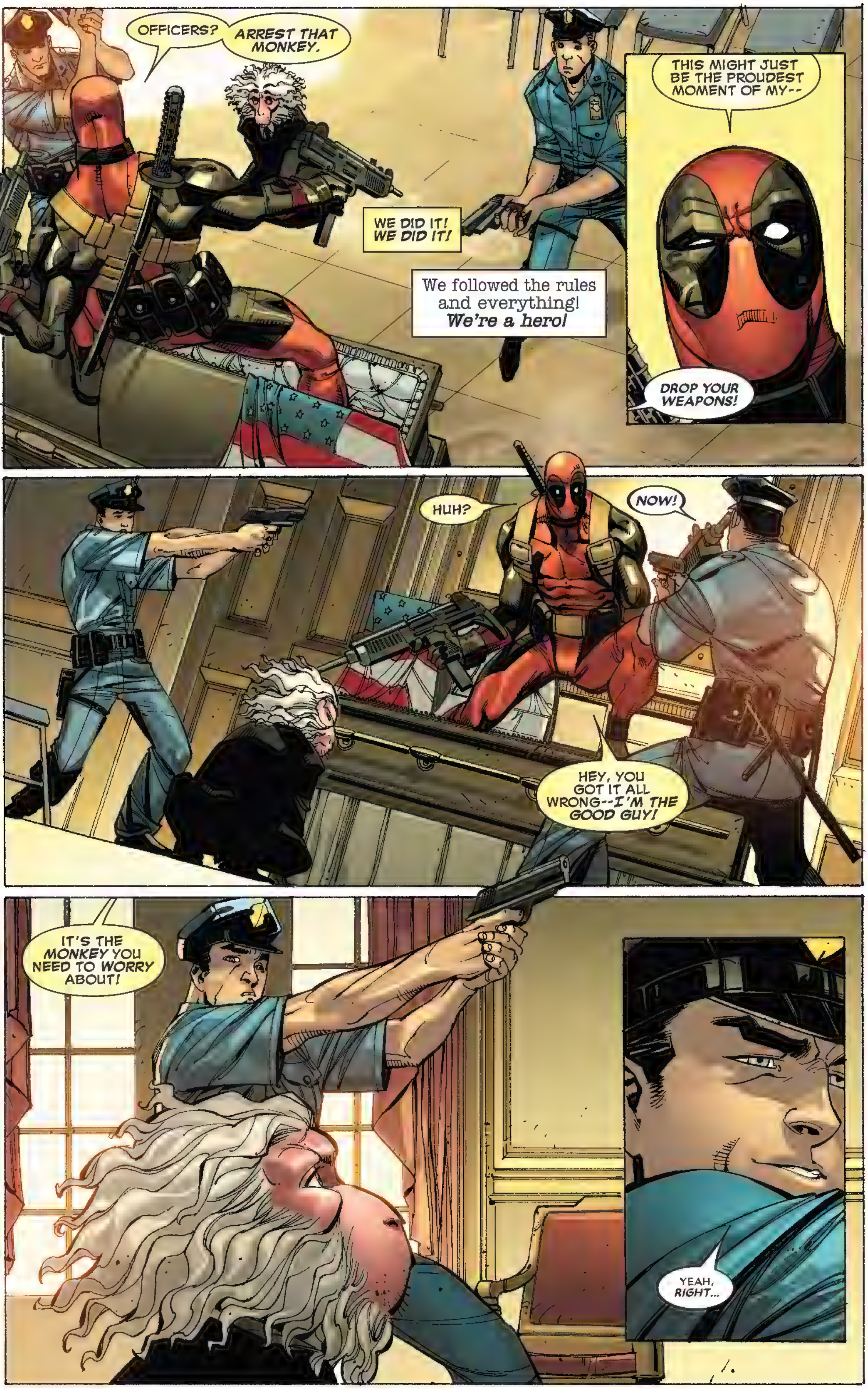

NEWS
THE CITY OF NEW YORK IS IN *MOURNING* TODAY, HAVING AWAKENED TO HEAR THAT OUR BELOVED WALL-CRAWLER, *SPIDER-MAN,* DIED LAST NIGHT IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL DUE TO...A *GUNSHOT WOUND.*
MANY NEW YORKERS ARE HAVING A HARD TIME BELIEVING THAT SUCH A GREAT HERO WOULD COME TO THIS END--THAT *SPIDER-MAN* WOULD BE SUBJECT TO THE SAME DANGERS OF THIS CITY THAT THE REST OF US MUST CONTEND WITH. AND YET, THERE ARE THOSE--*MYSELF, INCLUDED*--WHO BELIEVE THAT, TRAGIC AS IT MAY BE, SUCH A DEATH EXEMPLIFIES THE *LIFE* OF THIS CITY'S HERO.
HE WAS A MAN OF FLESH AND BLOOD, AS MORTAL AS YOU OR I, WHO STOOD FAST AGAINST THE INEXORABLE TIDE OF CRIME AND VIOLENCE THAT *TAINTS* THIS GREAT CITY...A TIDE THAT, AFTER YEARS OF BRAVE DEFIANCE, FINALLY OVERTOOK HIM.
EXCUSE ME, I...
...I'M SORRY.
IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT THE WOUNDED SPIDER-MAN WALKED INTO BELLEVUE HOSPITAL AROUND *1 AM,* BLEEDING PROFUSELY FROM A *GUNSHOT WOUND* TO HIS SHOULDER.
HOSPITAL STAFF TOOK HIM *IMMEDIATELY* INTO THE E.R., BUT THE BULLET THAT HAD ENTERED THROUGH HIS SHOULDER HAD BECOME LODGED NEAR HIS HEART.
"AT 1:23 AM, HE WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD."
WE HAVE PREPARED A STATEMENT.
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL CENTER

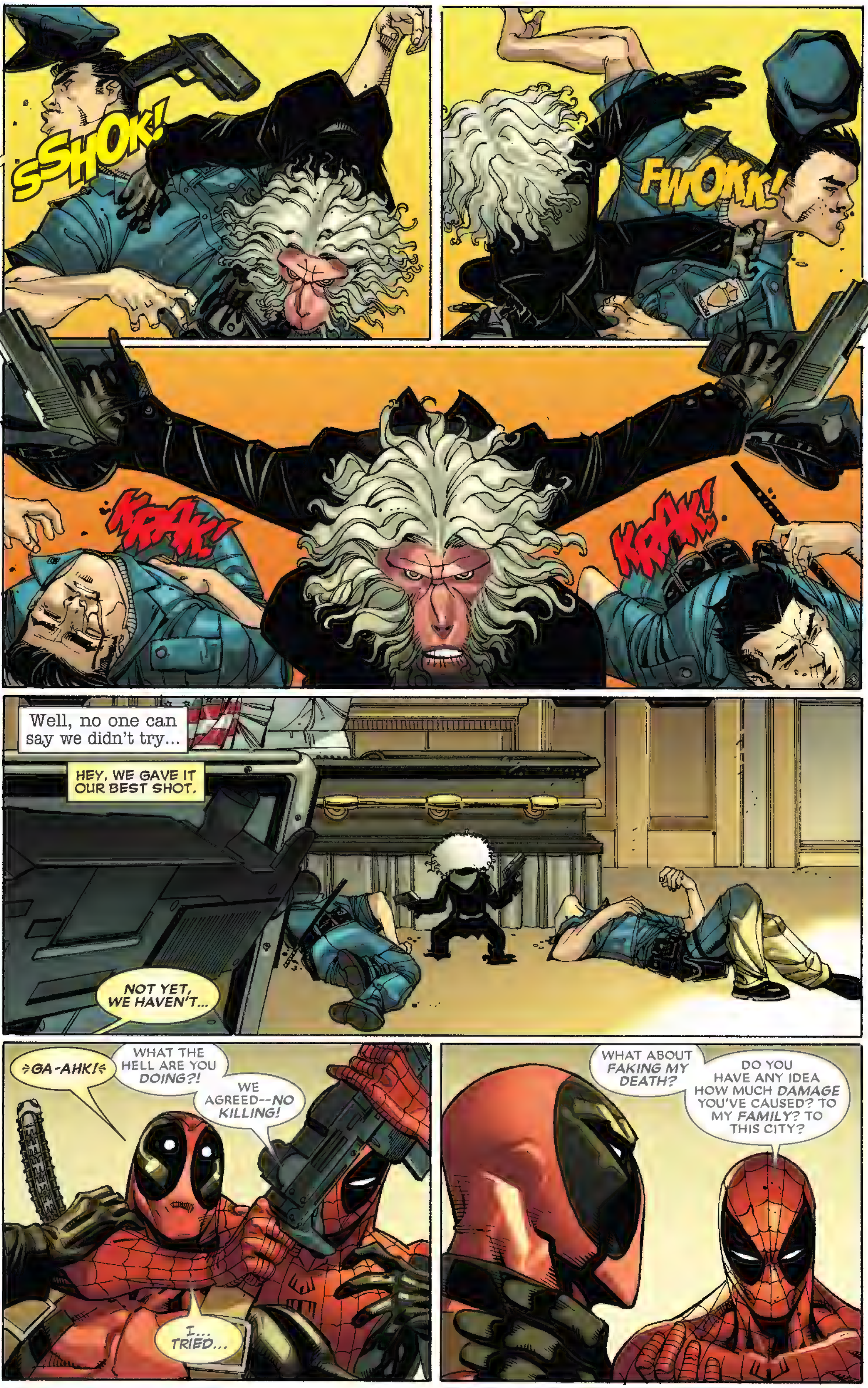

THERE IS LITTLE, IF ANY, DOUBT THAT THE MAN IN QUESTION *WAS,* INDEED, *SPIDER-MAN.* THE MEDICAL FINDINGS IN THE CASE REVEALED HIM TO BE... SOMETHING *MORE THAN HUMAN.*
WHO WAS SPIDER-MAN? DO YOU KNOW HIS *CIVILIAN IDENTITY?*
HAVE YOU SEEN HIS *FACE?*
WE...*REMOVED THE MASK* DURING SURGERY, BUT AFTER THE PRONOUNCEMENT, ONE OF OUR ORDERLIES FOUND IN HIS COSTUME A *NOTE*...WHICH I'LL NOW READ.
"IF I DIE, PLEASE BURY ME IN THIS COSTUME. BY REVEALING MY IDENTITY, YOU WILL ENDANGER THE LIVES OF MY FAMILY AND THE ONES I LOVE."
"REED, IT'S PETER... YES, I'M *ALIVE.*
"I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M GONNA FIND OUT.
"*HOW?* WELL, I'M THINKING A GOOD PLACE TO START...
"...WILL BE AT *MY FUNERAL."*
THE NEXT DAY
WOW.
GET LOTSA *CROWD SHOTS.* IF YOU CAN FIND A *KID CRYING,* I *GUARANTEE* YOU THE FRONT PAGE.
HRRNN--!
WHAP!

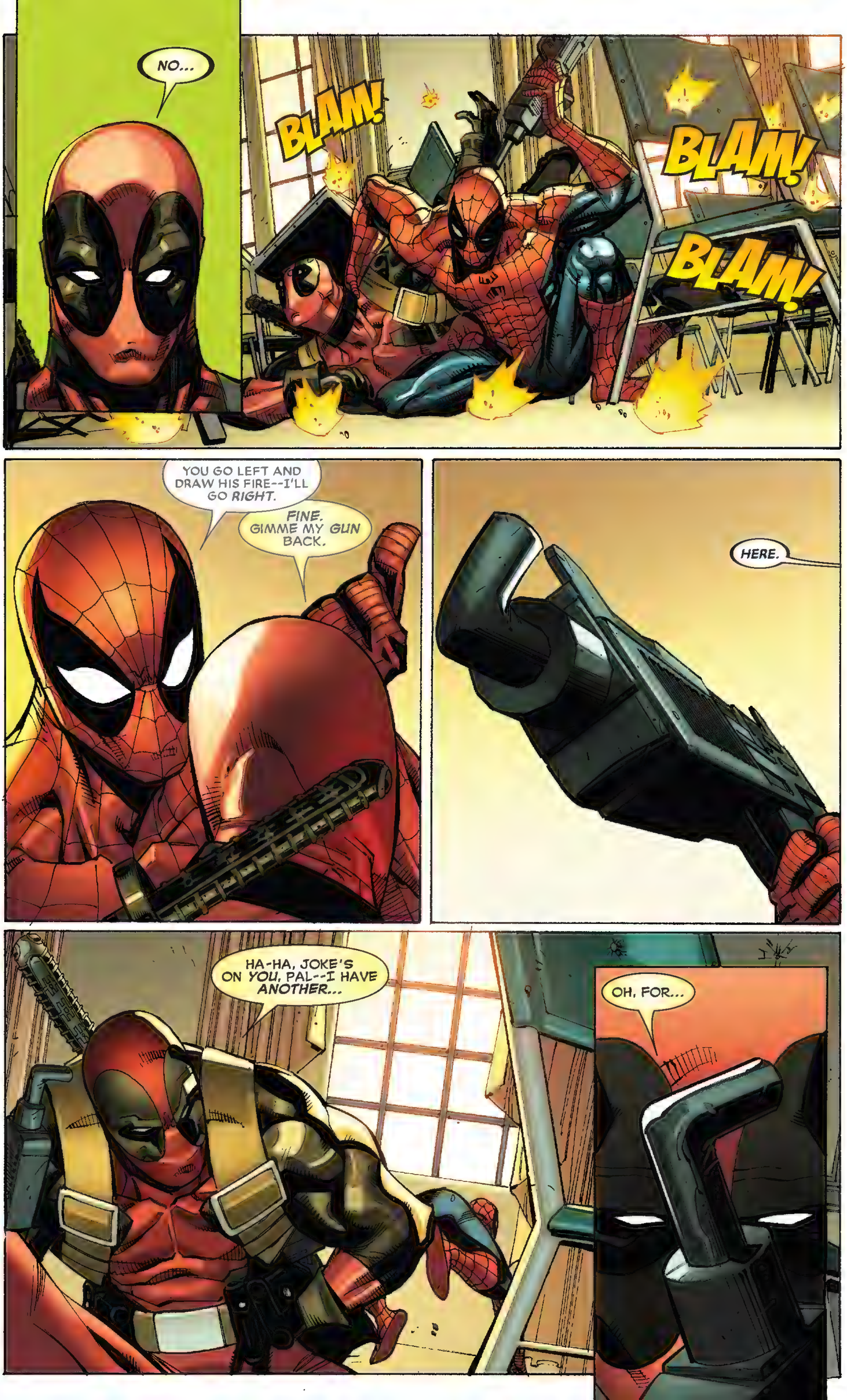

-GASP!-
WHO BRINGS A MONKEY TO A FUNERAL?!

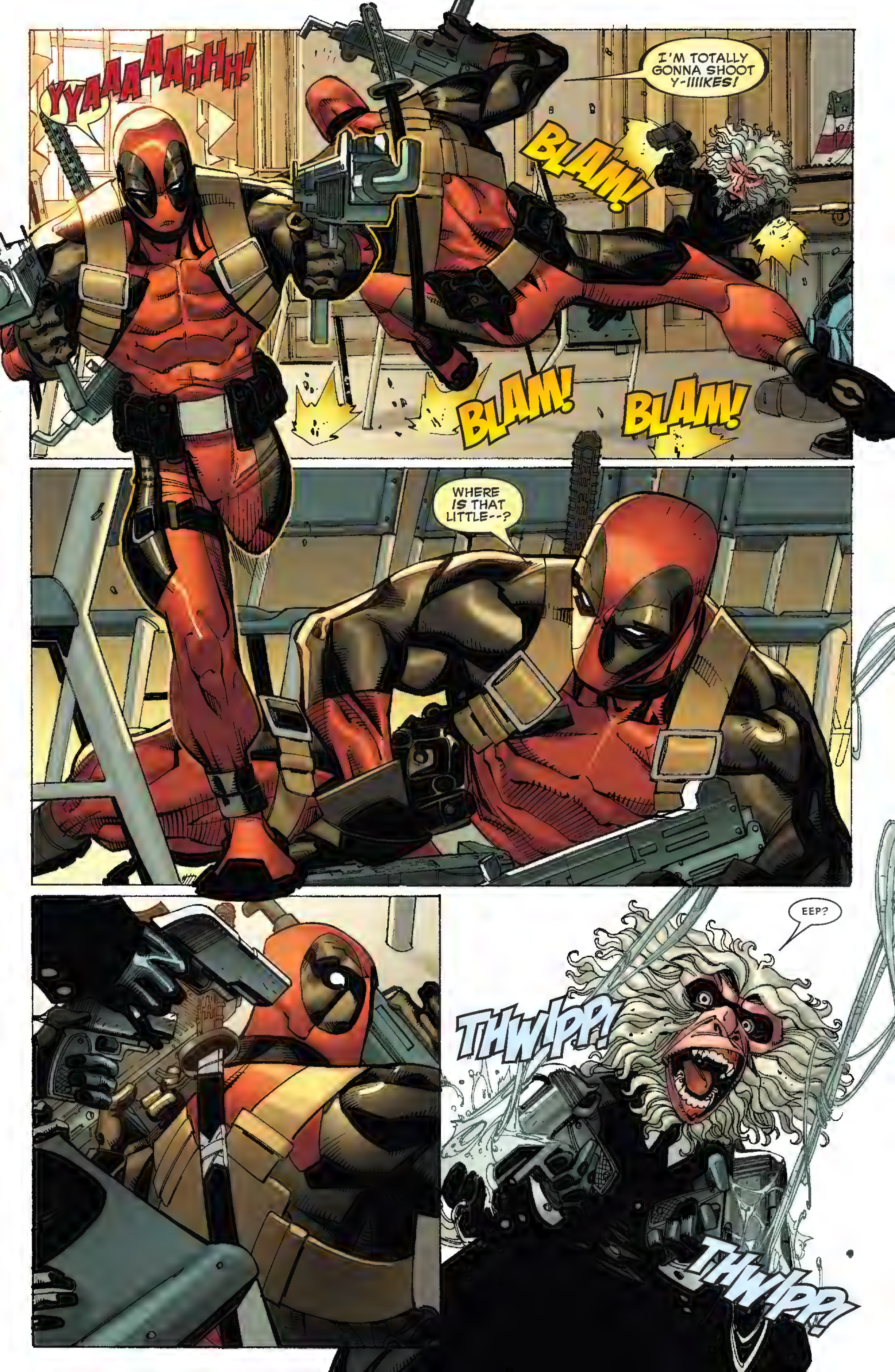

OH, NO...
OH, NO-NO-NO-NO...
GUN! GUUUUUNN!
CLEAR THE AREA! GET 'EM OUT! MOVE!
HOW'D THEY GET A *GUN* THROUGH THE *METAL DETECTOR?!*
EASY.

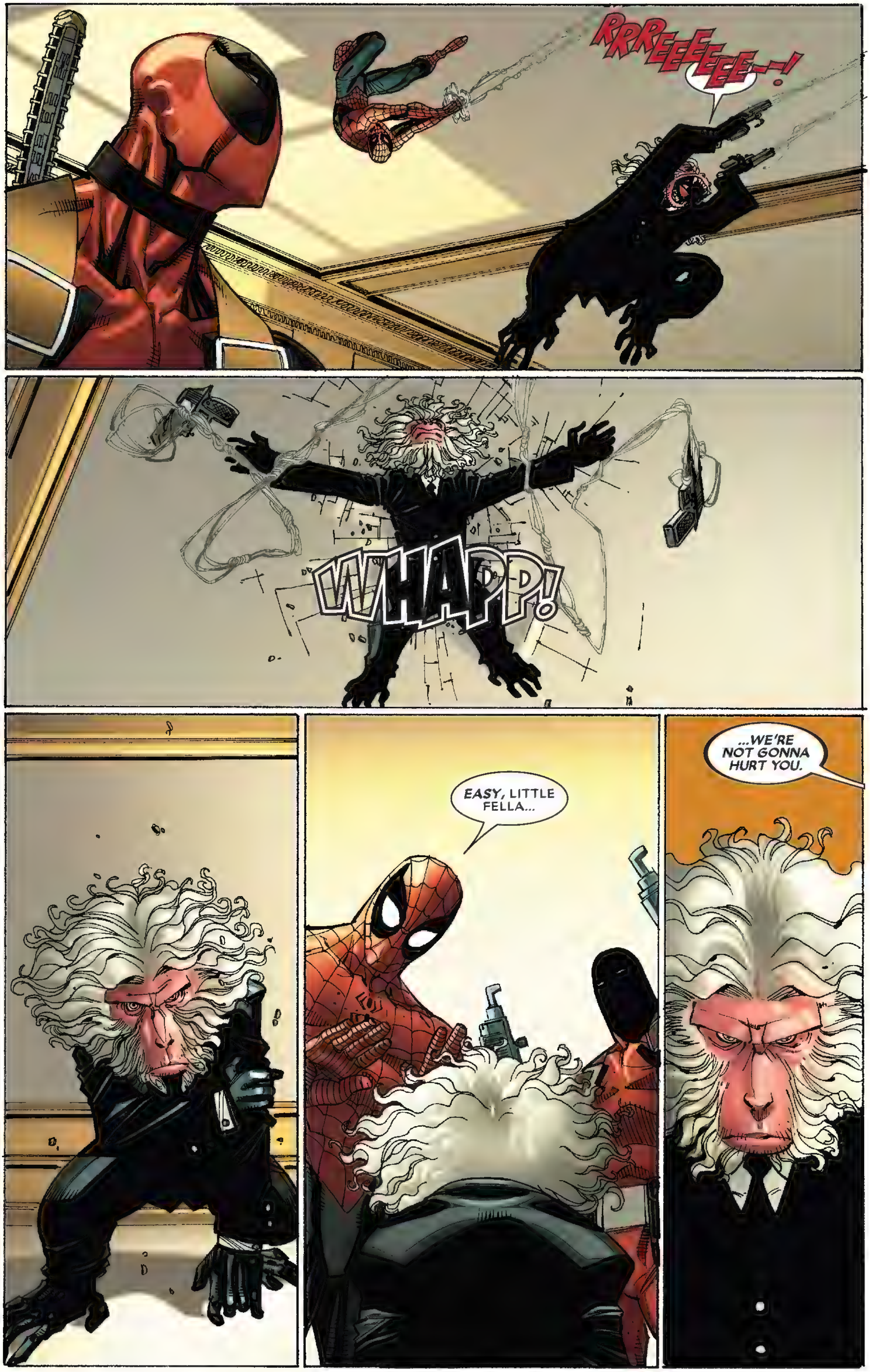

I DIDN'T GO THROUGH THE METAL DETECTOR.

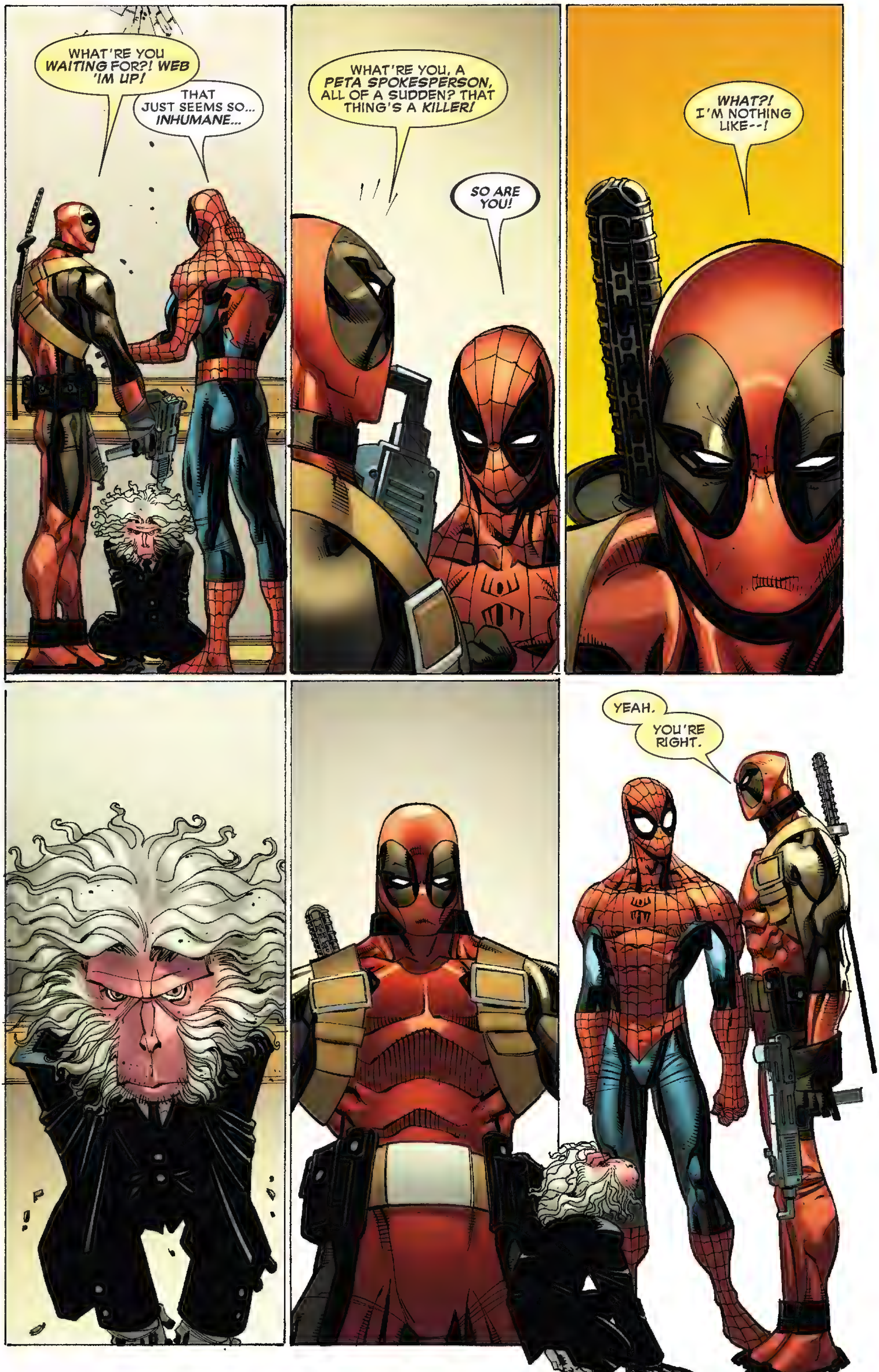

OFFICERS?
ARREST THAT MONKEY.
THIS MIGHT JUST BE THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF MY--
WE DID IT! WE DID IT!
We followed the rules and everything! *We're a hero!*
DROP YOUR WEAPONS!
HUH?
NOW!
HEY, YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG--*I'M THE GOOD GUY!*
IT'S THE *MONKEY* YOU NEED TO *WORRY* ABOUT!
YEAH, RIGHT...

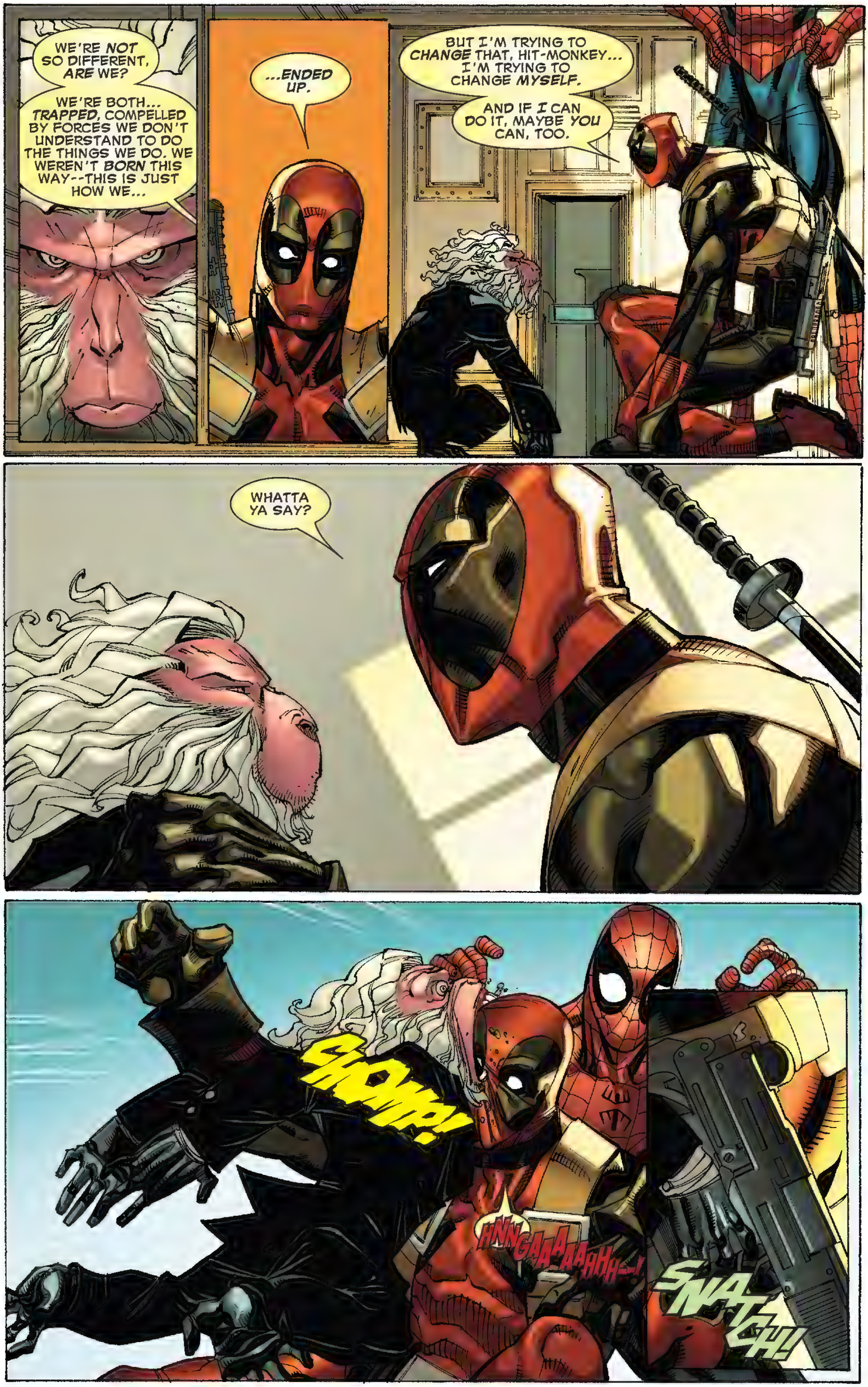

S-SHOK!
FWOKK!
KRAK!
KRAK!
Well, no one can say we didn't try...
HEY, WE GAVE IT OUR BEST SHOT.
NOT YET, WE HAVEN'T...
GA-AHK!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!
WE AGREED--NO KILLING!
I... TRIED...
WHAT ABOUT FAKING MY DEATH?
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH DAMAGE YOU'VE CAUSED? TO MY FAMILY? TO THIS CITY?

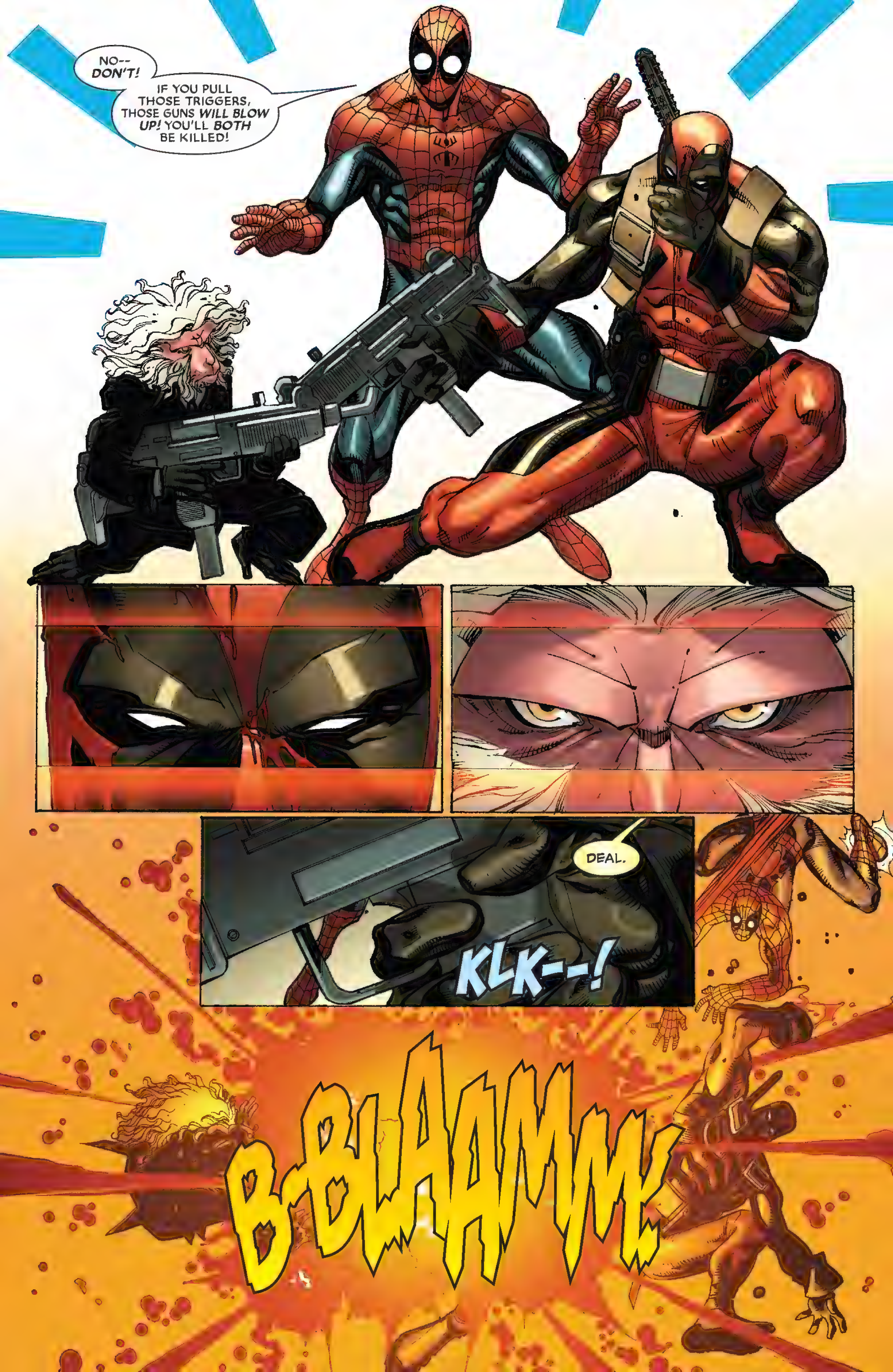

NO...
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
YOU GO LEFT AND DRAW HIS FIRE--I'LL GO *RIGHT.*
FINE. GIMME MY *GUN* BACK.
HERE.
HA-HA, JOKE'S ON *YOU,* PAL--I HAVE *ANOTHER...*
OH, FOR...

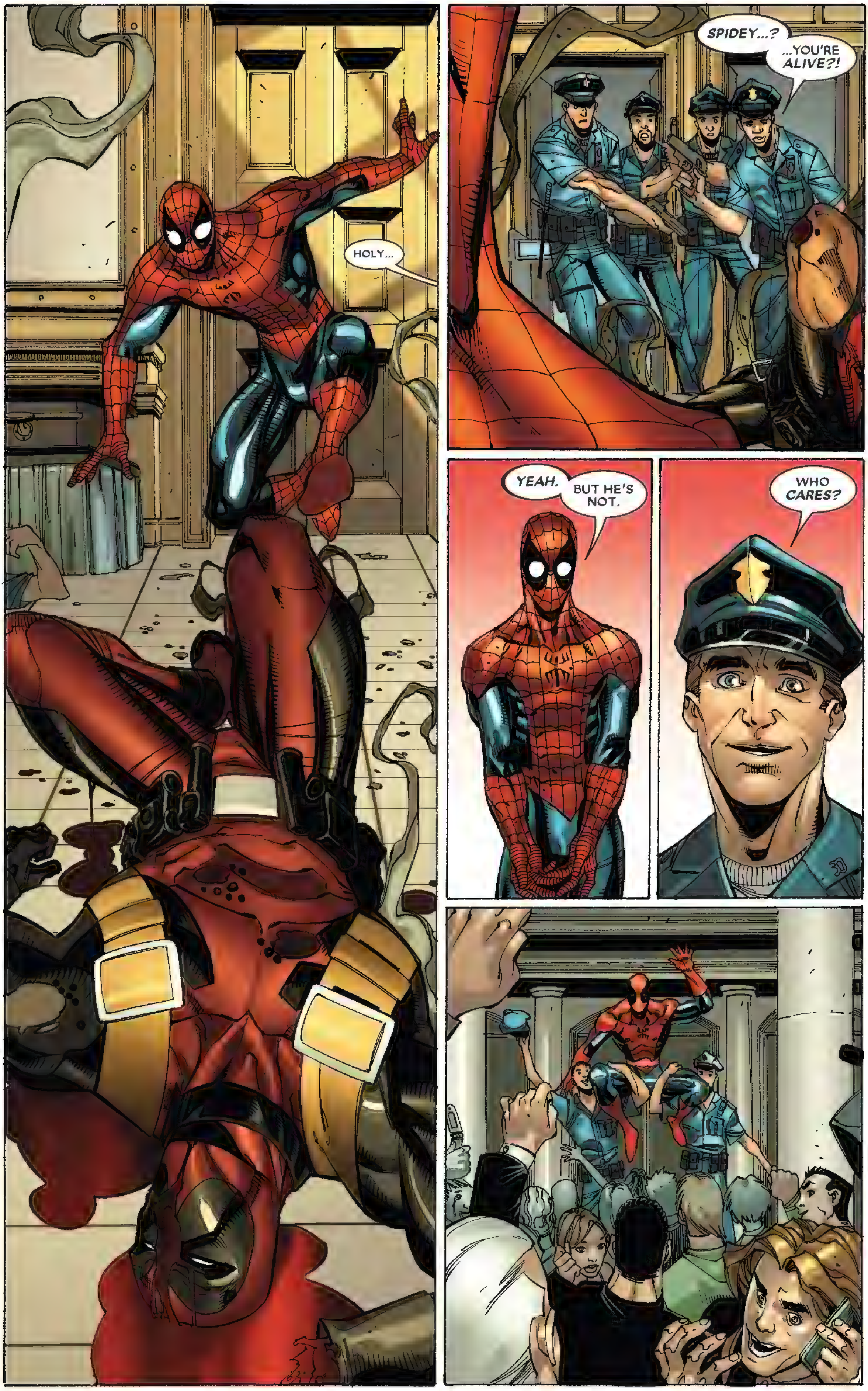

YYAAAAAHHH!
I'M TOTALLY GONNA SHOOT Y-IIIIKES!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
WHERE *IS* THAT LITTLE--?
EEP?
THWIPP!
THWIPP!

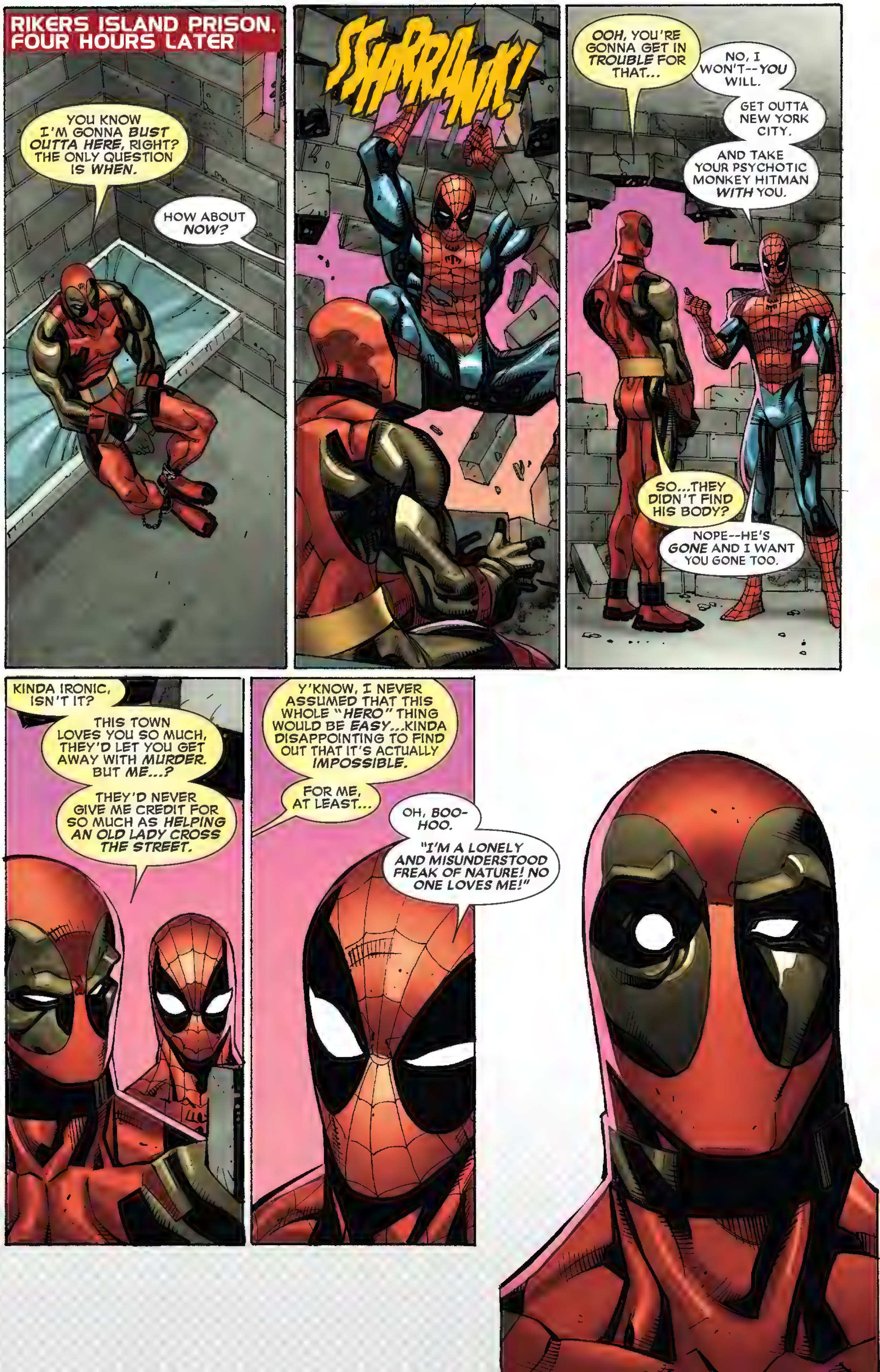

RRREEEEEEE--!
WHAPP!
EASY, LITTLE FELLA...
...WE'RE NOT GONNA HURT YOU.

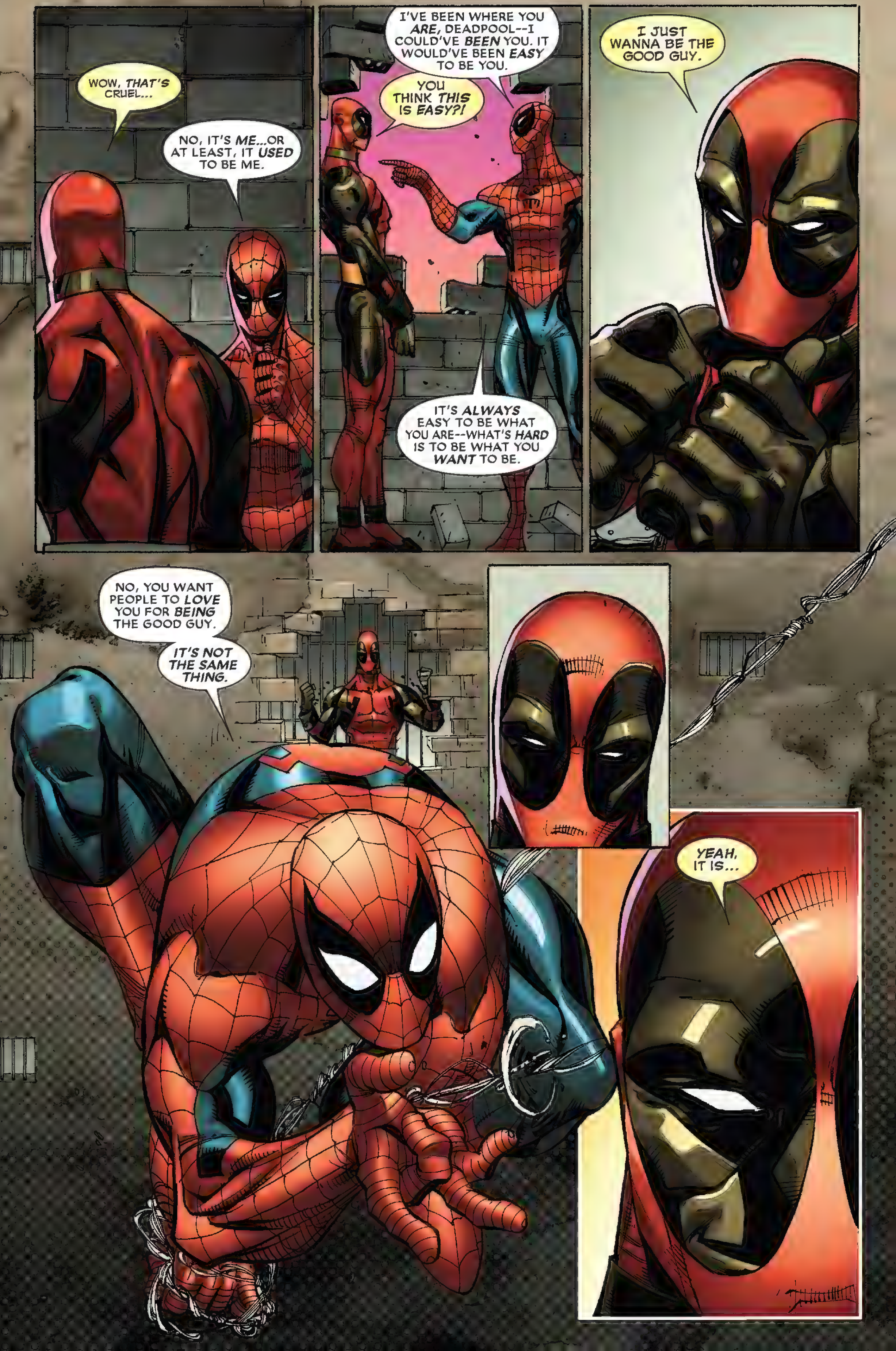

WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR?! WEB 'IM UP!
THAT JUST SEEMS SO... INHUMANE...
WHAT'RE YOU, A PETA SPOKESPERSON, ALL OF A SUDDEN? THAT THING'S A KILLER!
SO ARE YOU!
WHAT?! I'M NOTHING LIKE--!
YEAH.
YOU'RE RIGHT.


WE'RE *NOT* SO DIFFERENT, *ARE* WE?
WE'RE BOTH... *TRAPPED*, COMPELLED BY FORCES WE DON'T UNDERSTAND TO DO THE THINGS WE DO. WE WEREN'T *BORN* THIS WAY--THIS IS JUST HOW WE...
...ENDED UP.
BUT I'M TRYING TO *CHANGE* THAT, HIT-MONKEY... I'M TRYING TO CHANGE *MYSELF*.
AND IF *I* CAN DO IT, MAYBE *YOU* CAN, TOO.
WHATTA YA SAY?
CHOMP!
HNNGAAAAAHHH--!
SNATCH!

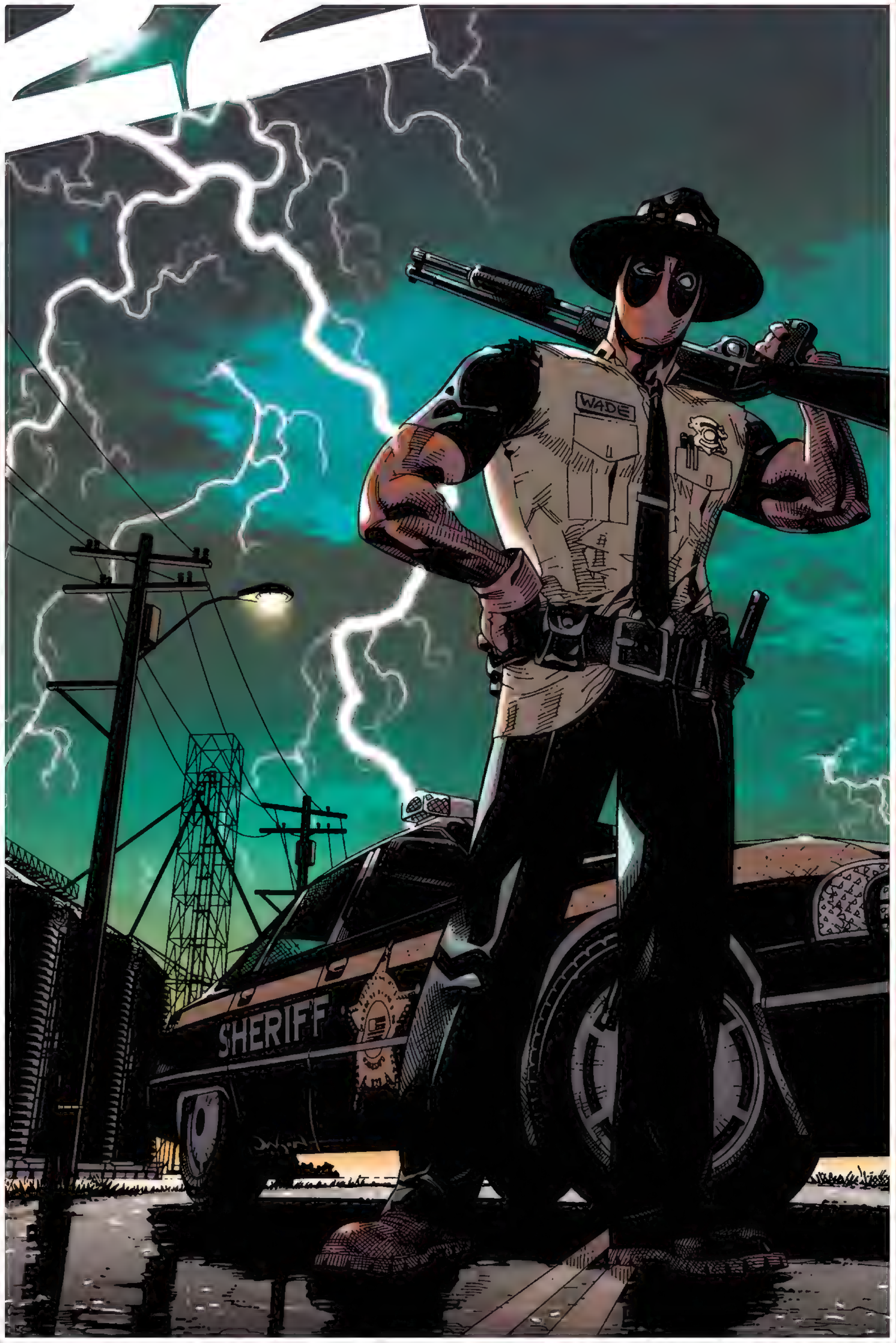

NO-- DON'T!
IF YOU PULL THOSE TRIGGERS, THOSE GUNS WILL BLOW UP! YOU'LL BOTH BE KILLED!
DEAL.
KLK--!
B-BLAAMM!

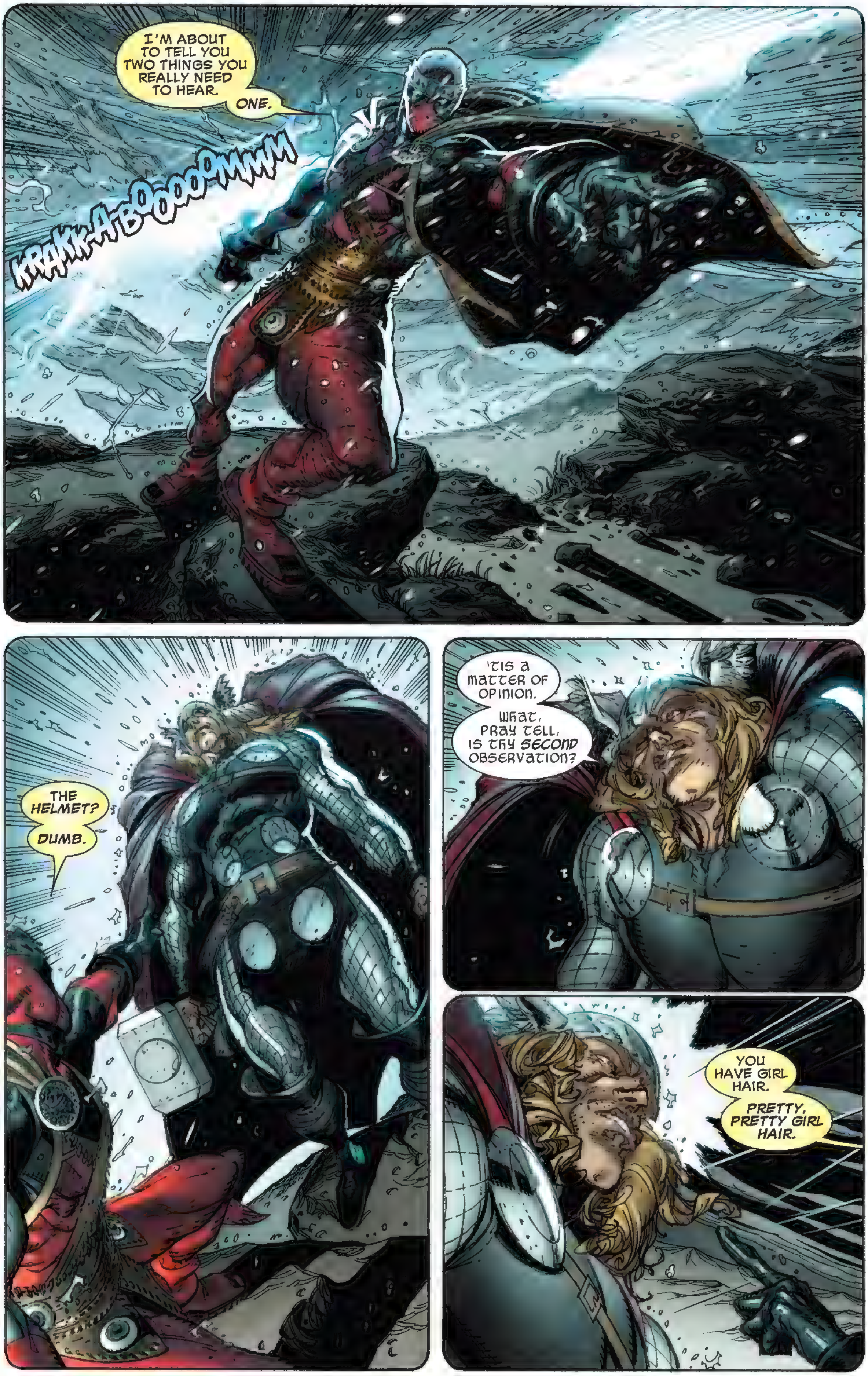

HOLY...
SPIDEY...?
...YOU'RE ALIVE?!
YEAH.
BUT HE'S NOT.
WHO CARES?

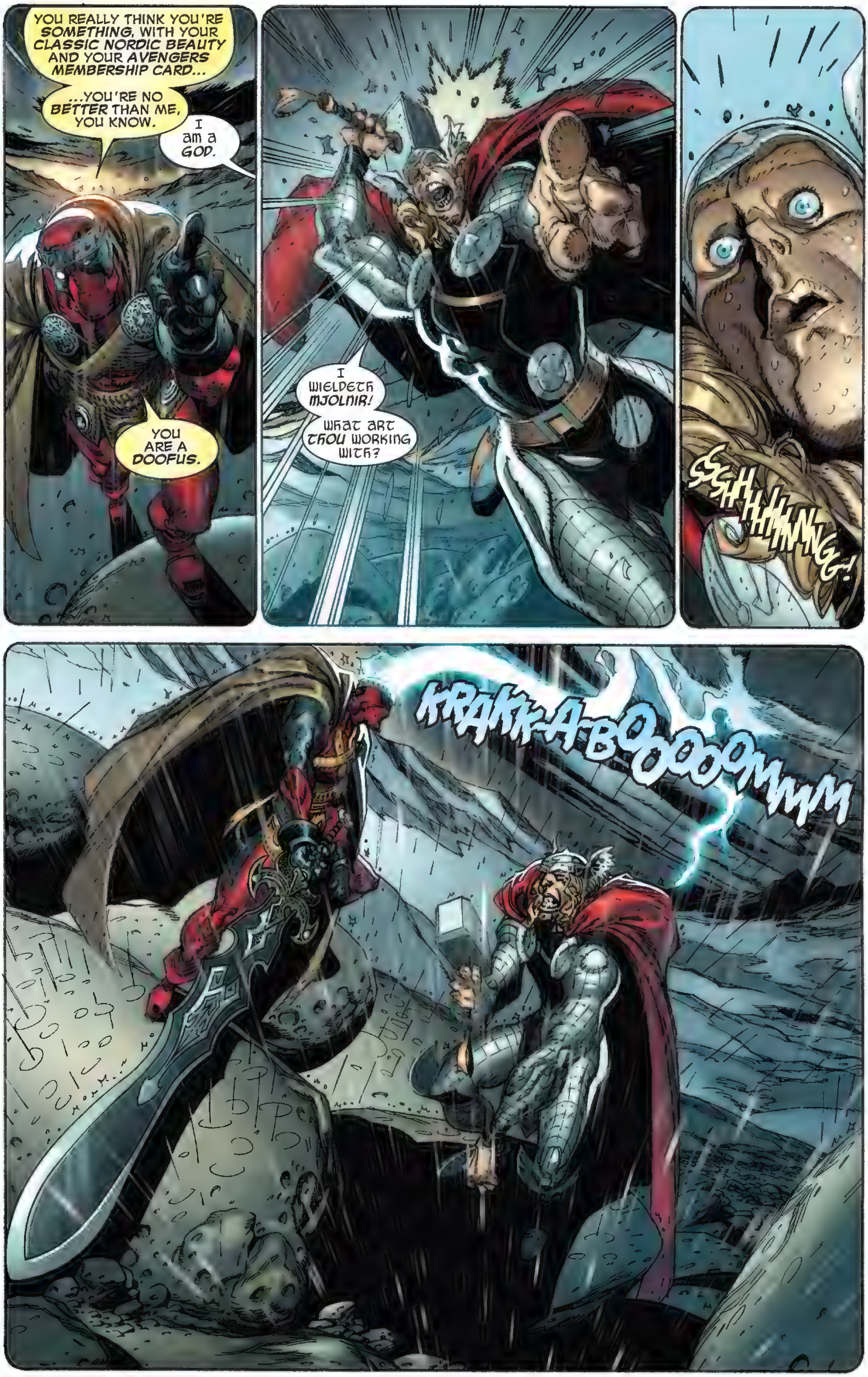

RIKERS ISLAND PRISON, FOUR HOURS LATER
YOU KNOW I'M GONNA *BUST OUTTA HERE*, RIGHT? THE ONLY QUESTION IS *WHEN*.
HOW ABOUT *NOW?*
SSHRRANK!
OOH, YOU'RE GONNA GET IN *TROUBLE* FOR THAT...
NO, I WON'T--*YOU* WILL.
GET OUTTA NEW YORK CITY.
AND TAKE YOUR PSYCHOTIC MONKEY HITMAN *WITH* YOU.
SO...THEY DIDN'T FIND HIS BODY?
NOPE--HE'S *GONE* AND I WANT YOU GONE TOO.
KINDA IRONIC, ISN'T IT?
THIS TOWN LOVES YOU SO MUCH, THEY'D LET YOU GET AWAY WITH *MURDER*. BUT *ME...?*
THEY'D NEVER GIVE ME CREDIT FOR SO MUCH AS *HELPING AN OLD LADY CROSS THE STREET.*
Y'KNOW, I NEVER ASSUMED THAT THIS WHOLE "*HERO*" THING WOULD BE *EASY*...KINDA DISAPPOINTING TO FIND OUT THAT IT'S ACTUALLY *IMPOSSIBLE.*
FOR ME, AT LEAST...
OH, *BOO-HOO.*
"I'M A LONELY AND MISUNDERSTOOD FREAK OF NATURE! NO ONE LOVES ME!"

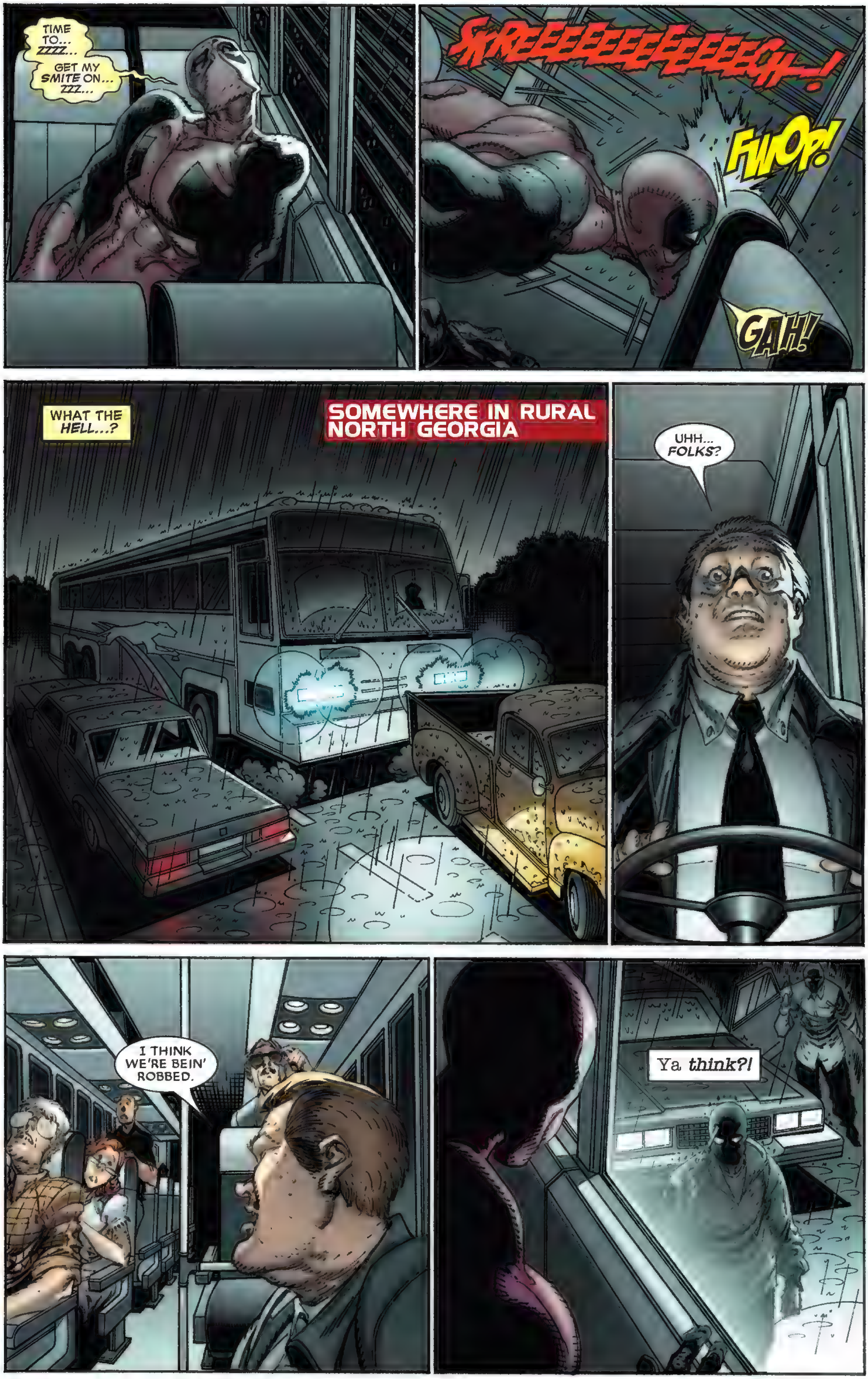

WOW, THAT'S CRUEL...
NO, IT'S ME...OR AT LEAST, IT USED TO BE ME.
I'VE BEEN WHERE YOU ARE, DEADPOOL--I COULD'VE BEEN YOU. IT WOULD'VE BEEN EASY TO BE YOU.
YOU THINK THIS IS EASY?!
IT'S ALWAYS EASY TO BE WHAT YOU ARE--WHAT'S HARD IS TO BE WHAT YOU WANT TO BE.
I JUST WANNA BE THE GOOD GUY.
NO, YOU WANT PEOPLE TO LOVE YOU FOR BEING THE GOOD GUY.
IT'S NOT THE SAME THING.
YEAH, IT IS...

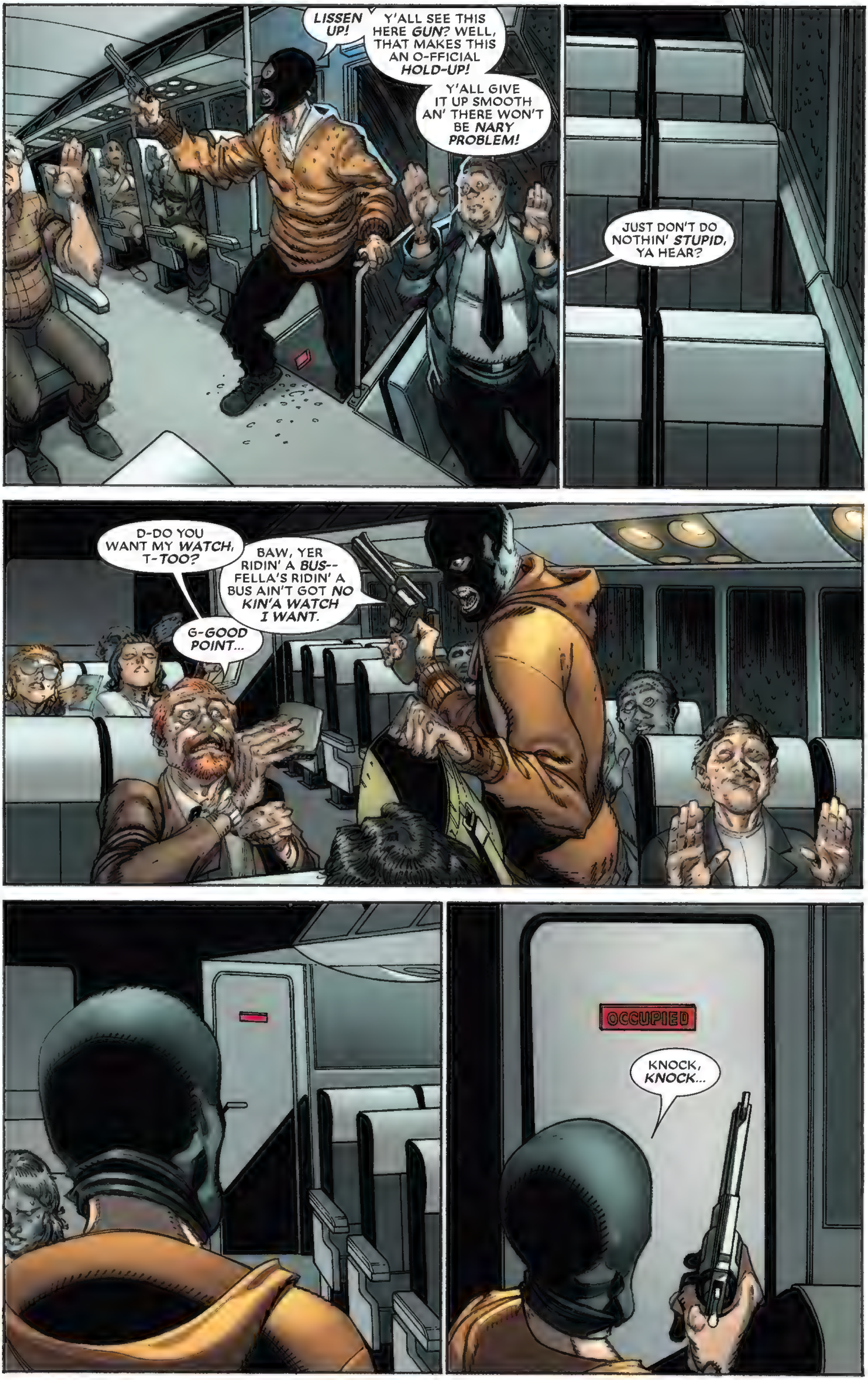
22

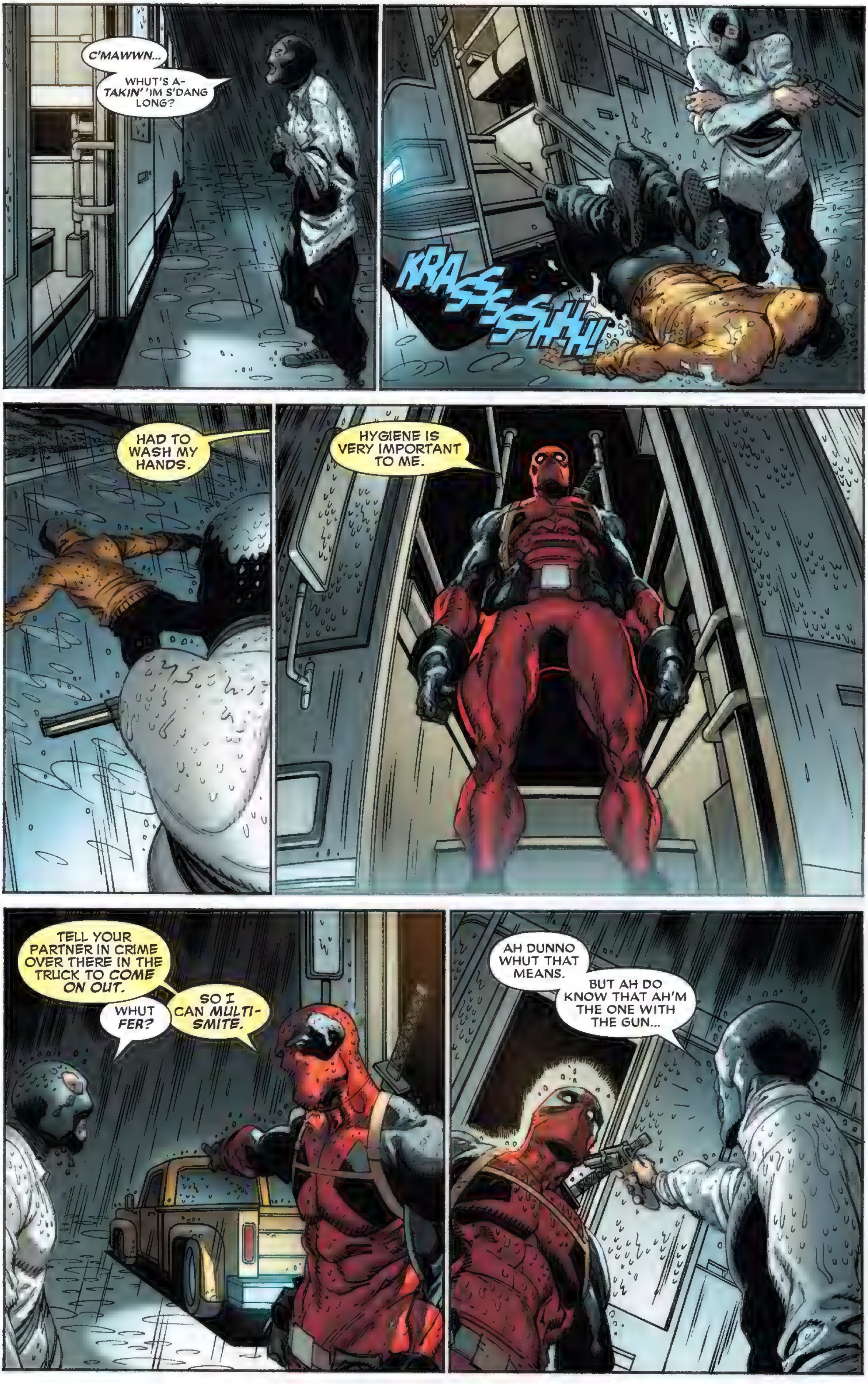

WADE
SHERIFF

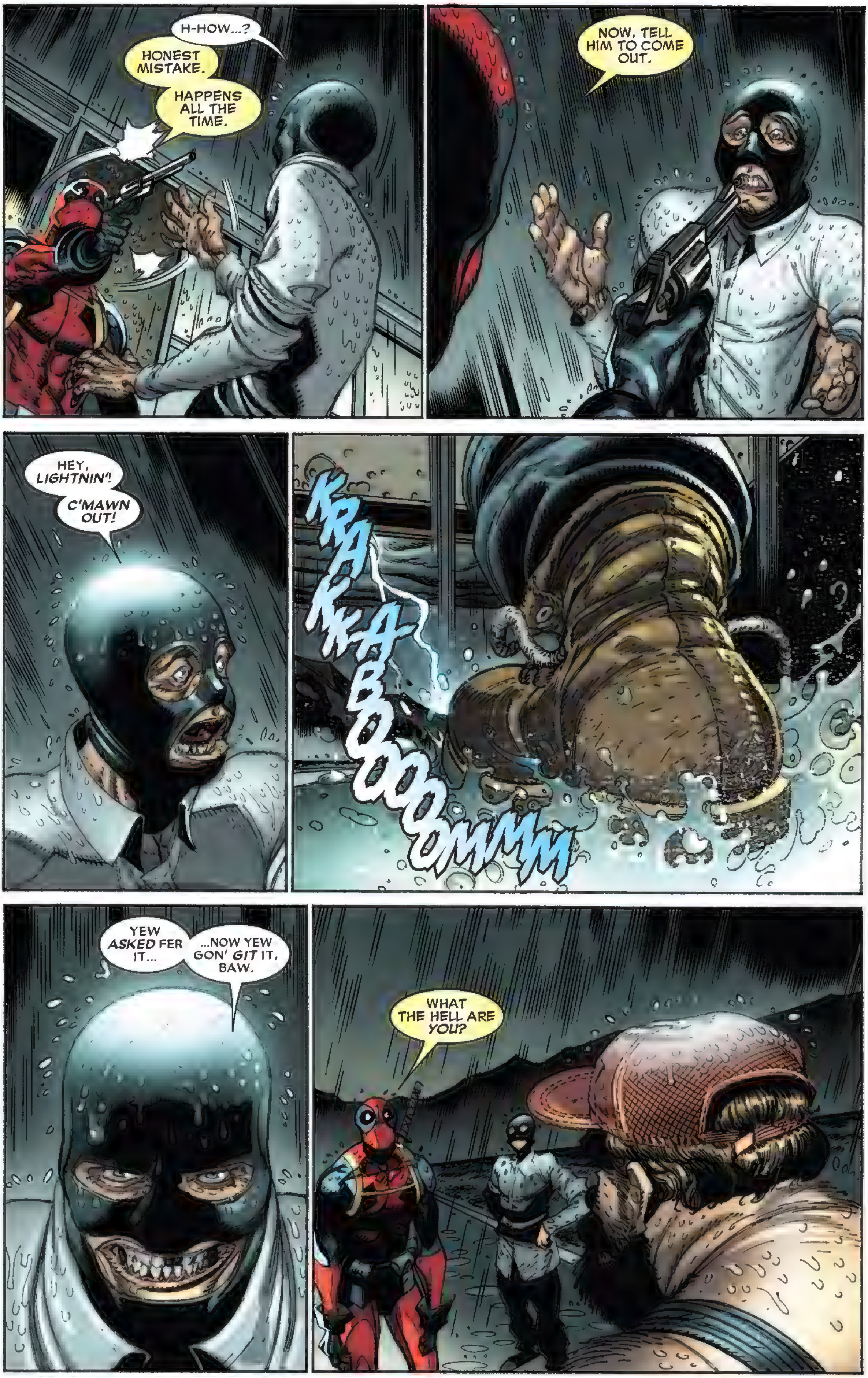

I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU TWO THINGS YOU REALLY NEED TO HEAR.
ONE.
KRAKK-A-BOOOOMMM
THE HELMET?
DUMB.
'TIS A MATTER OF OPINION.
WHAT, PRAY TELL, IS THY SECOND OBSERVATION?
YOU HAVE GIRL HAIR.
PRETTY, PRETTY GIRL HAIR.

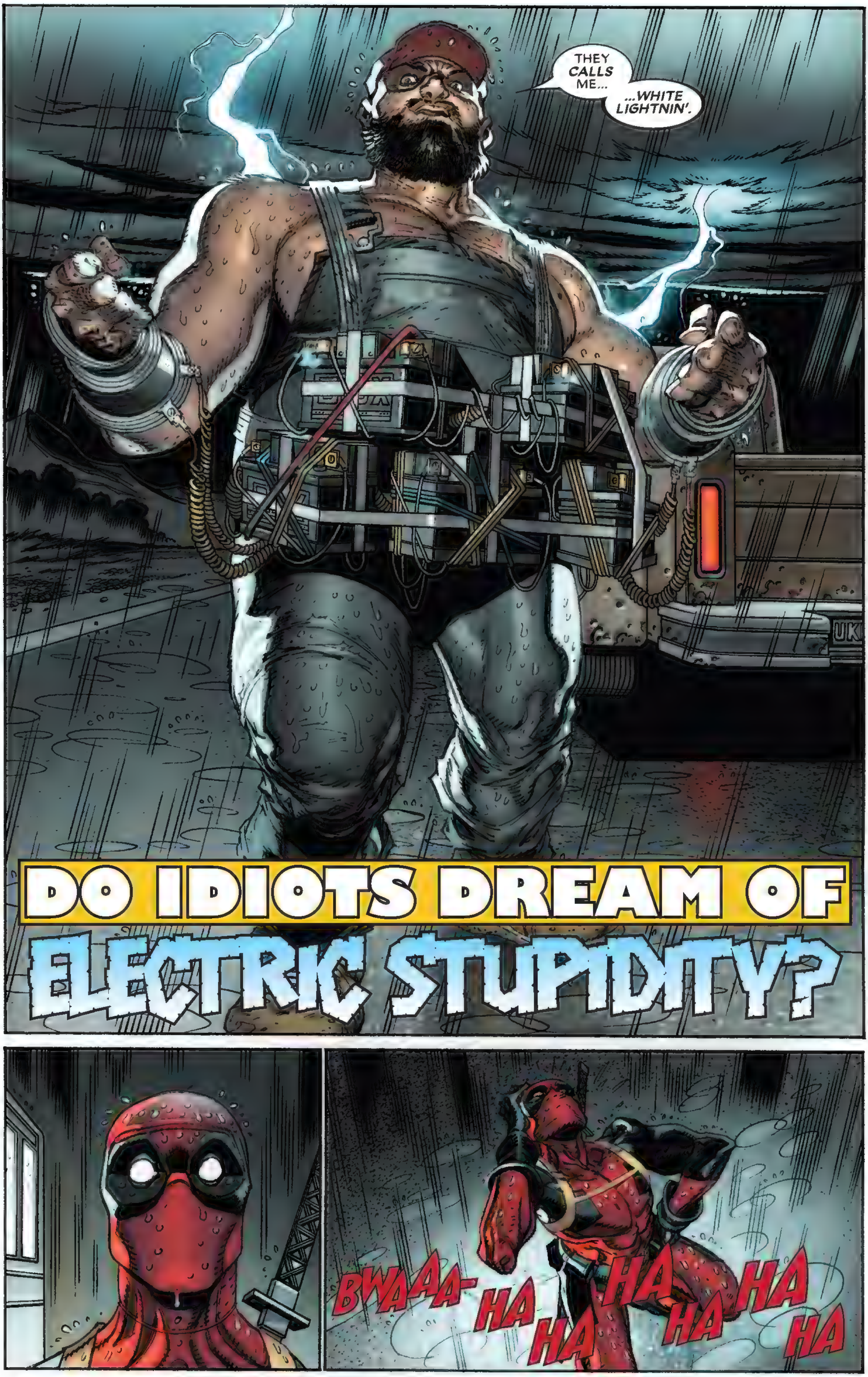

YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING, WITH YOUR CLASSIC NORDIC BEAUTY AND YOUR AVENGERS MEMBERSHIP CARD...
...YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN ME, YOU KNOW.
I am a GOD.
YOU ARE A DOOFUS.
I WIELDETH MJOLNIR!
WHAT ART THOU WORKING WITH?
SSSHHHHNNGG!
KRAKK-A-BOOOOOMMM

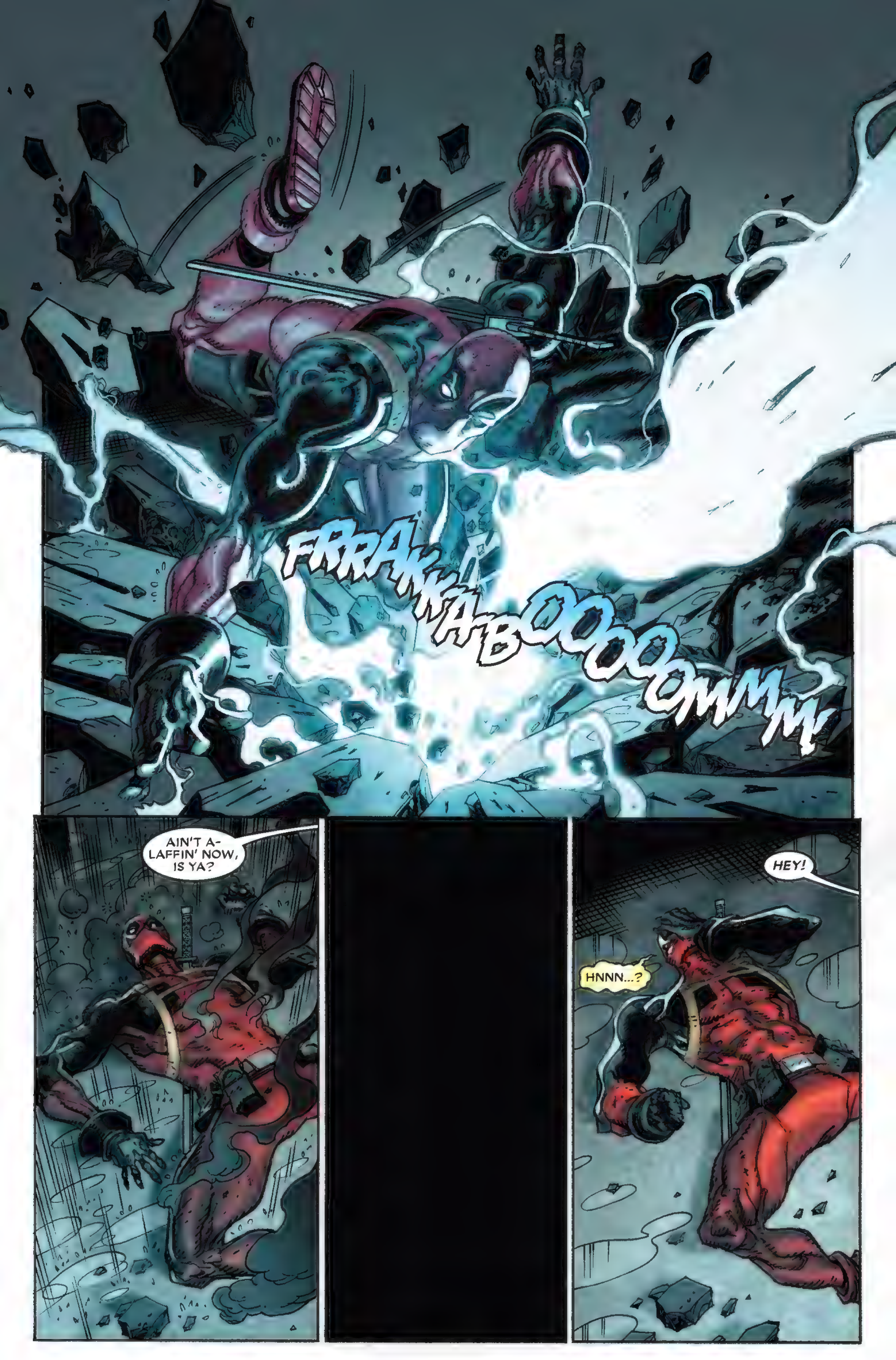

TIME TO... ZZZZ... GET MY SMITE ON... ZZZ...
SKREEEEEEEEEEEEECH--!
FWOP!
GAH!
WHAT THE HELL...?
SOMEWHERE IN RURAL NORTH GEORGIA
UHH... FOLKS?
I THINK WE'RE BEIN' ROBBED.
Ya think?!

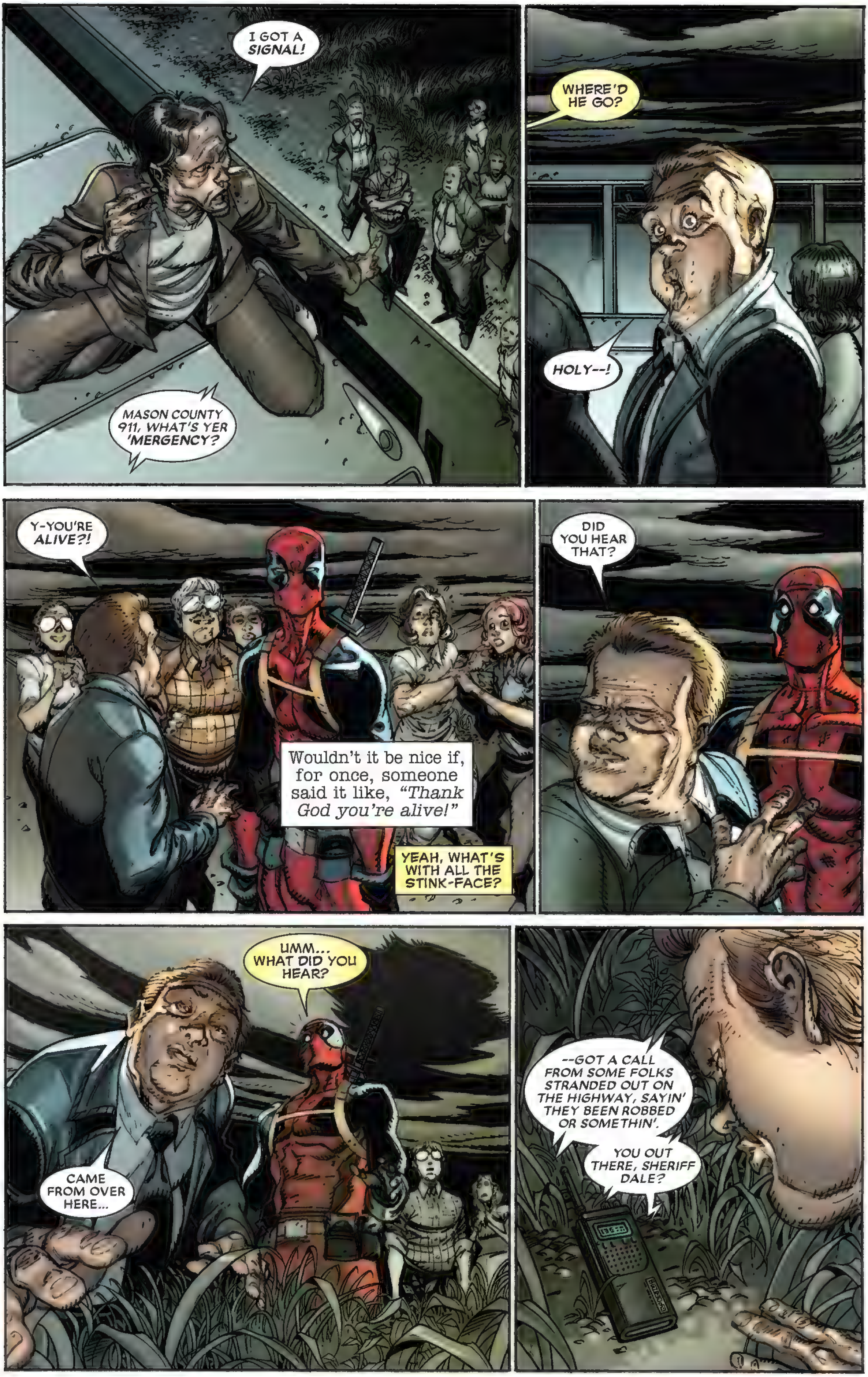

LISSEN UP!
Y'ALL SEE THIS HERE *GUN*? WELL, THAT MAKES THIS AN O-FFICIAL *HOLD-UP!*
Y'ALL GIVE IT UP SMOOTH AN' THERE WON'T BE *NARY PROBLEM!*
JUST DON'T DO NOTHIN' *STUPID,* YA HEAR?
D-DO YOU WANT MY *WATCH,* T-*TOO?*
BAW, YER RIDIN' A *BUS*-- FELLA'S RIDIN' A BUS AIN'T GOT *NO KIN'A WATCH* I WANT.
G-*GOOD POINT...*
OCCUPIED
KNOCK, *KNOCK...*

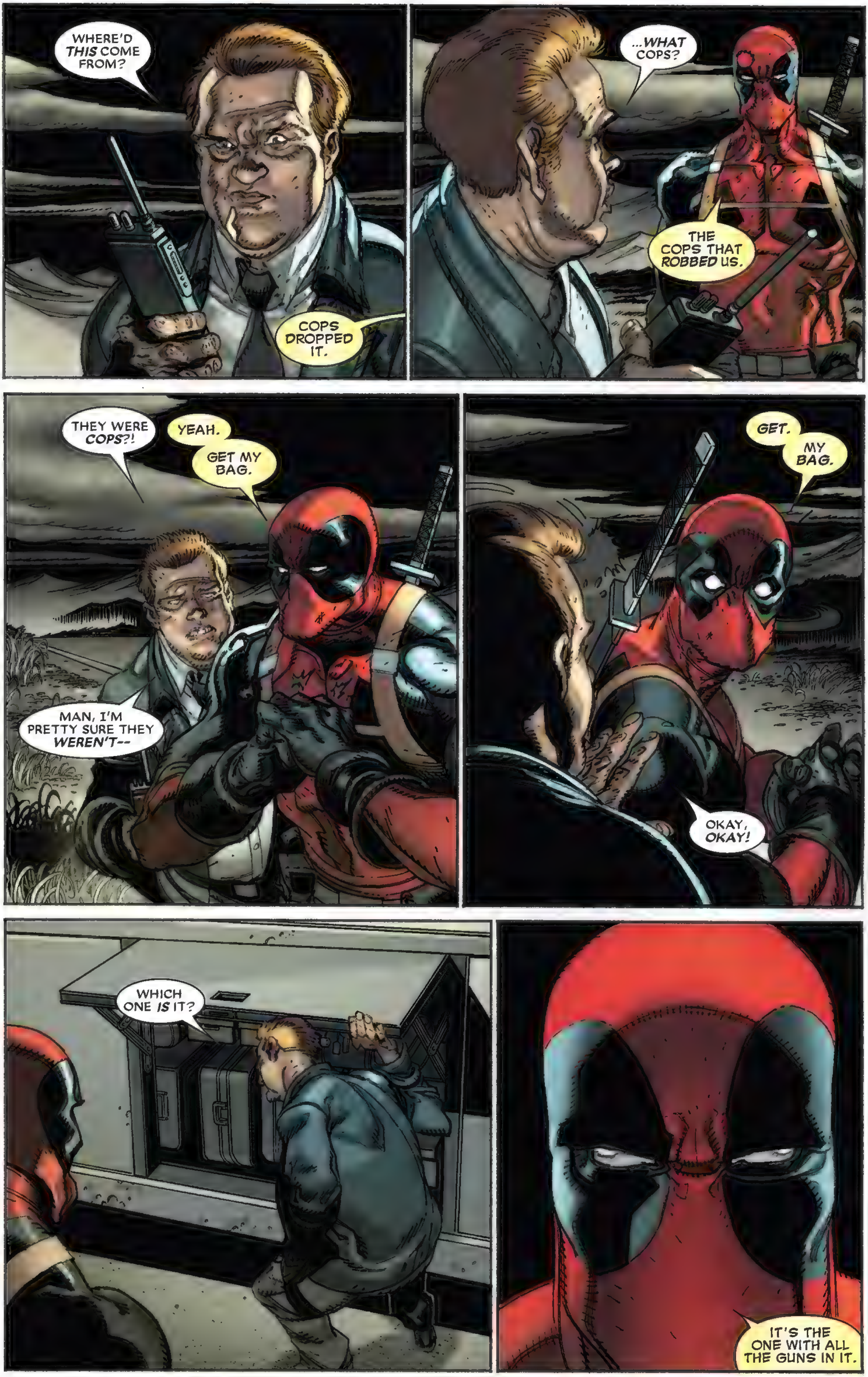

C'MAWWN...
WHUT'S A-*TAKIN'* 'IM S'DANG LONG?
KRASSSSHHH!
HAD TO WASH MY HANDS.
HYGIENE IS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME.
TELL YOUR PARTNER IN CRIME OVER THERE IN THE TRUCK TO *COME* ON *OUT.*
WHUT FER?
SO I CAN *MULTI-SMITE.*
AH DUNNO WHUT THAT MEANS.
BUT AH DO KNOW THAT AH'M THE ONE WITH THE GUN...

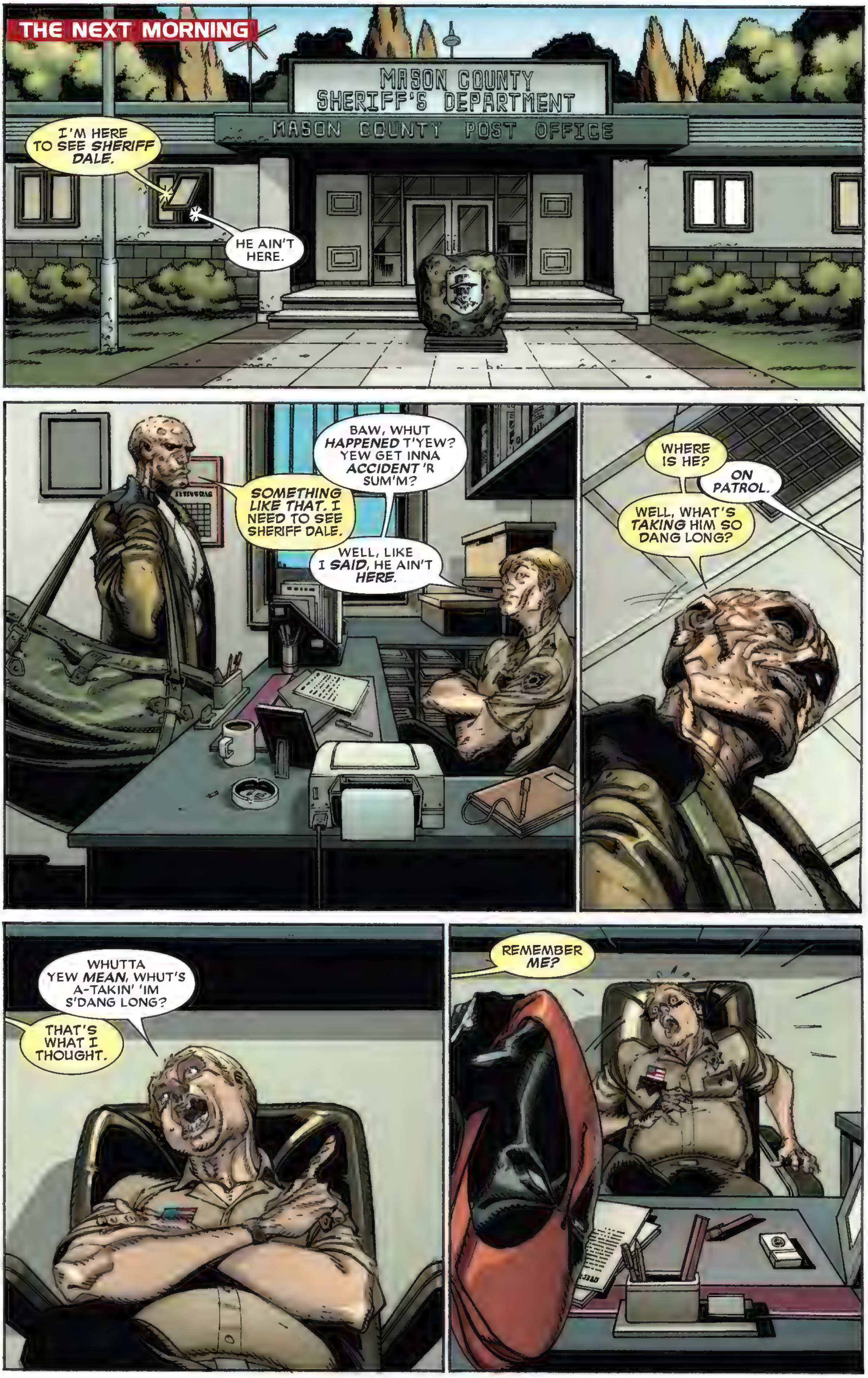

H-HOW...?
HONEST MISTAKE.
HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.
NOW, TELL HIM TO COME OUT.
HEY, *LIGHTNIN'!*
C'MAWN OUT!
KRAKKABOOOOOMMM
YEW *ASKED* FER IT...
...NOW YEW GON' *GIT* IT, BAW.
WHAT THE HELL ARE *YOU?*

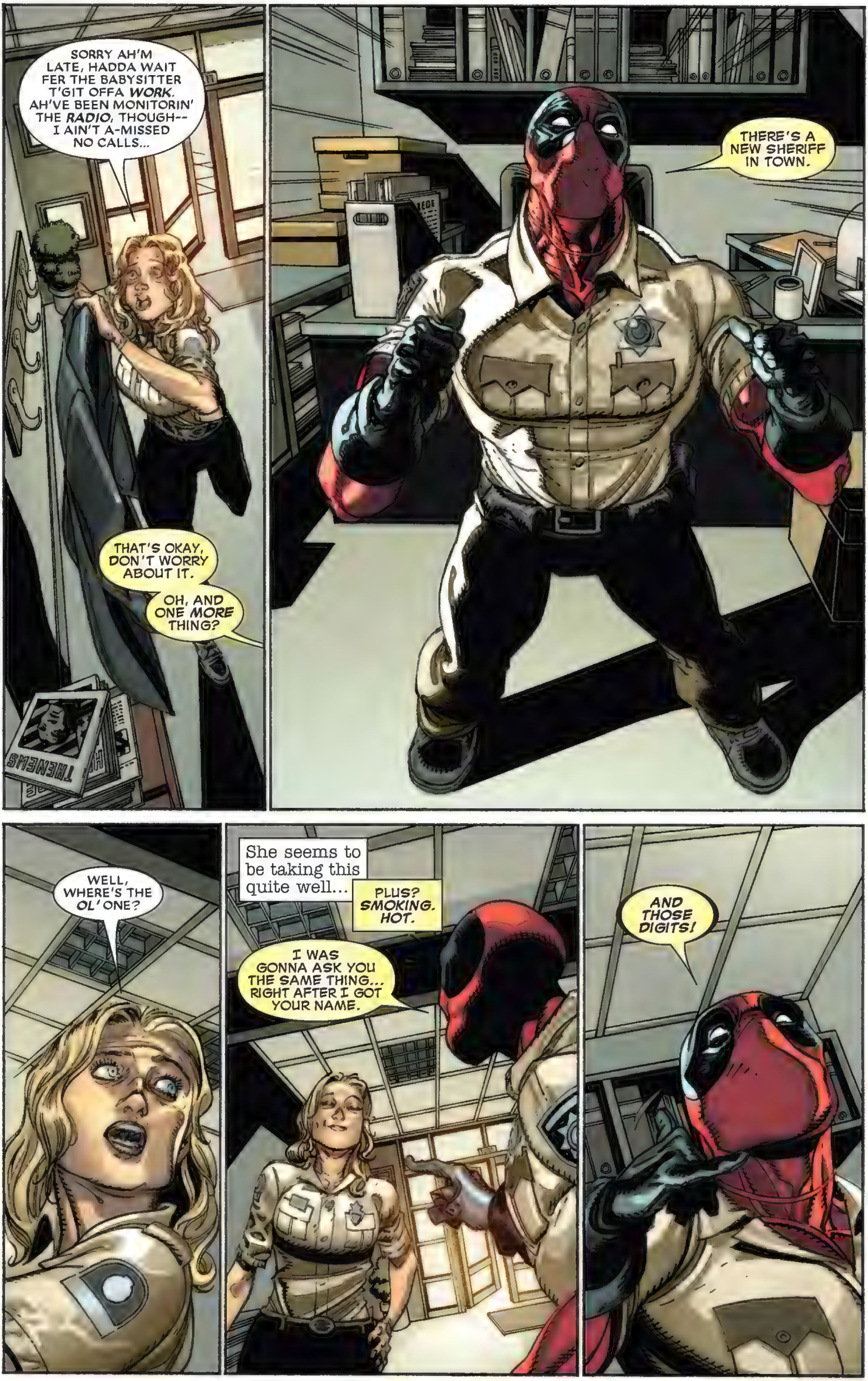

THEY CALLS ME... ...WHITE LIGHTNIN'.
DO IDIOTS DREAM OF
ELECTRIC STUPIDITY?
BWAAA-HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

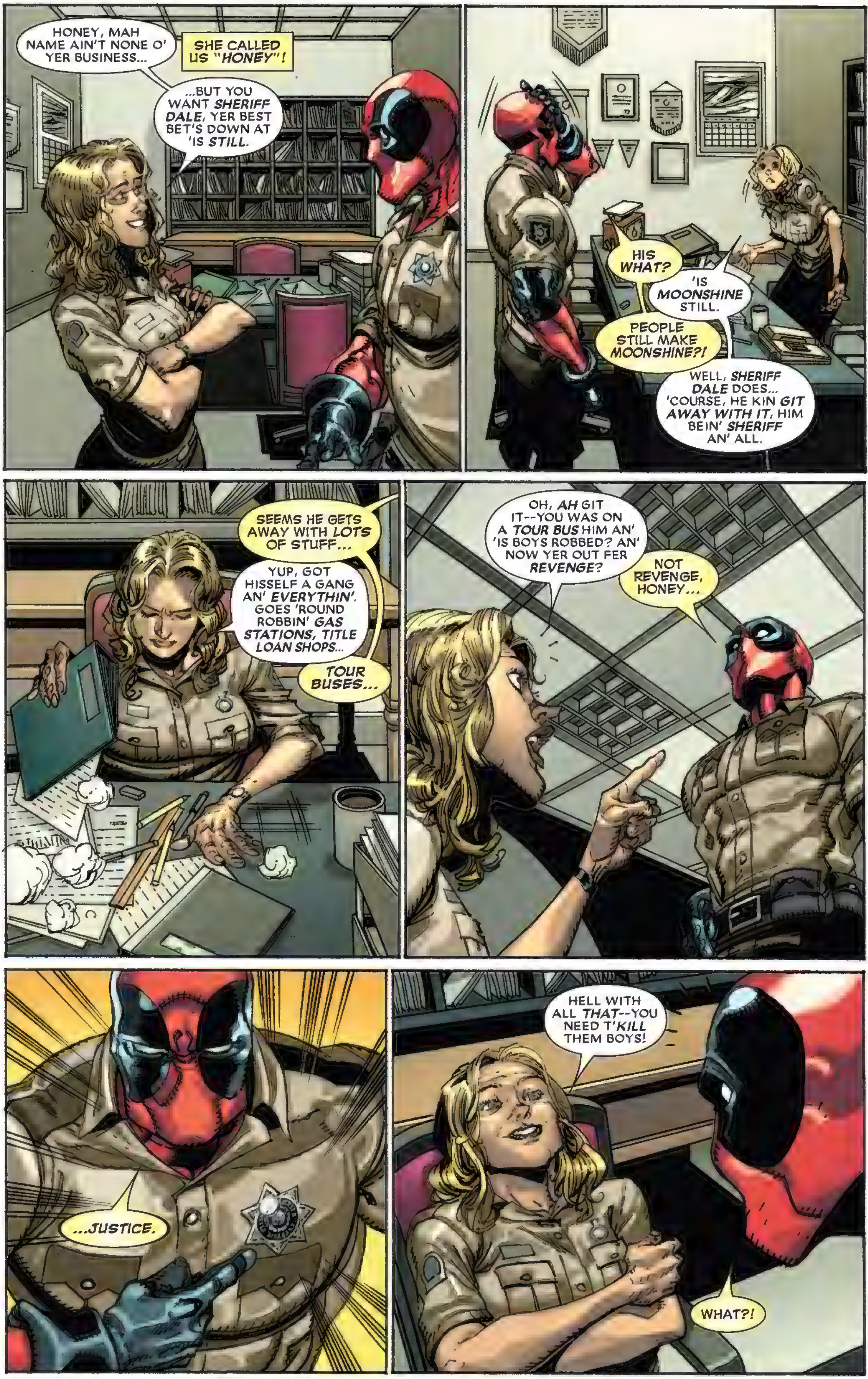

FRRAKKABOOOOMMMM!
AIN'T A-LAFFIN' NOW, IS YA?
HEY!
HNNN...?

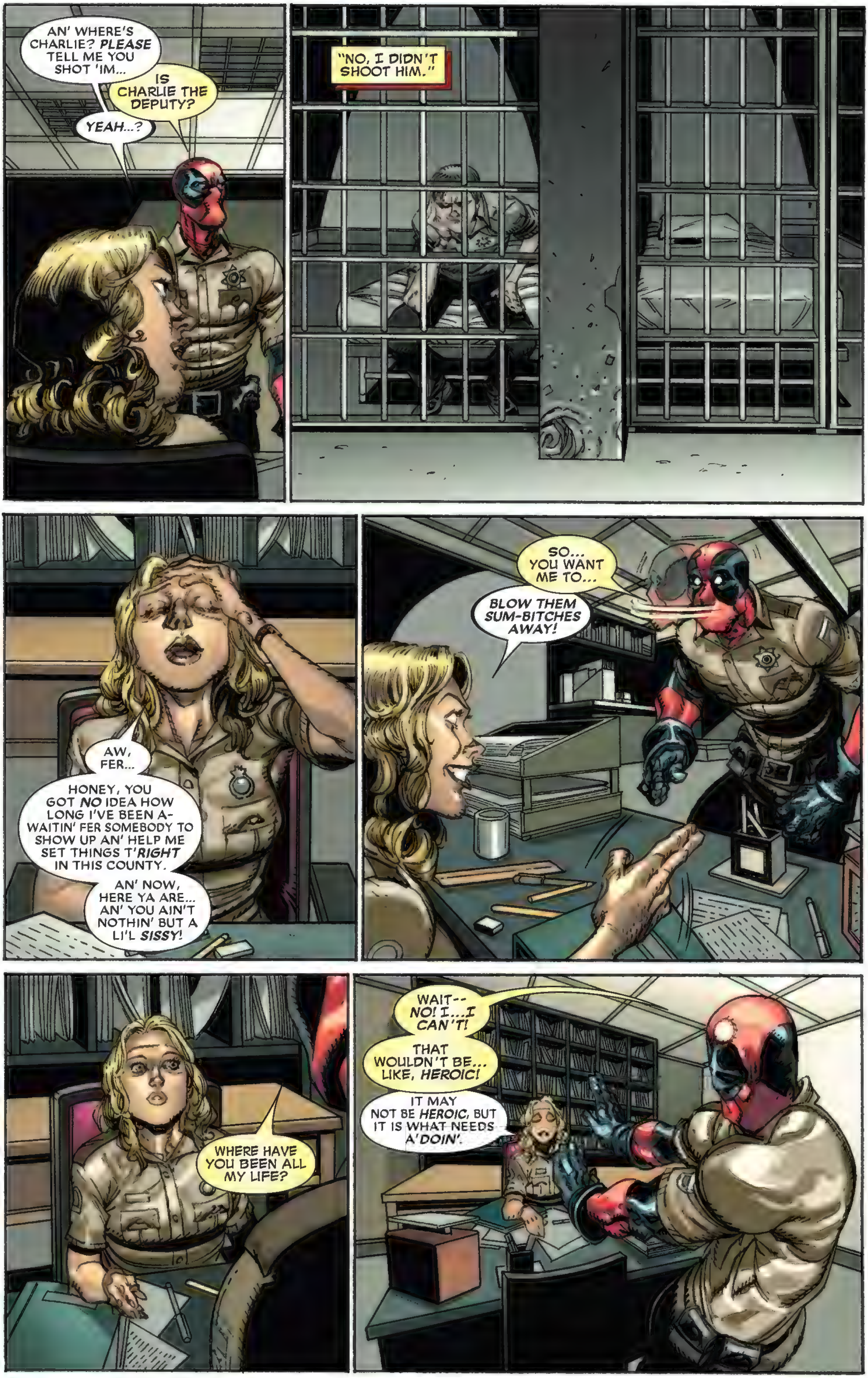

I GOT A SIGNAL!
MASON COUNTY 911, WHAT'S YER 'MERGENCY?
WHERE'D HE GO?
HOLY--!
Y-YOU'RE ALIVE?!
Wouldn't it be nice if, for once, someone said it like, "Thank God you're alive!"
YEAH, WHAT'S WITH ALL THE STINK-FACE?
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
UMM... WHAT DID YOU HEAR?
CAME FROM OVER HERE...
--GOT A CALL FROM SOME FOLKS STRANDED OUT ON THE HIGHWAY, SAYIN' THEY BEEN ROBBED OR SOMETHIN'.
YOU OUT THERE, SHERIFF DALE?

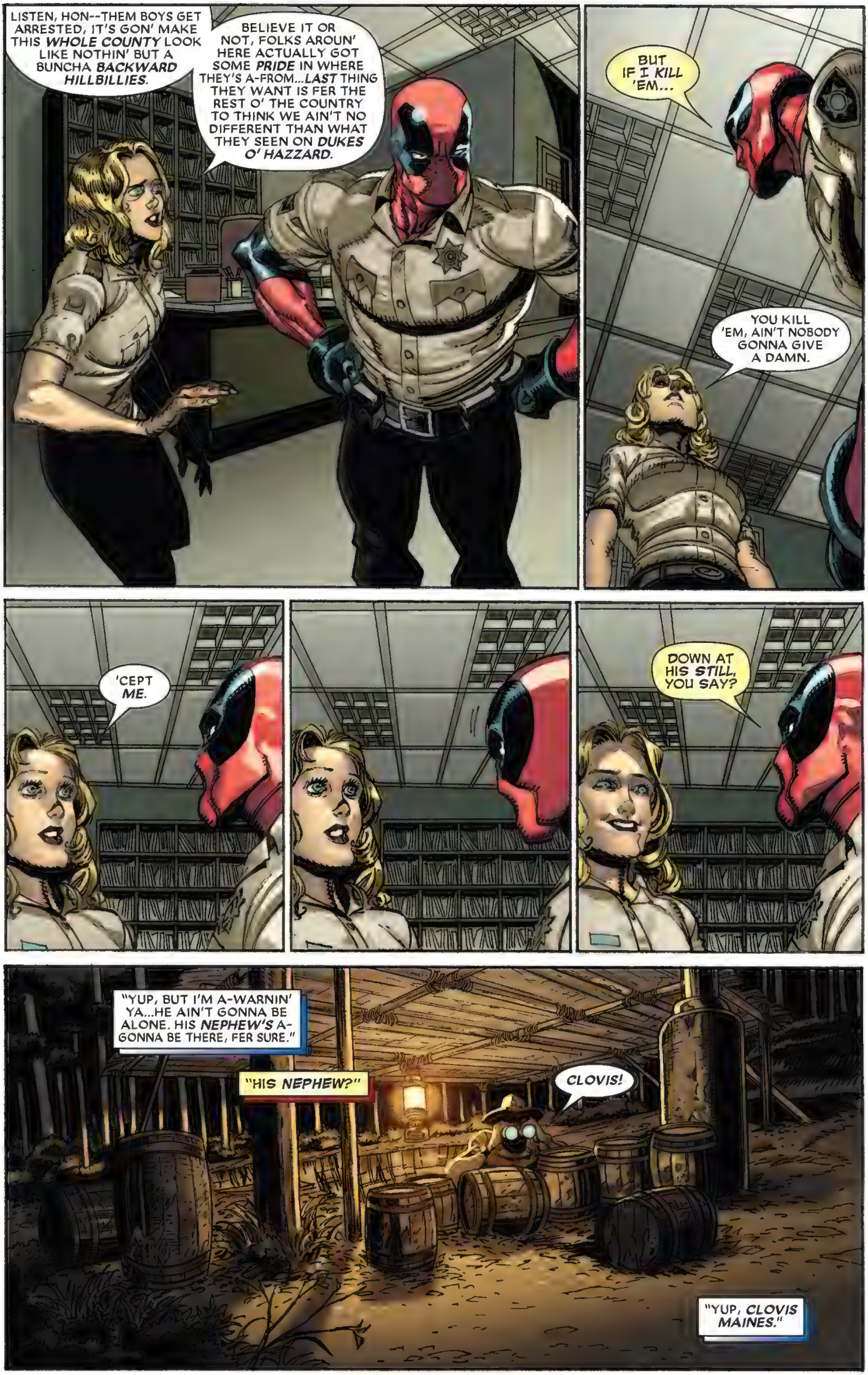

WHERE'D *THIS* COME FROM?
COPS DROPPED IT.
...*WHAT* COPS?
THE COPS THAT *ROBBED* US.
THEY WERE *COPS?!*
YEAH.
GET MY BAG.
MAN, I'M PRETTY SURE THEY *WEREN'T--*
GET.
MY *BAG.*
OKAY, OKAY!
WHICH ONE *IS* IT?
IT'S THE ONE WITH ALL THE GUNS IN IT.

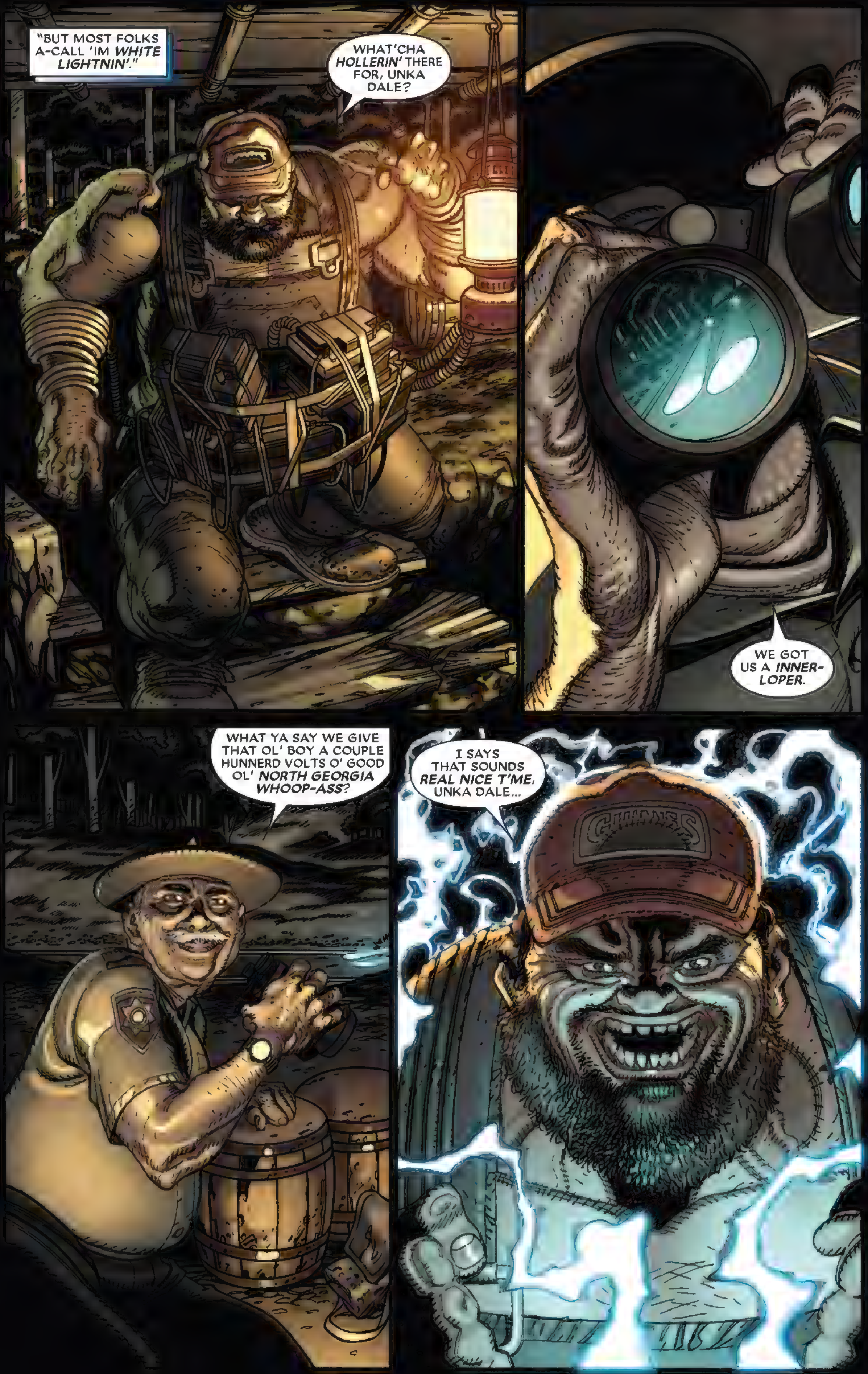

THE NEXT MORNING
MASON COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT
MASON COUNTY POST OFFICE
I'M HERE TO SEE SHERIFF DALE.
HE AIN'T HERE.
BAW, WHUT HAPPENED T'YEW? YEW GET INNA ACCIDENT 'R SUM'M?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I NEED TO SEE SHERIFF DALE.
WELL, LIKE I SAID, HE AIN'T HERE.
WHERE IS HE?
ON PATROL.
WELL, WHAT'S TAKING HIM SO DANG LONG?
WHUTTA YEW MEAN, WHUT'S A-TAKIN' 'IM S'DANG LONG?
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
REMEMBER ME?

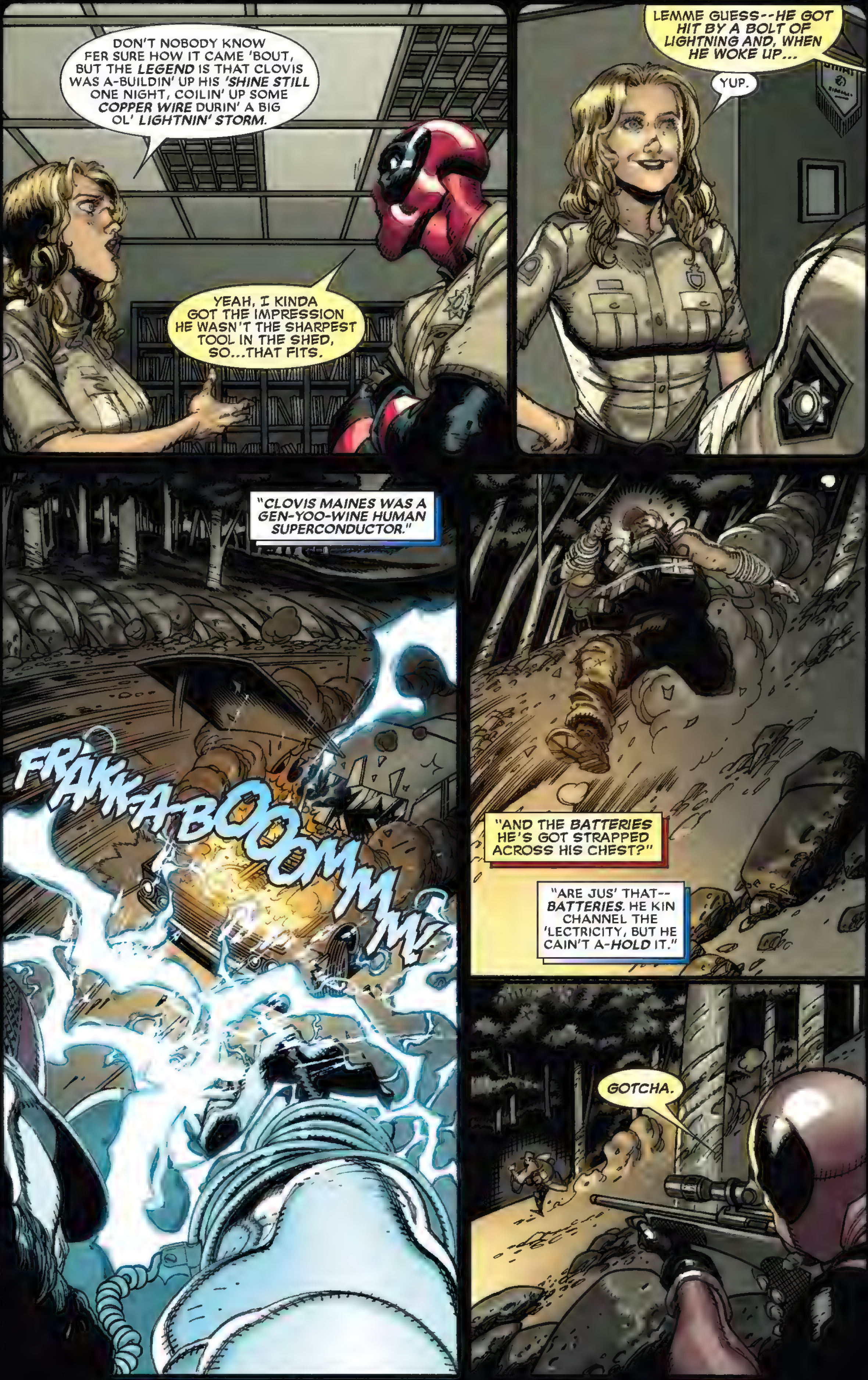

SORRY AH'M LATE, HADDA WAIT FER THE BABYSITTER T'GIT OFFA WORK. AH'VE BEEN MONITORIN' THE RADIO, THOUGH-- I AIN'T A-MISSED NO CALLS...
THAT'S OKAY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
OH, AND ONE MORE THING?
THERE'S A NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN.
WELL, WHERE'S THE OL' ONE?
She seems to be taking this quite well...
PLUS? SMOKING. HOT.
I WAS GONNA ASK YOU THE SAME THING... RIGHT AFTER I GOT YOUR NAME.
AND THOSE DIGITS!

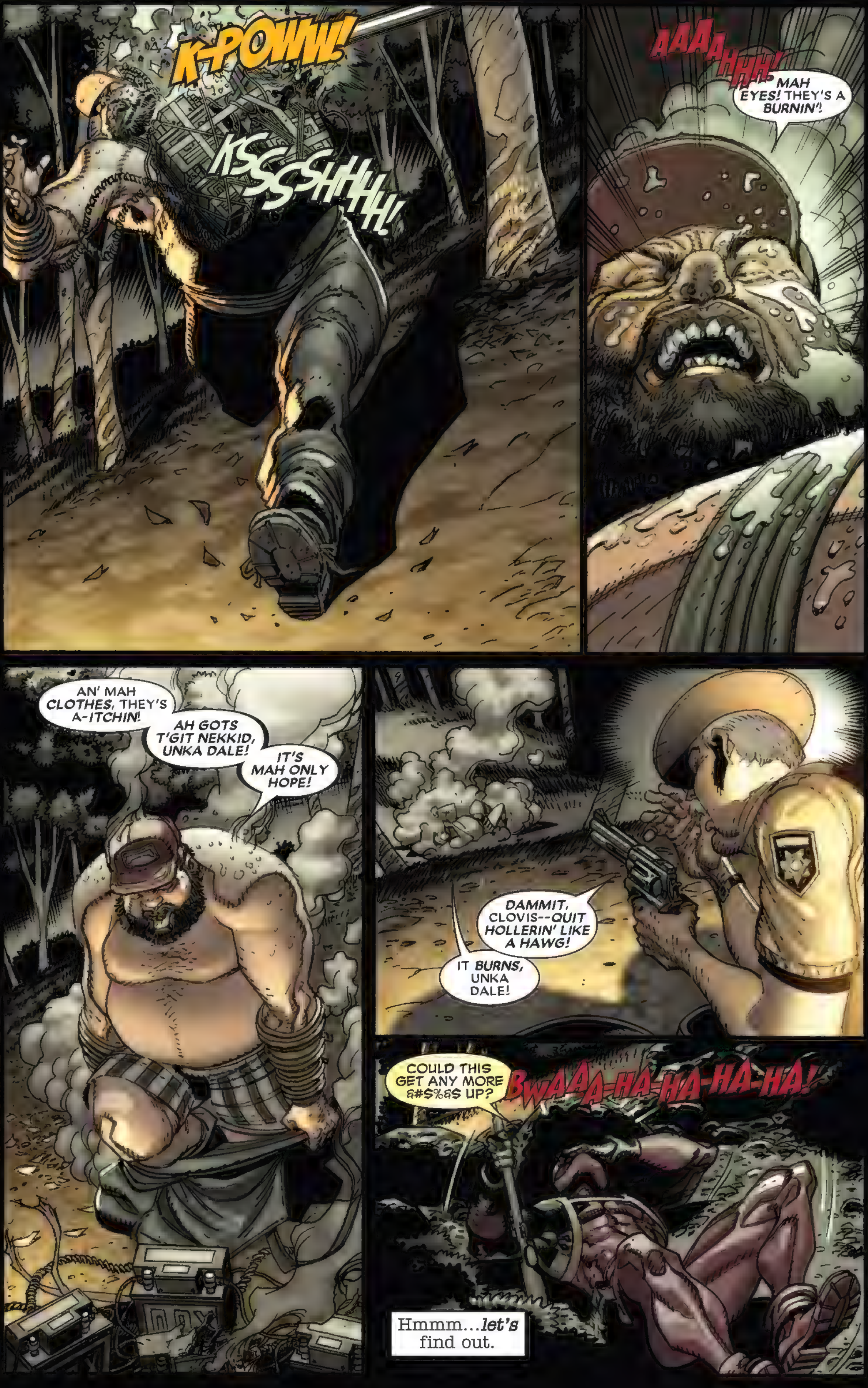

HONEY, MAH NAME AIN'T NONE O' YER BUSINESS...
SHE CALLED US "*HONEY*"!
...BUT YOU WANT ***SHERIFF DALE,*** YER BEST BET'S DOWN AT 'IS ***STILL.***
HIS *WHAT?*
'IS ***MOONSHINE*** STILL.
PEOPLE STILL MAKE *MOONSHINE?!*
WELL, ***SHERIFF DALE*** DOES... 'COURSE, HE KIN ***GIT AWAY WITH IT,*** HIM BEIN' ***SHERIFF*** AN' ALL.
SEEMS HE GETS AWAY WITH *LOTS* OF STUFF...
YUP, GOT HISSELF A GANG AN' ***EVERYTHIN'.*** GOES 'ROUND ROBBIN' ***GAS STATIONS, TITLE LOAN SHOPS...***
TOUR BUSES...
OH, ***AH*** GIT IT--YOU WAS ON A ***TOUR BUS*** HIM AN' 'IS BOYS ROBBED? AN' NOW YER OUT FER ***REVENGE?***
NOT REVENGE, HONEY...
...JUSTICE.
HELL WITH ALL *THAT*--YOU NEED T'***KILL*** THEM BOYS!
WHAT?!

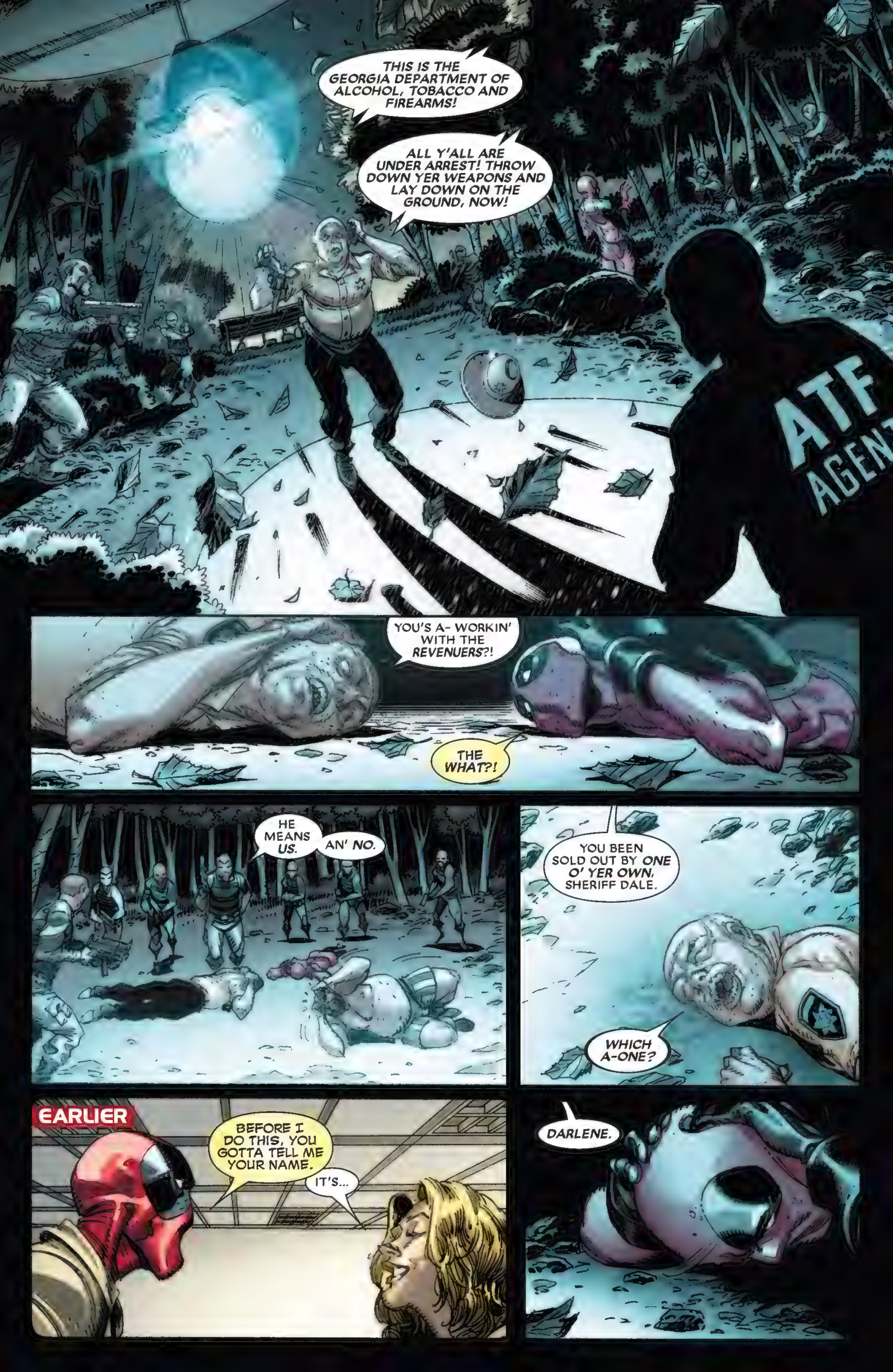

AN' WHERE'S CHARLIE? *PLEASE* TELL ME YOU SHOT 'IM...
IS CHARLIE THE DEPUTY?
YEAH...?
"NO, I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM."
AW, FER...
HONEY, YOU GOT *NO* IDEA HOW LONG I'VE BEEN A-WAITIN' FER SOMEBODY TO SHOW UP AN' HELP ME SET THINGS T'*RIGHT* IN THIS COUNTY.
AN' NOW, HERE YA ARE... AN' YOU AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A LI'L *SISSY*!
SO... YOU WANT ME TO...
BLOW THEM SUM-BITCHES AWAY!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE?
WAIT-- *NO! I...I CAN'T!*
THAT WOULDN'T BE... LIKE, *HEROIC!*
IT MAY NOT BE *HEROIC*, BUT IT IS WHAT NEEDS A'*DOIN'*.

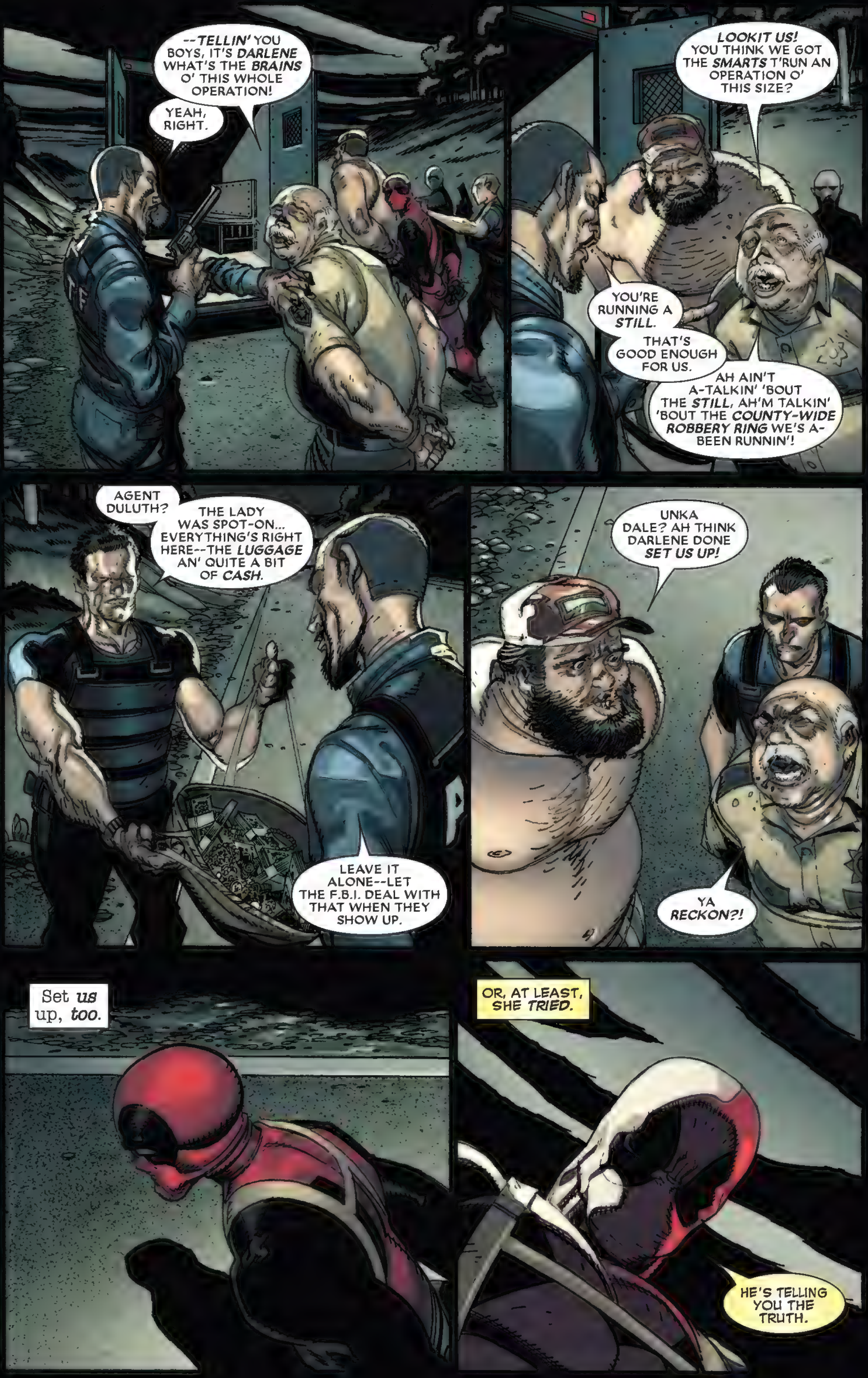

LISTEN, HON--THEM BOYS GET ARRESTED, IT'S GON' MAKE THIS WHOLE COUNTY LOOK LIKE NOTHIN' BUT A BUNCHA BACKWARD HILLBILLIES.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, FOLKS AROUN' HERE ACTUALLY GOT SOME PRIDE IN WHERE THEY'S A-FROM...LAST THING THEY WANT IS FER THE REST O' THE COUNTRY TO THINK WE AIN'T NO DIFFERENT THAN WHAT THEY SEEN ON DUKES O' HAZZARD.
BUT IF I KILL 'EM...
YOU KILL 'EM, AIN'T NOBODY GONNA GIVE A DAMN.
'CEPT ME.
DOWN AT HIS STILL, YOU SAY?
"YUP, BUT I'M A-WARNIN' YA...HE AIN'T GONNA BE ALONE. HIS NEPHEW'S A-GONNA BE THERE, FER SURE."
"HIS NEPHEW?"
CLOVIS!
"YUP, CLOVIS MAINES."

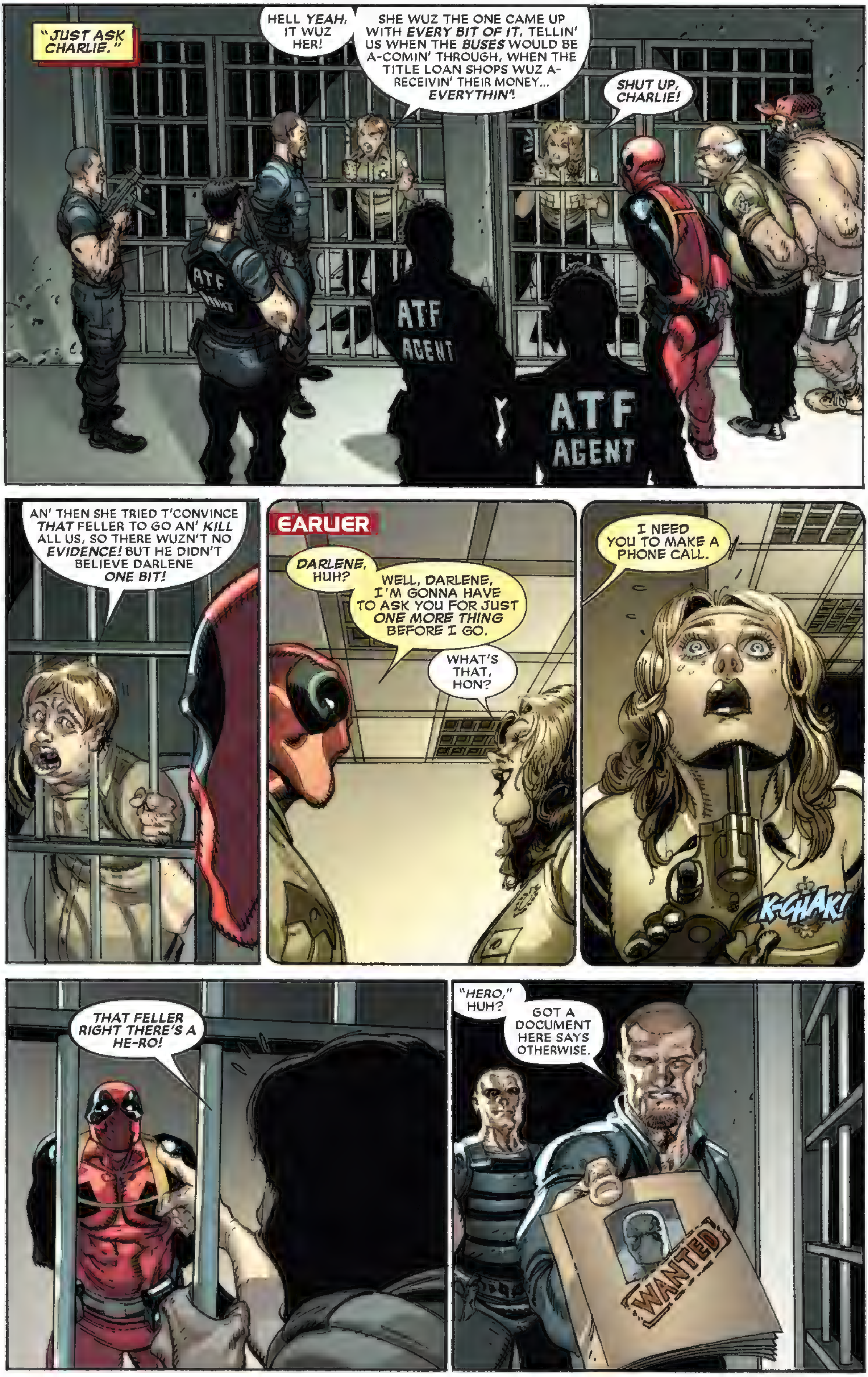

"BUT MOST FOLKS A-CALL 'IM *WHITE LIGHTNIN'*."
WHAT'CHA *HOLLERIN'* THERE FOR, UNKA DALE?
WE GOT US A *INNER-LOPER*.
WHAT YA SAY WE GIVE THAT OL' BOY A COUPLE HUNNERD VOLTS O' GOOD OL' *NORTH GEORGIA WHOOP-ASS*?
I SAYS THAT SOUNDS *REAL NICE T'ME*, UNKA DALE...

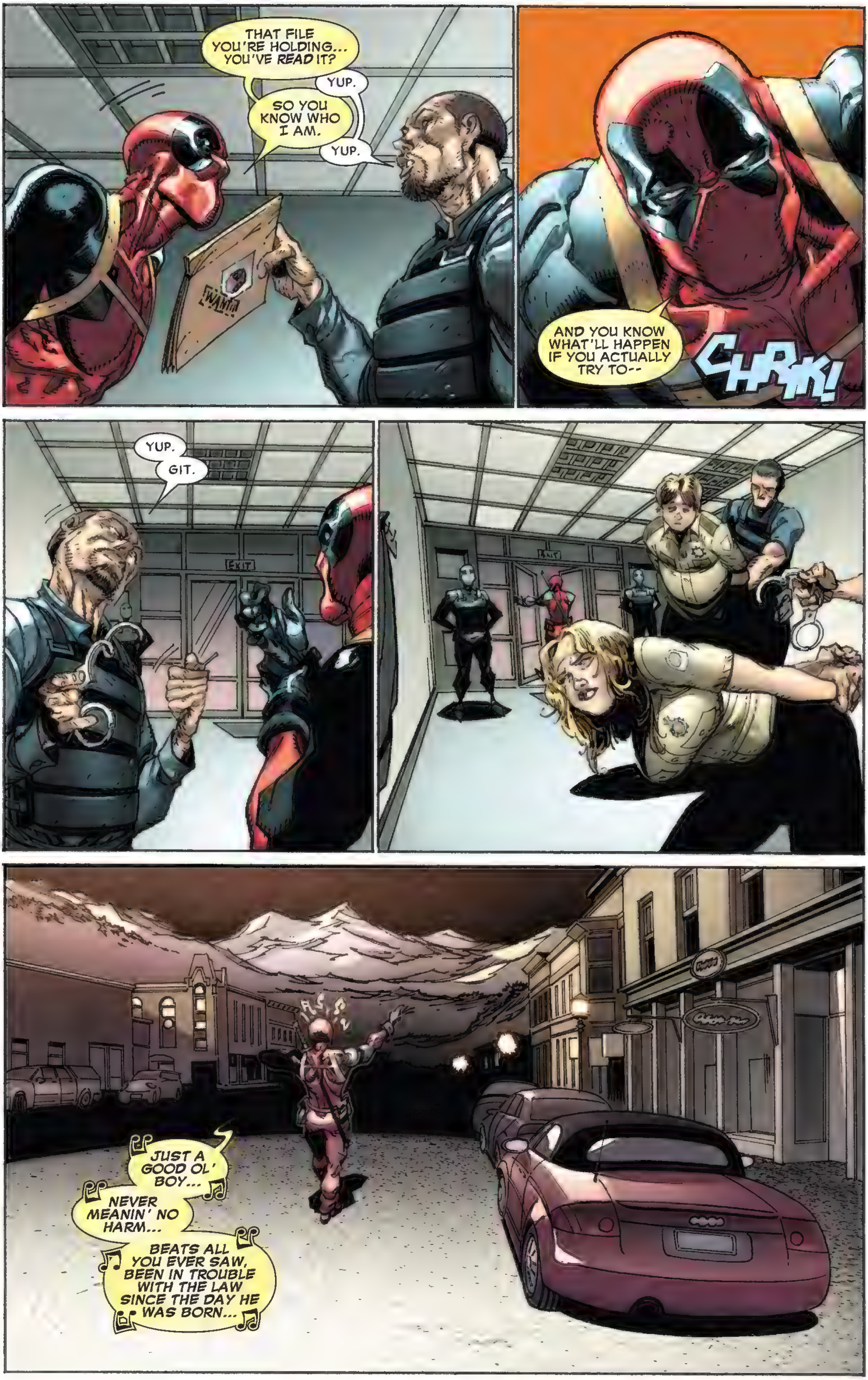

DON'T NOBODY KNOW FER SURE HOW IT CAME 'BOUT, BUT THE *LEGEND* IS THAT CLOVIS WAS A-BUILDIN' UP HIS *'SHINE STILL* ONE NIGHT, COILIN' UP SOME *COPPER WIRE* DURIN' A BIG OL' *LIGHTNIN' STORM.*
YEAH, I KINDA GOT THE IMPRESSION HE WASN'T THE SHARPEST TOOL IN THE SHED, SO...THAT FITS.
LEMME GUESS--HE GOT HIT BY A BOLT OF LIGHTNING AND, WHEN HE WOKE UP...
YUP.
"*CLOVIS MAINES WAS A GEN-YOO-WINE HUMAN SUPERCONDUCTOR.*"
FRAKK-A-BOOOMMM!
"AND THE *BATTERIES* HE'S GOT STRAPPED ACROSS HIS CHEST?"
"ARE JUS' THAT-- *BATTERIES.* HE KIN CHANNEL THE 'LECTRICITY, BUT HE CAIN'T A-*HOLD* IT."
GOTCHA.


K-POWW!
KSSSSHHHH!
AAAAHHH!
MAH EYES! THEY'S A BURNIN'!
AN' MAH CLOTHES, THEY'S A-ITCHIN!
AH GOTS T'GIT NEKKID, UNKA DALE!
IT'S MAH ONLY HOPE!
DAMMIT, CLOVIS--QUIT HOLLERIN' LIKE A HAWG!
IT BURNS, UNKA DALE!
COULD THIS GET ANY MORE &#$%&$ UP?
BWAAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
Hmmm...*let's* find out.

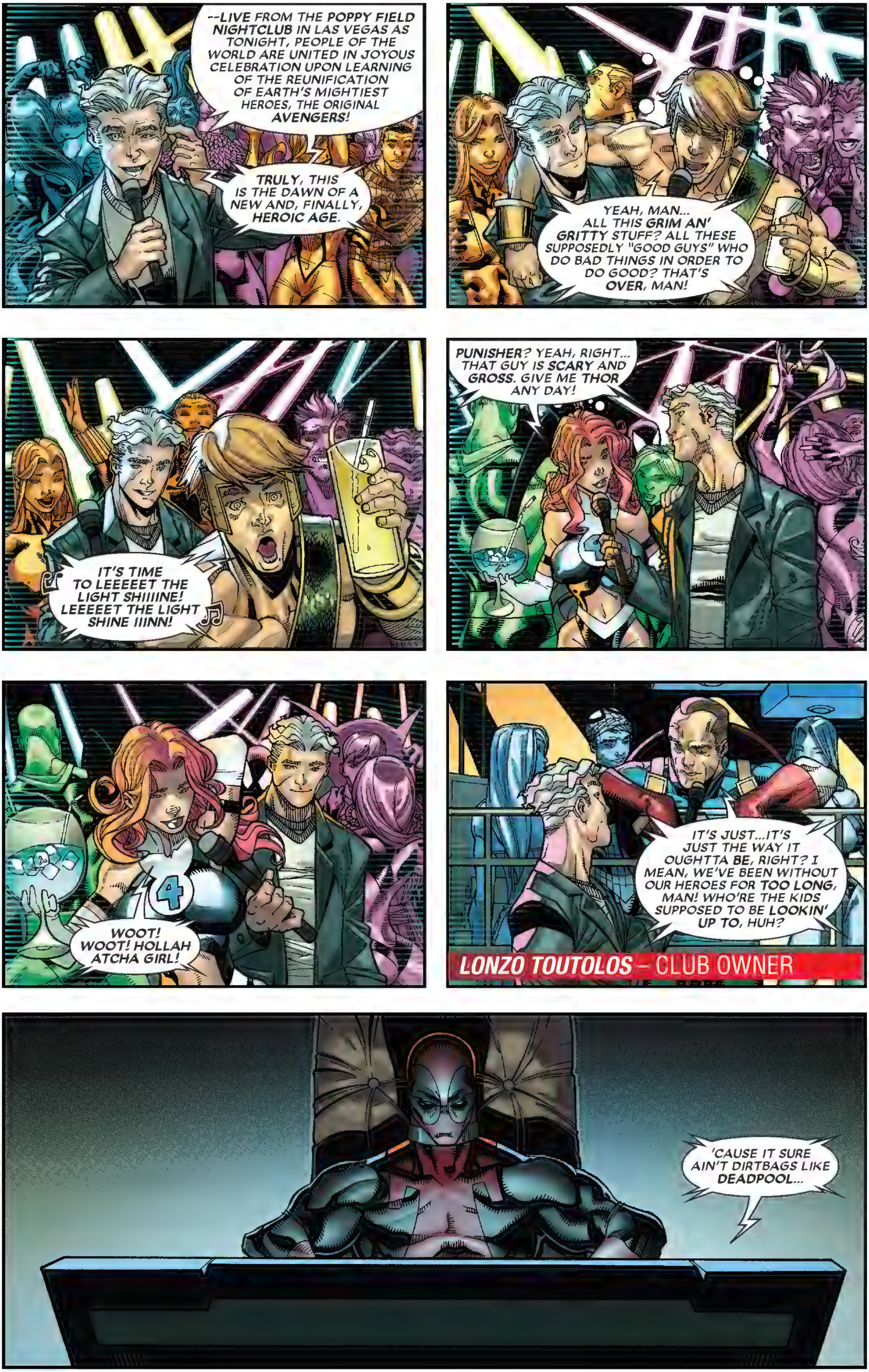

THIS IS THE GEORGIA DEPARTMENT OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND FIREARMS!
ALL Y'ALL ARE UNDER ARREST! THROW DOWN YER WEAPONS AND LAY DOWN ON THE GROUND, NOW!
ATF AGENT
YOU'S A- WORKIN' WITH THE *REVENUERS*?!
THE *WHAT*?!
HE MEANS *US*.
AN' *NO*.
YOU BEEN SOLD OUT BY *ONE O' YER OWN*, SHERIFF DALE.
WHICH A-ONE?
EARLIER
BEFORE I DO THIS, YOU GOTTA TELL ME YOUR NAME.
IT'S...
DARLENE.

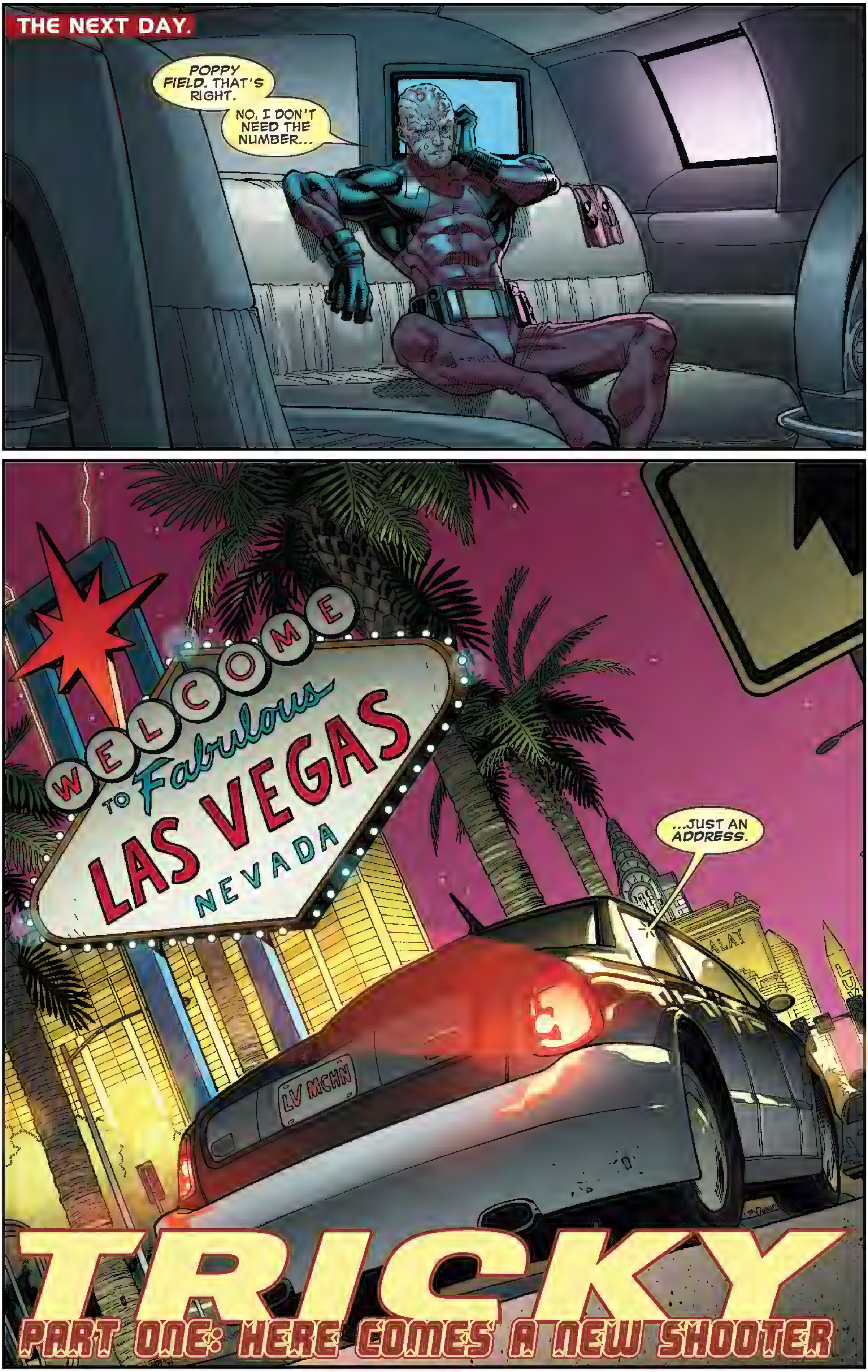

--*TELLIN'* YOU BOYS, IT'S *DARLENE* WHAT'S THE *BRAINS* O' THIS WHOLE OPERATION!
YEAH, RIGHT.
LOOKIT US! YOU THINK WE GOT THE *SMARTS* T'RUN AN OPERATION O' THIS SIZE?
YOU'RE RUNNING A *STILL*.
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US.
AH AIN'T A-TALKIN' 'BOUT THE *STILL*, AH'M TALKIN' 'BOUT THE *COUNTY-WIDE ROBBERY RING* WE'S A-BEEN RUNNIN'!
AGENT DULUTH?
THE LADY WAS SPOT-ON... EVERYTHING'S RIGHT HERE--THE *LUGGAGE* AN' QUITE A BIT OF *CASH*.
LEAVE IT ALONE--LET THE F.B.I. DEAL WITH THAT WHEN THEY SHOW UP.
UNKA DALE? AH THINK DARLENE DONE *SET US UP!*
YA *RECKON?!*
Set *us* up, *too*.
OR, AT LEAST, SHE *TRIED*.
HE'S TELLING YOU THE TRUTH.

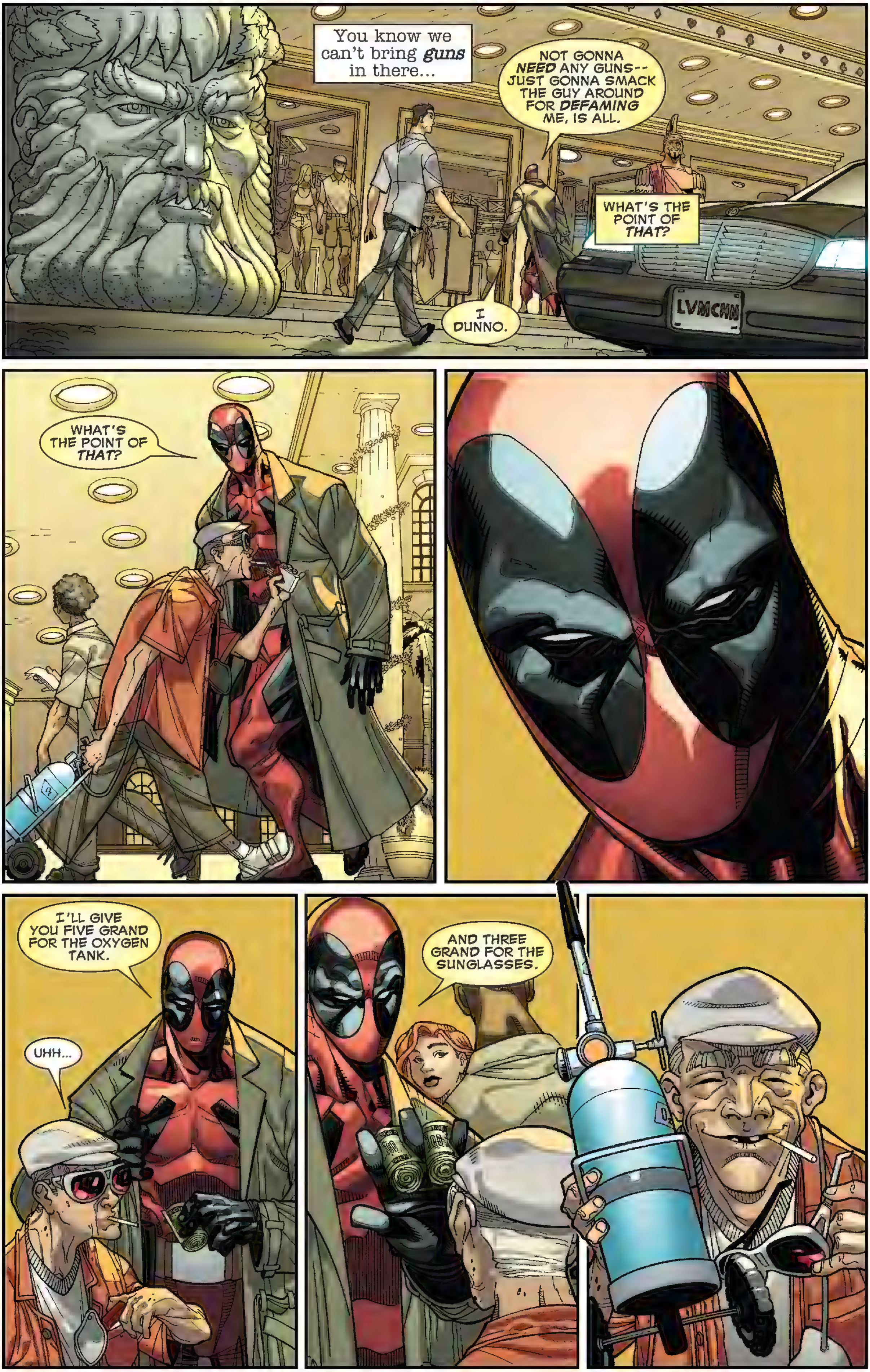

"JUST ASK CHARLIE."
HELL YEAH, IT WUZ HER!
SHE WUZ THE ONE CAME UP WITH EVERY BIT OF IT, TELLIN' US WHEN THE BUSES WOULD BE A-COMIN' THROUGH, WHEN THE TITLE LOAN SHOPS WUZ A-RECEIVIN' THEIR MONEY... EVERYTHIN'!
SHUT UP, CHARLIE!
ATF
ATF AGENT
ATF AGENT
AN' THEN SHE TRIED T'CONVINCE THAT FELLER TO GO AN' KILL ALL US, SO THERE WUZN'T NO EVIDENCE! BUT HE DIDN'T BELIEVE DARLENE ONE BIT!
EARLIER
DARLENE, HUH?
WELL, DARLENE, I'M GONNA HAVE TO ASK YOU FOR JUST ONE MORE THING BEFORE I GO.
WHAT'S THAT, HON?
I NEED YOU TO MAKE A PHONE CALL.
K-CHAK!
THAT FELLER RIGHT THERE'S A HE-RO!
"HERO," HUH?
GOT A DOCUMENT HERE SAYS OTHERWISE.
WANTED

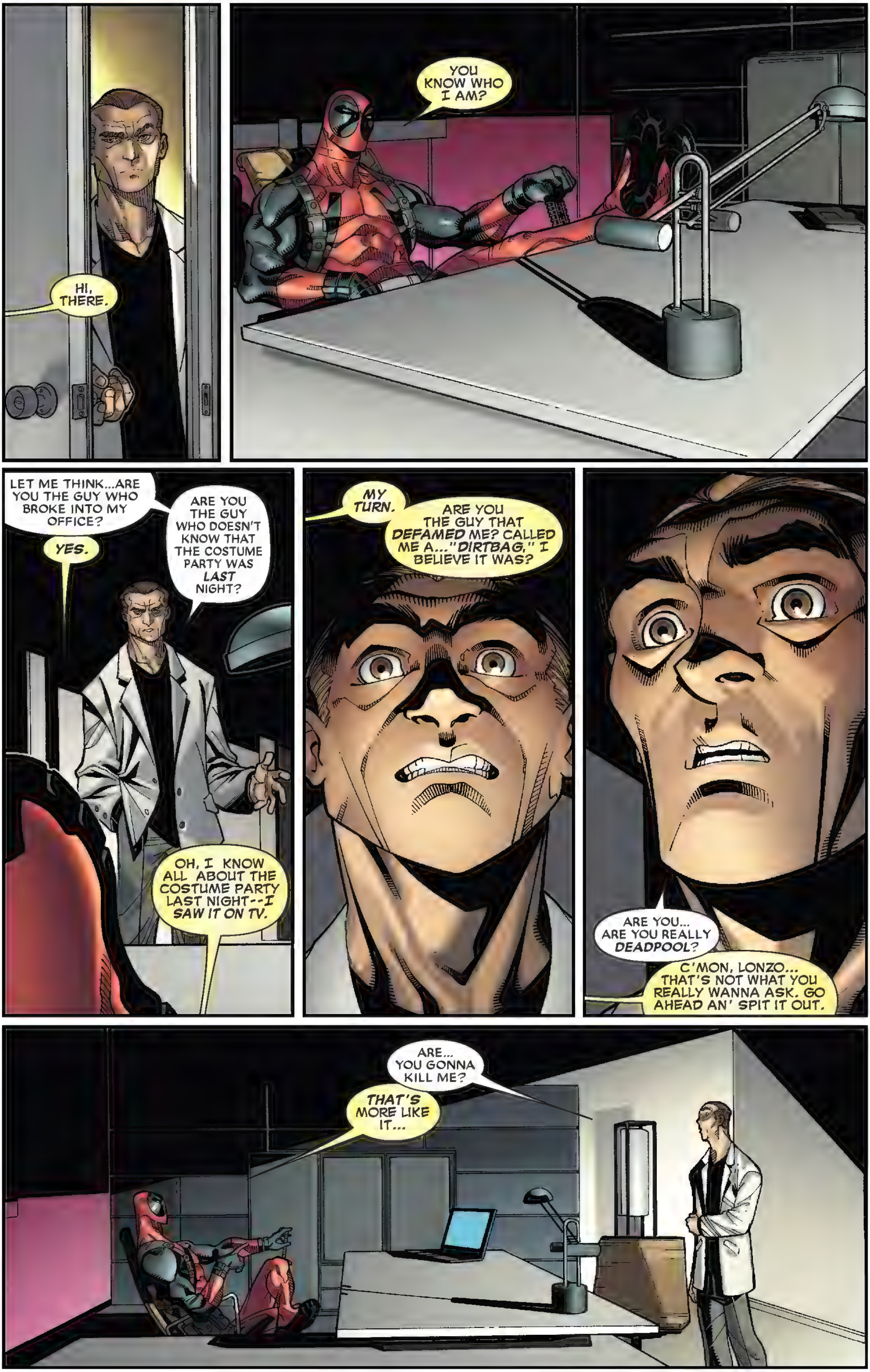

THAT FILE YOU'RE HOLDING... YOU'VE *READ* IT?
YUP.
SO YOU KNOW WHO I AM.
YUP.
WANTED
AND YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU ACTUALLY TRY TO--
CHRK!
YUP.
GIT.
EXIT
EXIT
JUST A GOOD OL' BOY...
NEVER MEANIN' NO HARM...
BEATS ALL YOU EVER SAW, BEEN IN TROUBLE WITH THE LAW SINCE THE DAY HE WAS BORN...

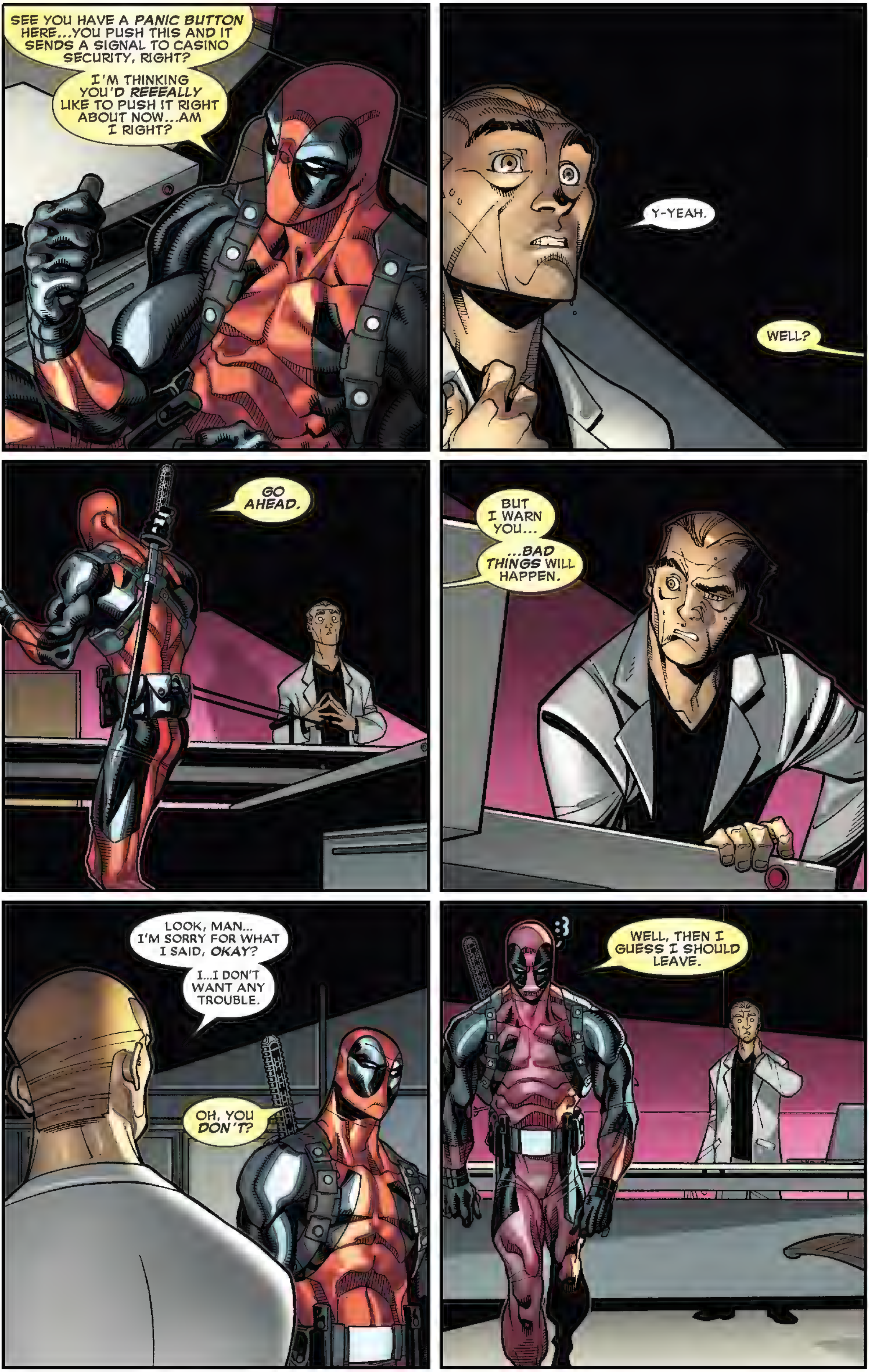
23

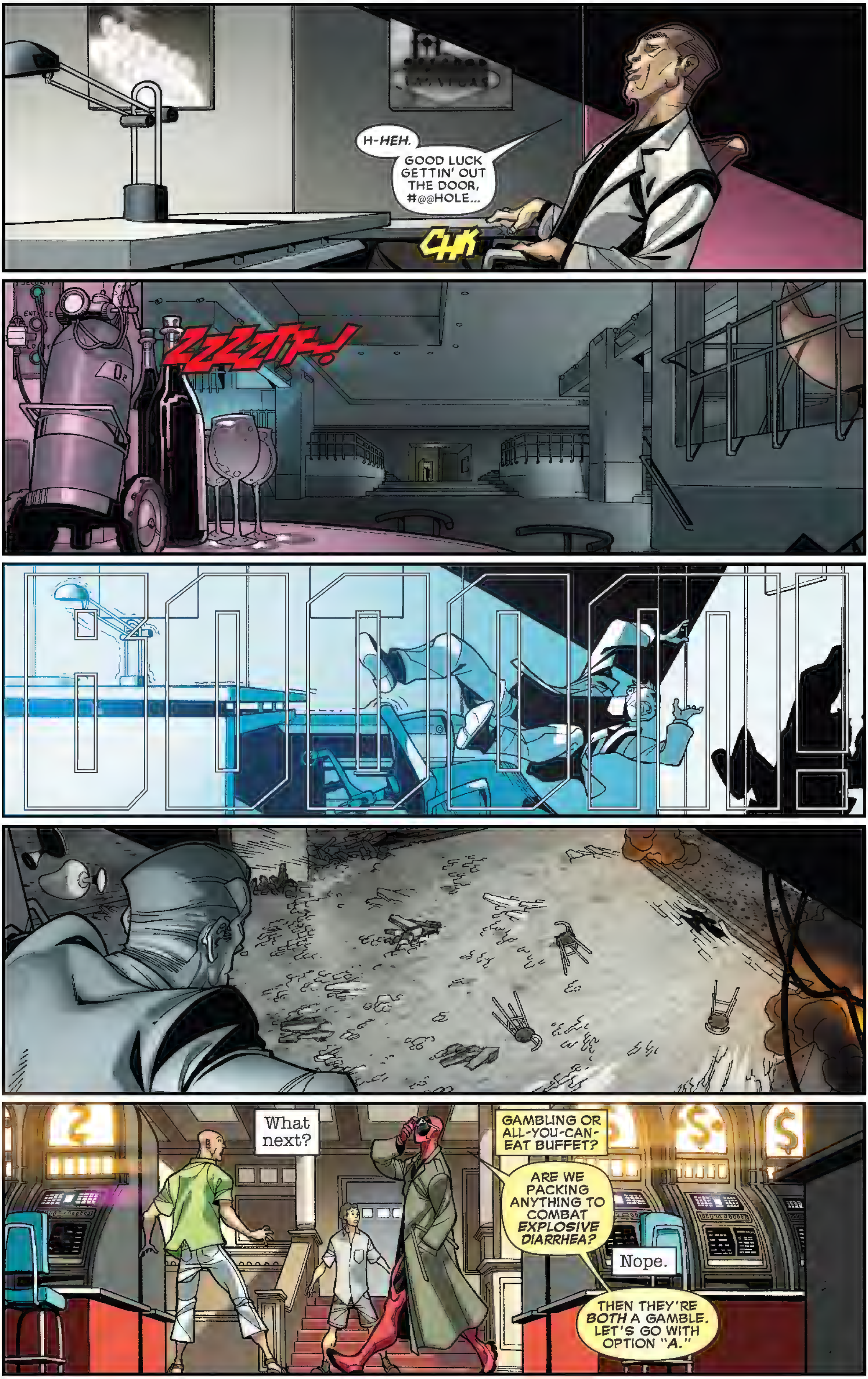

--LIVE FROM THE POPPY FIELD NIGHTCLUB IN LAS VEGAS AS TONIGHT, PEOPLE OF THE WORLD ARE UNITED IN JOYOUS CELEBRATION UPON LEARNING OF THE REUNIFICATION OF EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES, THE ORIGINAL AVENGERS!
TRULY, THIS IS THE DAWN OF A NEW AND, FINALLY, HEROIC AGE.
YEAH, MAN... ALL THIS GRIM AN' GRITTY STUFF? ALL THESE SUPPOSEDLY "GOOD GUYS" WHO DO BAD THINGS IN ORDER TO DO GOOD? THAT'S OVER, MAN!
IT'S TIME TO LEEEEET THE LIGHT SHIIIINE! LEEEEET THE LIGHT SHINE IIINN!
PUNISHER? YEAH, RIGHT... THAT GUY IS SCARY AND GROSS. GIVE ME THOR ANY DAY!
4
WOOT! WOOT! HOLLAH ATCHA GIRL!
IT'S JUST...IT'S JUST THE WAY IT OUGHTTA BE, RIGHT? I MEAN, WE'VE BEEN WITHOUT OUR HEROES FOR TOO LONG, MAN! WHO'RE THE KIDS SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKIN' UP TO, HUH?
LONZO TOUTOLOS – CLUB OWNER
'CAUSE IT SURE AIN'T DIRTBAGS LIKE DEADPOOL...

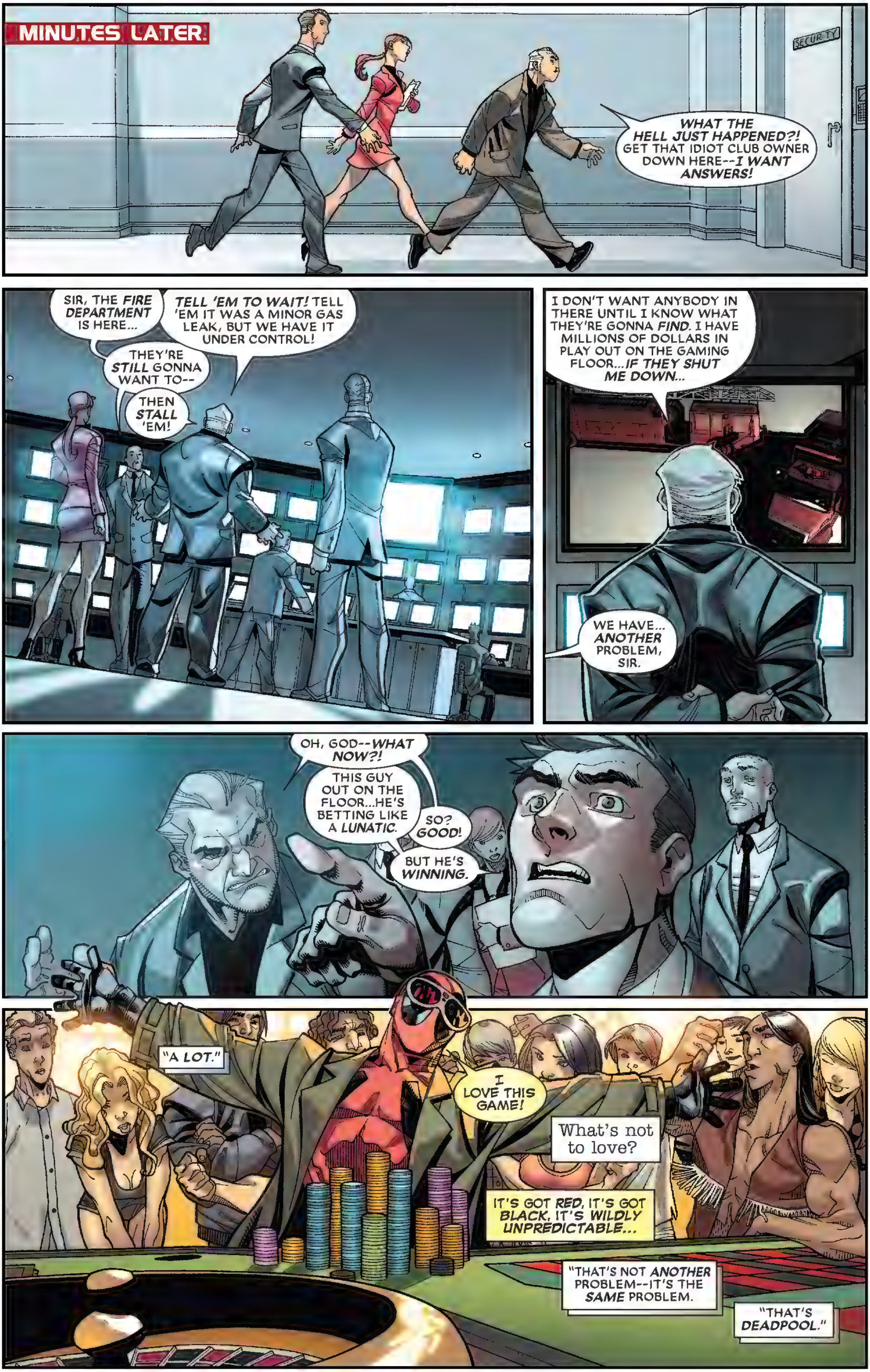

THE NEXT DAY.
POPPY FIELD. THAT'S RIGHT.
NO, I DON'T NEED THE NUMBER...
WELCOME to Fabulous LAS VEGAS NEVADA
LV MCHN
...JUST AN ADDRESS.
TRICKY
PART ONE: HERE COMES A NEW SHOOTER

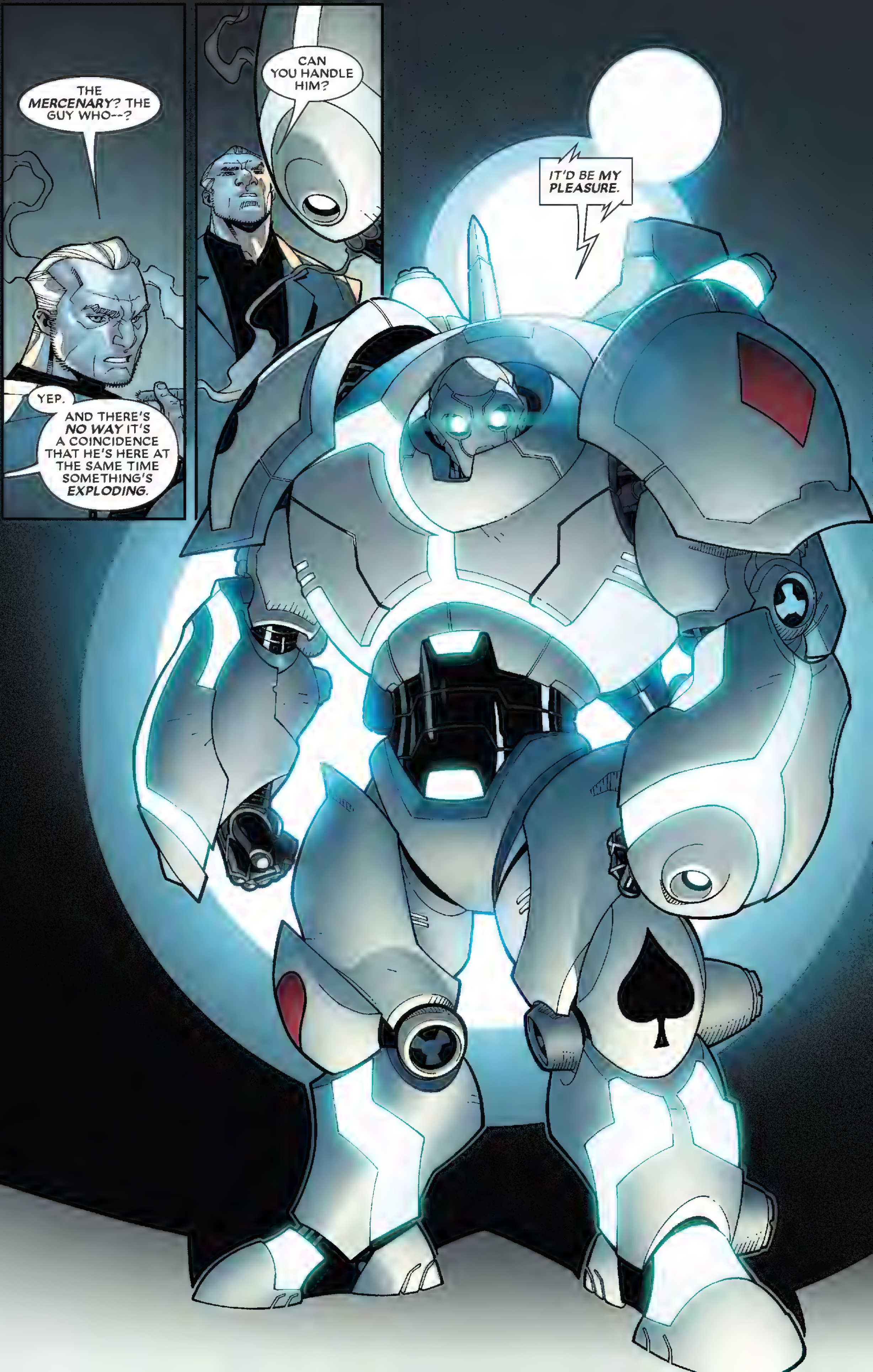

You know we can't bring *guns* in there...
NOT GONNA *NEED* ANY GUNS-- JUST GONNA SMACK THE GUY AROUND FOR *DEFAMING* ME, IS ALL.
WHAT'S THE POINT OF *THAT?*
I DUNNO.
LVMCHN
WHAT'S THE POINT OF *THAT?*
I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE GRAND FOR THE OXYGEN TANK.
UHH...
AND THREE GRAND FOR THE SUNGLASSES.

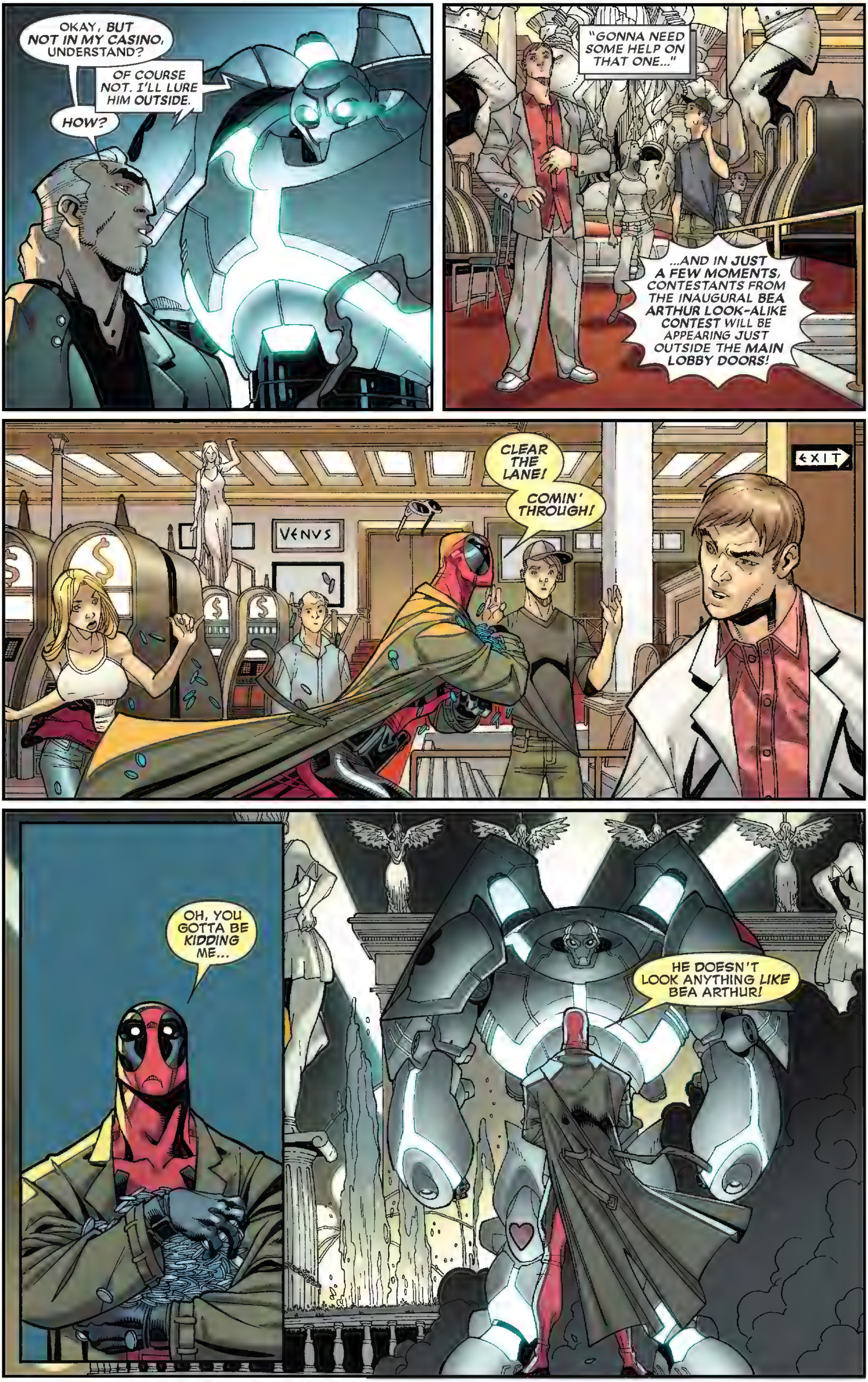

HI, THERE.
YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
LET ME THINK...ARE YOU THE GUY WHO BROKE INTO MY OFFICE?
YES.
ARE YOU THE GUY WHO DOESN'T KNOW THAT THE COSTUME PARTY WAS *LAST* NIGHT?
OH, I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE COSTUME PARTY LAST NIGHT--*I SAW IT ON TV.*
MY TURN.
ARE YOU THE GUY THAT *DEFAMED* ME? CALLED ME A..."*DIRTBAG,*" I BELIEVE IT WAS?
ARE YOU... ARE YOU REALLY *DEADPOOL?*
C'MON, LONZO... THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU REALLY WANNA ASK. GO AHEAD AN' SPIT IT OUT.
ARE... YOU GONNA KILL ME?
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT...

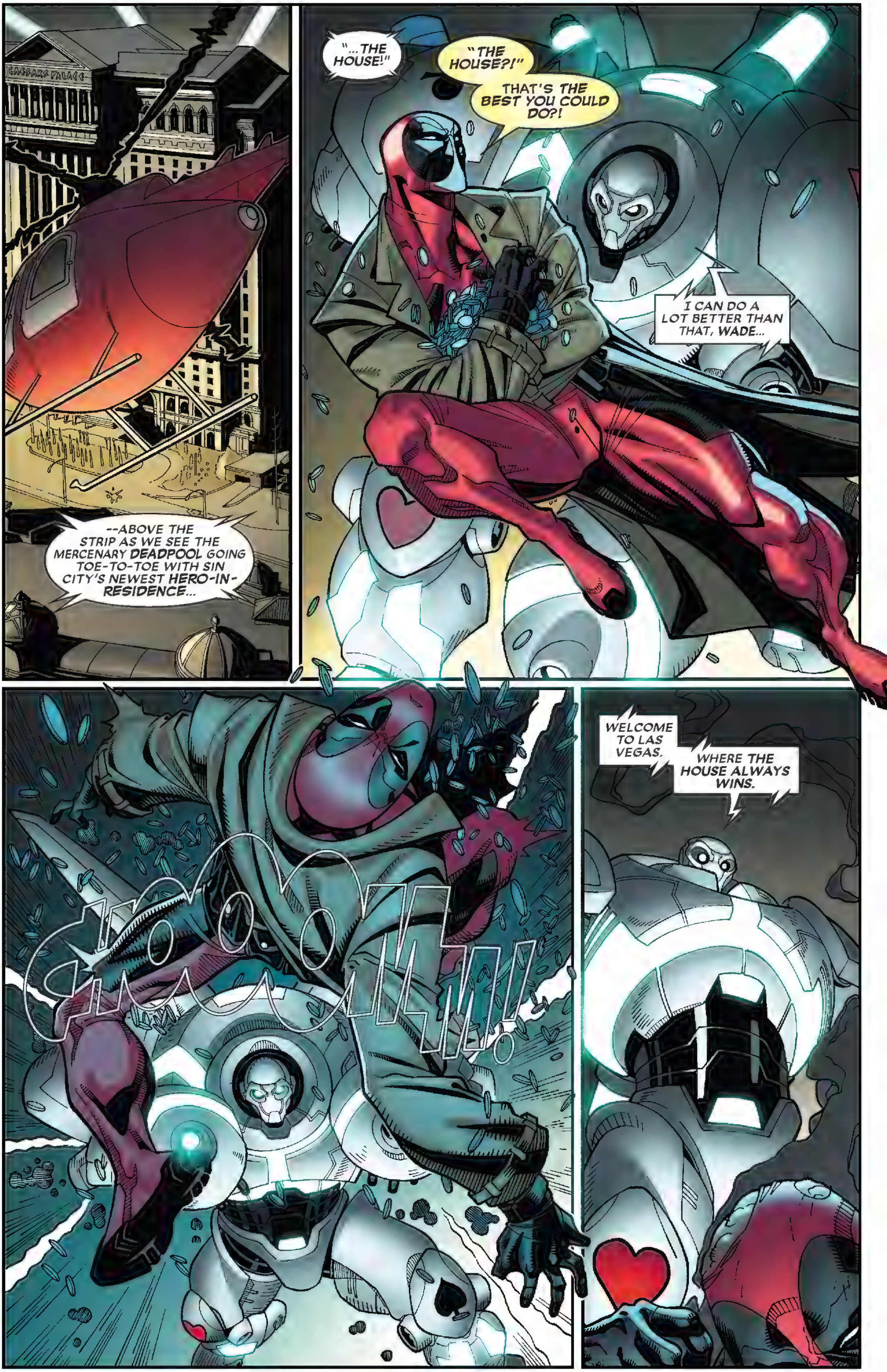

SEE YOU HAVE A PANIC BUTTON HERE...YOU PUSH THIS AND IT SENDS A SIGNAL TO CASINO SECURITY, RIGHT?
I'M THINKING YOU'D REEEALLY LIKE TO PUSH IT RIGHT ABOUT NOW...AM I RIGHT?
Y-YEAH.
WELL?
GO AHEAD.
BUT I WARN YOU...
...BAD THINGS WILL HAPPEN.
LOOK, MAN... I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I SAID, OKAY?
I...I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.
OH, YOU DON'T?
WELL, THEN I GUESS I SHOULD LEAVE.

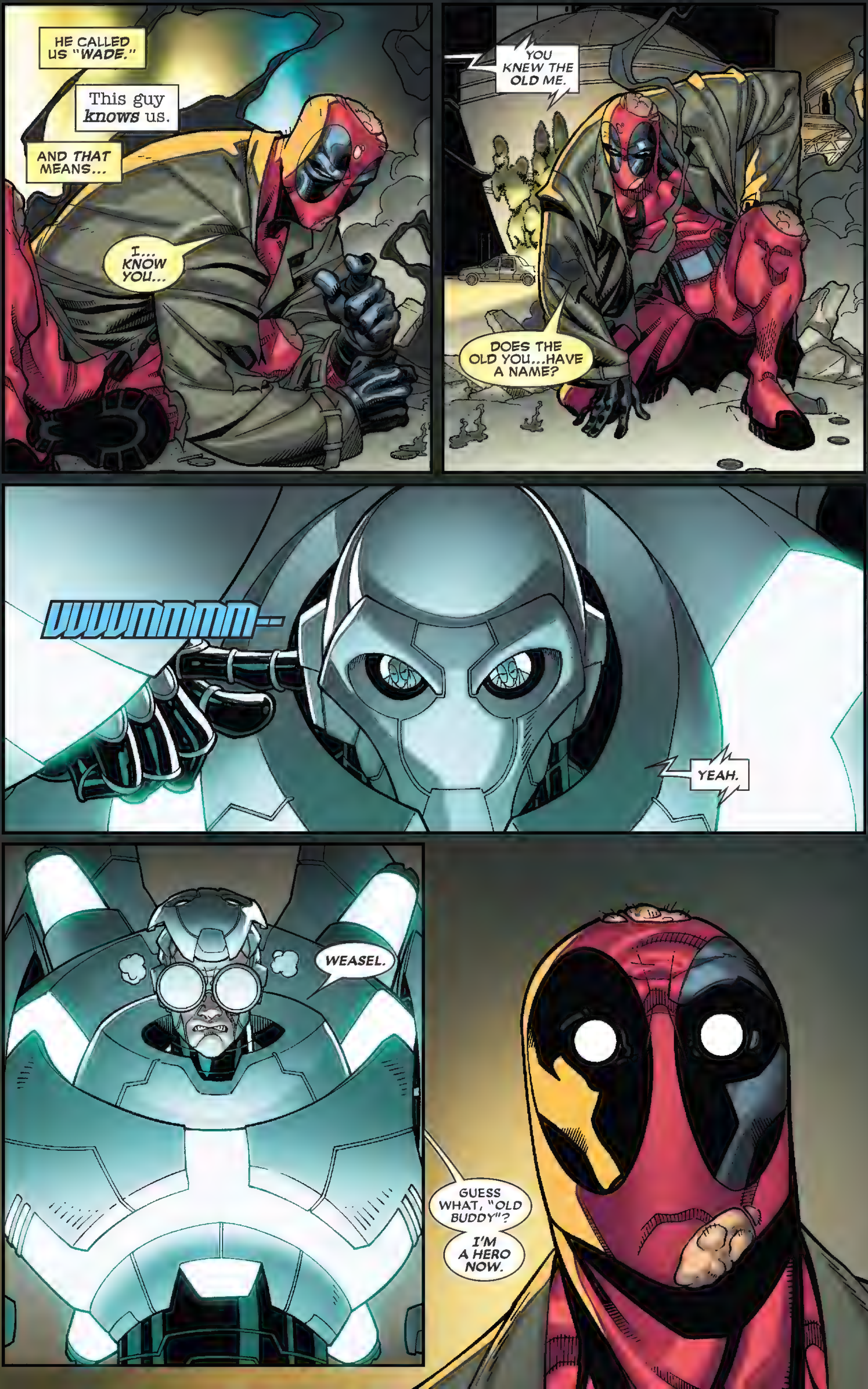

H-HEH.
GOOD LUCK GETTIN' OUT THE DOOR, #@@HOLE...
CHK
ZZZZTT-!
BOOOM!
What next?
GAMBLING OR ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET?
ARE WE PACKING ANYTHING TO COMBAT *EXPLOSIVE DIARRHEA?*
Nope.
THEN THEY'RE *BOTH* A GAMBLE. LET'S GO WITH OPTION *"A."*

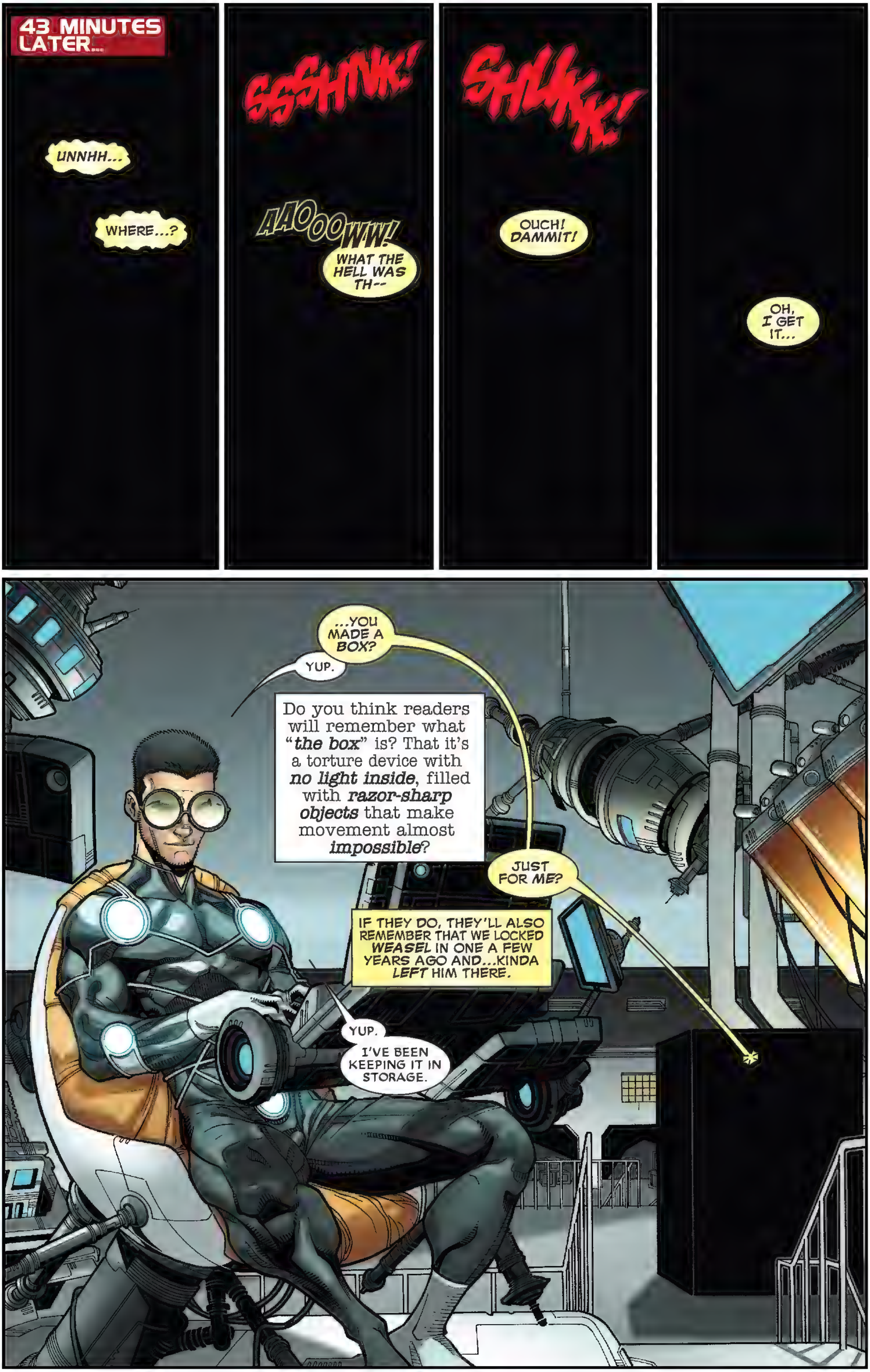

MINUTES LATER
WHAT THE *HELL JUST HAPPENED?!* GET THAT IDIOT CLUB OWNER DOWN HERE--*I WANT ANSWERS!*
SECURITY
SIR, THE *FIRE DEPARTMENT* IS HERE...
TELL 'EM TO WAIT! TELL 'EM IT WAS A MINOR GAS LEAK, BUT WE HAVE IT UNDER CONTROL!
THEY'RE *STILL* GONNA WANT TO--
THEN *STALL* 'EM!
I DON'T WANT ANYBODY IN THERE UNTIL I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GONNA *FIND*. I HAVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN PLAY OUT ON THE GAMING FLOOR...*IF THEY SHUT ME DOWN...*
WE HAVE... *ANOTHER* PROBLEM, SIR.
OH, GOD--*WHAT NOW?!*
THIS GUY OUT ON THE FLOOR...HE'S BETTING LIKE A *LUNATIC*.
SO? *GOOD!*
BUT HE'S *WINNING*.
"A *LOT*."
I LOVE THIS GAME!
What's not to love?
IT'S GOT *RED*, IT'S GOT *BLACK*, IT'S *WILDLY UNPREDICTABLE...*
"THAT'S NOT *ANOTHER* PROBLEM--IT'S THE *SAME* PROBLEM.
"THAT'S *DEADPOOL*."

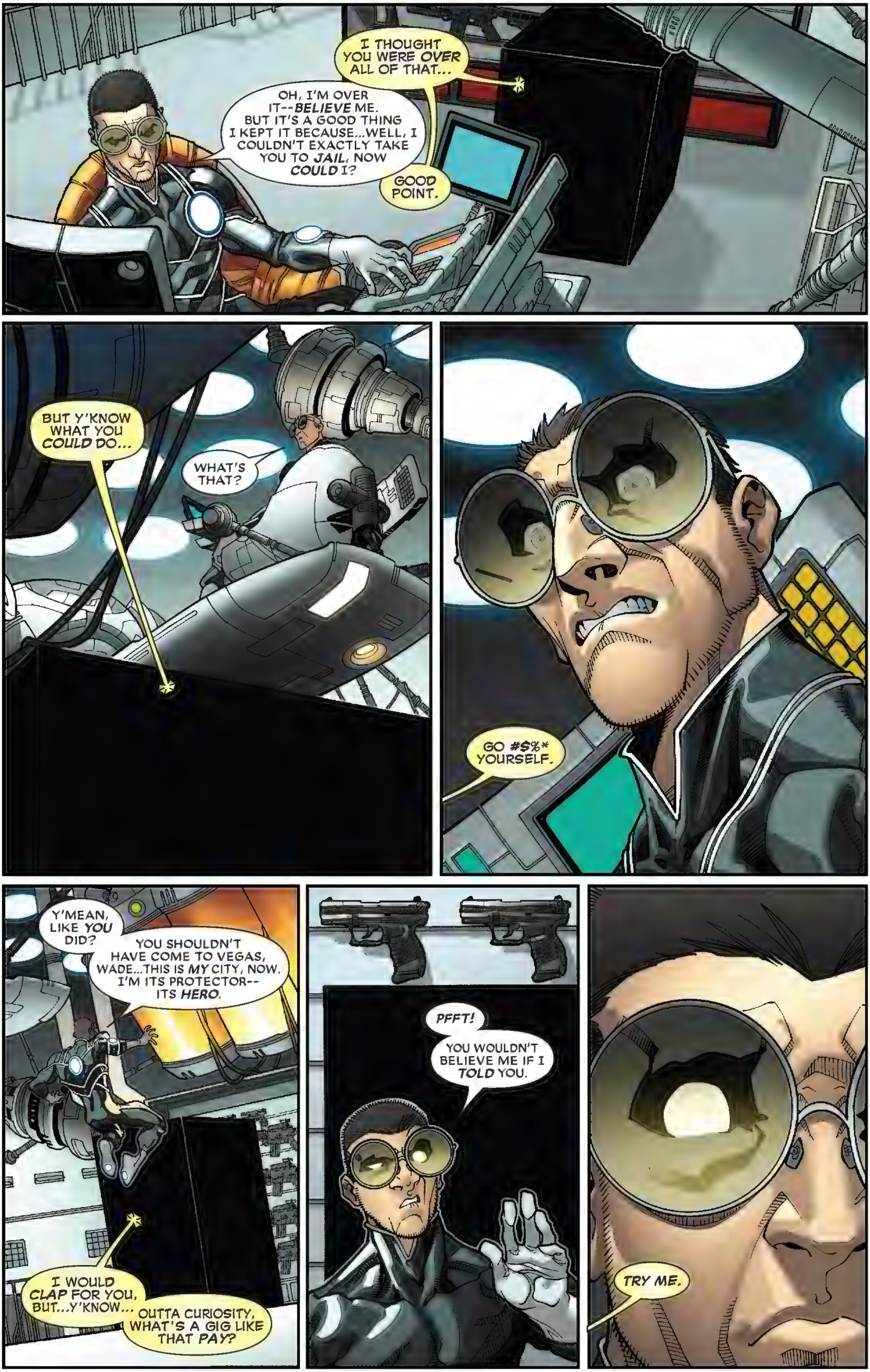

THE *MERCENARY*? THE GUY WHO--?
YEP.
AND THERE'S *NO WAY* IT'S A COINCIDENCE THAT HE'S HERE AT THE SAME TIME SOMETHING'S *EXPLODING*.
CAN YOU HANDLE HIM?
IT'D BE MY PLEASURE.

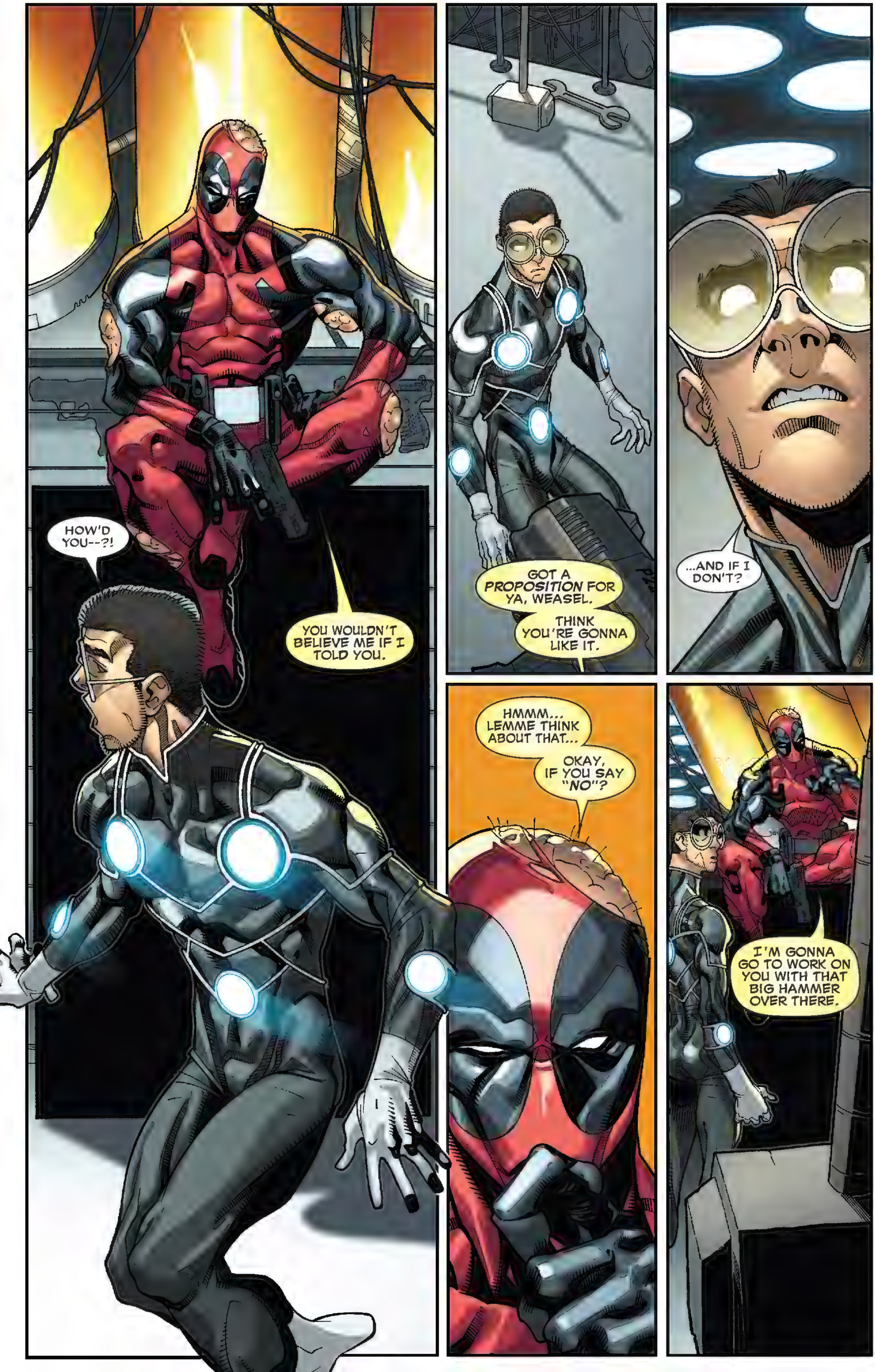

OKAY, BUT NOT IN MY CASINO, UNDERSTAND?
OF COURSE NOT. I'LL LURE HIM OUTSIDE.
HOW?
"GONNA NEED SOME HELP ON THAT ONE..."
...AND IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS, CONTESTANTS FROM THE INAUGURAL BEA ARTHUR LOOK-ALIKE CONTEST WILL BE APPEARING JUST OUTSIDE THE MAIN LOBBY DOORS!
VENVS
EXIT
CLEAR THE LANE!
COMIN' THROUGH!
OH, YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME...
HE DOESN'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE BEA ARTHUR!

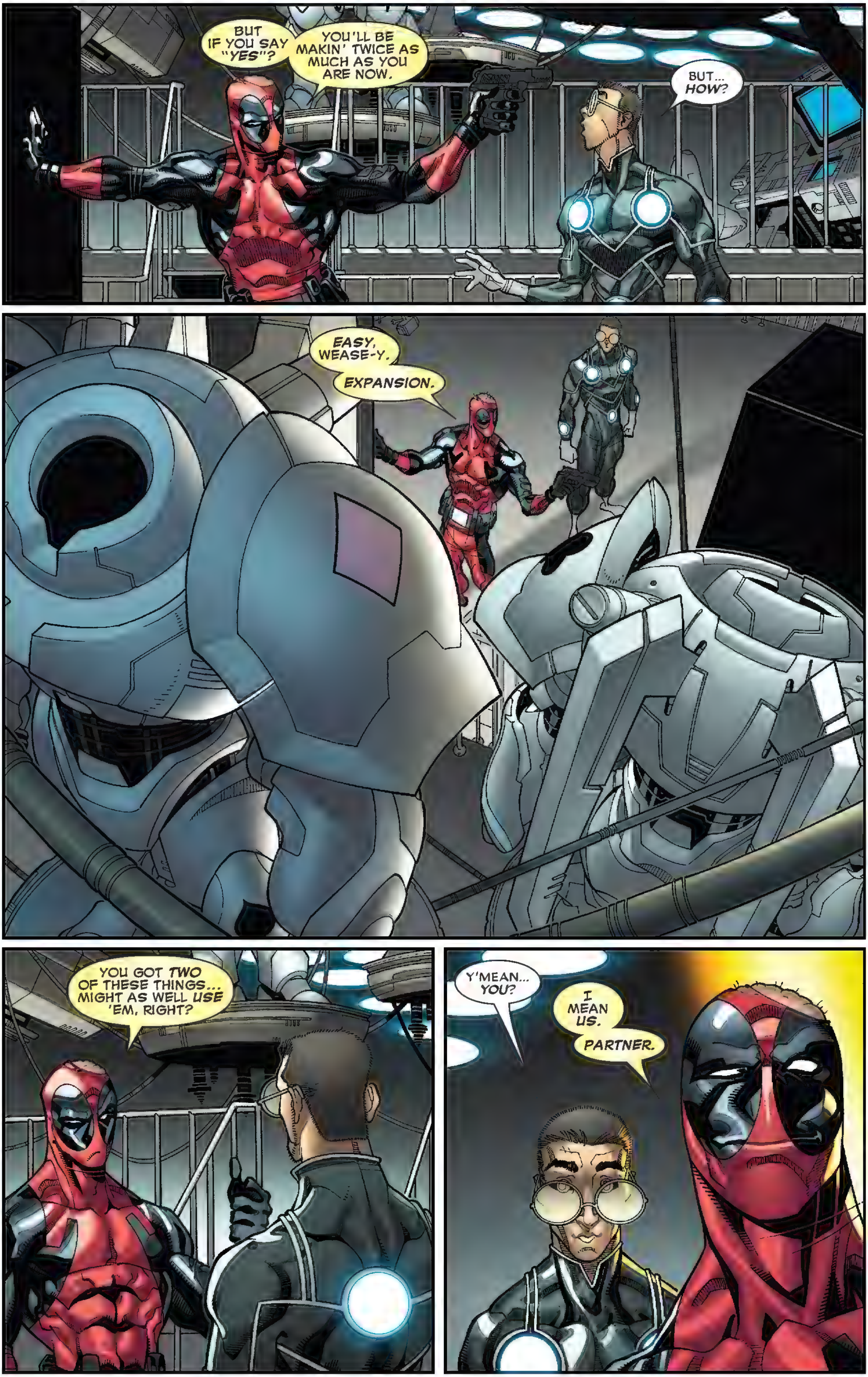

CAESARS PALACE
--ABOVE THE STRIP AS WE SEE THE MERCENARY **DEADPOOL** GOING TOE-TO-TOE WITH SIN CITY'S NEWEST **HERO-IN-RESIDENCE**...
"...THE HOUSE!"
"THE HOUSE?!"
THAT'S THE BEST YOU COULD DO?!
I CAN DO A LOT BETTER THAN THAT, **WADE**...
WELCOME TO LAS VEGAS.
WHERE THE HOUSE ALWAYS WINS.

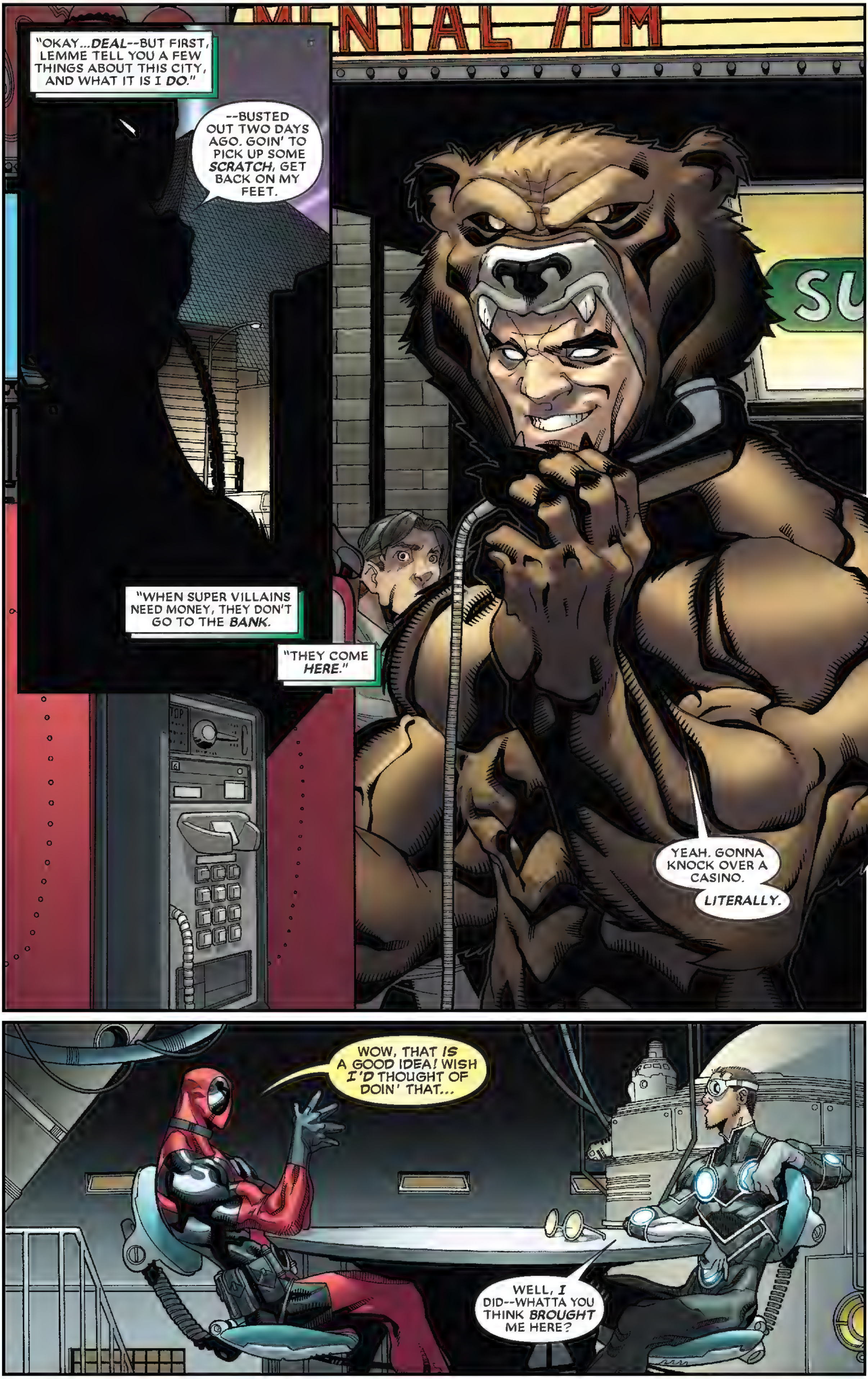

HE CALLED US "WADE."
This guy knows us.
AND THAT MEANS...
I... KNOW YOU...
YOU KNEW THE OLD ME.
DOES THE OLD YOU...HAVE A NAME?
VVVVMMMMM--
YEAH.
WEASEL.
GUESS WHAT, "OLD BUDDY"?
I'M A HERO NOW.

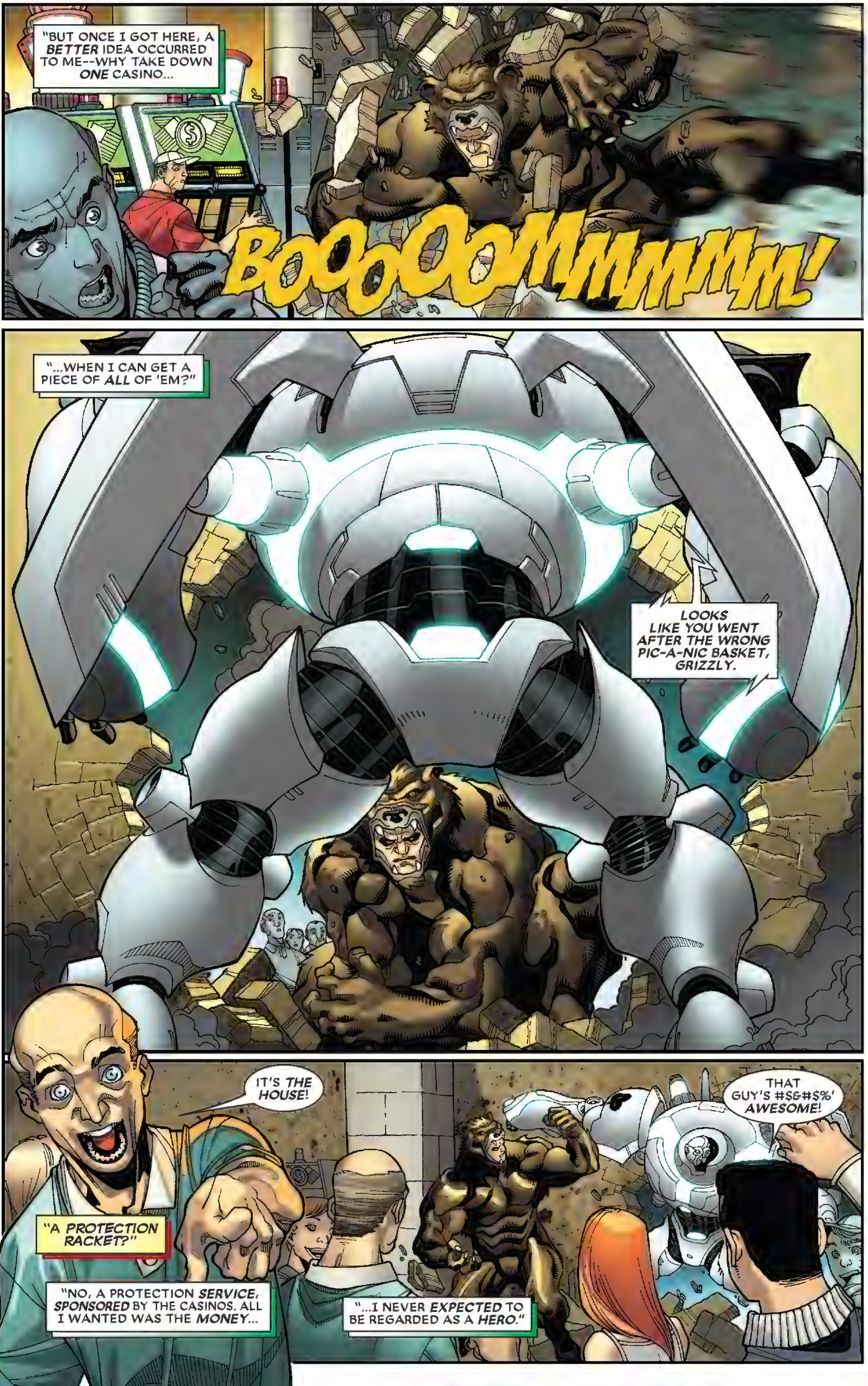

43 MINUTES LATER...
UNNHH...
WHERE...?
SSSHINK!
AAOOOWW!
WHAT THE HELL WAS TH--
SHUKK!
OUCH! DAMMIT!
OH, I GET IT...
...YOU MADE A BOX?
YUP.
Do you think readers will remember what "the box" is? That it's a torture device with no light inside, filled with razor-sharp objects that make movement almost impossible?
IF THEY DO, THEY'LL ALSO REMEMBER THAT WE LOCKED WEASEL IN ONE A FEW YEARS AGO AND...KINDA LEFT HIM THERE.
JUST FOR ME?
YUP.
I'VE BEEN KEEPING IT IN STORAGE.

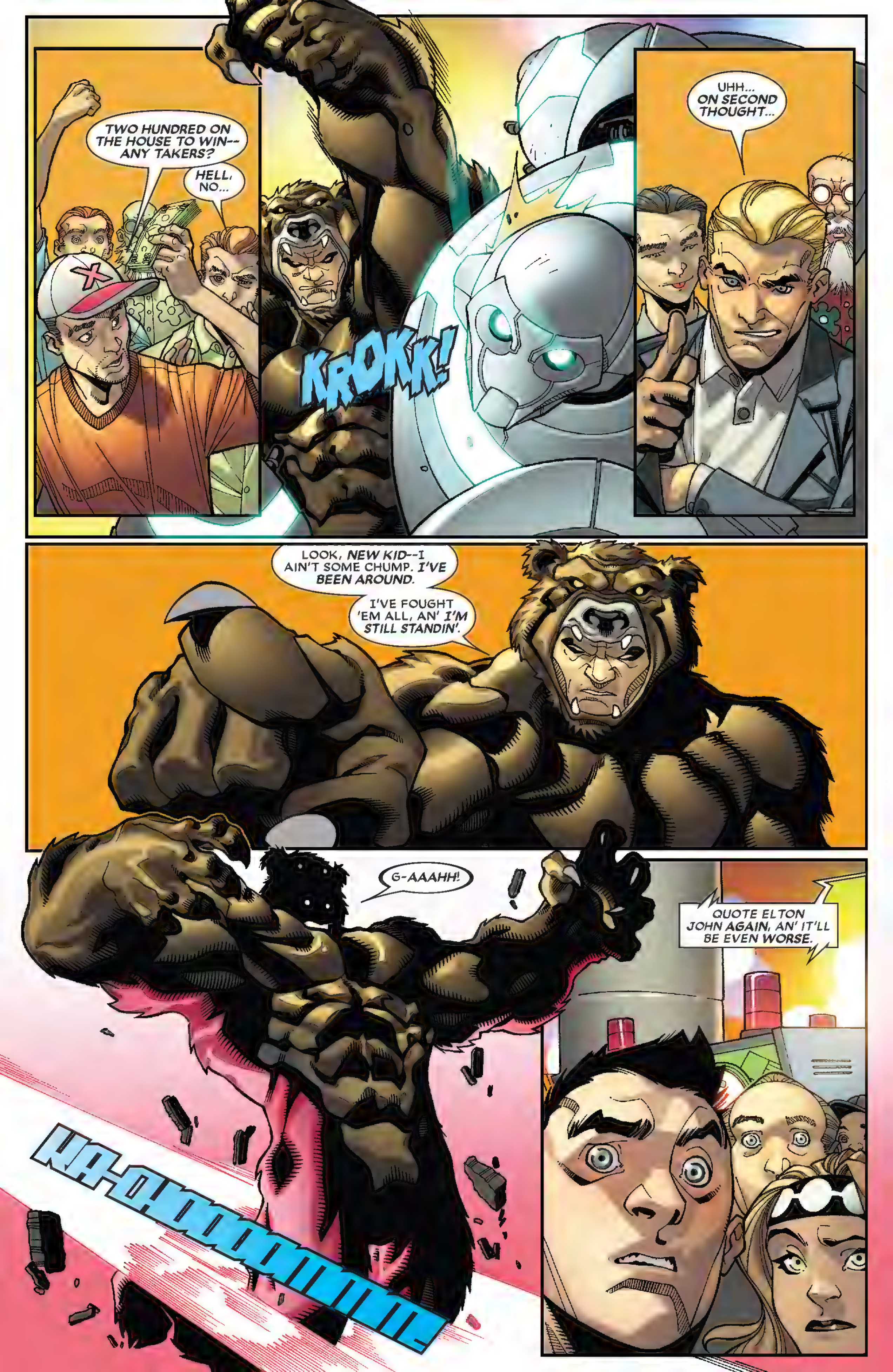

I THOUGHT YOU WERE *OVER* ALL OF THAT...
OH, I'M OVER IT--*BELIEVE* ME. BUT IT'S A GOOD THING I KEPT IT BECAUSE...WELL, I COULDN'T EXACTLY TAKE YOU TO *JAIL*, NOW *COULD* I?
GOOD POINT.
BUT Y'KNOW WHAT YOU *COULD* DO...
WHAT'S THAT?
GO #$%* YOURSELF.
Y'MEAN, LIKE *YOU* DID?
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME TO VEGAS, WADE...THIS IS *MY* CITY, NOW. I'M ITS PROTECTOR-- ITS *HERO*.
I WOULD *CLAP* FOR YOU, BUT...Y'KNOW...
OUTTA CURIOSITY, WHAT'S A GIG LIKE THAT *PAY*?
PFFT!
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I *TOLD* YOU.
TRY ME.

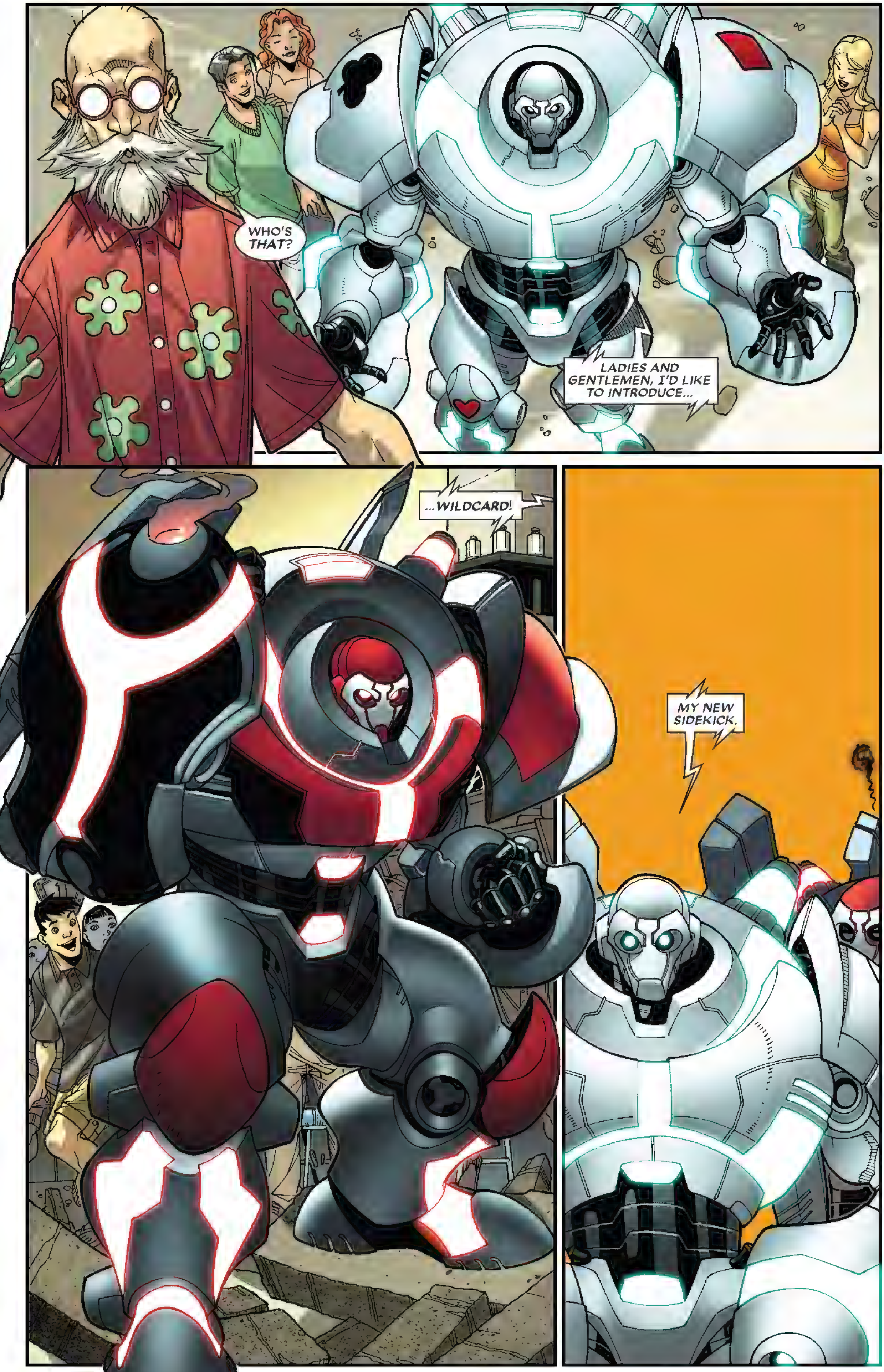

HOW'D YOU--?!
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU.
GOT A *PROPOSITION* FOR YA, WEASEL.
THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE IT.
...AND IF I DON'T?
HMMM... LEMME THINK ABOUT THAT...
OKAY, IF YOU SAY "*NO*"?
I'M GONNA GO TO WORK ON YOU WITH THAT BIG HAMMER OVER THERE.

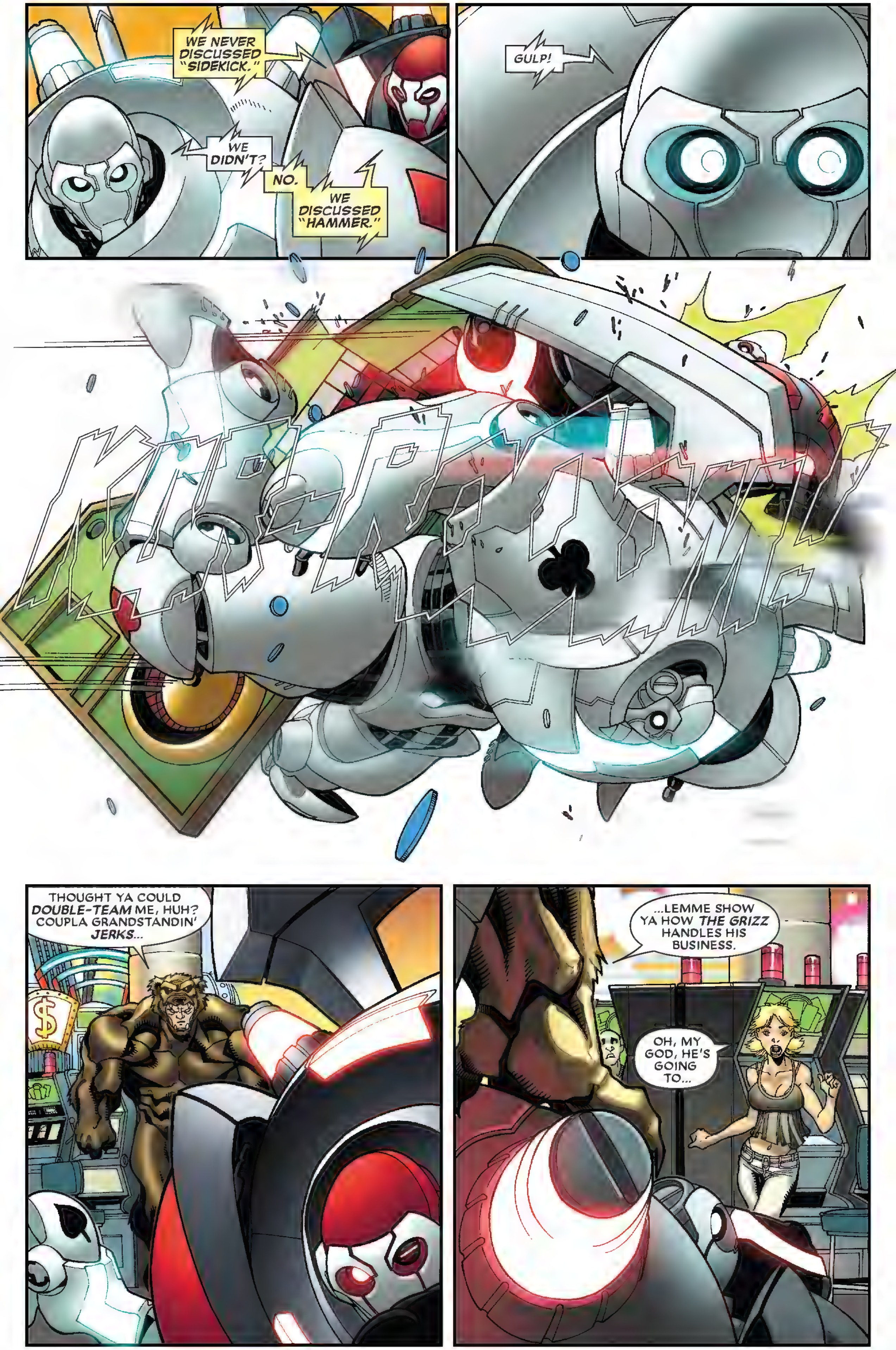

BUT IF YOU SAY "*YES*"?
YOU'LL BE MAKIN' TWICE AS MUCH AS YOU ARE NOW.
BUT... *HOW?*
EASY, WEASE-Y.
EXPANSION.
YOU GOT *TWO* OF THESE THINGS... MIGHT AS WELL *USE* 'EM, RIGHT?
Y'MEAN... *YOU?*
I MEAN *US.*
PARTNER.

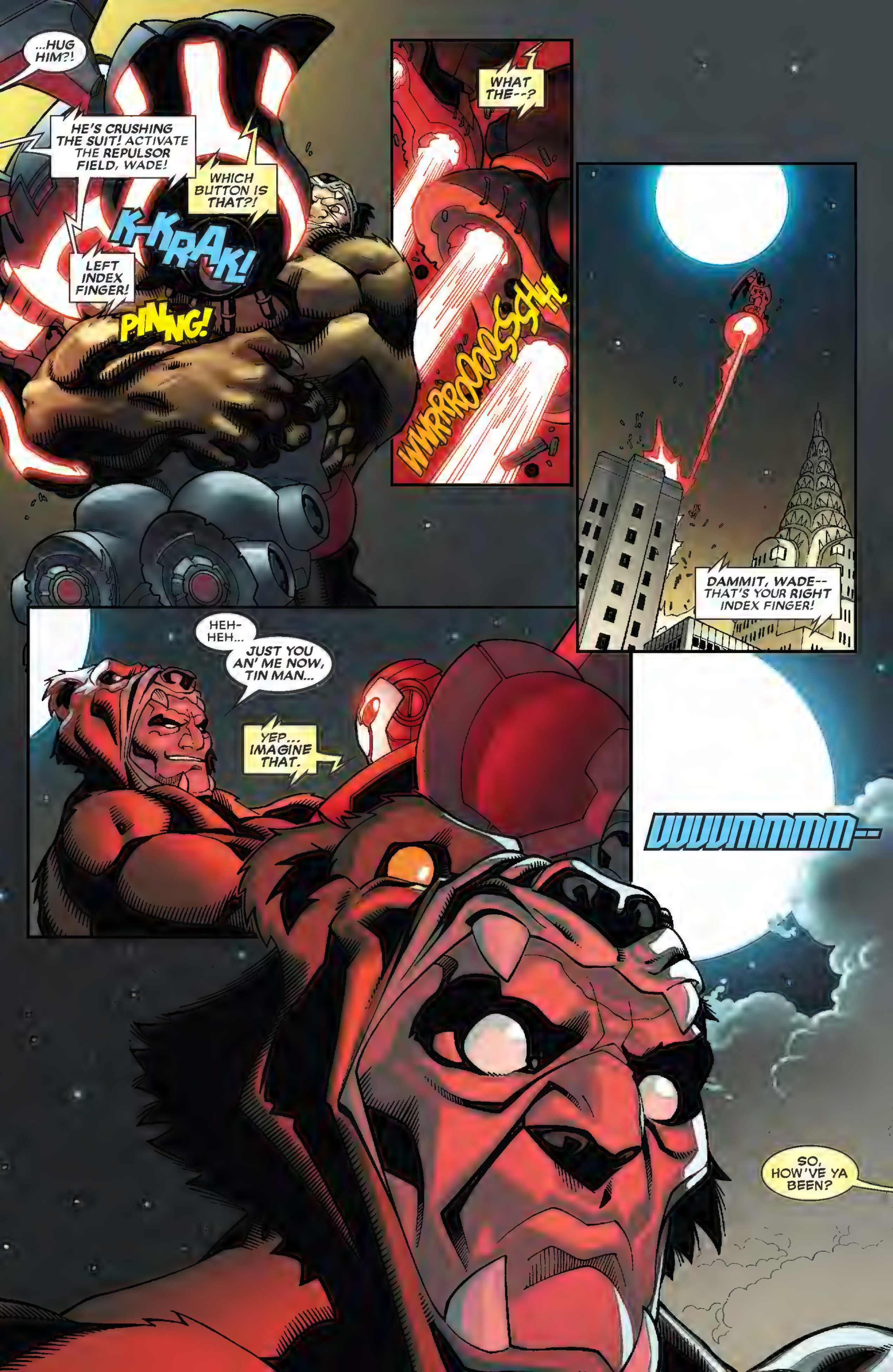

MENTAL 7PM
"OKAY...*DEAL*--BUT FIRST, LEMME TELL YOU A FEW THINGS ABOUT THIS CITY, AND WHAT IT IS I *DO*."
--BUSTED OUT TWO DAYS AGO. GOIN' TO PICK UP SOME *SCRATCH*, GET BACK ON MY FEET.
SU
"WHEN SUPER VILLAINS NEED MONEY, THEY DON'T GO TO THE *BANK*.
"THEY COME *HERE*."
TOP
YEAH. GONNA KNOCK OVER A CASINO.
LITERALLY.
WOW, THAT *IS* A GOOD IDEA! WISH *I'D* THOUGHT OF DOIN' THAT...
WELL, *I* DID--WHATTA YOU THINK *BROUGHT* ME HERE?

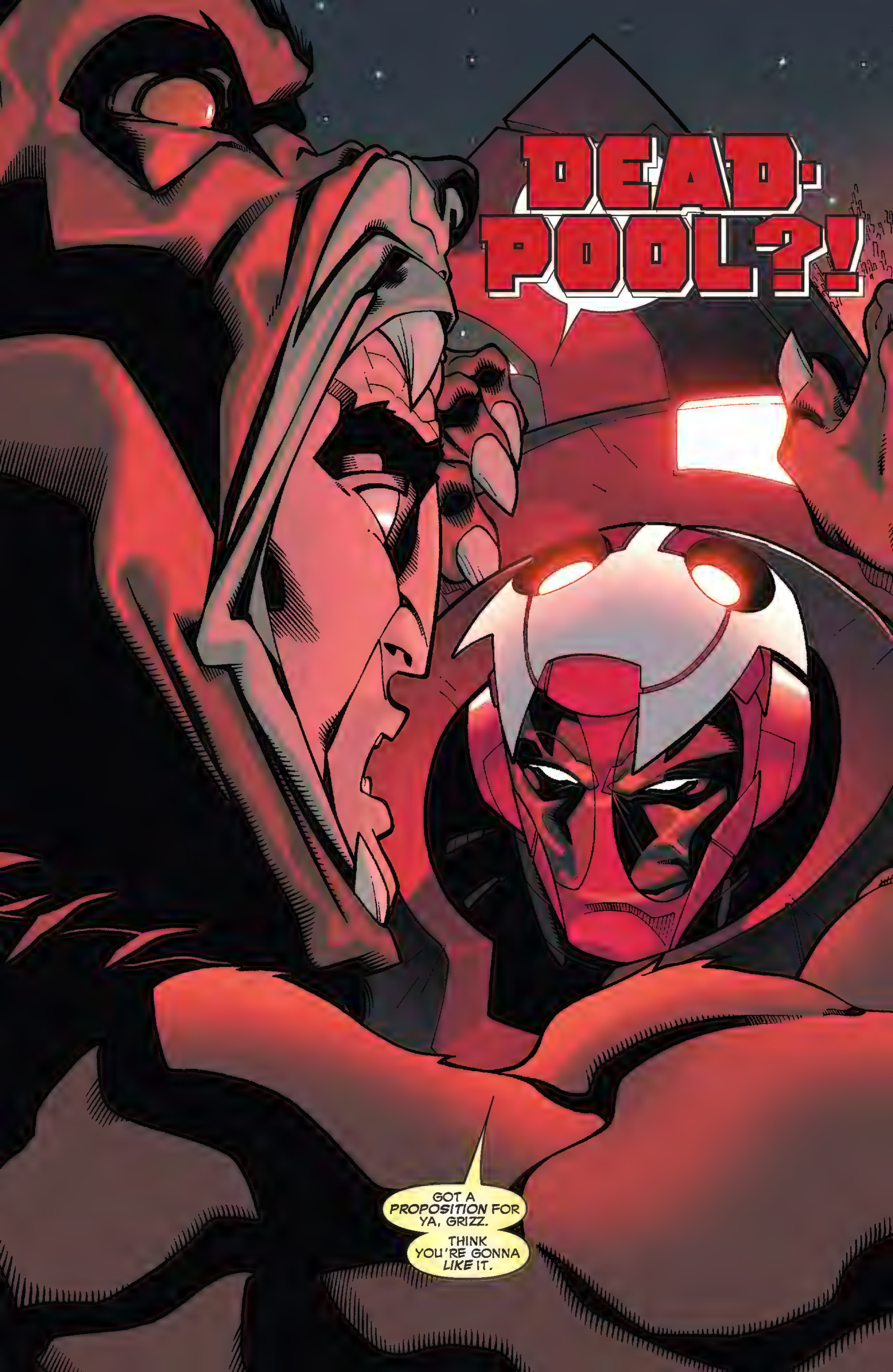

"BUT ONCE I GOT HERE, A BETTER IDEA OCCURRED TO ME--WHY TAKE DOWN ONE CASINO...
BOOOOOMMMMMM!
"...WHEN I CAN GET A PIECE OF ALL OF 'EM?"
LOOKS LIKE YOU WENT AFTER THE WRONG PIC-A-NIC BASKET, GRIZZLY.
IT'S THE HOUSE!
THAT GUY'S #$&#$%' AWESOME!
"A PROTECTION RACKET?"
"NO, A PROTECTION SERVICE, SPONSORED BY THE CASINOS. ALL I WANTED WAS THE MONEY...
"...I NEVER EXPECTED TO BE REGARDED AS A HERO."


TWO HUNDRED ON THE HOUSE TO WIN-- ANY TAKERS?
HELL, NO...
KROKK!
UHH... ON SECOND THOUGHT...
LOOK, NEW KID--I AIN'T SOME CHUMP. I'VE BEEN AROUND.
I'VE FOUGHT 'EM ALL, AN' I'M STILL STANDIN'.
G-AAAHH!
KA-ARRRRIIIIIN.
QUOTE ELTON JOHN AGAIN, AN' IT'LL BE EVEN WORSE.


WHO'S THAT?
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE...
...WILDCARD!
MY NEW SIDEKICK.

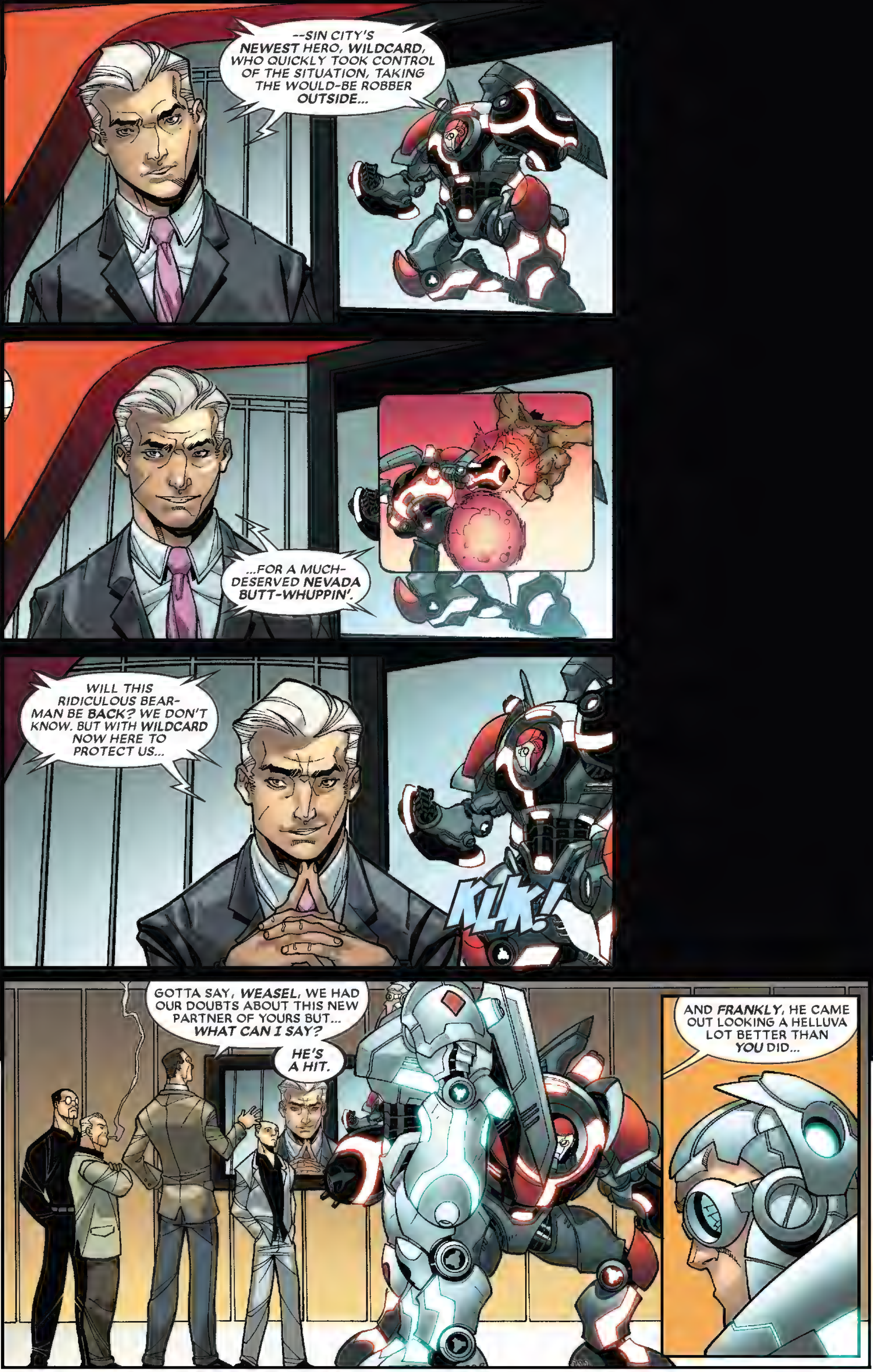

WE NEVER DISCUSSED "SIDEKICK."
WE DIDN'T?
NO.
WE DISCUSSED "HAMMER."
GULP!
THOUGHT YA COULD *DOUBLE-TEAM* ME, HUH? COUPLA GRANDSTANDIN' *JERKS*...
...LEMME SHOW YA HOW *THE GRIZZ* HANDLES HIS BUSINESS.
OH, MY GOD, HE'S GOING TO...

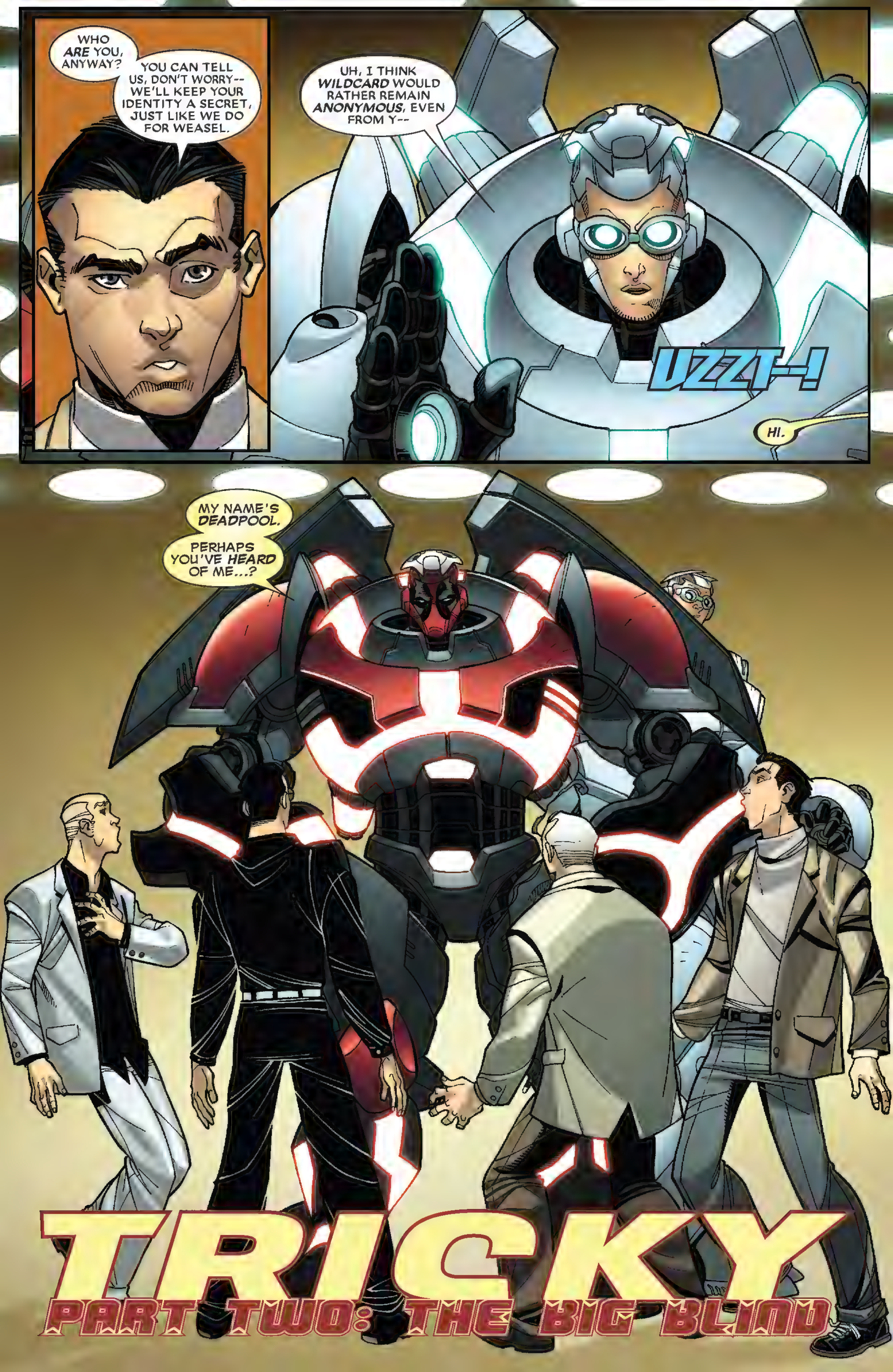

...HUG HIM?!
HE'S CRUSHING THE SUIT! ACTIVATE THE REPULSOR FIELD, WADE!
WHICH BUTTON IS THAT?!
K-KRAK!
LEFT INDEX FINGER!
PINNG!
WHAT THE--?
WWRRROOOSSCH!
DAMMIT, WADE-- THAT'S YOUR RIGHT INDEX FINGER!
HEH-HEH... JUST YOU AN' ME NOW, TIN MAN...
YEP... IMAGINE THAT.
VVVVMMMM--
SO, HOW'VE YA BEEN?

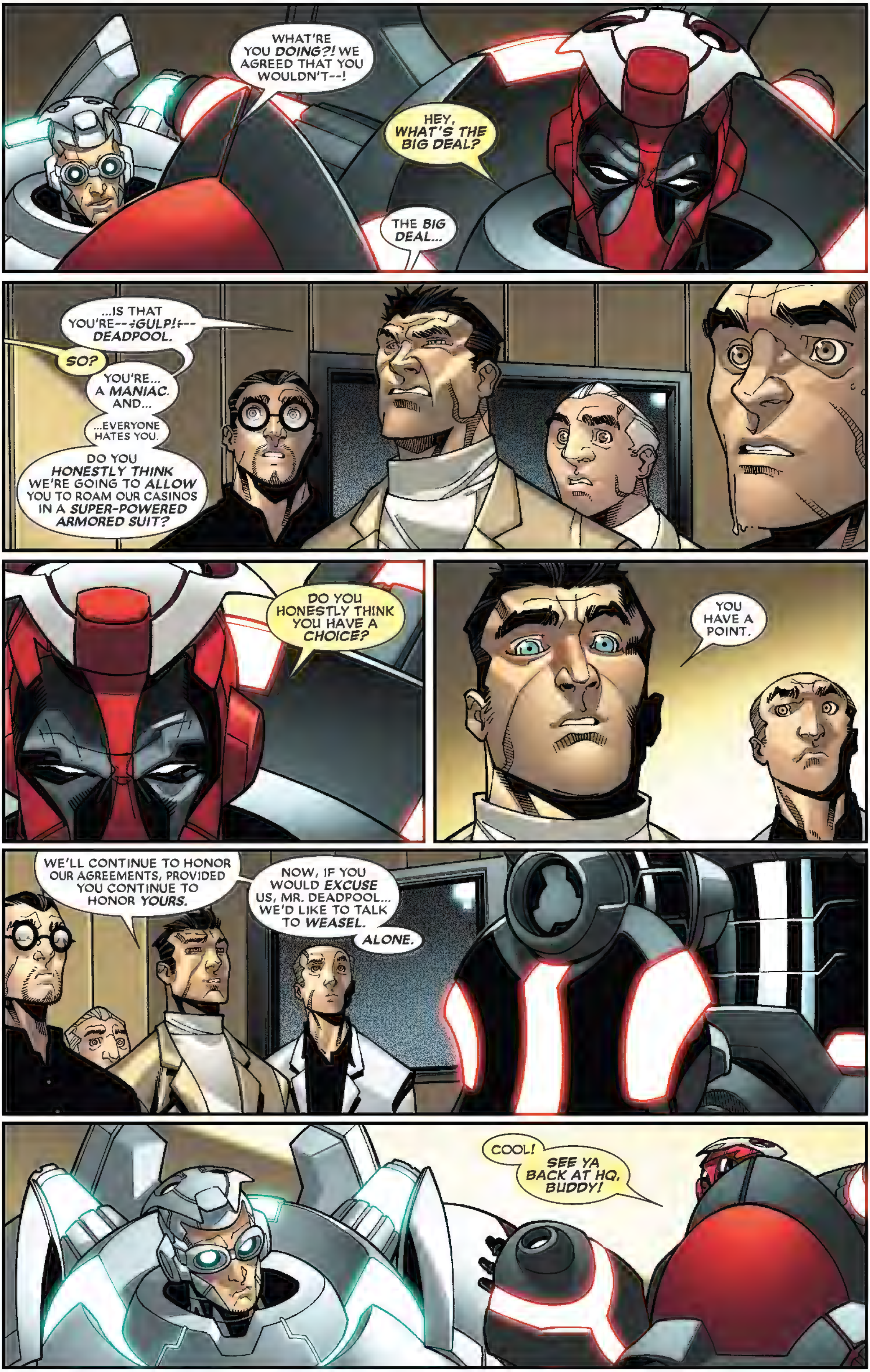

DEAD-POOL?!
GOT A *PROPOSITION* FOR YA, GRIZZ.
THINK YOU'RE GONNA *LIKE* IT.

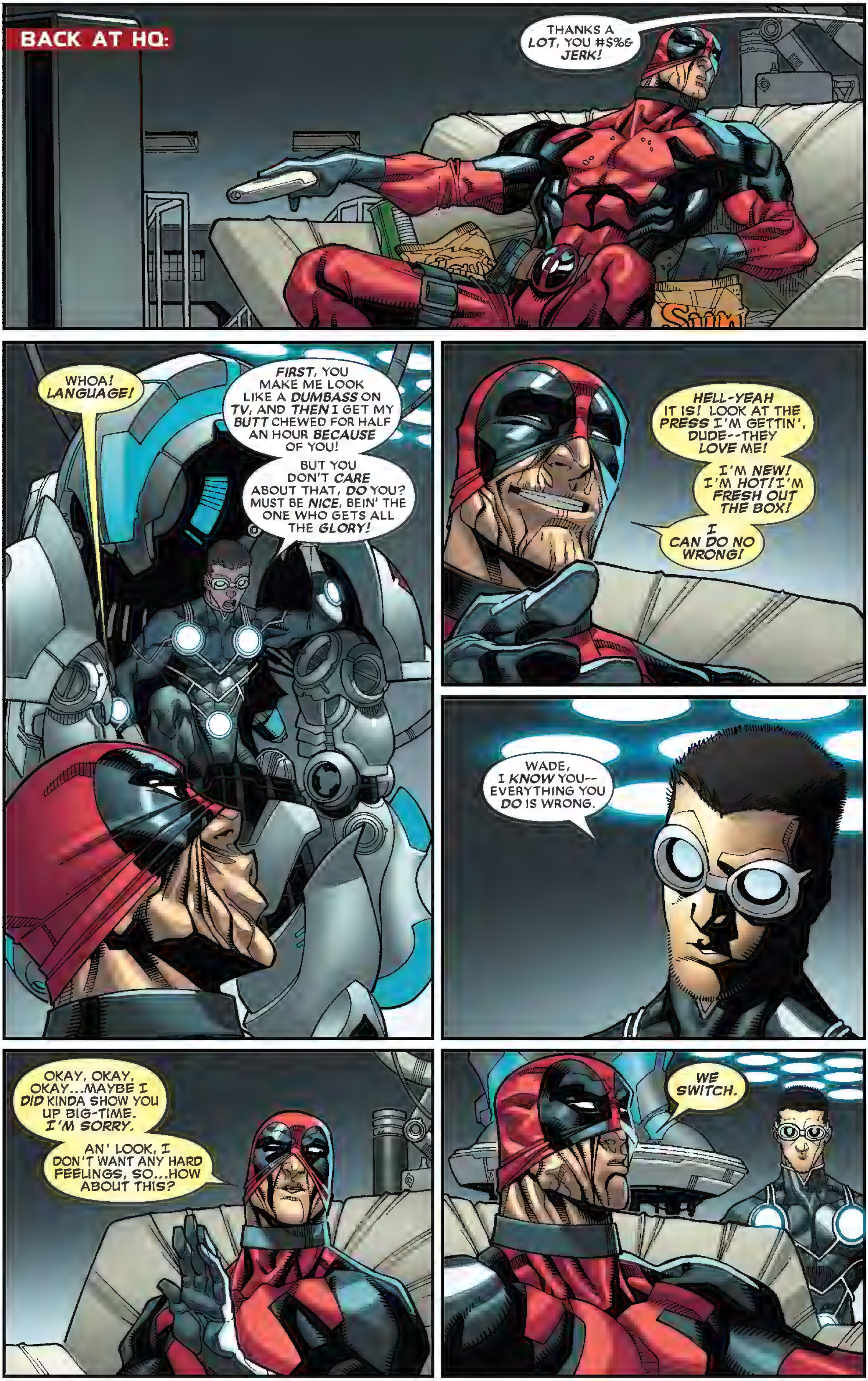
24

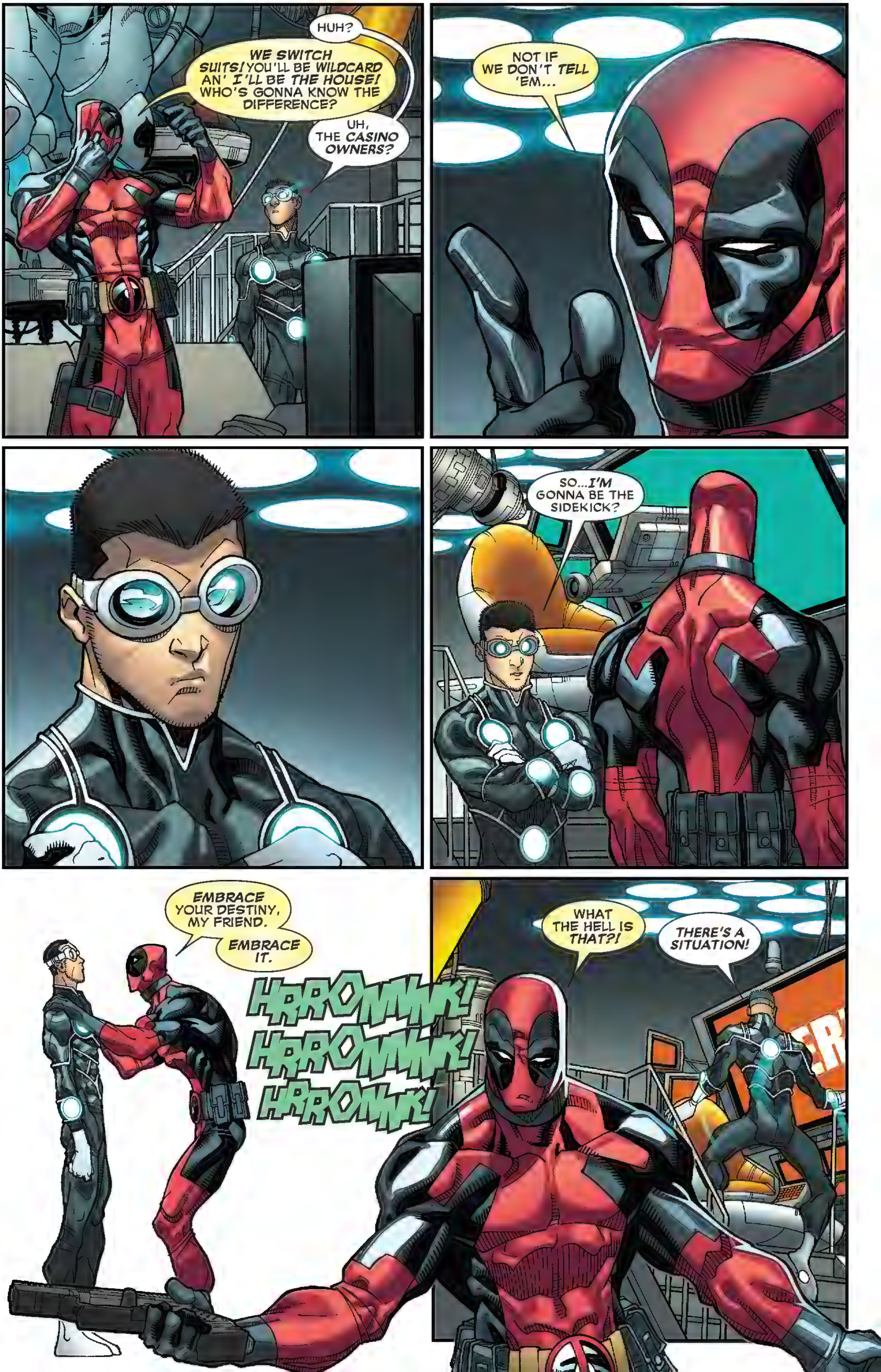
TO
OME
AS VEGAS
NEVADA
Jason

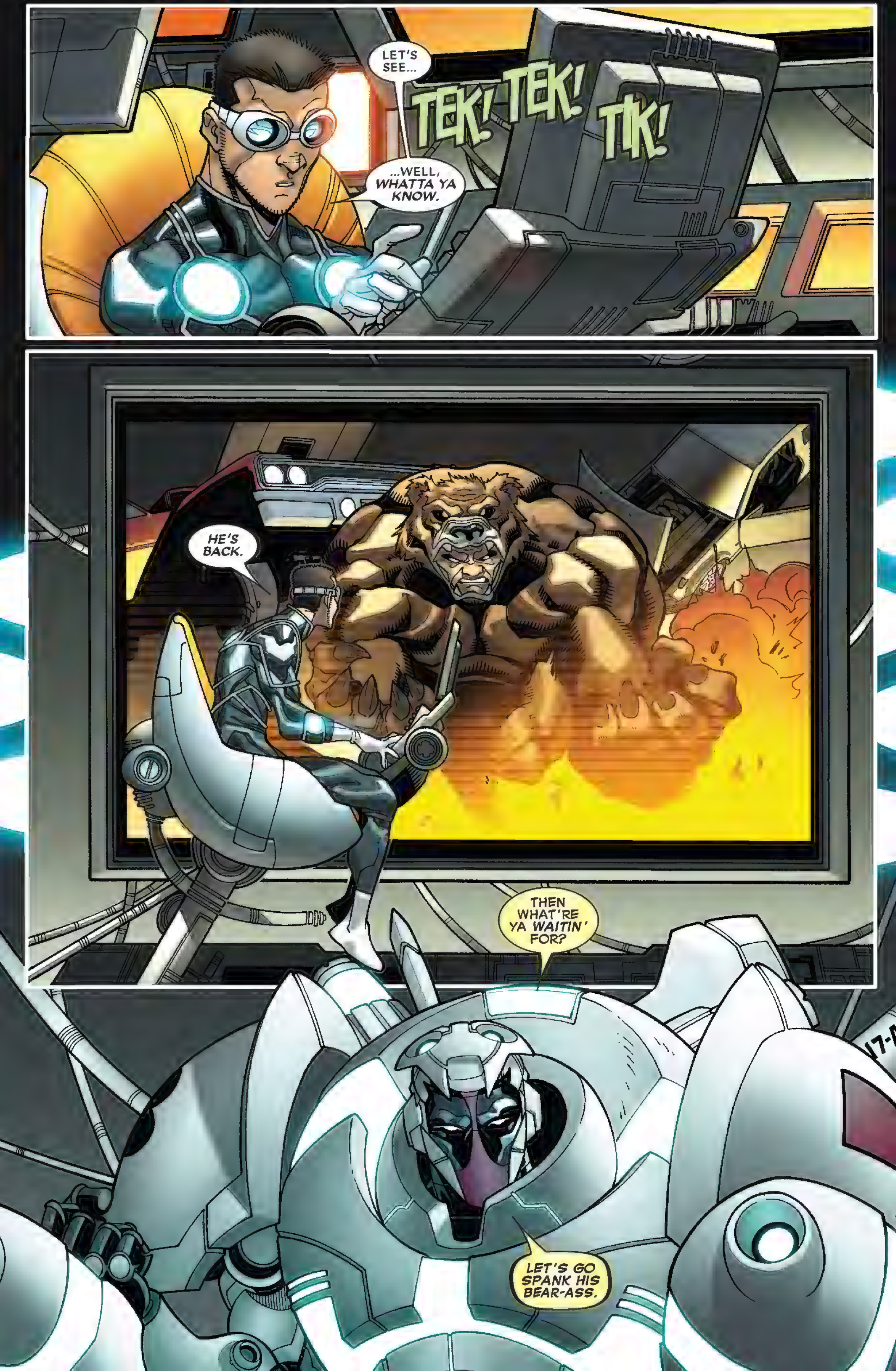

--SIN CITY'S NEWEST HERO, WILDCARD, WHO QUICKLY TOOK CONTROL OF THE SITUATION, TAKING THE WOULD-BE ROBBER OUTSIDE...
...FOR A MUCH-DESERVED NEVADA BUTT-WHUPPIN'.
WILL THIS RIDICULOUS BEAR-MAN BE BACK? WE DON'T KNOW. BUT WITH WILDCARD NOW HERE TO PROTECT US...
KLIK!
GOTTA SAY, WEASEL, WE HAD OUR DOUBTS ABOUT THIS NEW PARTNER OF YOURS BUT... WHAT CAN I SAY?
HE'S A HIT.
AND FRANKLY, HE CAME OUT LOOKING A HELLUVA LOT BETTER THAN YOU DID...

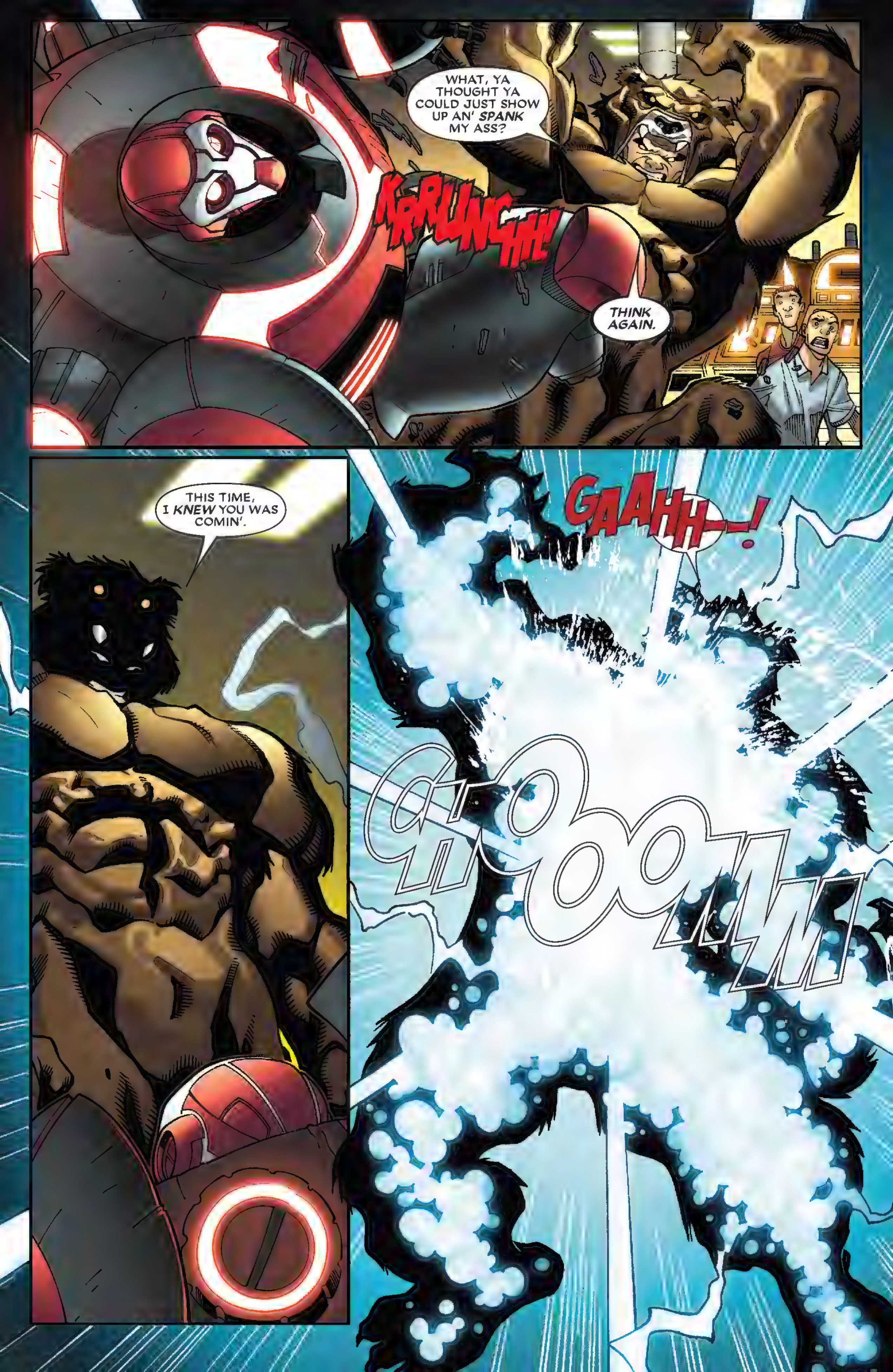

WHO *ARE* YOU, ANYWAY?
YOU CAN TELL US, DON'T WORRY-- WE'LL KEEP YOUR IDENTITY A SECRET, JUST LIKE WE DO FOR WEASEL.
UH, I THINK *WILDCARD* WOULD RATHER REMAIN *ANONYMOUS*, EVEN FROM Y--
VZZT--!
HI.
MY NAME'S *DEADPOOL*.
PERHAPS YOU'VE *HEARD* OF ME...?
TRICKY
PART TWO: THE BIG BLIND

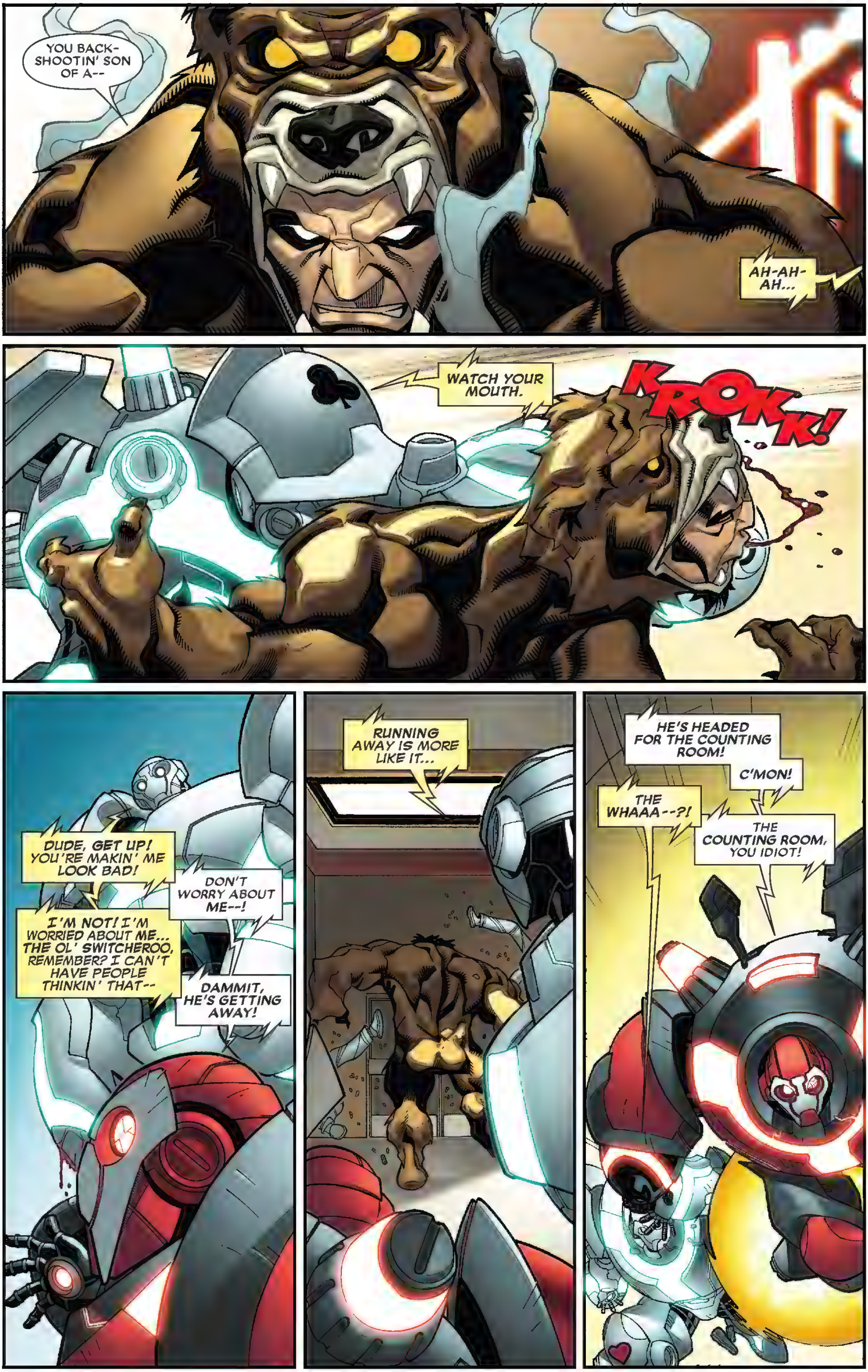

WHAT'RE YOU *DOING?!* WE AGREED THAT YOU WOULDN'T--!
HEY, *WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?*
THE *BIG DEAL*...
...IS THAT YOU'RE-- ÷GULP!÷ -- *DEADPOOL.*
SO?
YOU'RE... A *MANIAC.* AND...
...EVERYONE HATES YOU.
DO YOU *HONESTLY THINK* WE'RE GOING TO *ALLOW* YOU TO ROAM OUR CASINOS IN A *SUPER-POWERED ARMORED SUIT?*
DO YOU HONESTLY THINK YOU HAVE A *CHOICE?*
YOU HAVE A POINT.
WE'LL CONTINUE TO HONOR OUR AGREEMENTS, PROVIDED YOU CONTINUE TO HONOR *YOURS.*
NOW, IF YOU WOULD *EXCUSE* US, MR. DEADPOOL... WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO *WEASEL.*
ALONE.
COOL!
SEE YA BACK AT HQ, BUDDY!

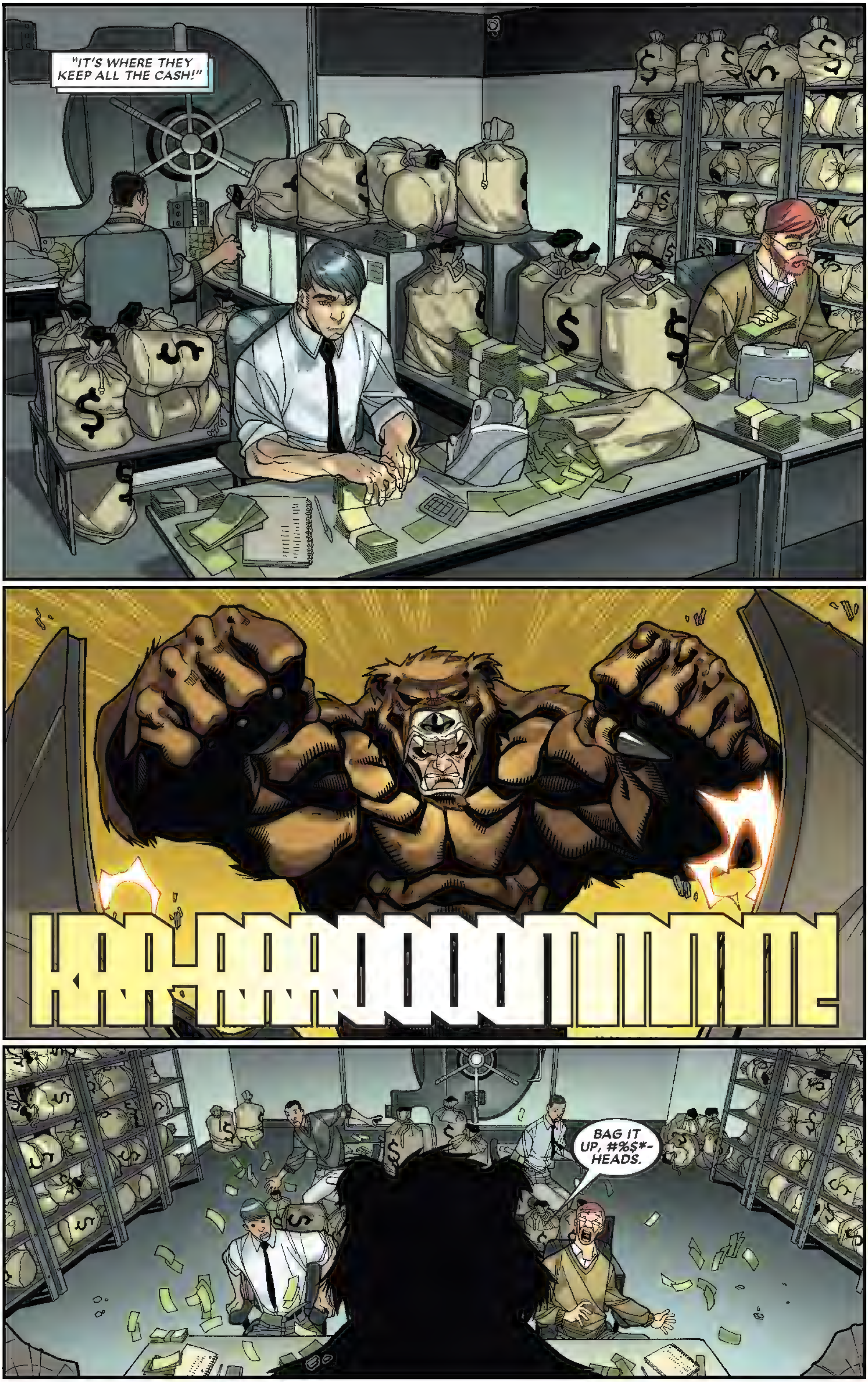

BACK AT HQ:
THANKS A LOT, YOU #$%& JERK!
WHOA! LANGUAGE!
FIRST, YOU MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A DUMBASS ON TV, AND THEN I GET MY BUTT CHEWED FOR HALF AN HOUR BECAUSE OF YOU!
BUT YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT, DO YOU? MUST BE NICE, BEIN' THE ONE WHO GETS ALL THE GLORY!
HELL-YEAH IT IS! LOOK AT THE PRESS I'M GETTIN', DUDE--THEY LOVE ME!
I'M NEW! I'M HOT! I'M FRESH OUT THE BOX!
I CAN DO NO WRONG!
WADE, I KNOW YOU-- EVERYTHING YOU DO IS WRONG.
OKAY, OKAY, OKAY...MAYBE I DID KINDA SHOW YOU UP BIG-TIME. I'M SORRY.
AN' LOOK, I DON'T WANT ANY HARD FEELINGS, SO...HOW ABOUT THIS?
WE SWITCH.

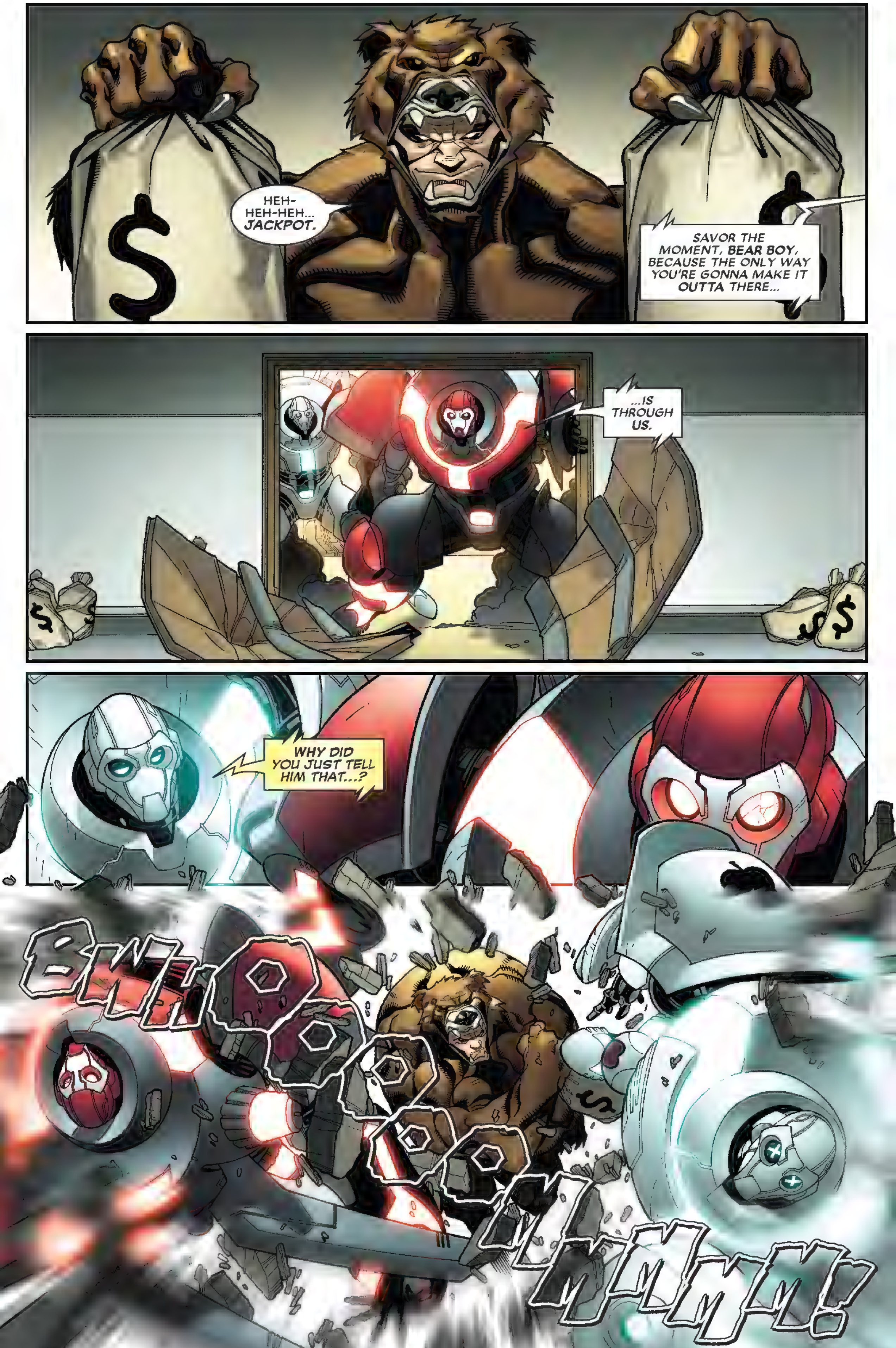

WE SWITCH SUITS! YOU'LL BE WILDCARD AN' I'LL BE THE HOUSE! WHO'S GONNA KNOW THE DIFFERENCE?
HUH?
UH, THE CASINO OWNERS?
NOT IF WE DON'T TELL 'EM...
SO...I'M GONNA BE THE SIDEKICK?
EMBRACE YOUR DESTINY, MY FRIEND.
EMBRACE IT.
HRRONNNK! HRRONNNK! HRRONNK!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!
THERE'S A SITUATION!

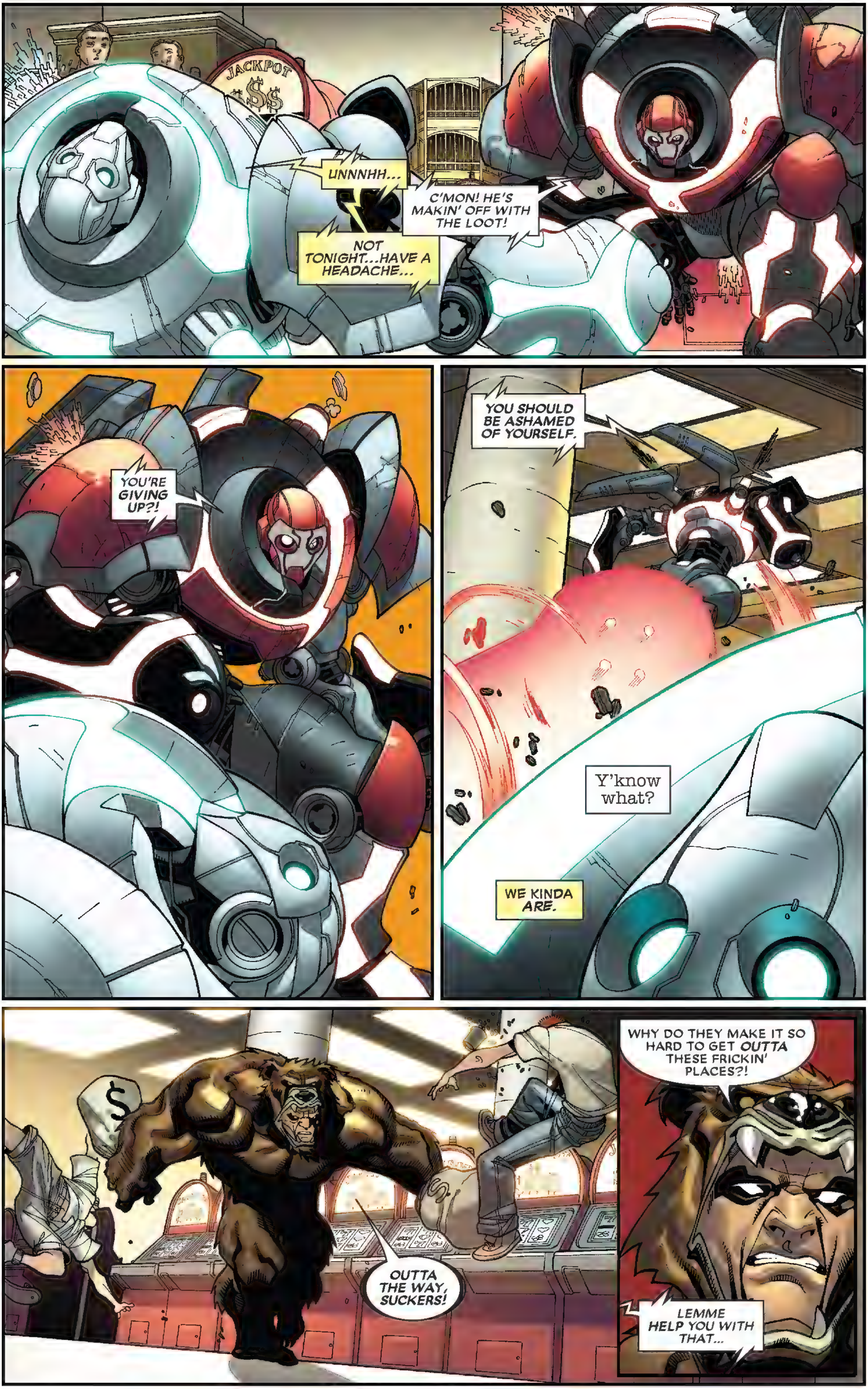

LET'S SEE...
TEK! TEK! TIK!
...WELL, WHATTA YA KNOW.
HE'S BACK.
THEN WHAT'RE YA WAITIN' FOR?
LET'S GO SPANK HIS BEAR-ASS.

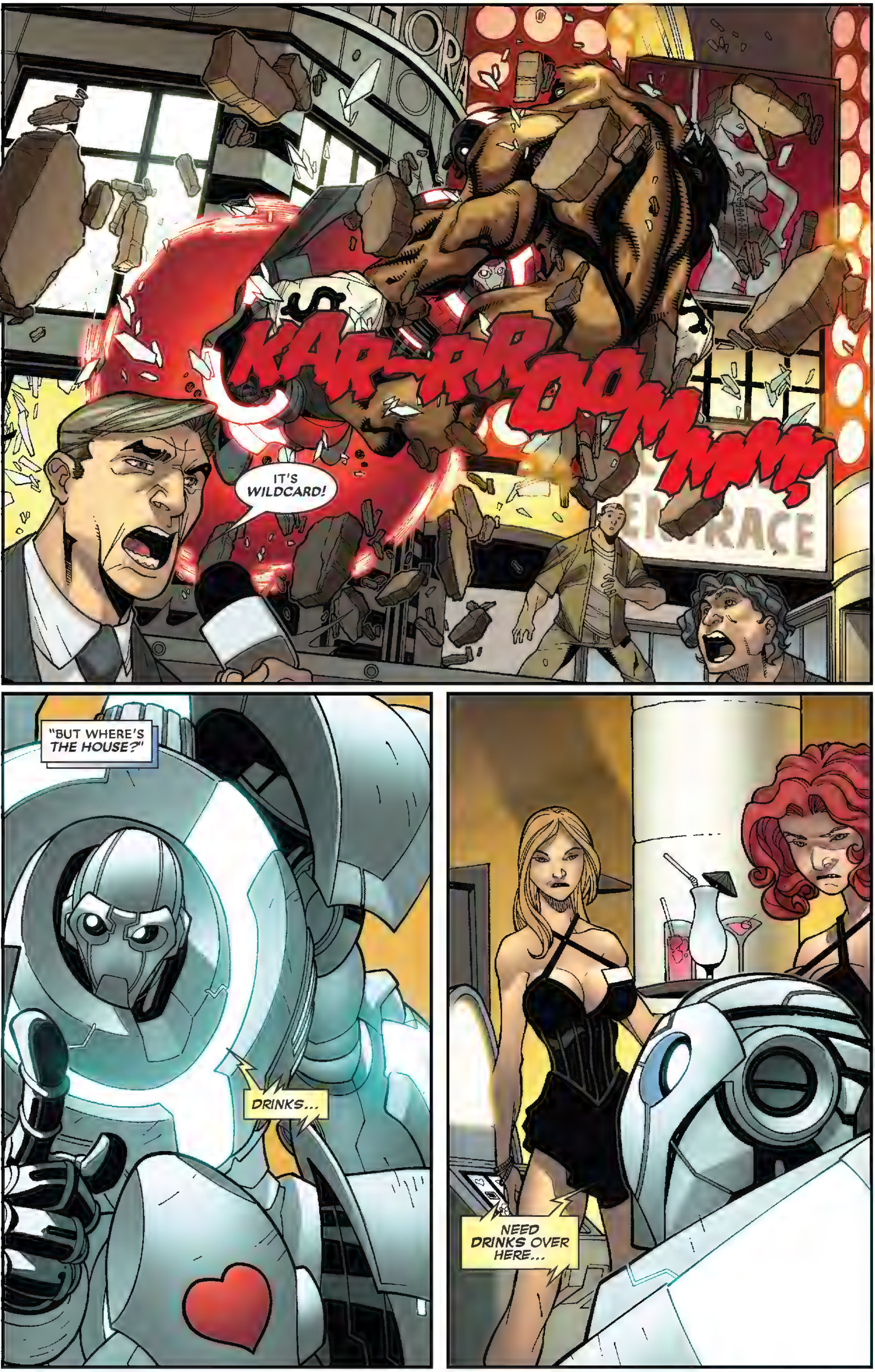

WHAT, YA THOUGHT YA COULD JUST SHOW UP AN' *SPANK* MY ASS?
KRRUNCHH!
THINK AGAIN.
THIS TIME, I *KNEW* YOU WAS COMIN'.
GAAHH--!
CHOOOM

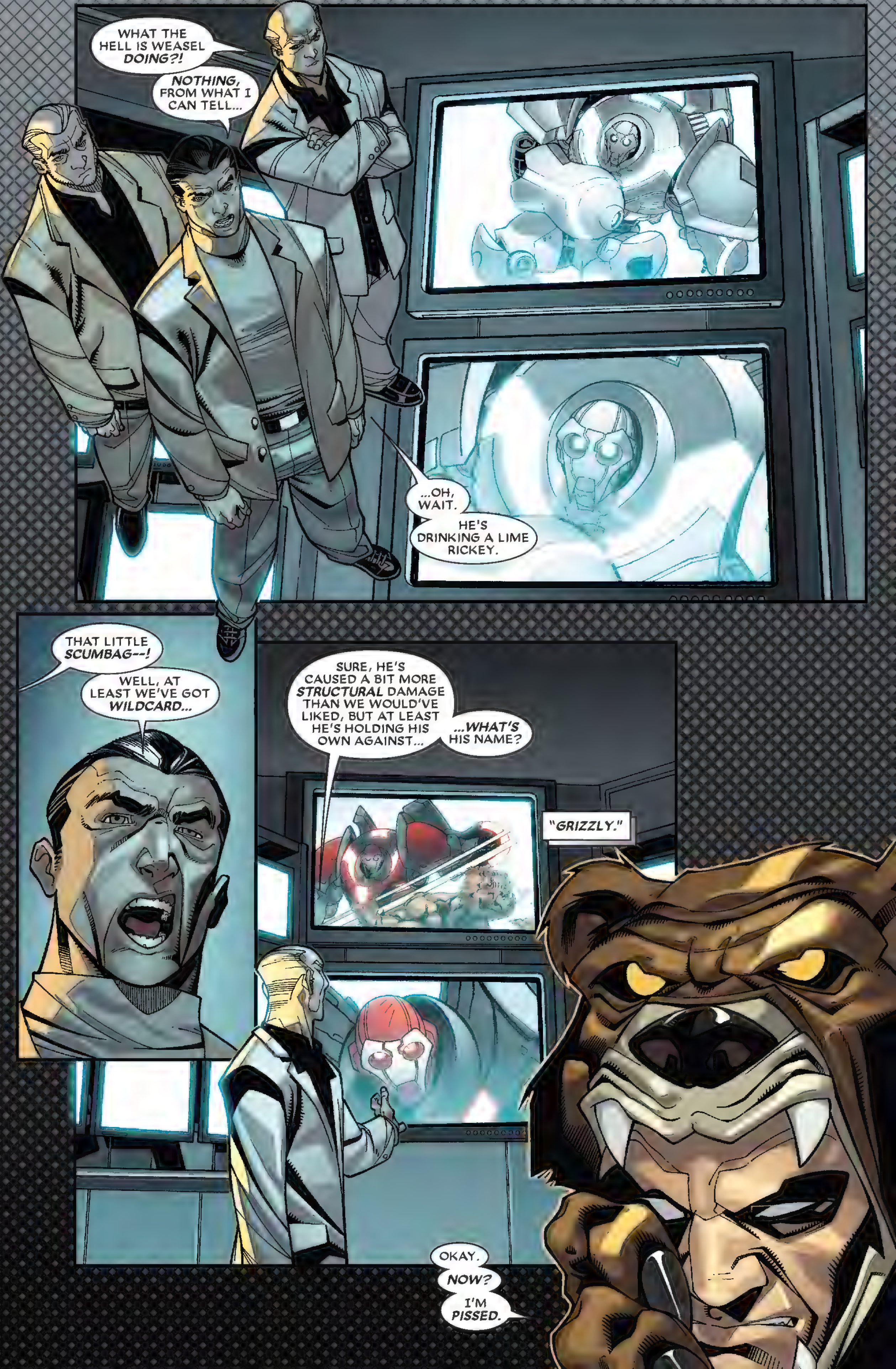

YOU BACK-SHOOTIN' SON OF A--
AH-AH-AH...
WATCH YOUR MOUTH.
KROKK!
DUDE, GET UP! YOU'RE MAKIN' ME LOOK BAD!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME--!
I'M NOT! I'M WORRIED ABOUT ME... THE OL' SWITCHEROO, REMEMBER? I CAN'T HAVE PEOPLE THINKIN' THAT--
DAMMIT, HE'S GETTING AWAY!
RUNNING AWAY IS MORE LIKE IT...
HE'S HEADED FOR THE COUNTING ROOM!
C'MON!
THE WHAAA--?!
THE COUNTING ROOM, YOU IDIOT!

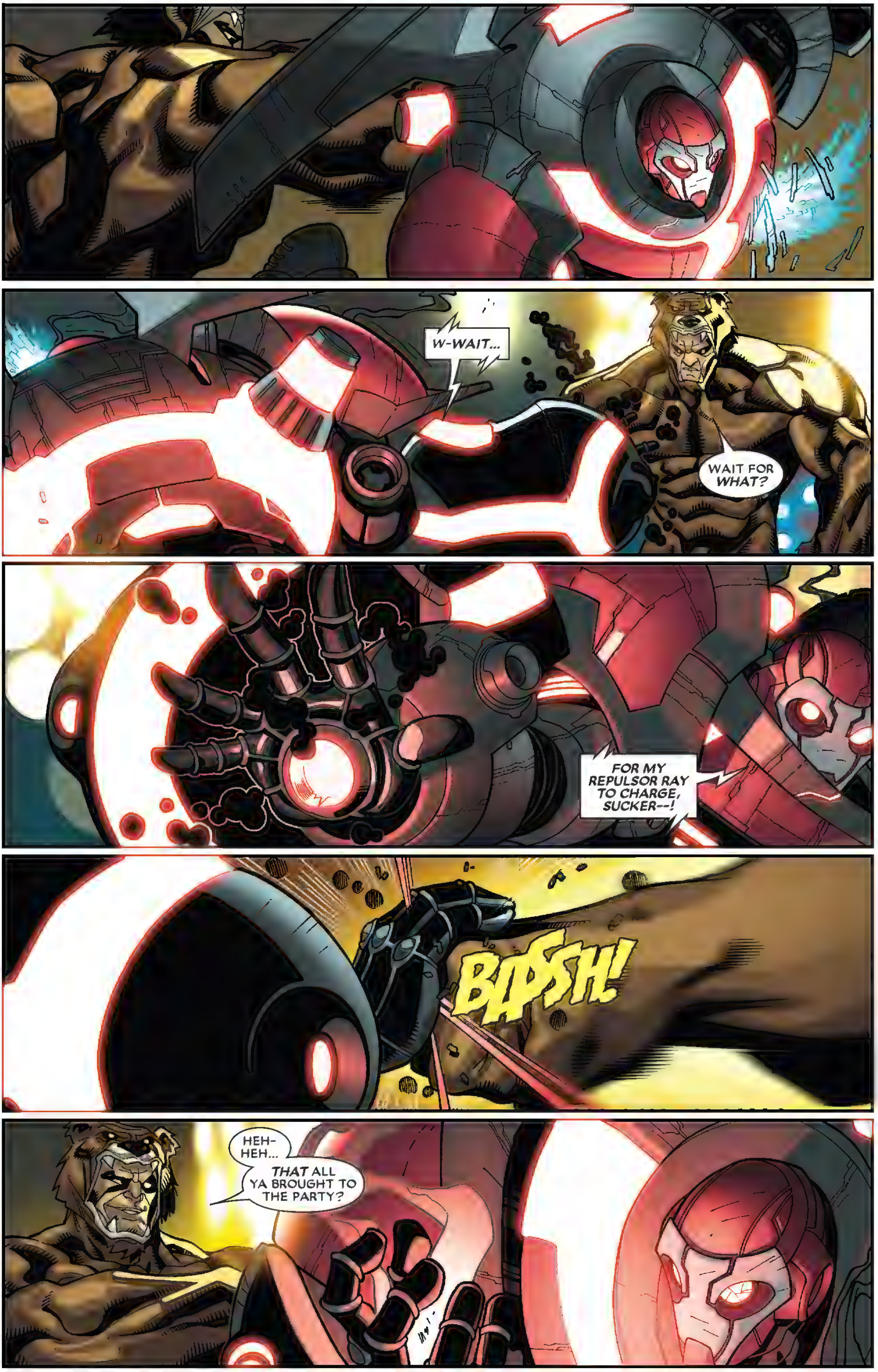

"IT'S WHERE THEY KEEP ALL THE CASH!"
KA-AAAROOOOMMMMM!
BAG IT UP, #%$*-HEADS.

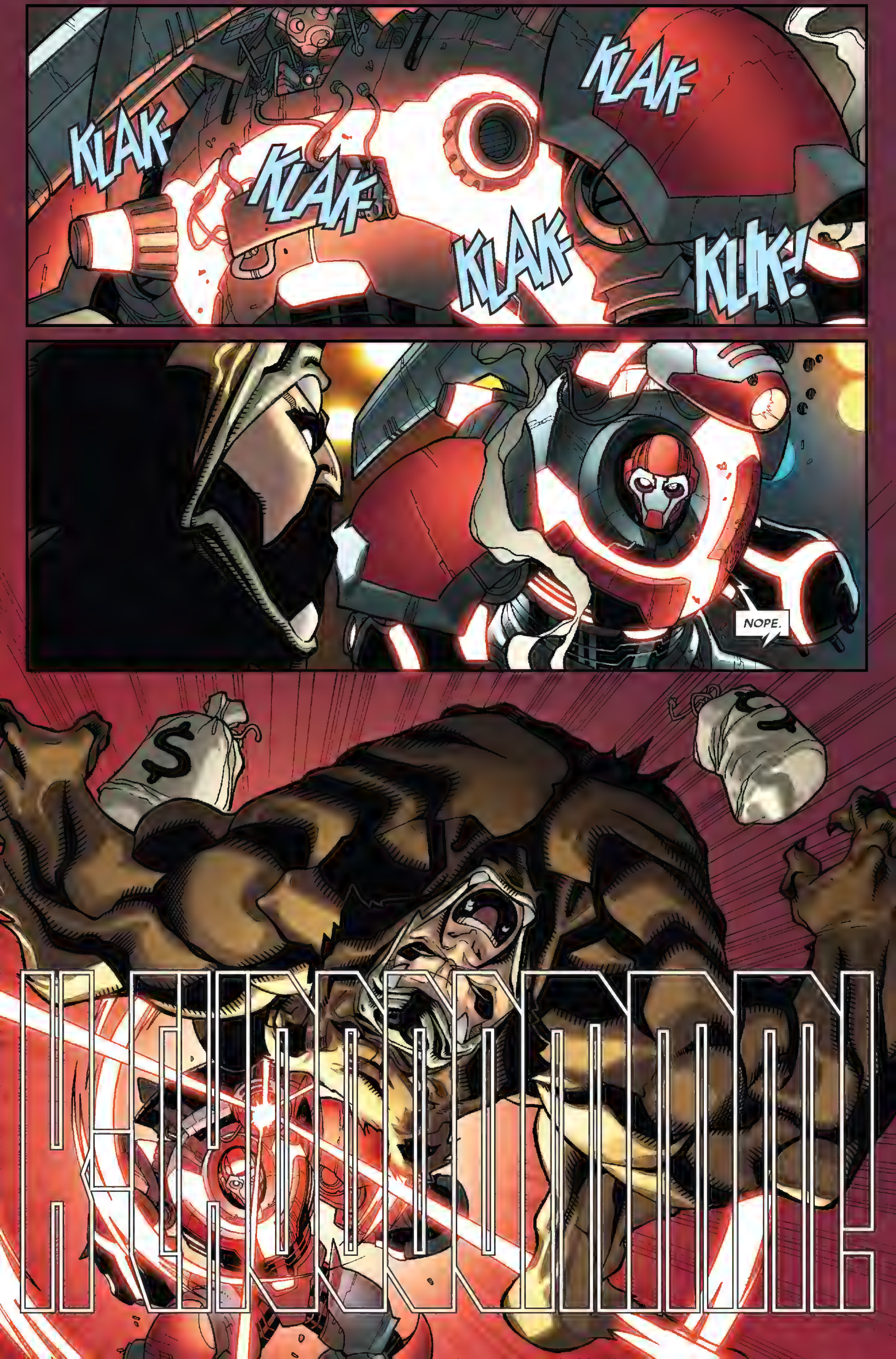

HEH-HEH-HEH... JACKPOT.
SAVOR THE MOMENT, BEAR BOY, BECAUSE THE ONLY WAY YOU'RE GONNA MAKE IT OUTTA THERE...
...IS THROUGH US.
WHY DID YOU JUST TELL HIM THAT...?
BWHOOOOOMMMMMM!

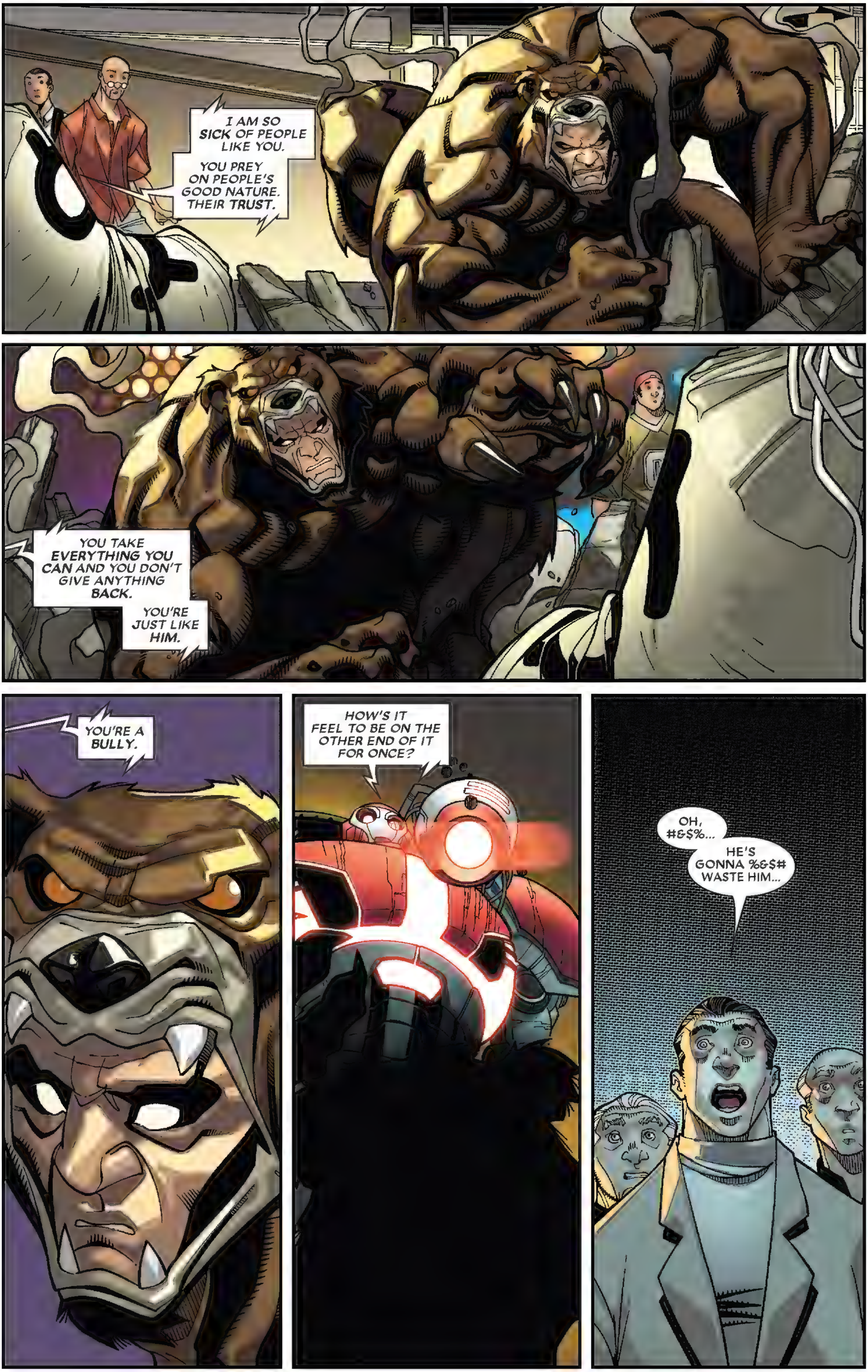

JACKPOT $$$
UNNNHH...
C'MON! HE'S MAKIN' OFF WITH THE LOOT!
NOT TONIGHT...HAVE A HEADACHE...
YOU'RE GIVING UP?!
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF.
Y'know what?
WE KINDA ARE.
$
OUTTA THE WAY, SUCKERS!
WHY DO THEY MAKE IT SO HARD TO GET OUTTA THESE FRICKIN' PLACES?!
LEMME HELP YOU WITH THAT...

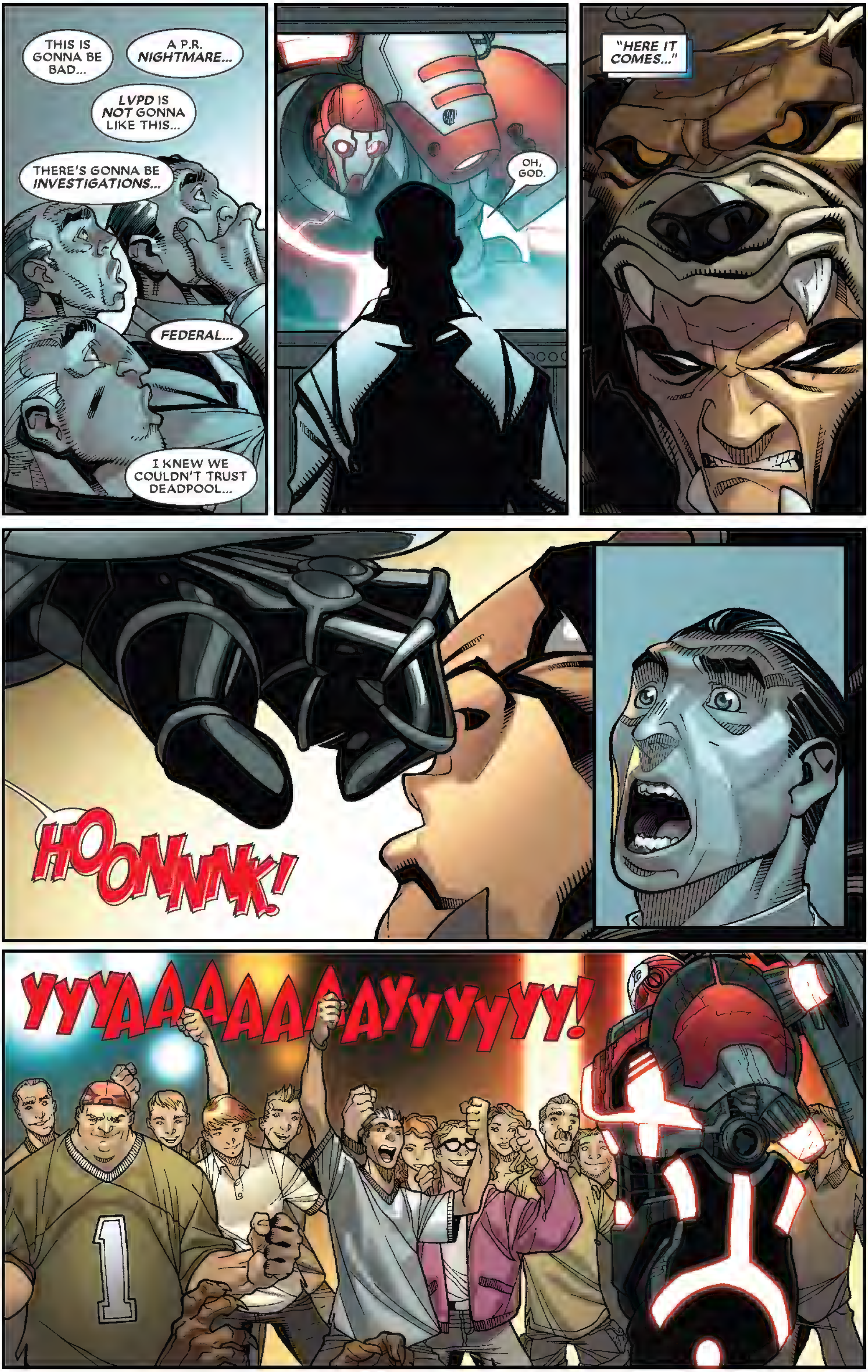

KAR-RROOMMMM!
IT'S WILDCARD!
"BUT WHERE'S THE HOUSE?"
DRINKS...
NEED DRINKS OVER HERE...

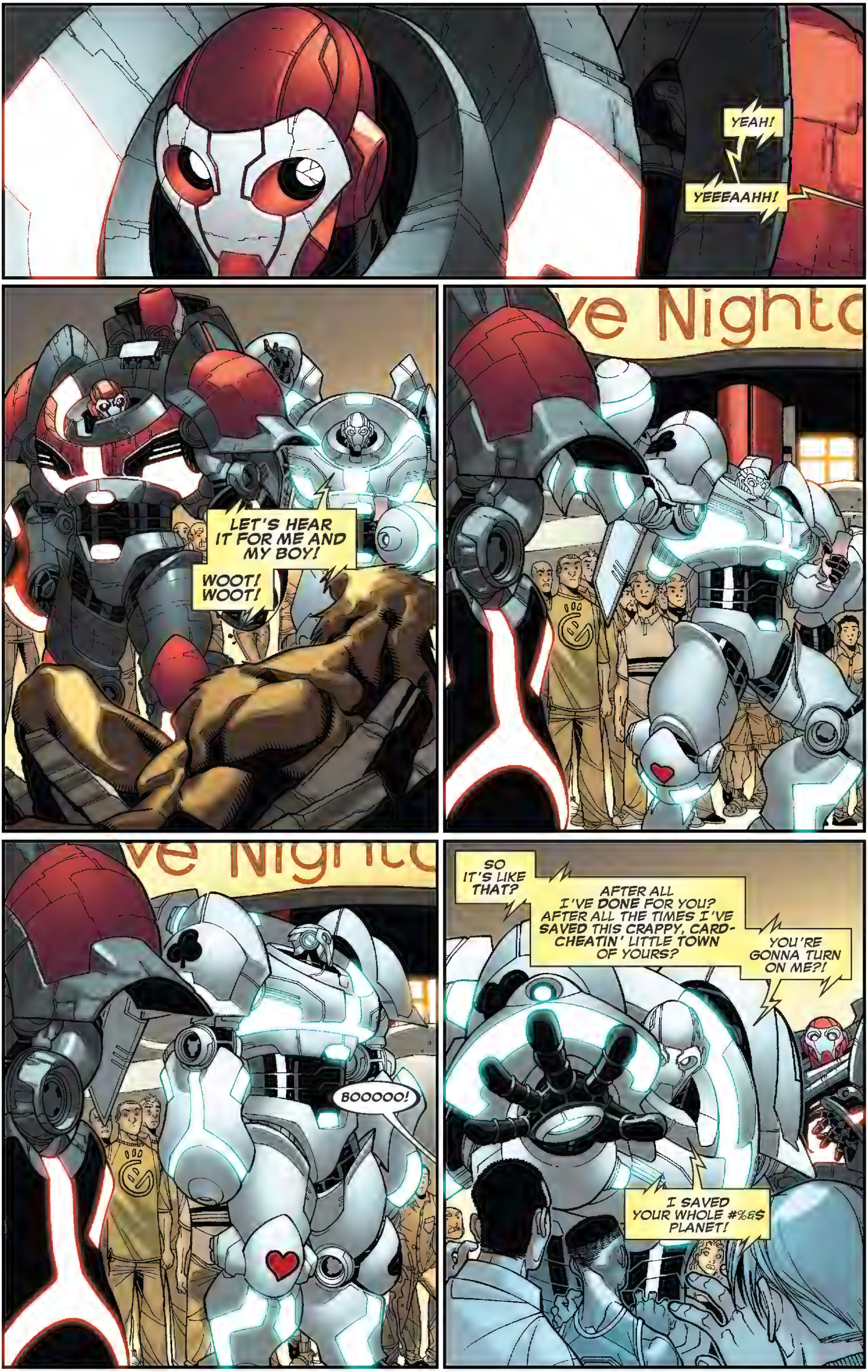

WHAT THE HELL IS WEASEL *DOING?!*
NOTHING, FROM WHAT I CAN TELL...
...OH, WAIT.
HE'S DRINKING A LIME RICKEY.
THAT LITTLE *SCUMBAG--!*
WELL, AT LEAST WE'VE GOT *WILDCARD...*
SURE, HE'S CAUSED A BIT MORE *STRUCTURAL* DAMAGE THAN WE WOULD'VE LIKED, BUT AT LEAST HE'S HOLDING HIS OWN AGAINST...
...WHAT'S HIS NAME?
"GRIZZLY."
OKAY.
NOW?
I'M *PISSED.*

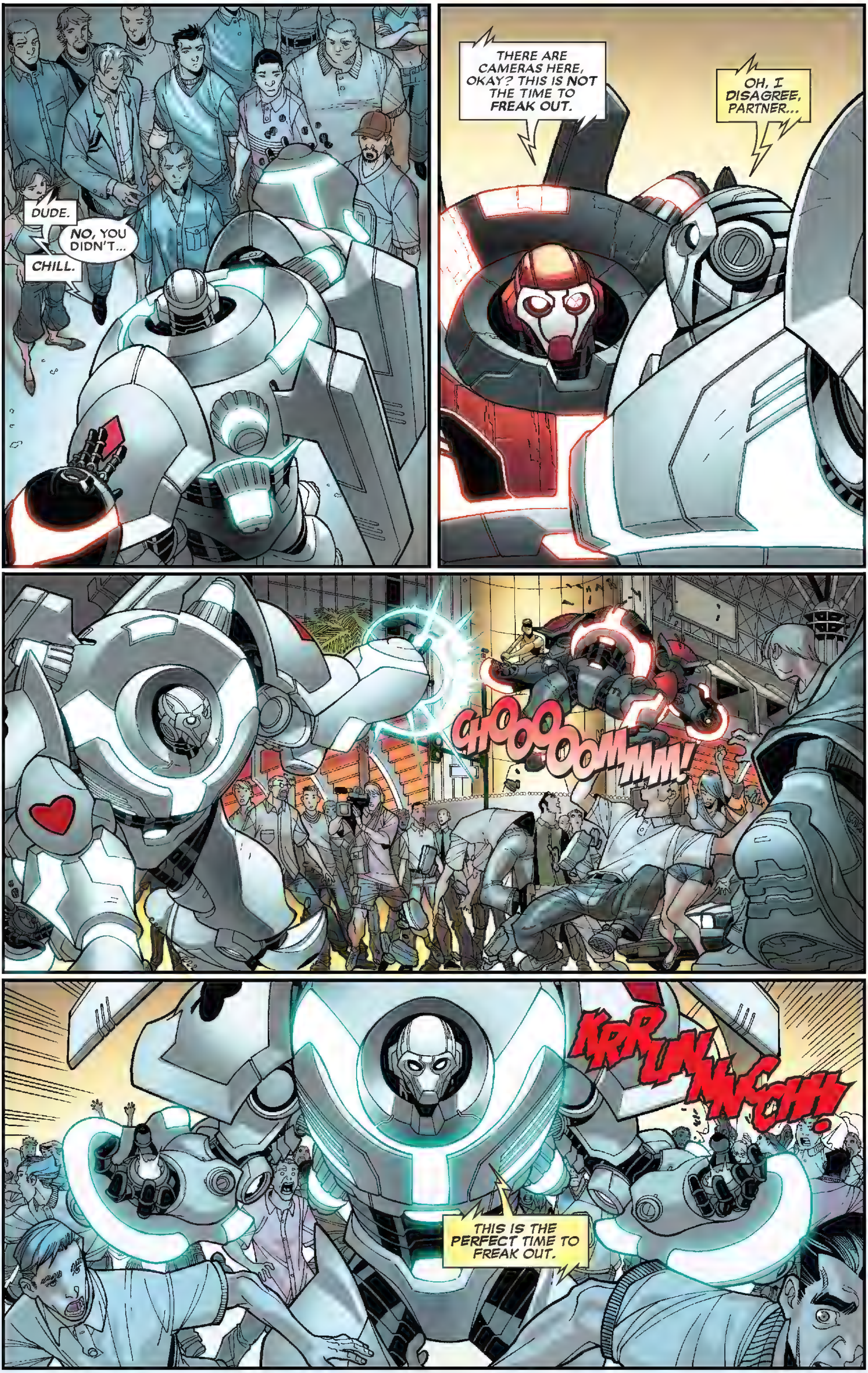

W-WAIT...
WAIT FOR WHAT?
FOR MY REPULSOR RAY TO CHARGE, SUCKER--!
BASH!
HEH-HEH... THAT ALL YA BROUGHT TO THE PARTY?

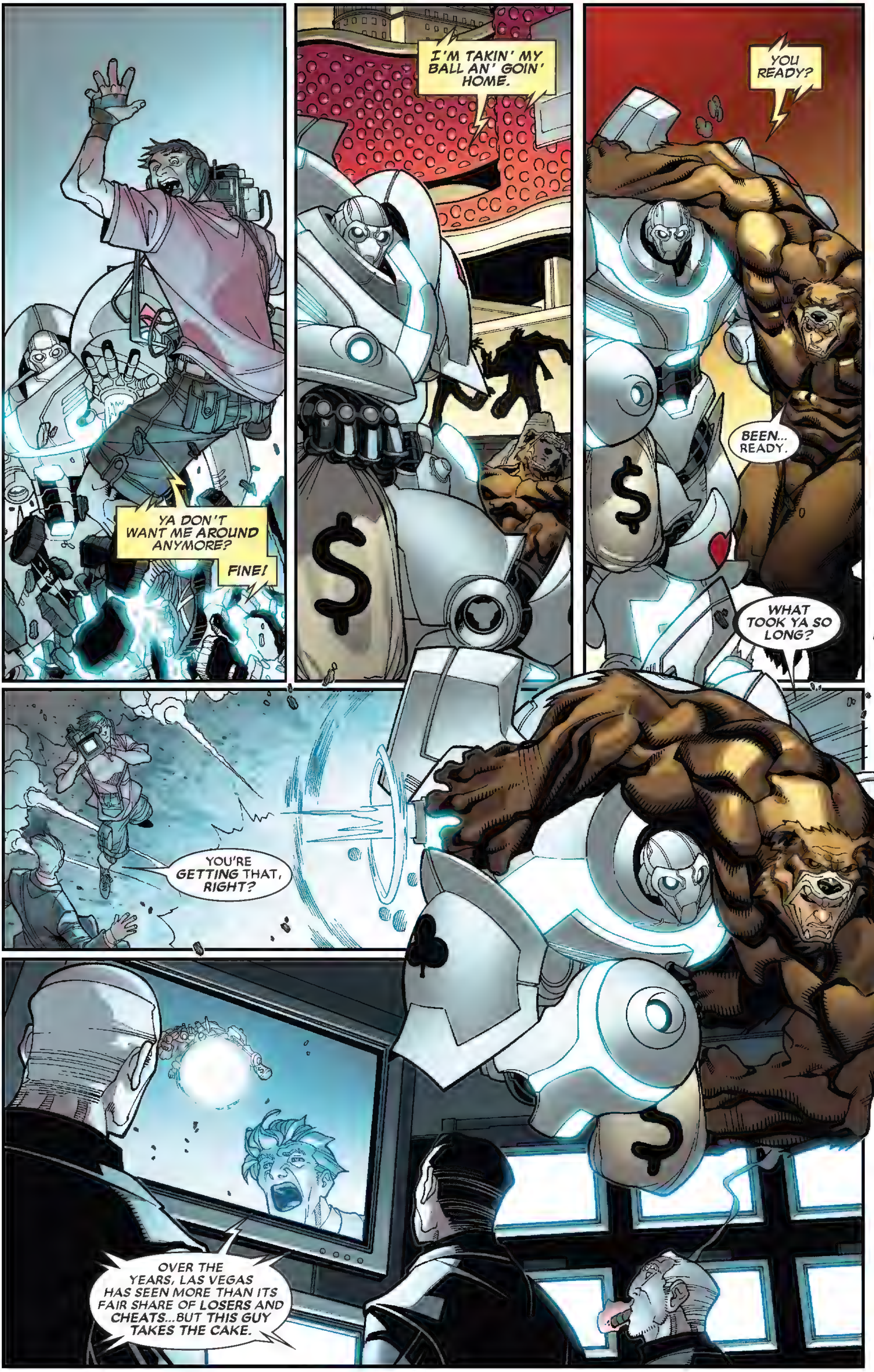

KLAK
KLAK
KLAK
KLAK
KLIK!
NOPE.
HKRRRRMMMM!

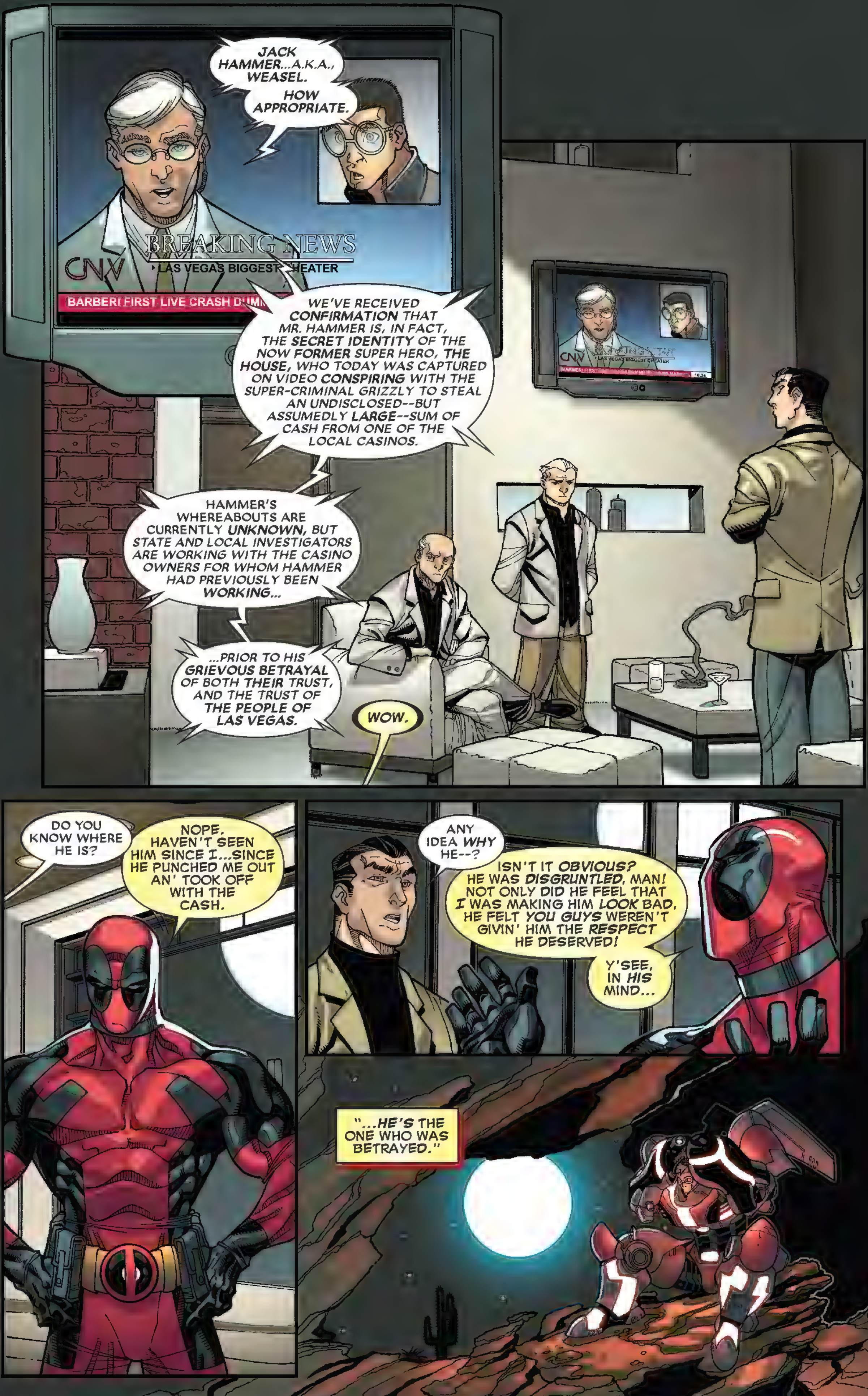

I AM SO SICK OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU.
YOU PREY ON PEOPLE'S GOOD NATURE. THEIR TRUST.
YOU TAKE EVERYTHING YOU CAN AND YOU DON'T GIVE ANYTHING BACK.
YOU'RE JUST LIKE HIM.
YOU'RE A BULLY.
HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE ON THE OTHER END OF IT FOR ONCE?
OH, #&$%...
HE'S GONNA %&$# WASTE HIM...

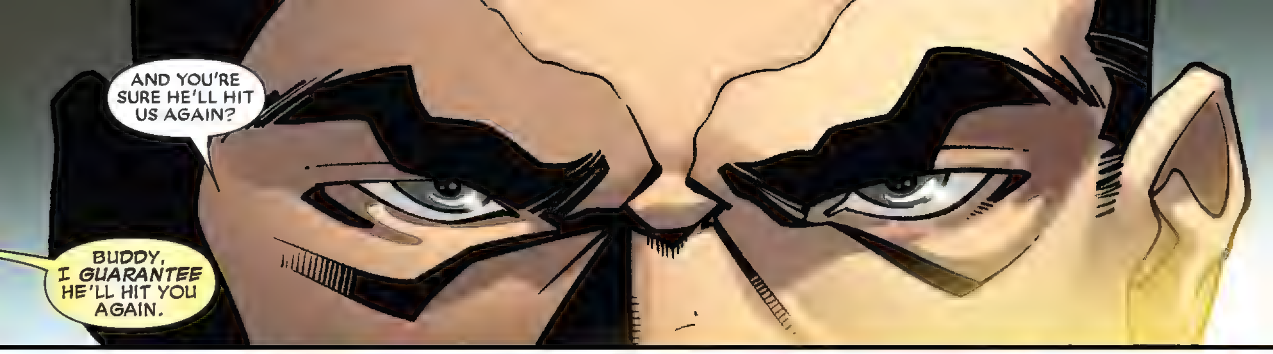

THIS IS GONNA BE BAD...
A P.R. NIGHTMARE...
LVPD IS NOT GONNA LIKE THIS...
THERE'S GONNA BE INVESTIGATIONS...
FEDERAL...
I KNEW WE COULDN'T TRUST DEADPOOL...
OH, GOD.
"HERE IT COMES..."
HOONNNK!
YYYAAAAAAAAYYYYYY!

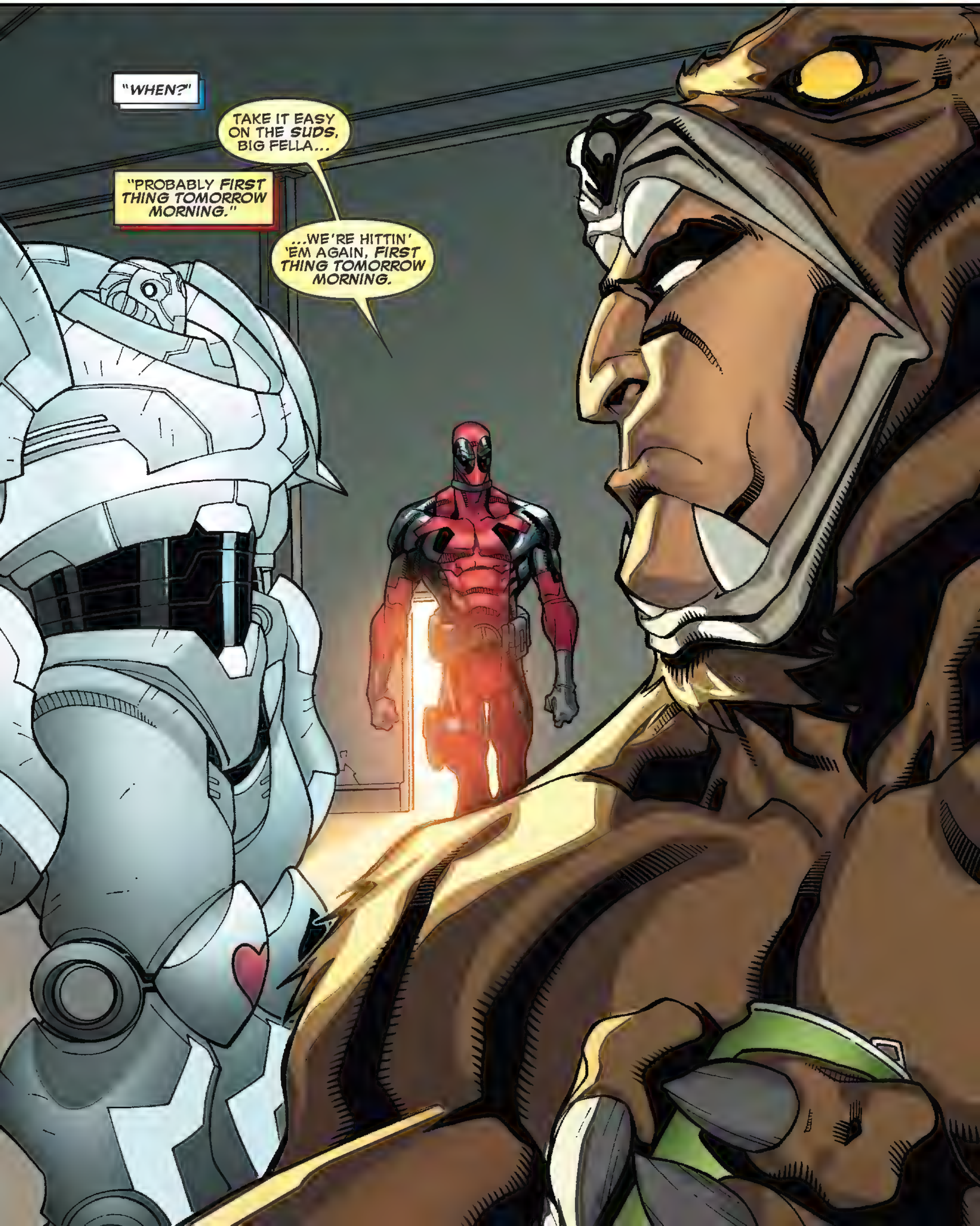

YEAH!
YEEEAAHH!
LET'S HEAR IT FOR ME AND MY BOY!
WOOT! WOOT!
ve Night
BOOOOO!
SO IT'S LIKE THAT?
AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU? AFTER ALL THE TIMES I'VE SAVED THIS CRAPPY, CARD-CHEATIN' LITTLE TOWN OF YOURS?
YOU'RE GONNA TURN ON ME?!
I SAVED YOUR WHOLE #%&$ PLANET!

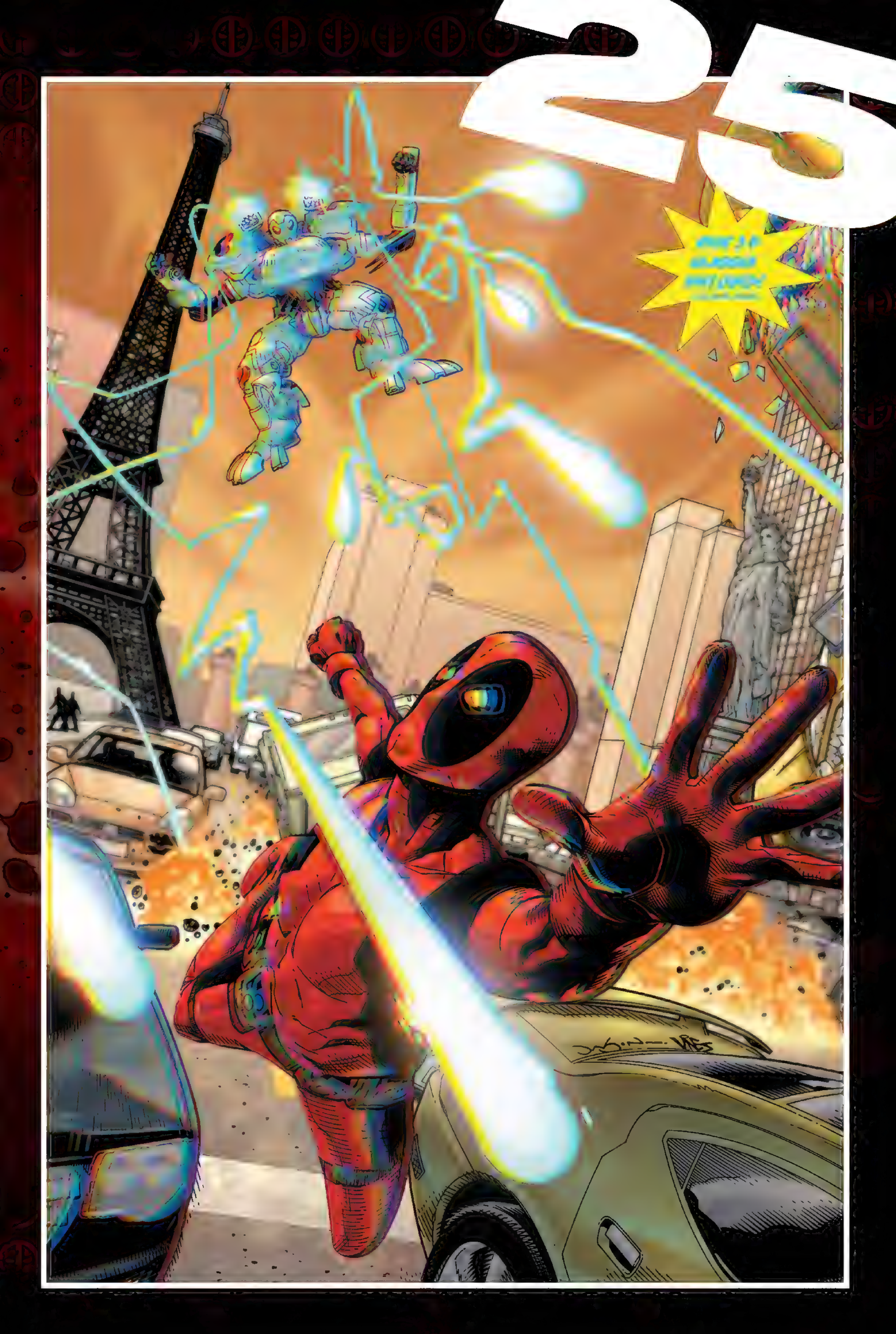

DUDE.
NO, YOU DIDN'T...
CHILL.
THERE ARE CAMERAS HERE, OKAY? THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO FREAK OUT.
OH, I DISAGREE, PARTNER...
CHOOOOOOMMMM!
KRRRUNNNCHH!
THIS IS THE PERFECT TIME TO FREAK OUT.


YA DON'T WANT ME AROUND ANYMORE?
FINE!
I'M TAKIN' MY BALL AN' GOIN' HOME.
YOU READY?
BEEN... READY.
WHAT TOOK YA SO LONG?
YOU'RE GETTING THAT, RIGHT?
OVER THE YEARS, LAS VEGAS HAS SEEN MORE THAN ITS FAIR SHARE OF LOSERS AND CHEATS...BUT THIS GUY TAKES THE CAKE.


JACK HAMMER...A.K.A., WEASEL.
HOW APPROPRIATE.
BREAKING NEWS
CNV
LAS VEGAS BIGGEST CHEATER
BARBERI FIRST LIVE CRASH DUMI
WE'VE RECEIVED CONFIRMATION THAT MR. HAMMER IS, IN FACT, THE SECRET IDENTITY OF THE NOW FORMER SUPER HERO, THE HOUSE, WHO TODAY WAS CAPTURED ON VIDEO CONSPIRING WITH THE SUPER-CRIMINAL GRIZZLY TO STEAL AN UNDISCLOSED--BUT ASSUMEDLY LARGE--SUM OF CASH FROM ONE OF THE LOCAL CASINOS.
HAMMER'S WHEREABOUTS ARE CURRENTLY UNKNOWN, BUT STATE AND LOCAL INVESTIGATORS ARE WORKING WITH THE CASINO OWNERS FOR WHOM HAMMER HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN WORKING...
...PRIOR TO HIS GRIEVOUS BETRAYAL OF BOTH THEIR TRUST, AND THE TRUST OF THE PEOPLE OF LAS VEGAS.
WOW.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS?
NOPE. HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE I...SINCE HE PUNCHED ME OUT AN' TOOK OFF WITH THE CASH.
ANY IDEA WHY HE--?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? HE WAS DISGRUNTLED, MAN! NOT ONLY DID HE FEEL THAT I WAS MAKING HIM LOOK BAD, HE FELT YOU GUYS WEREN'T GIVIN' HIM THE RESPECT HE DESERVED!
Y'SEE, IN HIS MIND...
"...HE'S THE ONE WHO WAS BETRAYED."


AND YOU'RE SURE HE'LL HIT US AGAIN?
BUDDY, I *GUARANTEE* HE'LL HIT YOU AGAIN.


"*WHEN?*"
TAKE IT EASY ON THE *SUDS*, BIG FELLA...
"PROBABLY *FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING.*"
...WE'RE HITTIN' 'EM AGAIN, *FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING.*



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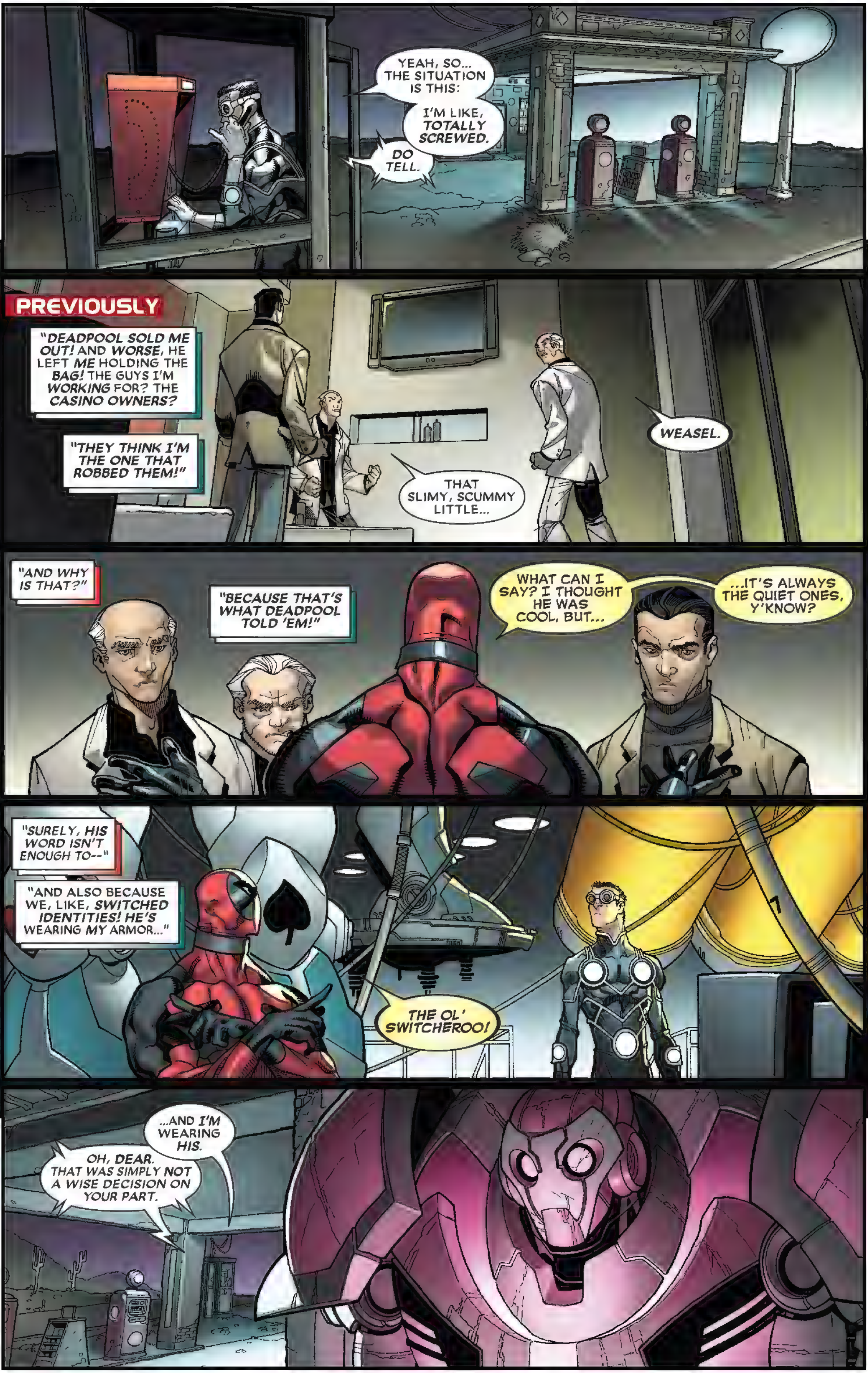
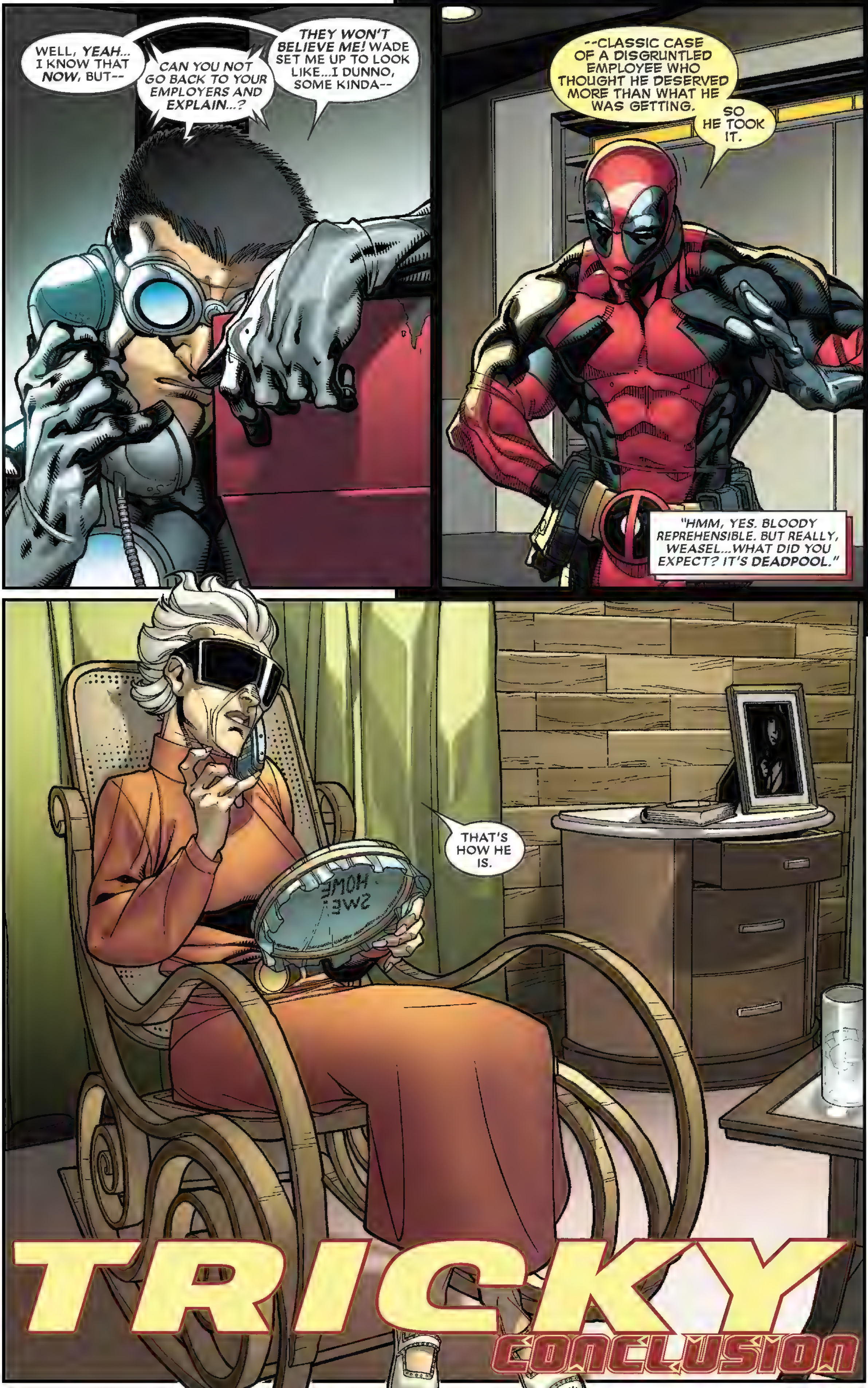
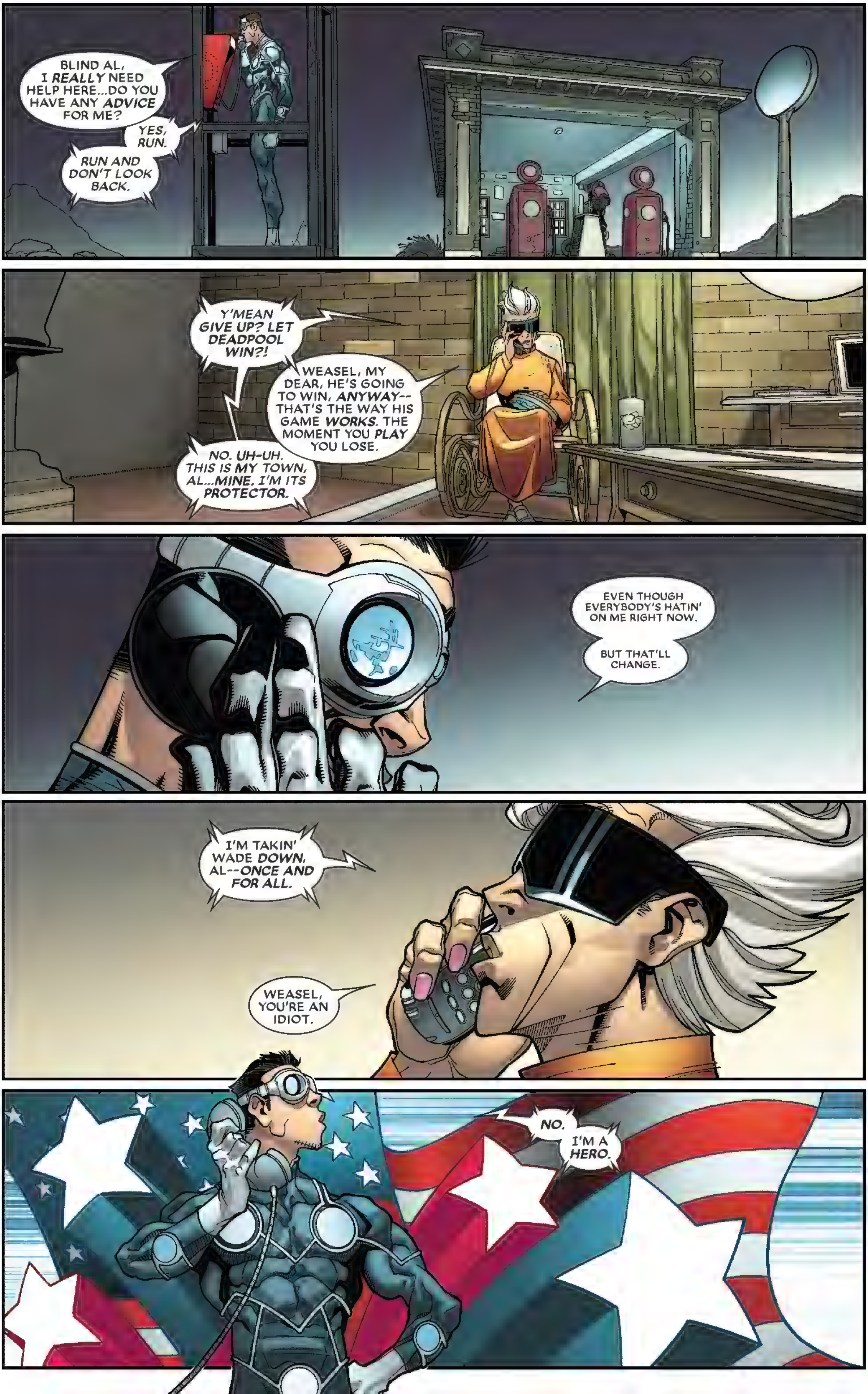
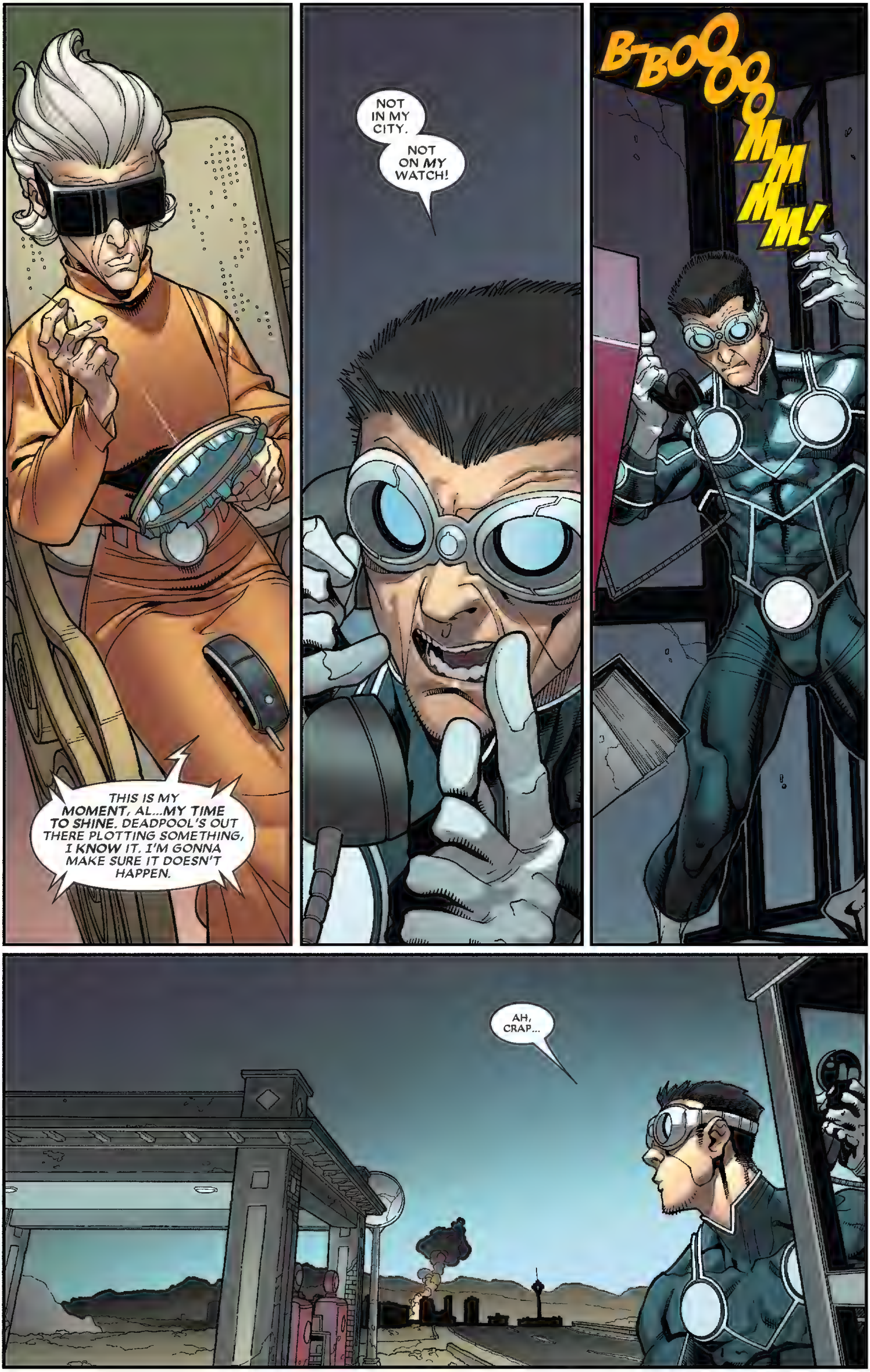
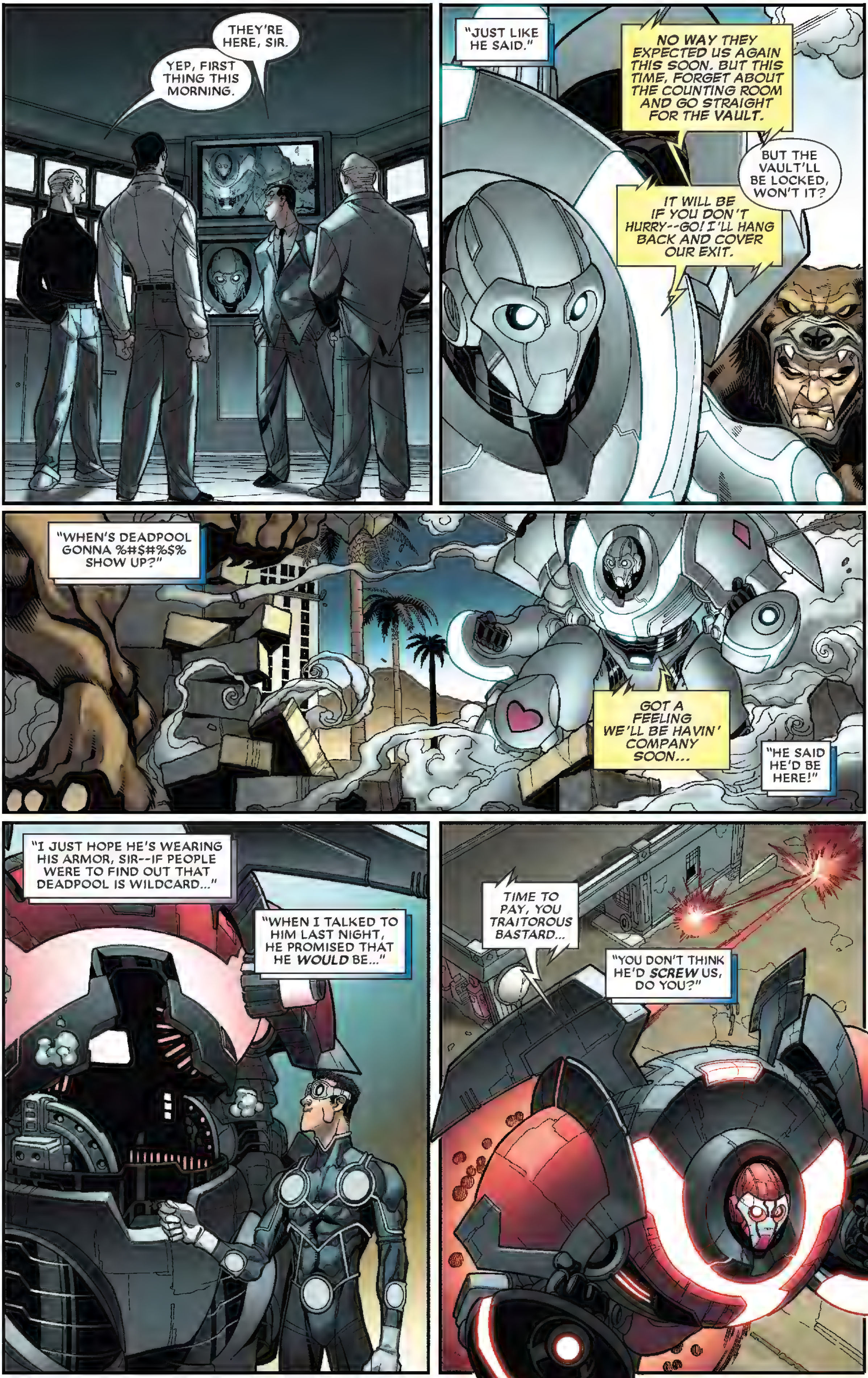
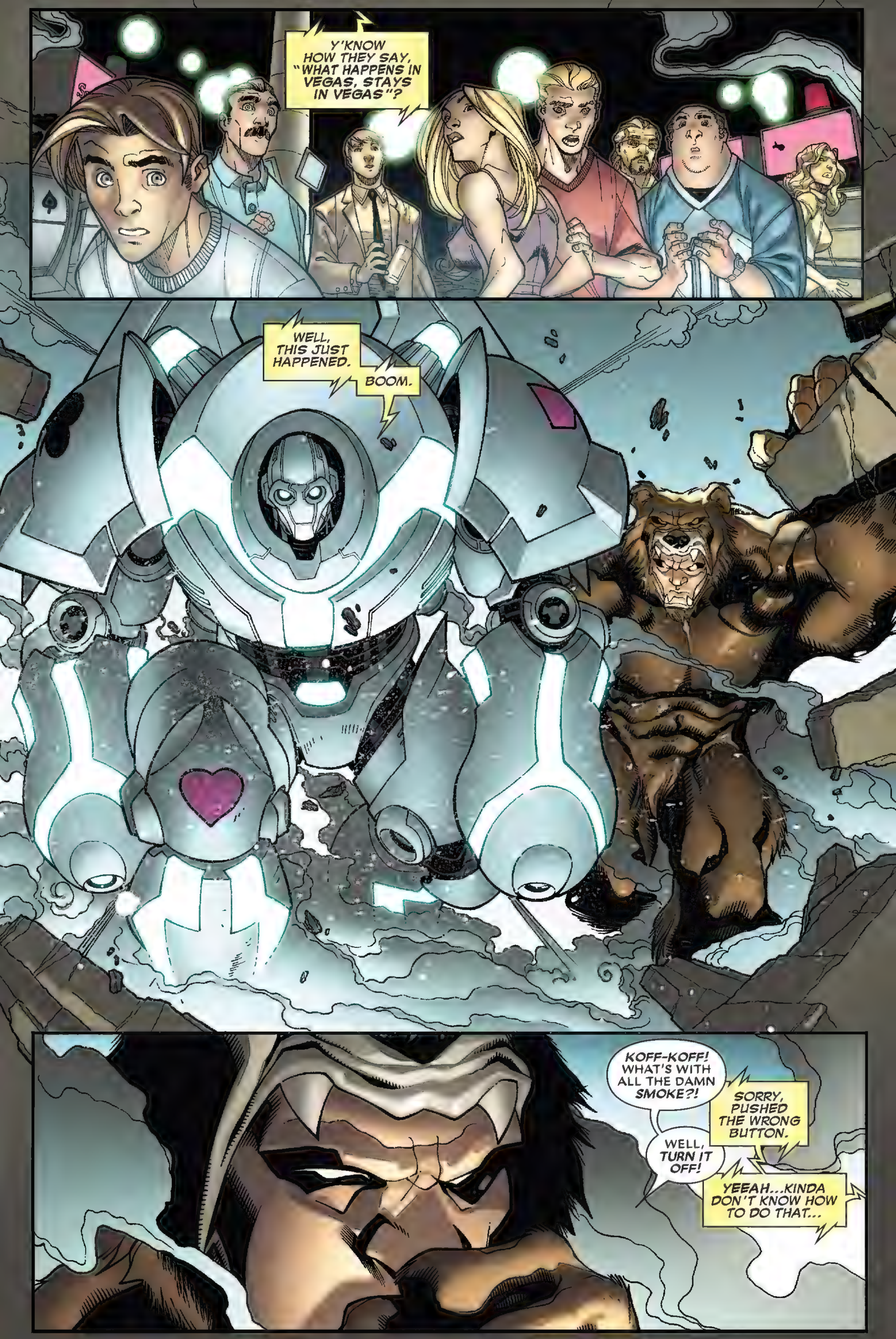

YEAH, SO... THE SITUATION IS THIS:
I'M LIKE, *TOTALLY SCREWED.*
DO TELL.
PREVIOUSLY
"*DEADPOOL SOLD ME OUT!* AND *WORSE,* HE LEFT *ME* HOLDING THE *BAG!* THE GUYS I'M *WORKING* FOR? THE *CASINO OWNERS?*
"*THEY THINK I'M THE ONE THAT ROBBED THEM!*"
THAT SLIMY, SCUMMY LITTLE...
WEASEL.
"*AND WHY IS THAT?*"
"*BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT DEADPOOL TOLD 'EM!*"
WHAT CAN I SAY? I THOUGHT HE WAS COOL, BUT...
...IT'S ALWAYS THE QUIET ONES, Y'KNOW?
"*SURELY, HIS WORD ISN'T ENOUGH TO--*"
"AND ALSO BECAUSE WE, LIKE, *SWITCHED IDENTITIES! HE'S* WEARING *MY* ARMOR..."
THE OL' SWITCHEROO!
...AND *I'M* WEARING *HIS.*
OH, DEAR. THAT WAS SIMPLY NOT A WISE DECISION ON YOUR PART.

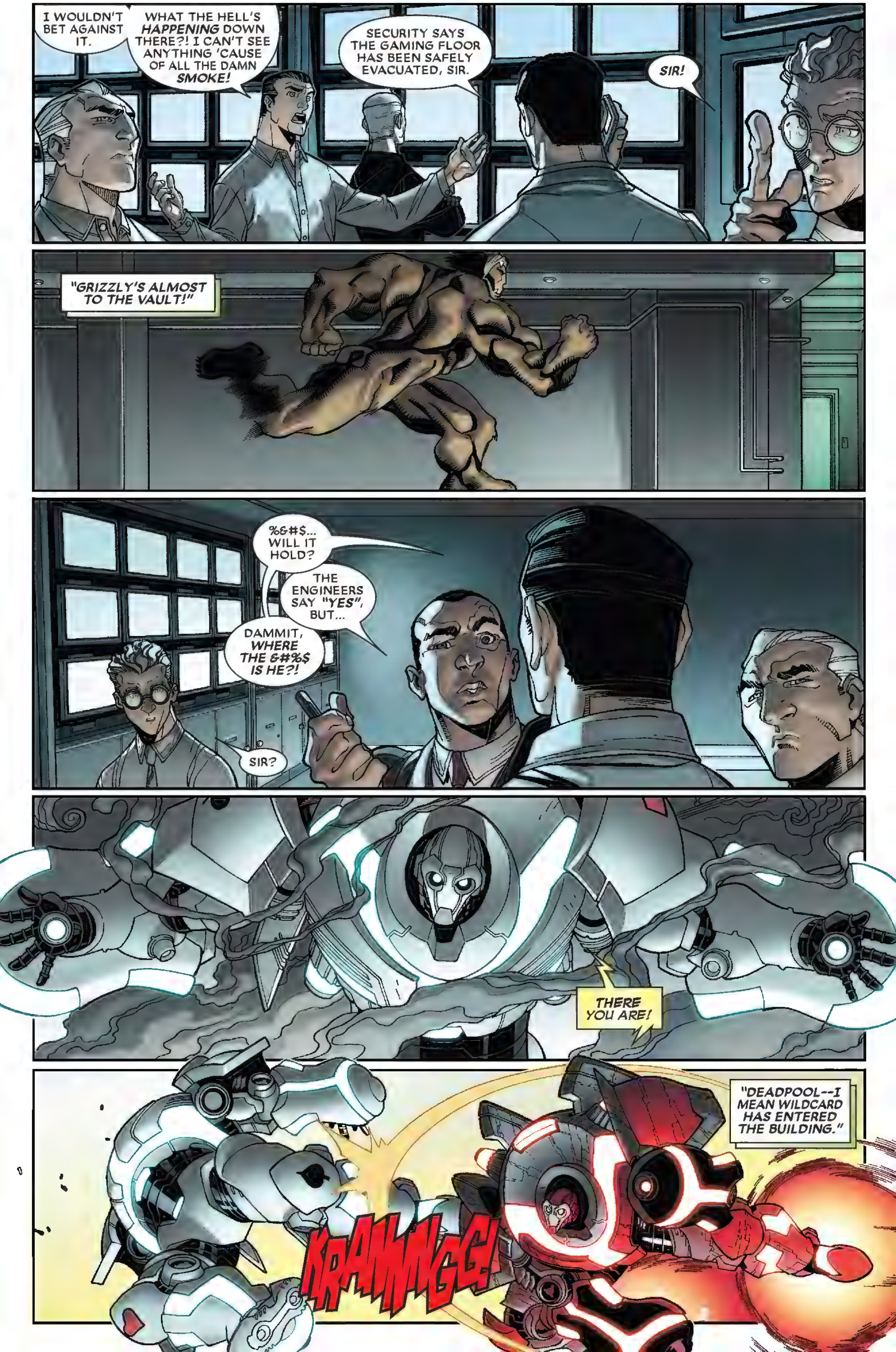

WELL, *YEAH*... I KNOW THAT *NOW*, BUT--
CAN YOU NOT GO BACK TO YOUR EMPLOYERS AND EXPLAIN...?
THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME! WADE SET ME UP TO LOOK LIKE...I DUNNO, SOME KINDA--
--CLASSIC CASE OF A DISGRUNTLED EMPLOYEE WHO THOUGHT HE DESERVED MORE THAN WHAT HE WAS GETTING.
SO HE TOOK IT.
"HMM, YES. BLOODY REPREHENSIBLE. BUT REALLY, WEASEL...WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? IT'S **DEADPOOL**."
THAT'S HOW HE IS.
TRICKY
CONCLUSION

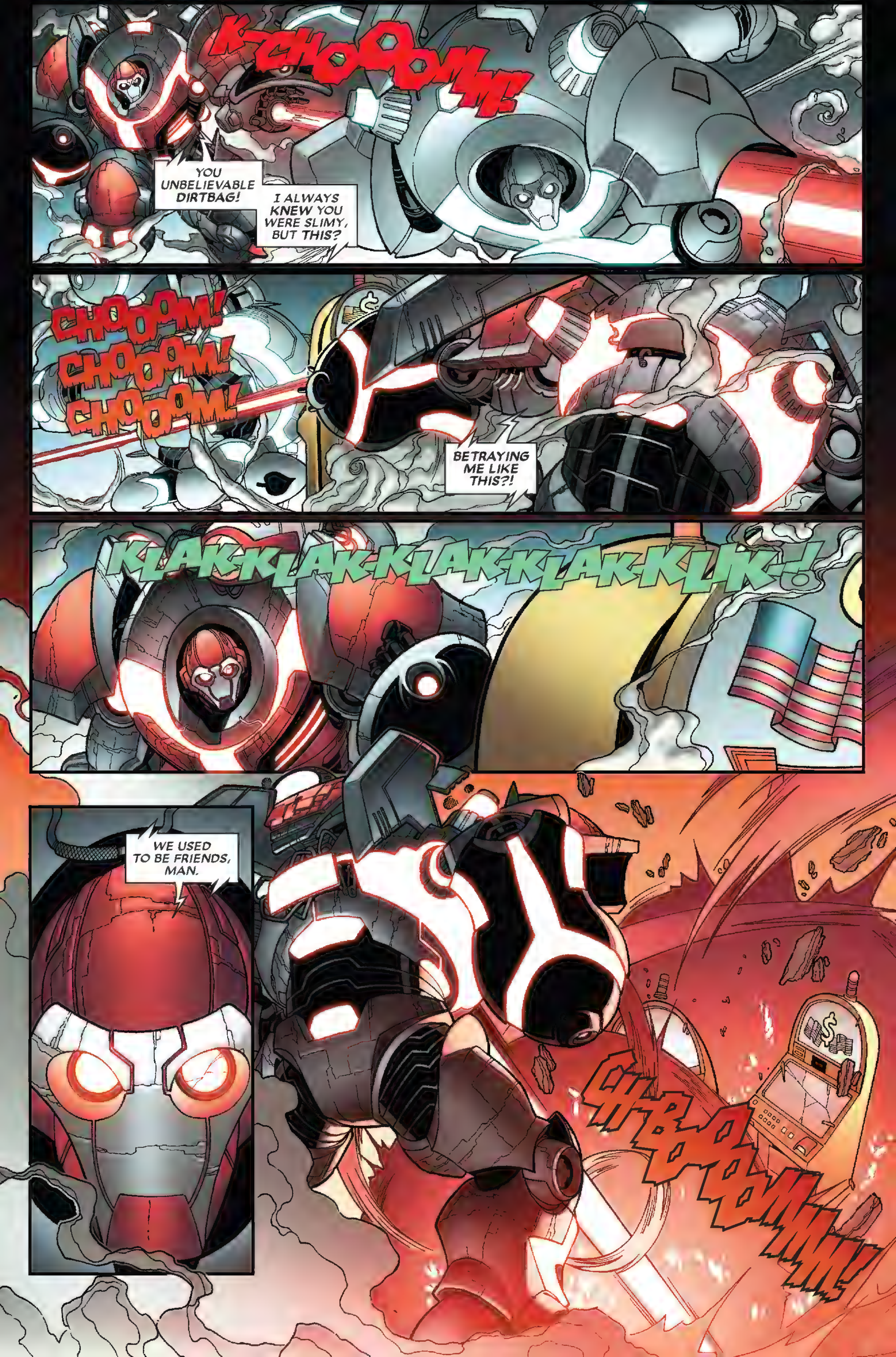

BLIND AL, I REALLY NEED HELP HERE...DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE FOR ME?
YES, RUN.
RUN AND DON'T LOOK BACK.
Y'MEAN GIVE UP? LET DEADPOOL WIN?!
WEASEL, MY DEAR, HE'S GOING TO WIN, ANYWAY--THAT'S THE WAY HIS GAME WORKS. THE MOMENT YOU PLAY YOU LOSE.
NO. UH-UH. THIS IS MY TOWN, AL...MINE. I'M ITS PROTECTOR.
EVEN THOUGH EVERYBODY'S HATIN' ON ME RIGHT NOW.
BUT THAT'LL CHANGE.
I'M TAKIN' WADE DOWN, AL--ONCE AND FOR ALL.
WEASEL, YOU'RE AN IDIOT.
NO.
I'M A HERO.

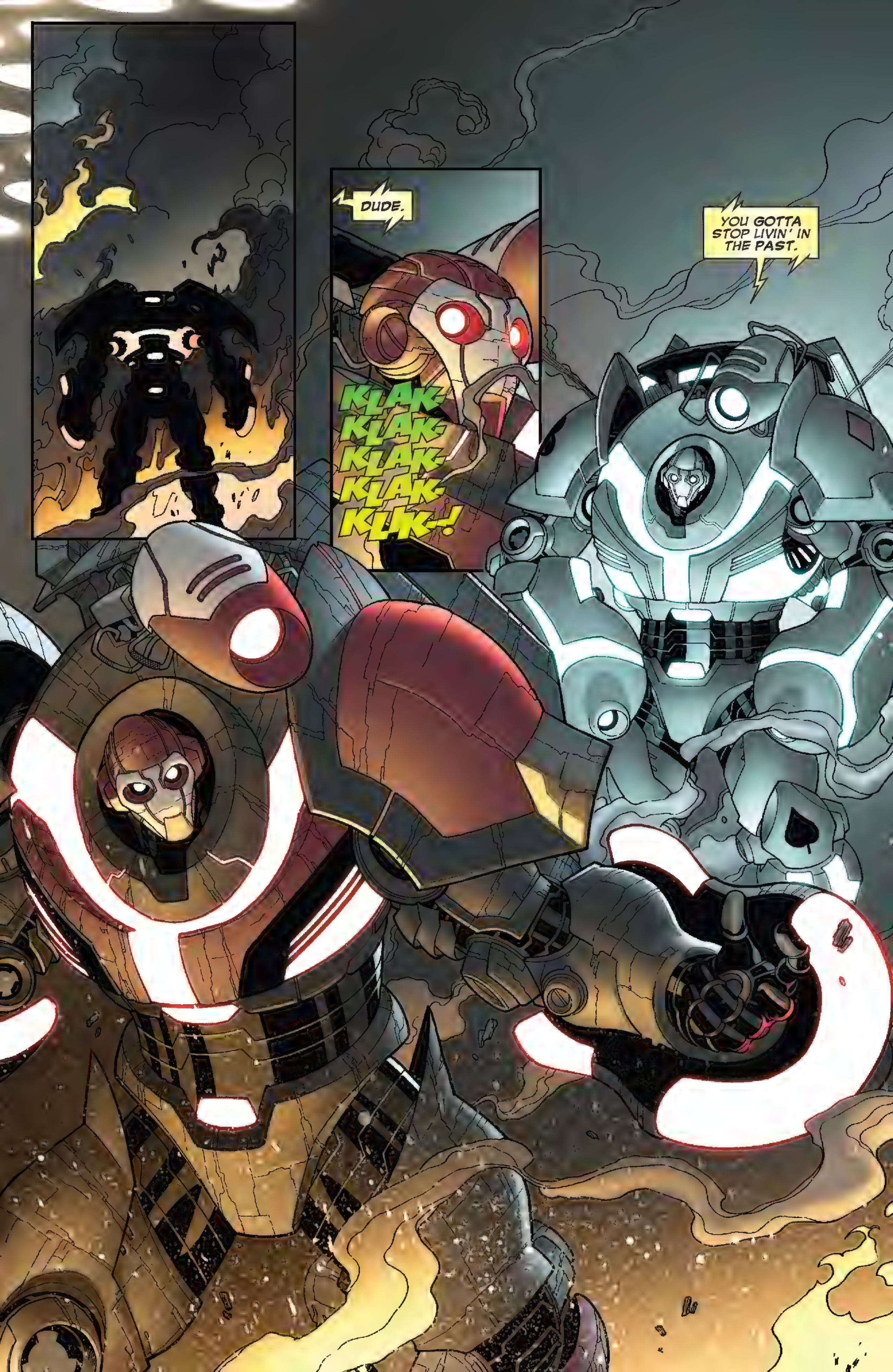

THIS IS MY MOMENT, AL...MY TIME TO SHINE. DEADPOOL'S OUT THERE PLOTTING SOMETHING, I KNOW IT. I'M GONNA MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T HAPPEN.
NOT IN MY CITY.
NOT ON *MY* WATCH!
B-BOOOOOMMMM!
AH, CRAP...

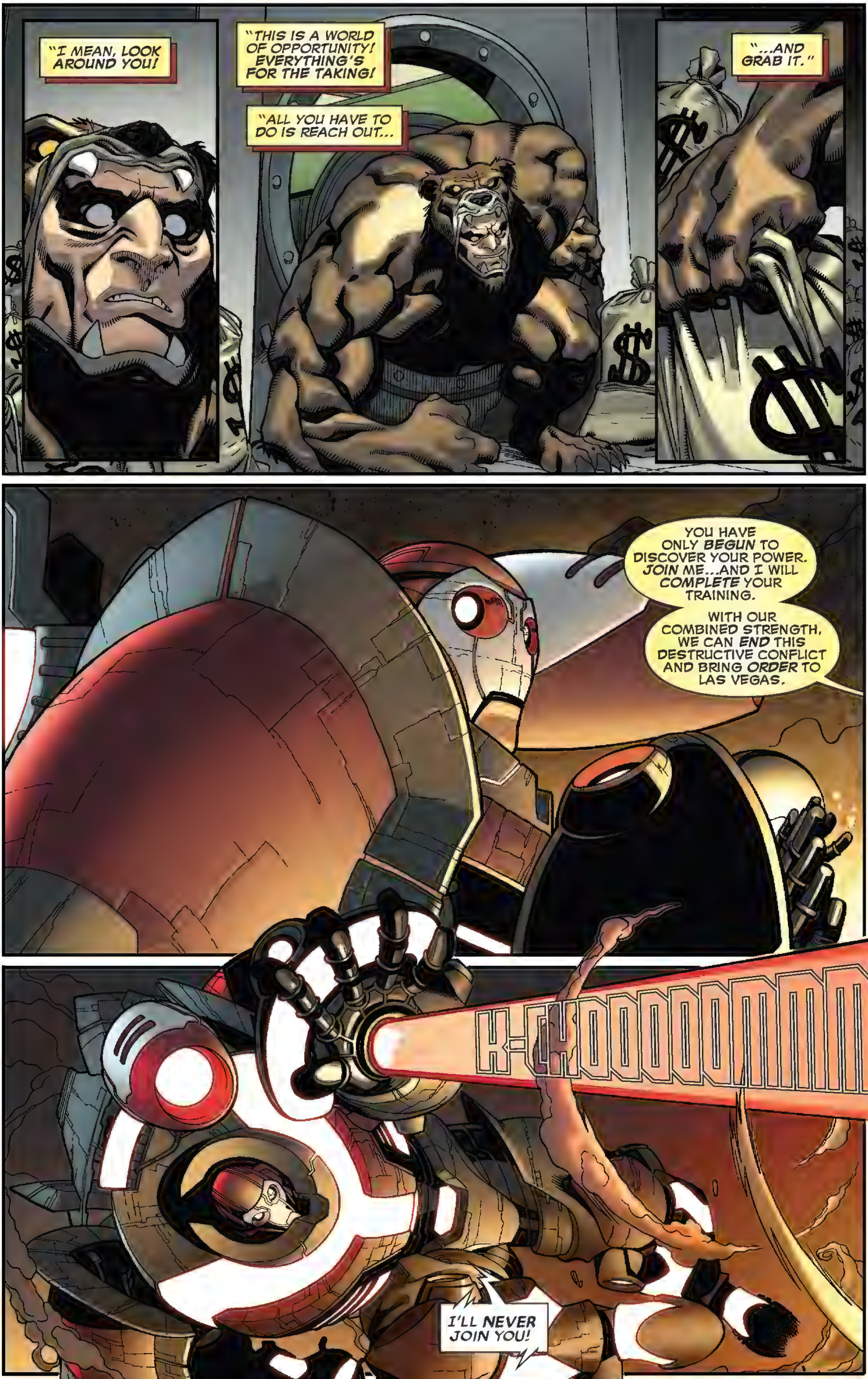

THEY'RE HERE, SIR.
YEP, FIRST THING THIS MORNING.
"JUST LIKE HE SAID."
NO WAY THEY EXPECTED US AGAIN THIS SOON. BUT THIS TIME, FORGET ABOUT THE COUNTING ROOM AND GO STRAIGHT FOR THE VAULT.
BUT THE VAULT'LL BE LOCKED, WON'T IT?
IT WILL BE IF YOU DON'T HURRY--GO! I'LL HANG BACK AND COVER OUR EXIT.
"WHEN'S DEADPOOL GONNA %#$#%$% SHOW UP?"
GOT A FEELING WE'LL BE HAVIN' COMPANY SOON...
"HE SAID HE'D BE HERE!"
"I JUST HOPE HE'S WEARING HIS ARMOR, SIR--IF PEOPLE WERE TO FIND OUT THAT DEADPOOL IS WILDCARD..."
"WHEN I TALKED TO HIM LAST NIGHT, HE PROMISED THAT HE WOULD BE..."
TIME TO PAY, YOU TRAITOROUS BASTARD...
"YOU DON'T THINK HE'D SCREW US, DO YOU?"

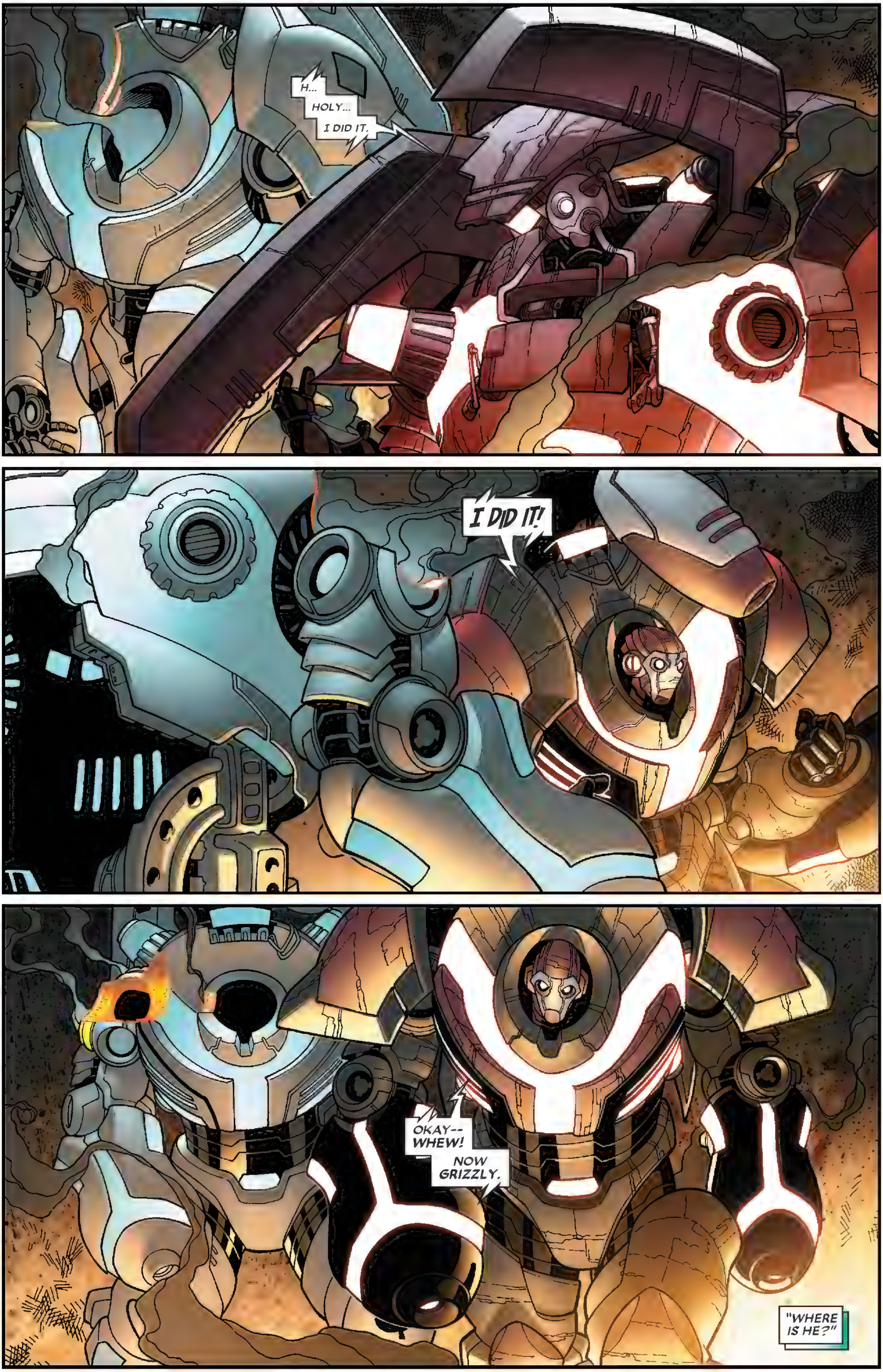

Y'KNOW HOW THEY SAY, "WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS, STAYS IN VEGAS"?
WELL, THIS JUST HAPPENED.
BOOM.
KOFF-KOFF! WHAT'S WITH ALL THE DAMN SMOKE?!
SORRY, PUSHED THE WRONG BUTTON.
WELL, TURN IT OFF!
YEEAH...KINDA DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO THAT...

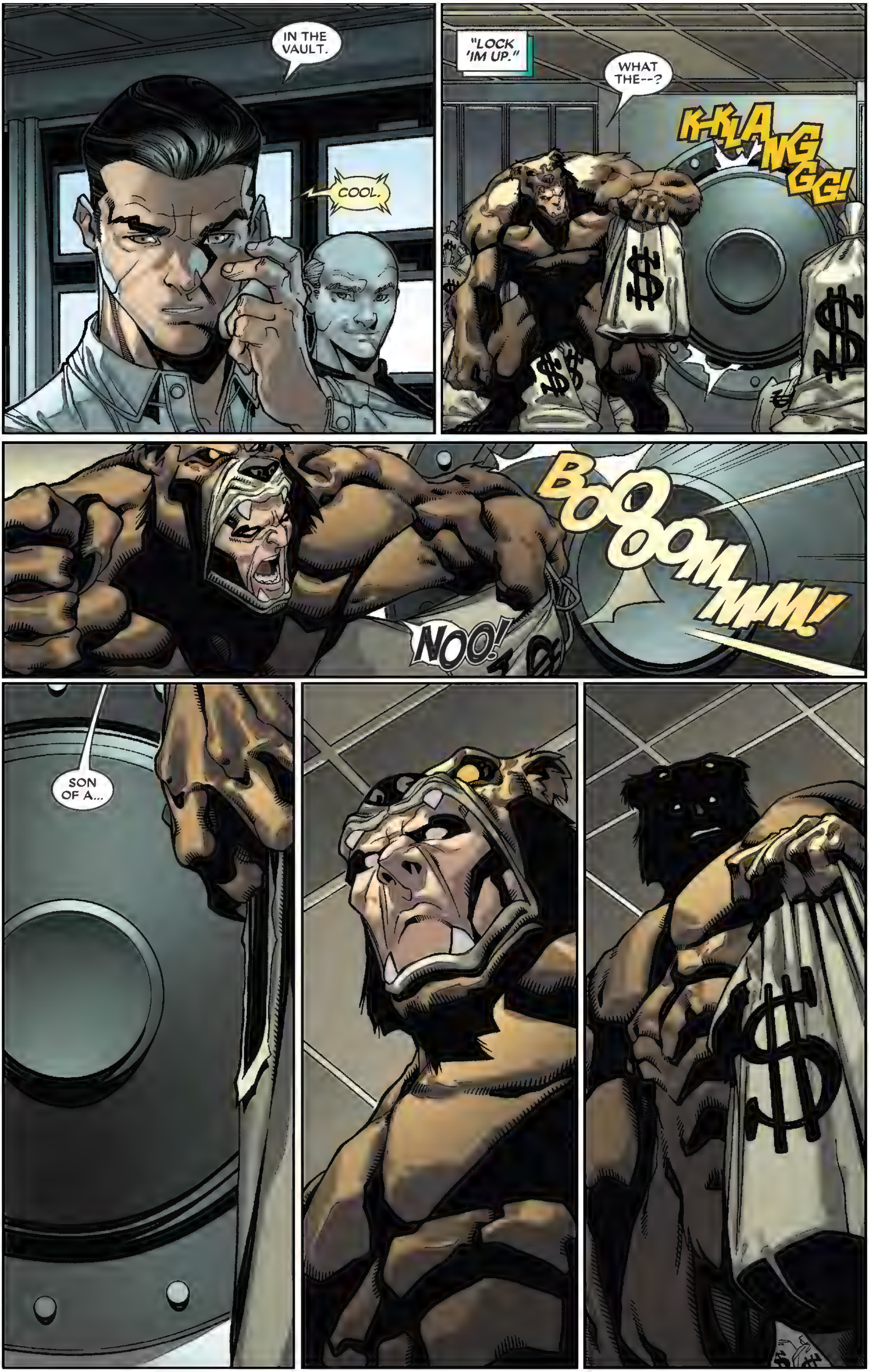

I WOULDN'T BET AGAINST IT.
WHAT THE HELL'S *HAPPENING* DOWN THERE?! I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING 'CAUSE OF ALL THE DAMN *SMOKE!*
SECURITY SAYS THE GAMING FLOOR HAS BEEN SAFELY EVACUATED, SIR.
SIR!
"GRIZZLY'S ALMOST TO THE VAULT!"
%&#$... WILL IT HOLD?
THE ENGINEERS SAY *"YES"*, BUT...
DAMMIT, *WHERE THE &#%$ IS HE?!*
SIR?
THERE YOU ARE!
"DEADPOOL--I MEAN WILDCARD HAS ENTERED THE BUILDING."
KRANNNGG!

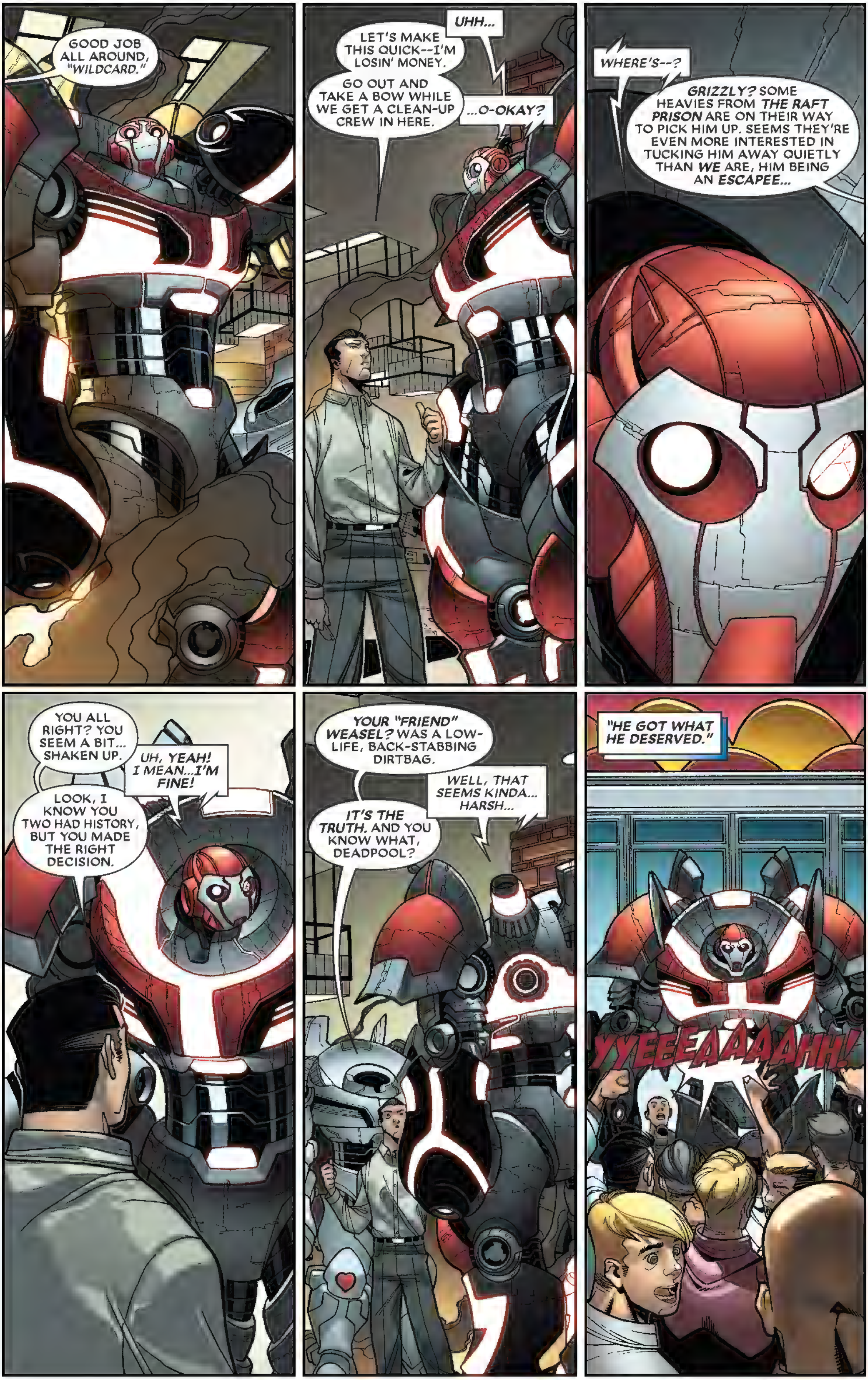

K-CHOOOMM!
YOU UNBELIEVABLE DIRTBAG!
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE SLIMY, BUT THIS?
CHOOOM! CHOOOM! CHOOOM!
BETRAYING ME LIKE THIS?!
KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLIK-!
WE USED TO BE FRIENDS, MAN.
CHBOOOMM!

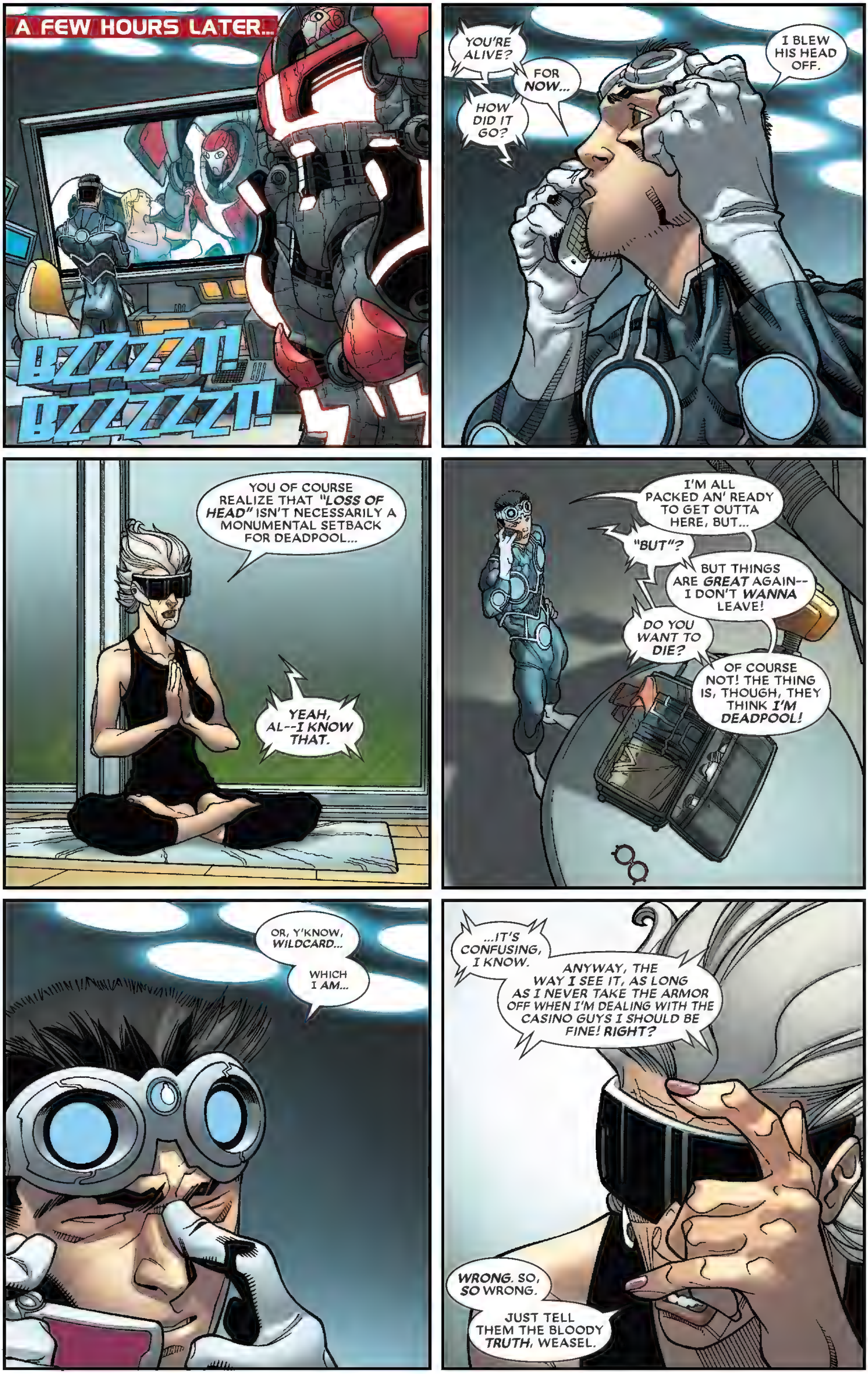

DUDE.
KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLIK--!
YOU GOTTA STOP LIVIN' IN THE PAST.

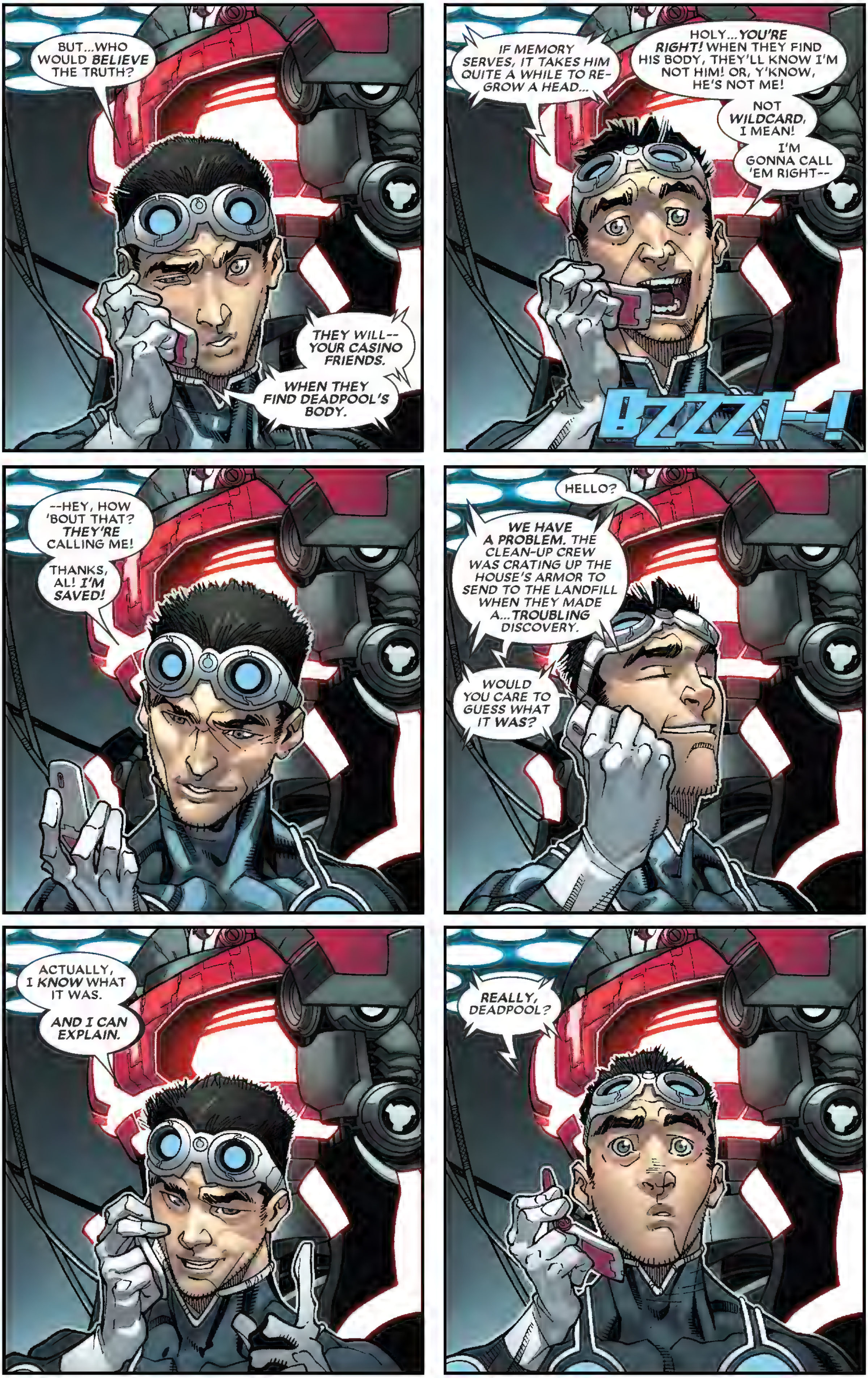

"I MEAN, LOOK AROUND YOU!
"THIS IS A WORLD OF OPPORTUNITY! EVERYTHING'S FOR THE TAKING!
"ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS REACH OUT...
"...AND GRAB IT."
YOU HAVE ONLY BEGUN TO DISCOVER YOUR POWER. JOIN ME...AND I WILL COMPLETE YOUR TRAINING.
WITH OUR COMBINED STRENGTH, WE CAN END THIS DESTRUCTIVE CONFLICT AND BRING ORDER TO LAS VEGAS.
K-CHOOOOOMMM!
I'LL NEVER JOIN YOU!

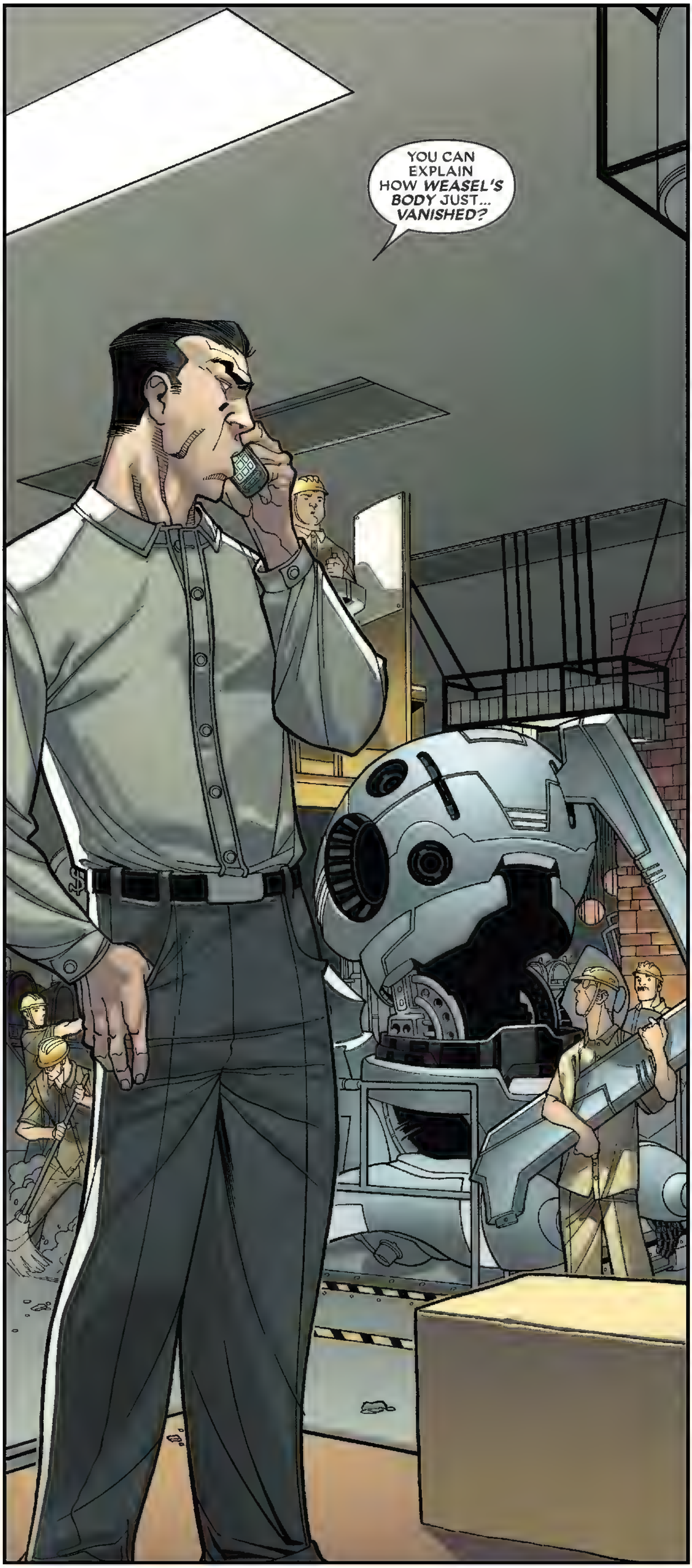

H...
HOLY...
I DID IT.
I DID IT!
OKAY-- WHEW!
NOW GRIZZLY.
"WHERE IS HE?"

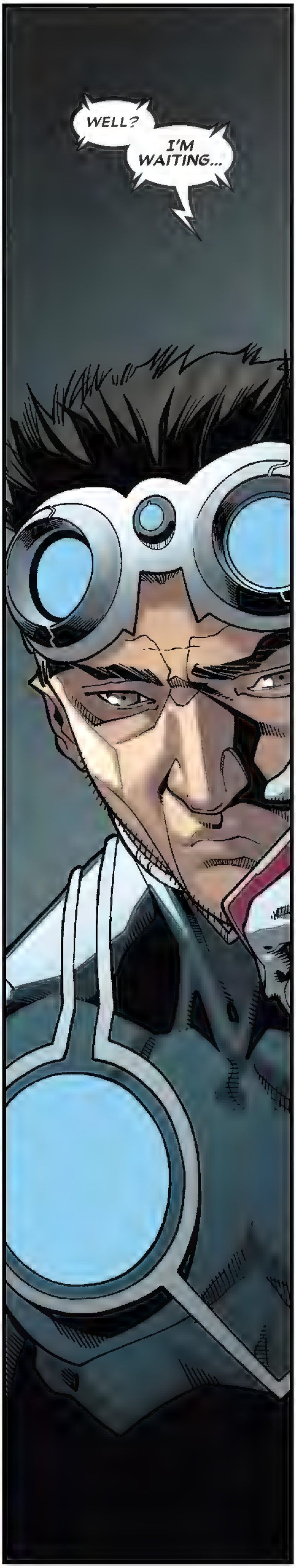

IN THE VAULT.
COOL.
"LOCK 'IM UP."
WHAT THE--?
K-KLANGG!
BOOOOMMM!
NOO!
SON OF A...

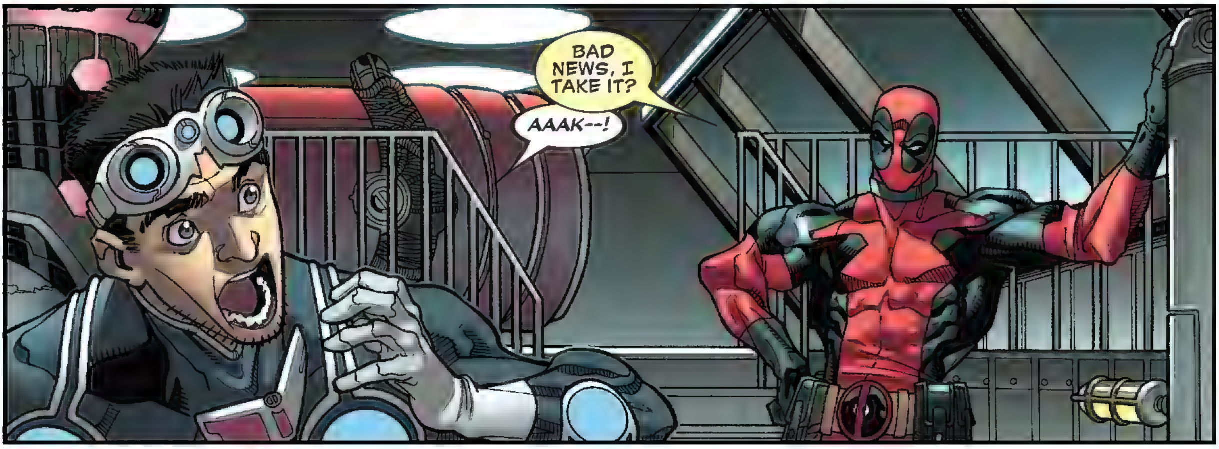

GOOD JOB ALL AROUND, "WILDCARD."
LET'S MAKE THIS QUICK--I'M LOSIN' MONEY.
UHH...
GO OUT AND TAKE A BOW WHILE WE GET A CLEAN-UP CREW IN HERE.
...O-OKAY?
WHERE'S--?
GRIZZLY? SOME HEAVIES FROM THE RAFT PRISON ARE ON THEIR WAY TO PICK HIM UP. SEEMS THEY'RE EVEN MORE INTERESTED IN TUCKING HIM AWAY QUIETLY THAN WE ARE, HIM BEING AN ESCAPEE...
YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU SEEM A BIT... SHAKEN UP.
UH, YEAH! I MEAN...I'M FINE!
LOOK, I KNOW YOU TWO HAD HISTORY, BUT YOU MADE THE RIGHT DECISION.
YOUR "FRIEND" WEASEL? WAS A LOW-LIFE, BACK-STABBING DIRTBAG.
WELL, THAT SEEMS KINDA... HARSH...
IT'S THE TRUTH. AND YOU KNOW WHAT, DEADPOOL?
"HE GOT WHAT HE DESERVED."
YYEEEAAAAHH!

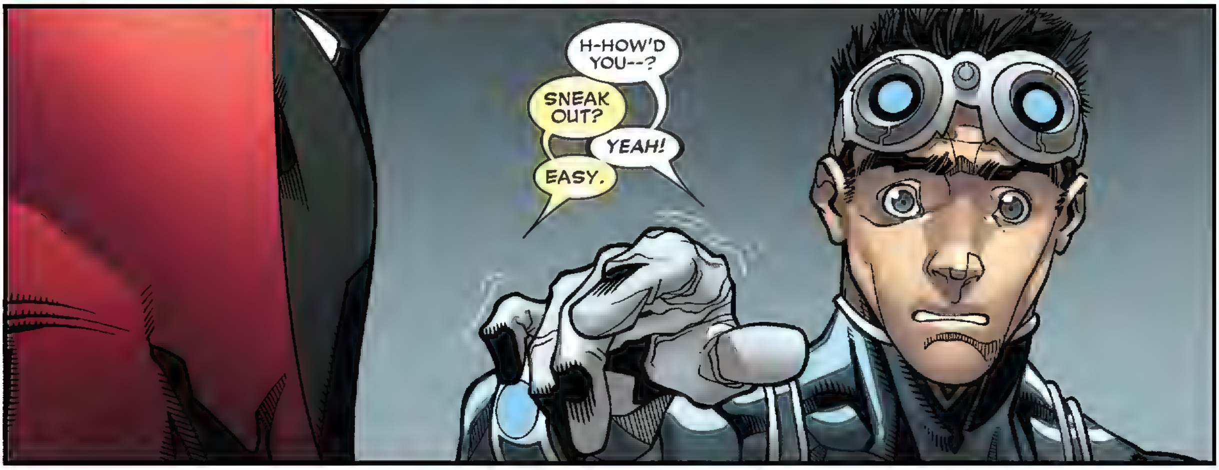

A FEW HOURS LATER...
BZZZZT! BZZZZZT!
YOU'RE ALIVE?
FOR NOW...
HOW DID IT GO?
I BLEW HIS HEAD OFF.
YOU OF COURSE REALIZE THAT *"LOSS OF HEAD"* ISN'T NECESSARILY A MONUMENTAL SETBACK FOR DEADPOOL...
YEAH, AL--*I KNOW* THAT.
I'M ALL PACKED AN' READY TO GET OUTTA HERE, BUT...
"BUT"?
BUT THINGS ARE *GREAT* AGAIN--I DON'T *WANNA* LEAVE!
DO YOU WANT TO *DIE?*
OF COURSE NOT! THE THING IS, THOUGH, THEY THINK *I'M DEADPOOL!*
OR, Y'KNOW, *WILDCARD...*
WHICH I *AM...*
...IT'S CONFUSING, I KNOW.
ANYWAY, THE WAY I SEE IT, AS LONG AS I NEVER TAKE THE ARMOR OFF WHEN I'M DEALING WITH THE CASINO GUYS I SHOULD BE FINE! *RIGHT?*
WRONG. SO, *SO* WRONG.
JUST TELL THEM THE BLOODY *TRUTH,* WEASEL.

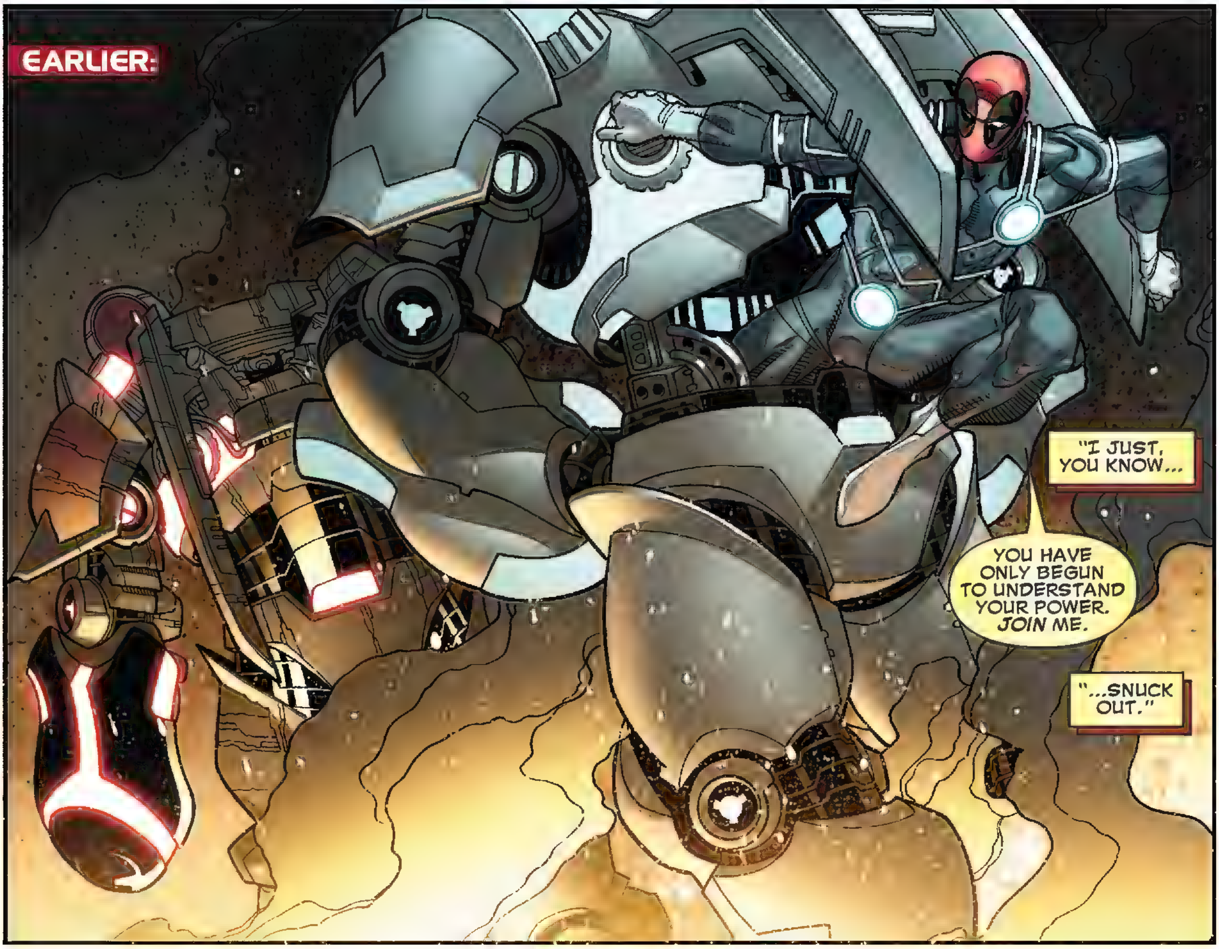

BUT...WHO WOULD *BELIEVE* THE TRUTH?
THEY WILL-- YOUR CASINO FRIENDS.
WHEN THEY FIND DEADPOOL'S BODY.
IF MEMORY SERVES, IT TAKES HIM QUITE A WHILE TO RE-GROW A HEAD...
HOLY... ***YOU'RE RIGHT!*** WHEN THEY FIND HIS BODY, THEY'LL KNOW I'M NOT HIM! OR, Y'KNOW, HE'S NOT ME!
NOT ***WILDCARD,*** I MEAN!
I'M GONNA CALL 'EM RIGHT--
BZZZT--!
--HEY, HOW 'BOUT THAT? ***THEY'RE*** CALLING ME!
THANKS, AL! ***I'M SAVED!***
HELLO?
WE HAVE A PROBLEM. THE CLEAN-UP CREW WAS CRATING UP THE HOUSE'S ARMOR TO SEND TO THE LANDFILL WHEN THEY MADE A... *TROUBLING* DISCOVERY.
WOULD YOU CARE TO GUESS WHAT IT WAS?
ACTUALLY, I ***KNOW*** WHAT IT WAS.
AND I CAN EXPLAIN.
REALLY, DEADPOOL?

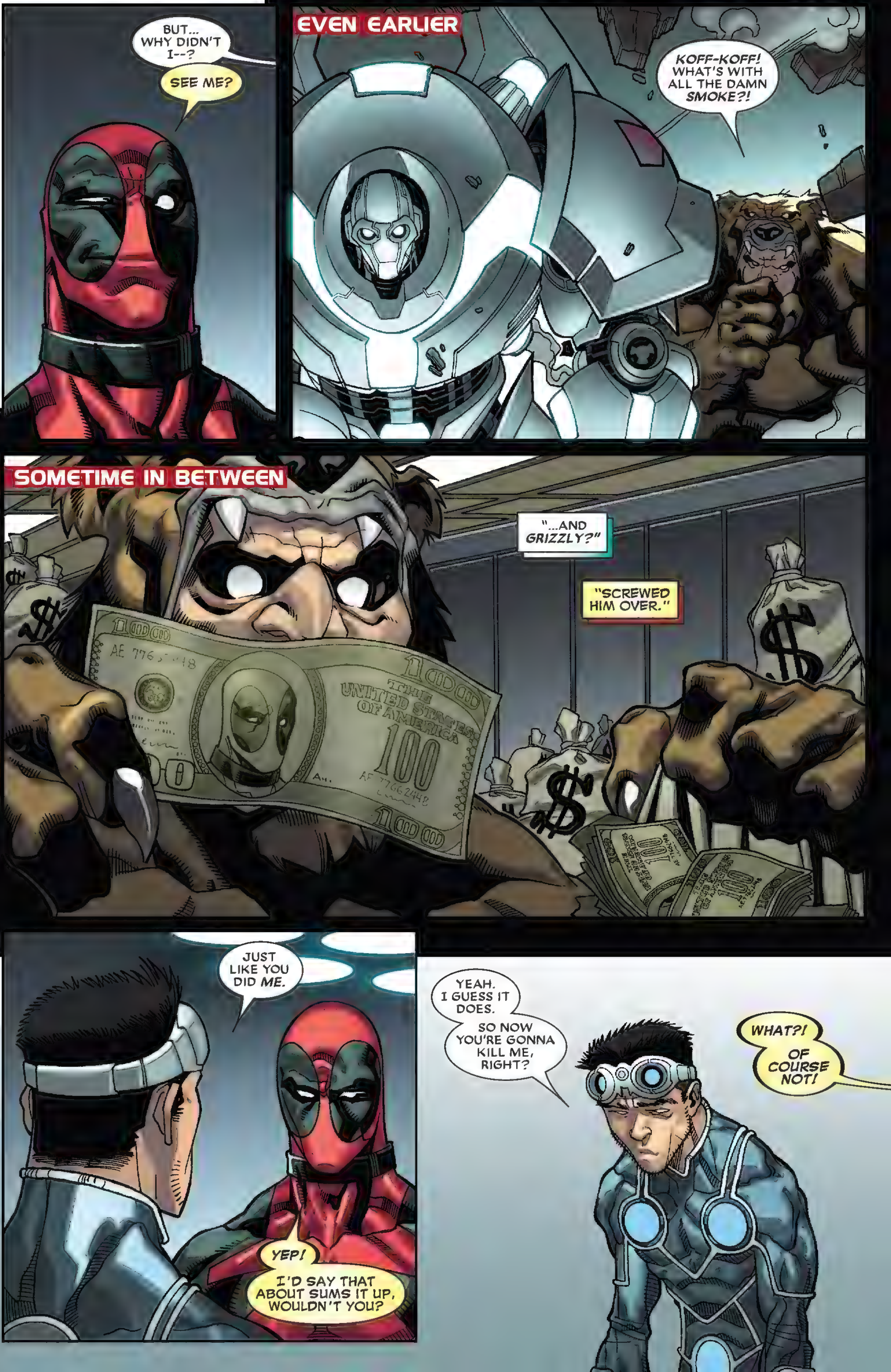

YOU CAN EXPLAIN HOW *WEASEL'S BODY* JUST... *VANISHED?*

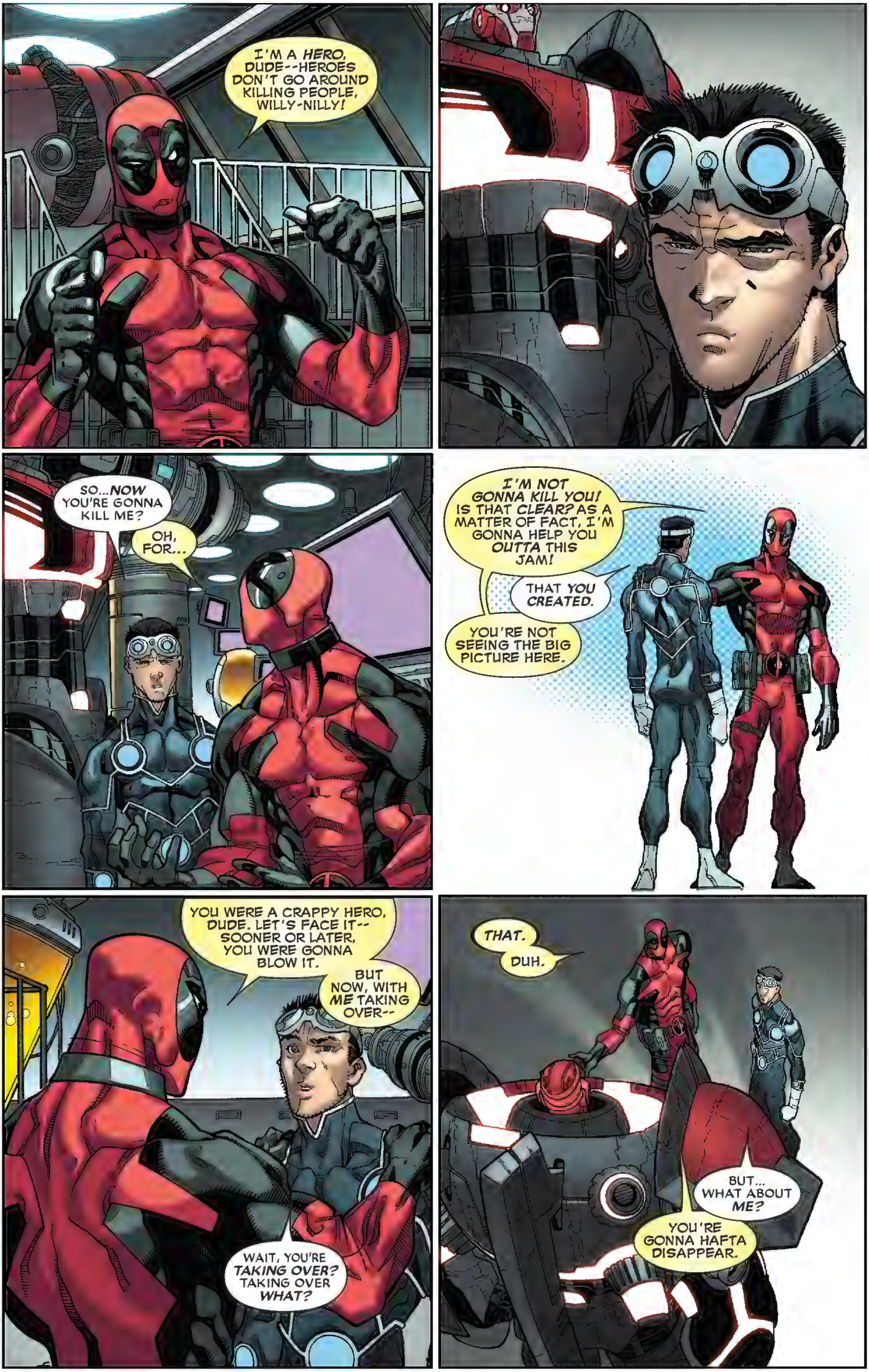

WELL?
I'M WAITING...

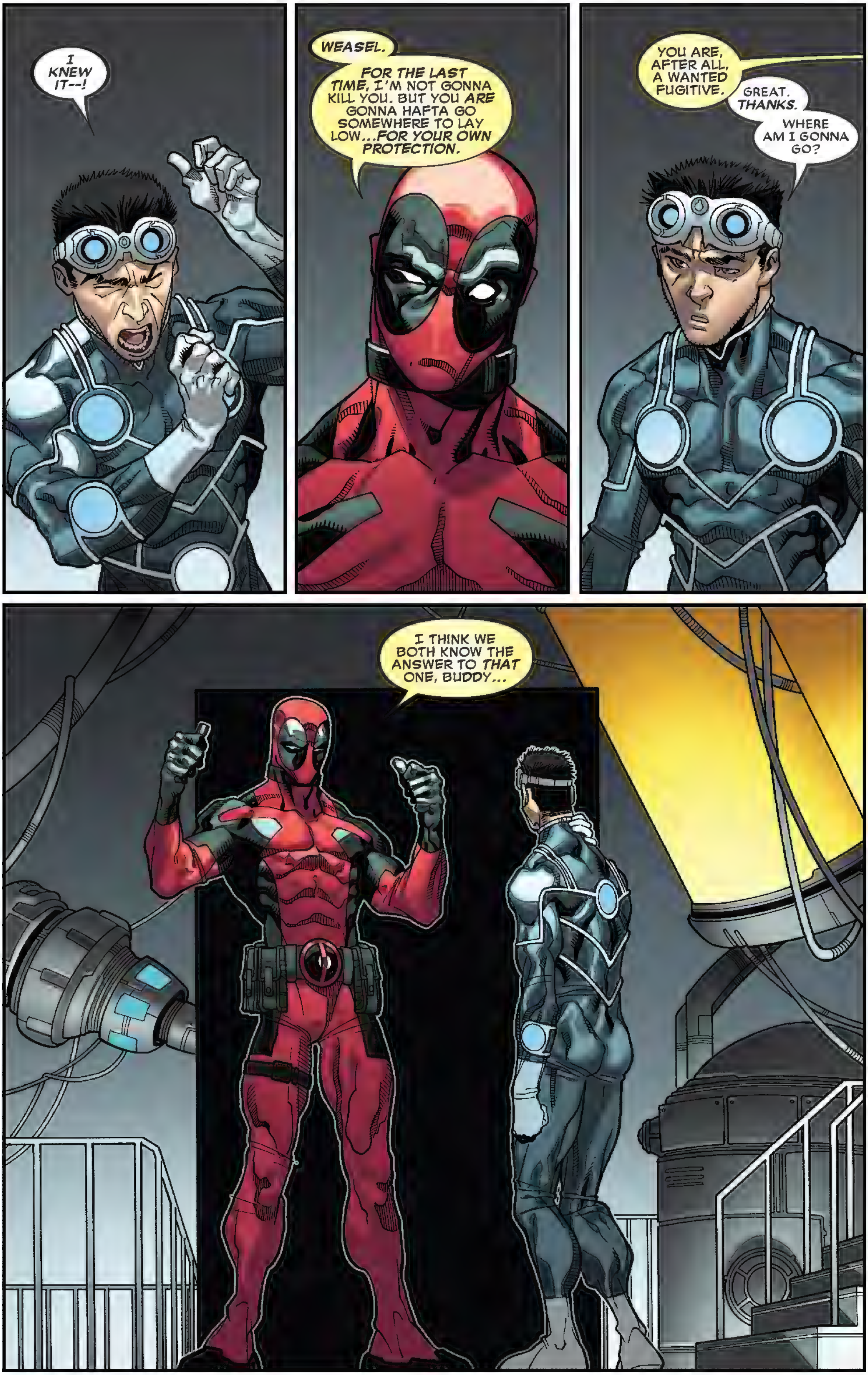

BAD NEWS, I TAKE IT?
AAAK--!

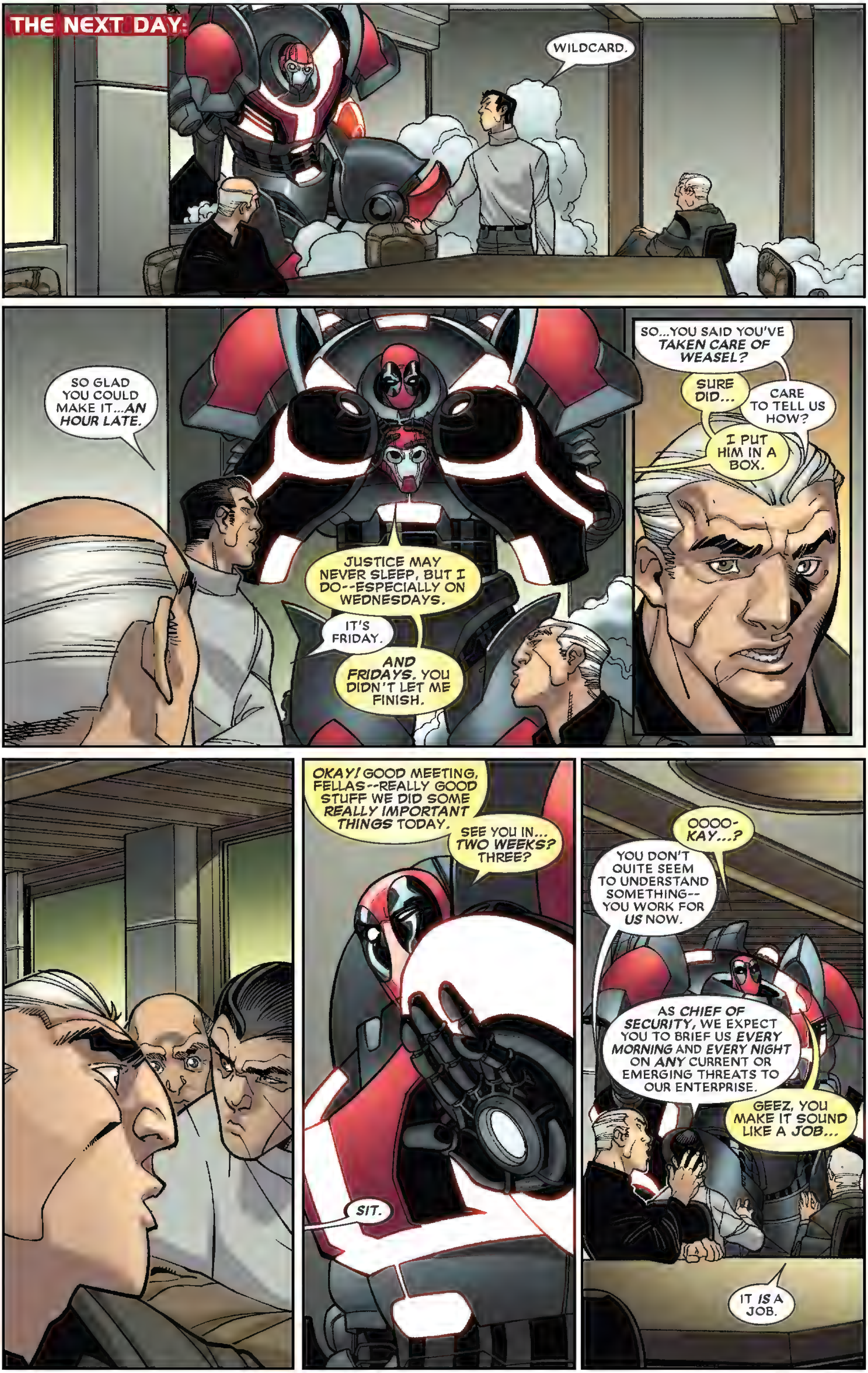

H-HOW'D YOU--?
SNEAK OUT?
YEAH!
EASY.

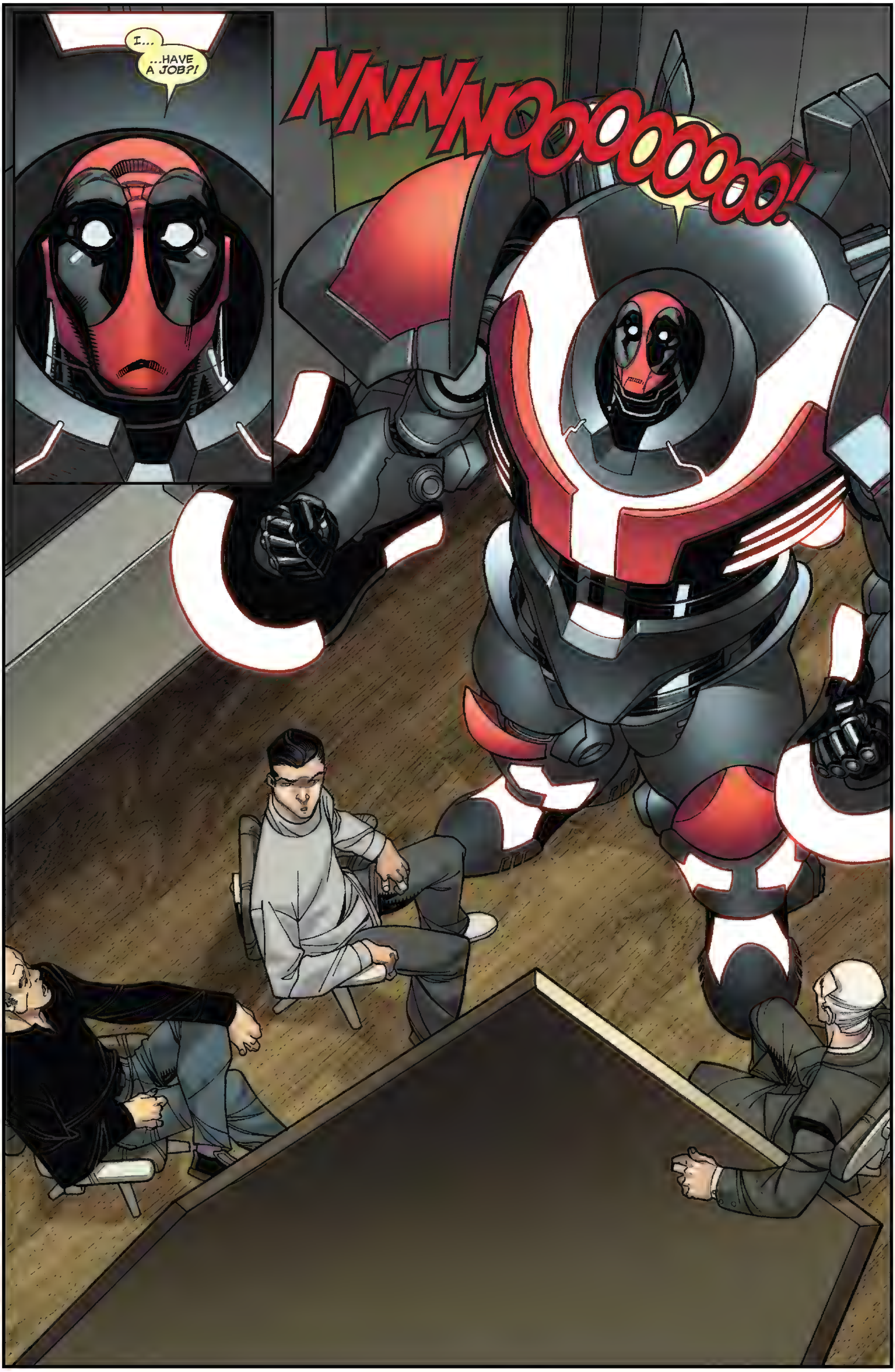

EARLIER:
"I JUST, YOU KNOW...
YOU HAVE ONLY BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND YOUR POWER. JOIN ME.
"...SNUCK OUT."

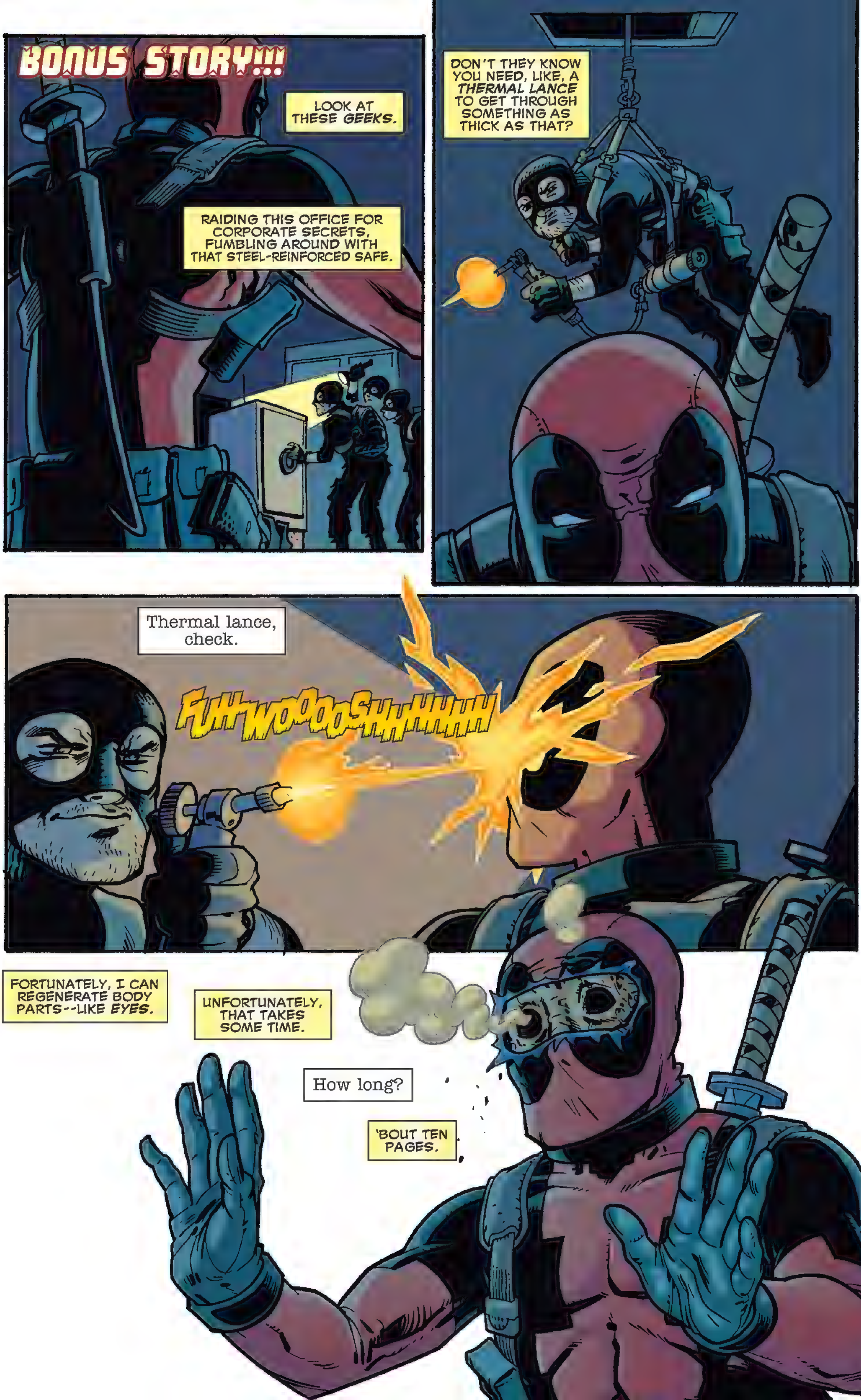

BUT... WHY DIDN'T I--?
SEE ME?
EVEN EARLIER
KOFF-KOFF! WHAT'S WITH ALL THE DAMN SMOKE?!
SOMETIME IN BETWEEN
"...AND GRIZZLY?"
"SCREWED HIM OVER."
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
100
JUST LIKE YOU DID ME.
YEP! I'D SAY THAT ABOUT SUMS IT UP, WOULDN'T YOU?
YEAH. I GUESS IT DOES.
SO NOW YOU'RE GONNA KILL ME, RIGHT?
WHAT?! OF COURSE NOT!

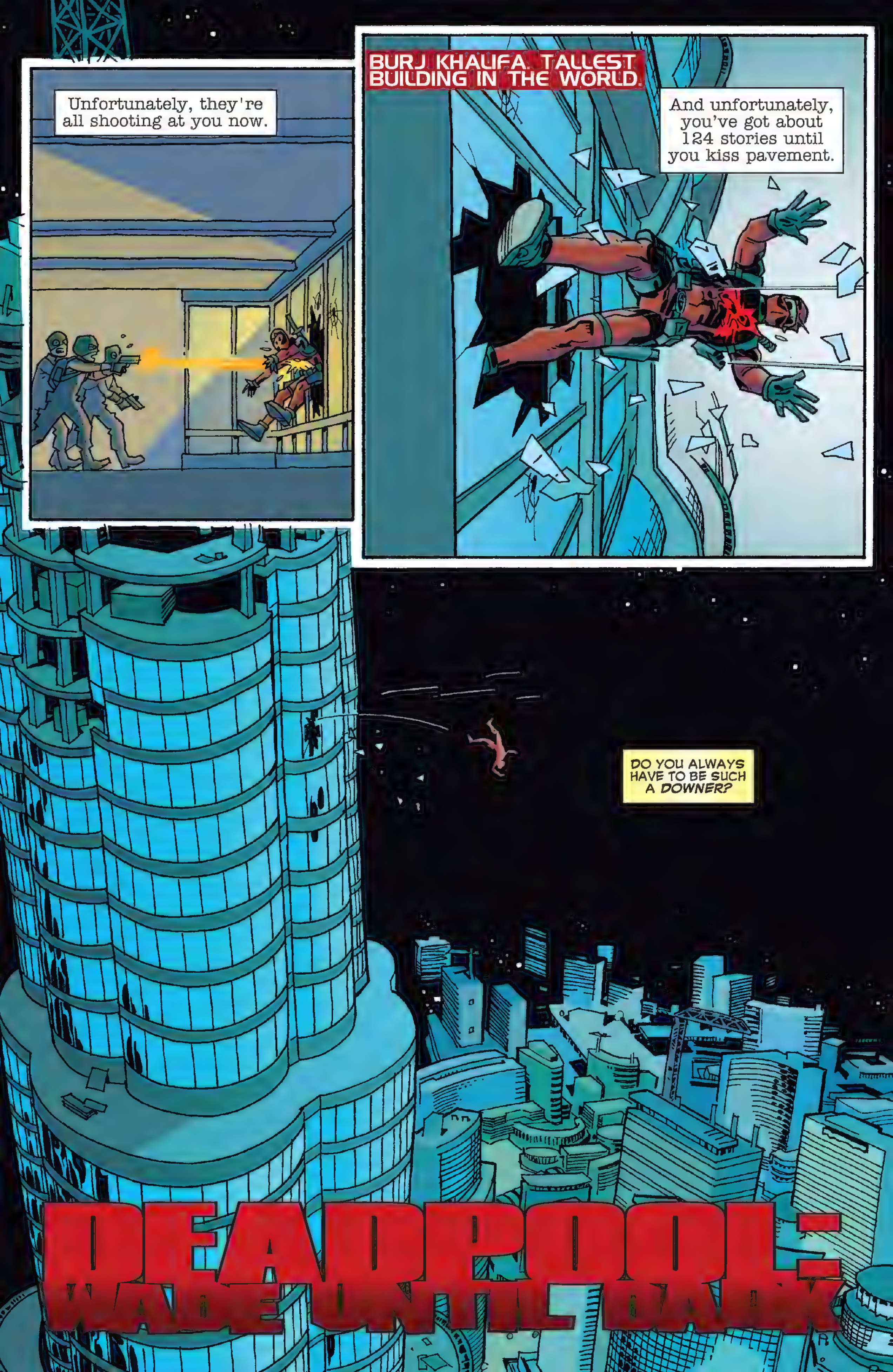

I'M A HERO, DUDE--HEROES DON'T GO AROUND KILLING PEOPLE, WILLY-NILLY!
SO...NOW YOU'RE GONNA KILL ME?
OH, FOR...
I'M NOT GONNA KILL YOU! IS THAT CLEAR? AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M GONNA HELP YOU OUTTA THIS JAM!
THAT YOU CREATED.
YOU'RE NOT SEEING THE BIG PICTURE HERE.
YOU WERE A CRAPPY HERO, DUDE. LET'S FACE IT-- SOONER OR LATER, YOU WERE GONNA BLOW IT.
BUT NOW, WITH ME TAKING OVER--
WAIT, YOU'RE TAKING OVER? TAKING OVER WHAT?
THAT.
DUH.
BUT... WHAT ABOUT ME?
YOU'RE GONNA HAFTA DISAPPEAR.

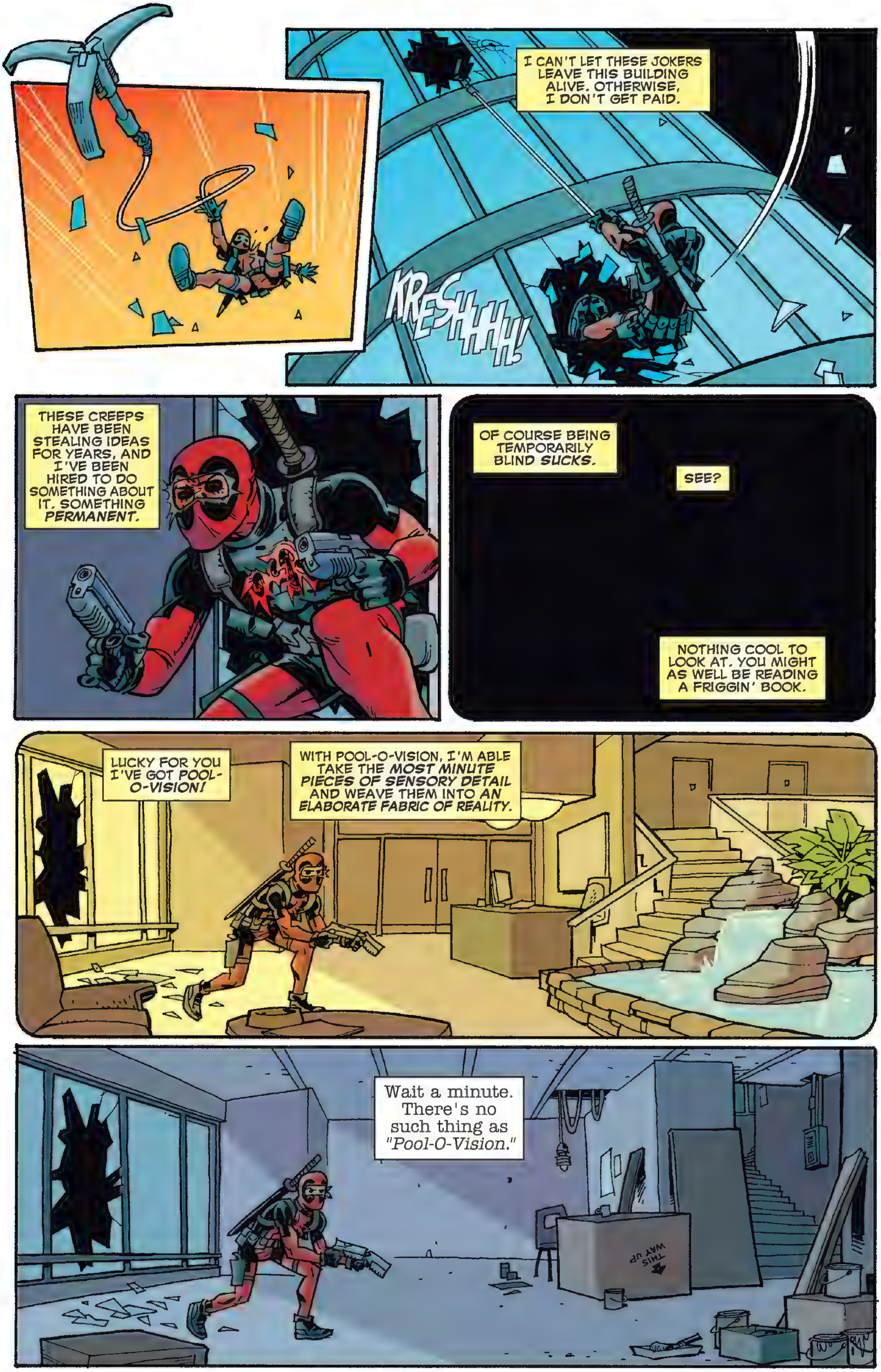

I KNEW IT--!
WEASEL.
FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M NOT GONNA KILL YOU. BUT YOU *ARE* GONNA HAFTA GO SOMEWHERE TO LAY LOW...*FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION.*
YOU ARE, AFTER ALL, A WANTED FUGITIVE.
GREAT. *THANKS.*
WHERE AM I GONNA GO?
I THINK WE BOTH KNOW THE ANSWER TO *THAT* ONE, BUDDY...

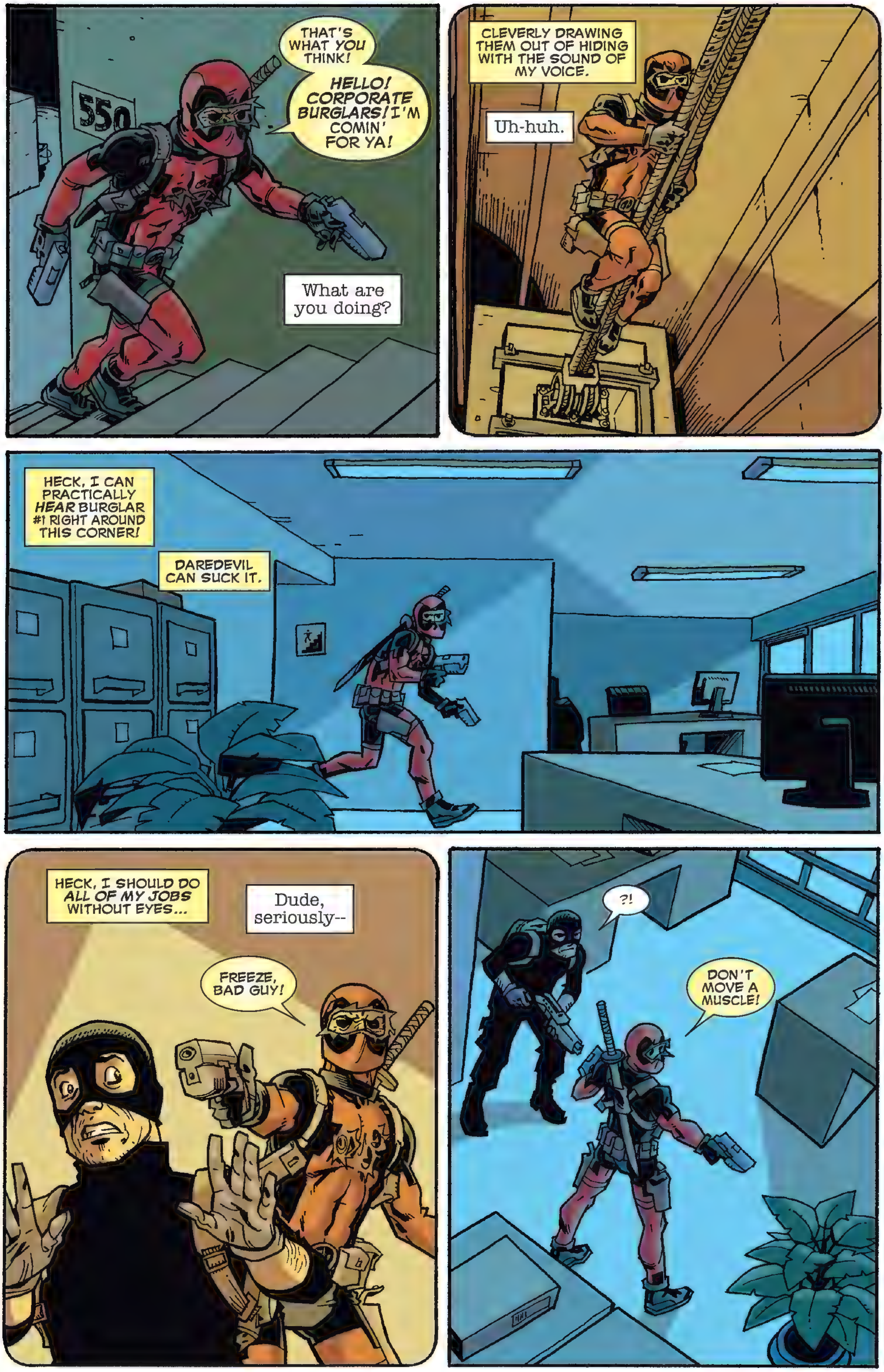

THE NEXT DAY:
WILDCARD.
SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT...AN HOUR LATE.
JUSTICE MAY NEVER SLEEP, BUT I DO--ESPECIALLY ON WEDNESDAYS.
IT'S FRIDAY.
AND FRIDAYS. YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH.
SO...YOU SAID YOU'VE TAKEN CARE OF WEASEL?
SURE DID...
CARE TO TELL US HOW?
I PUT HIM IN A BOX.
OKAY! GOOD MEETING, FELLAS--REALLY GOOD STUFF WE DID SOME REALLY IMPORTANT THINGS TODAY.
SEE YOU IN... TWO WEEKS? THREE?
SIT.
OOOO-KAY...?
YOU DON'T QUITE SEEM TO UNDERSTAND SOMETHING--YOU WORK FOR US NOW.
AS CHIEF OF SECURITY, WE EXPECT YOU TO BRIEF US EVERY MORNING AND EVERY NIGHT ON ANY CURRENT OR EMERGING THREATS TO OUR ENTERPRISE.
GEEZ, YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE A JOB...
IT IS A JOB.

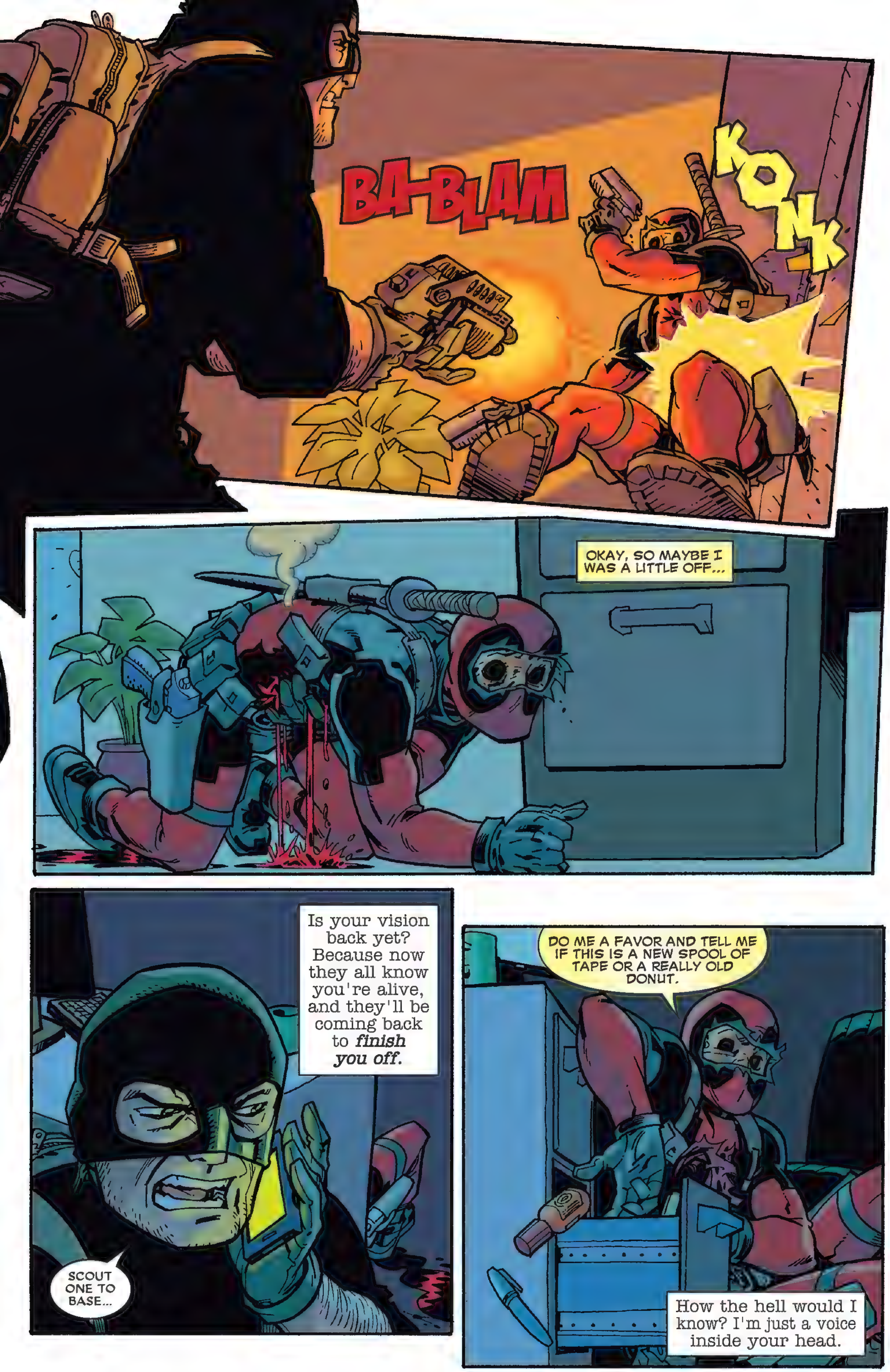

I...
...HAVE A JOB?!
NNNNOOOOOOOOO!

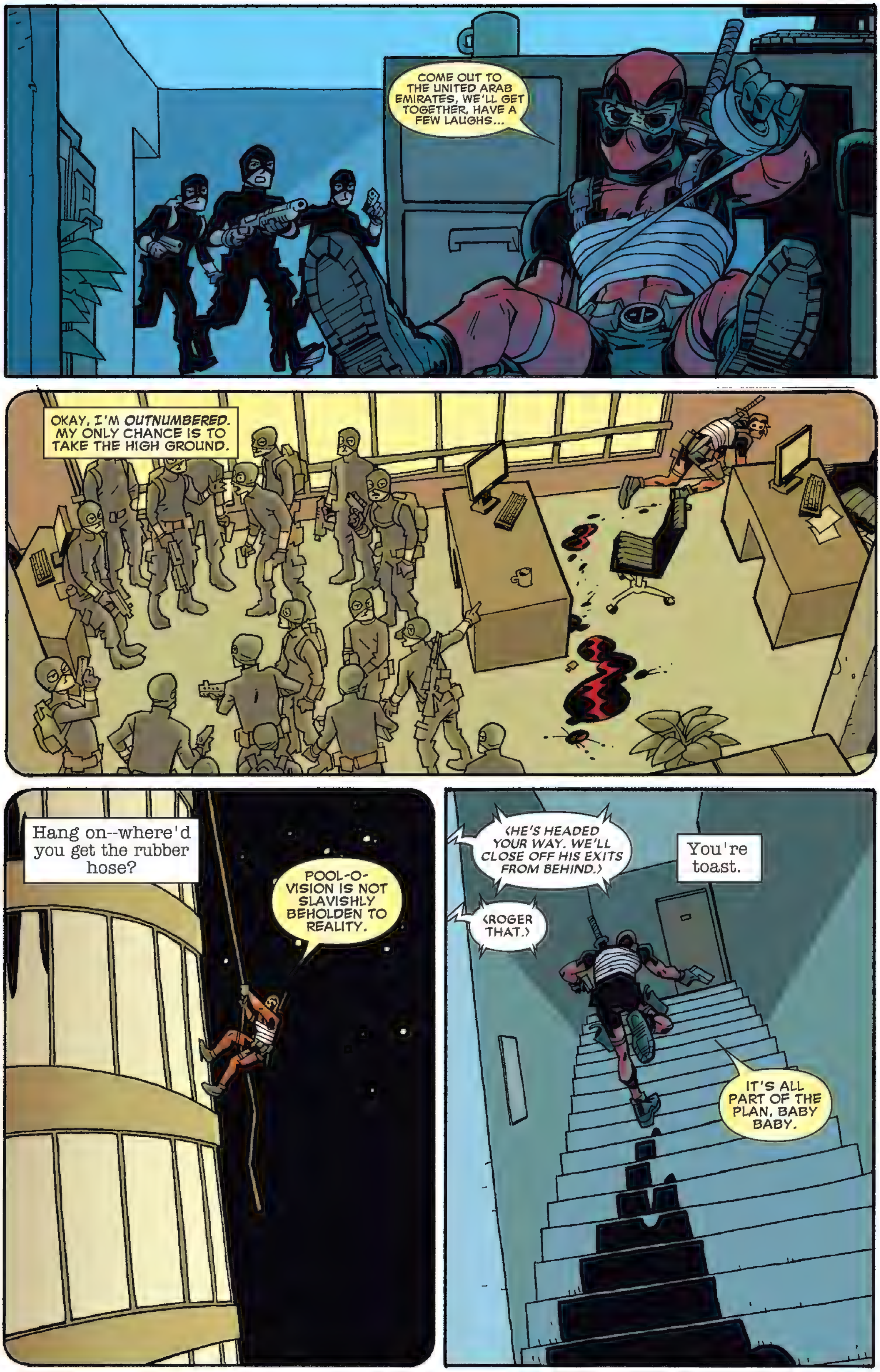

BONUS STORY!!!
LOOK AT THESE *GEEKS.*
RAIDING THIS OFFICE FOR CORPORATE SECRETS, FUMBLING AROUND WITH THAT STEEL-REINFORCED SAFE.
DON'T THEY KNOW YOU NEED, LIKE, A *THERMAL LANCE* TO GET THROUGH SOMETHING AS THICK AS THAT?
Thermal lance, check.
FUHWOOOOSHHHHHH
FORTUNATELY, I CAN REGENERATE BODY PARTS--LIKE *EYES.*
UNFORTUNATELY, THAT TAKES SOME TIME.
How long?
'BOUT TEN PAGES.

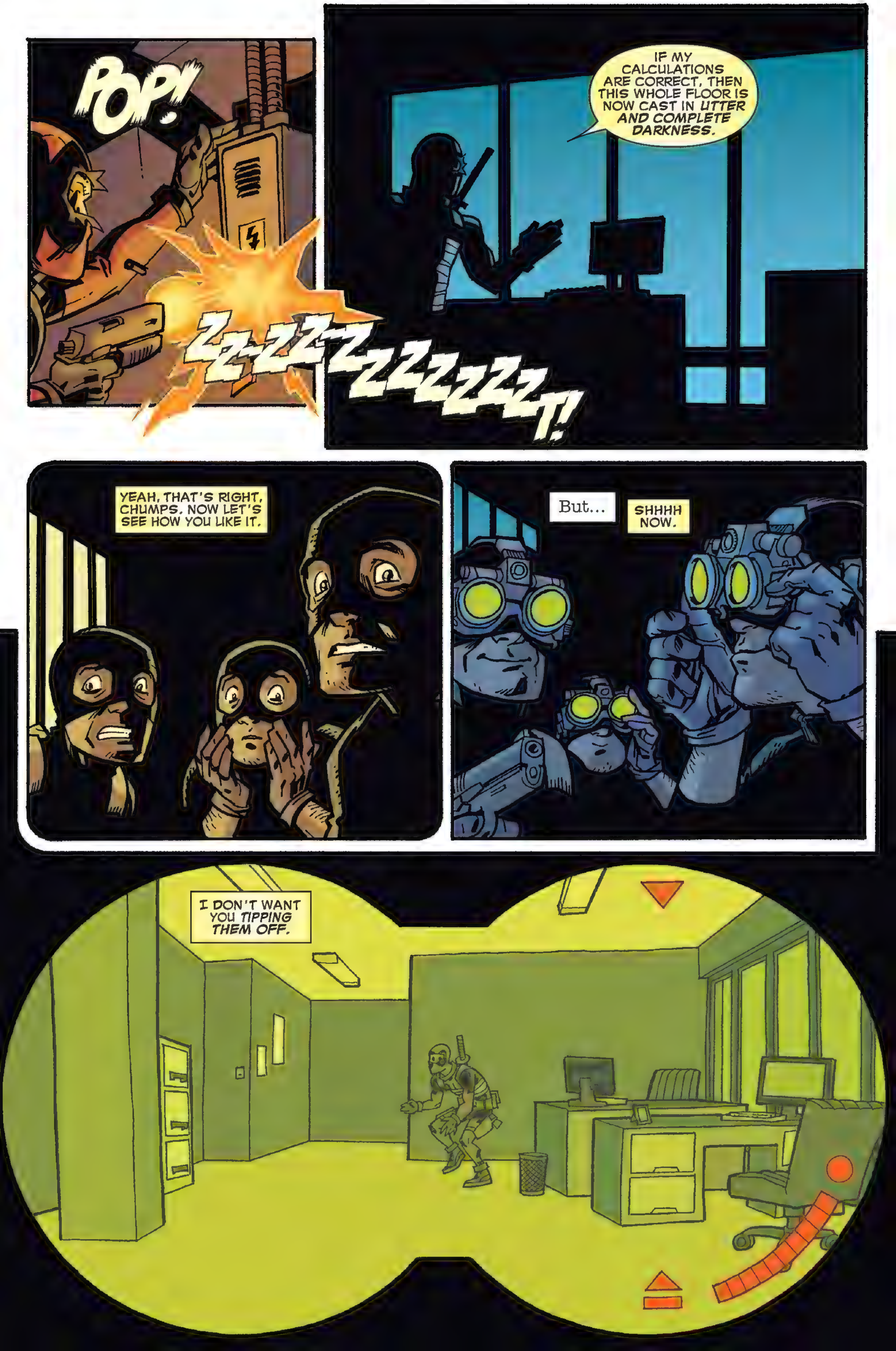

Unfortunately, they're all shooting at you now.
BURJ KHALIFA. TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.
And unfortunately, you've got about 124 stories until you kiss pavement.
DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BE SUCH A *DOWNER?*
DEADPOOL:
WADE UNTIL DARK

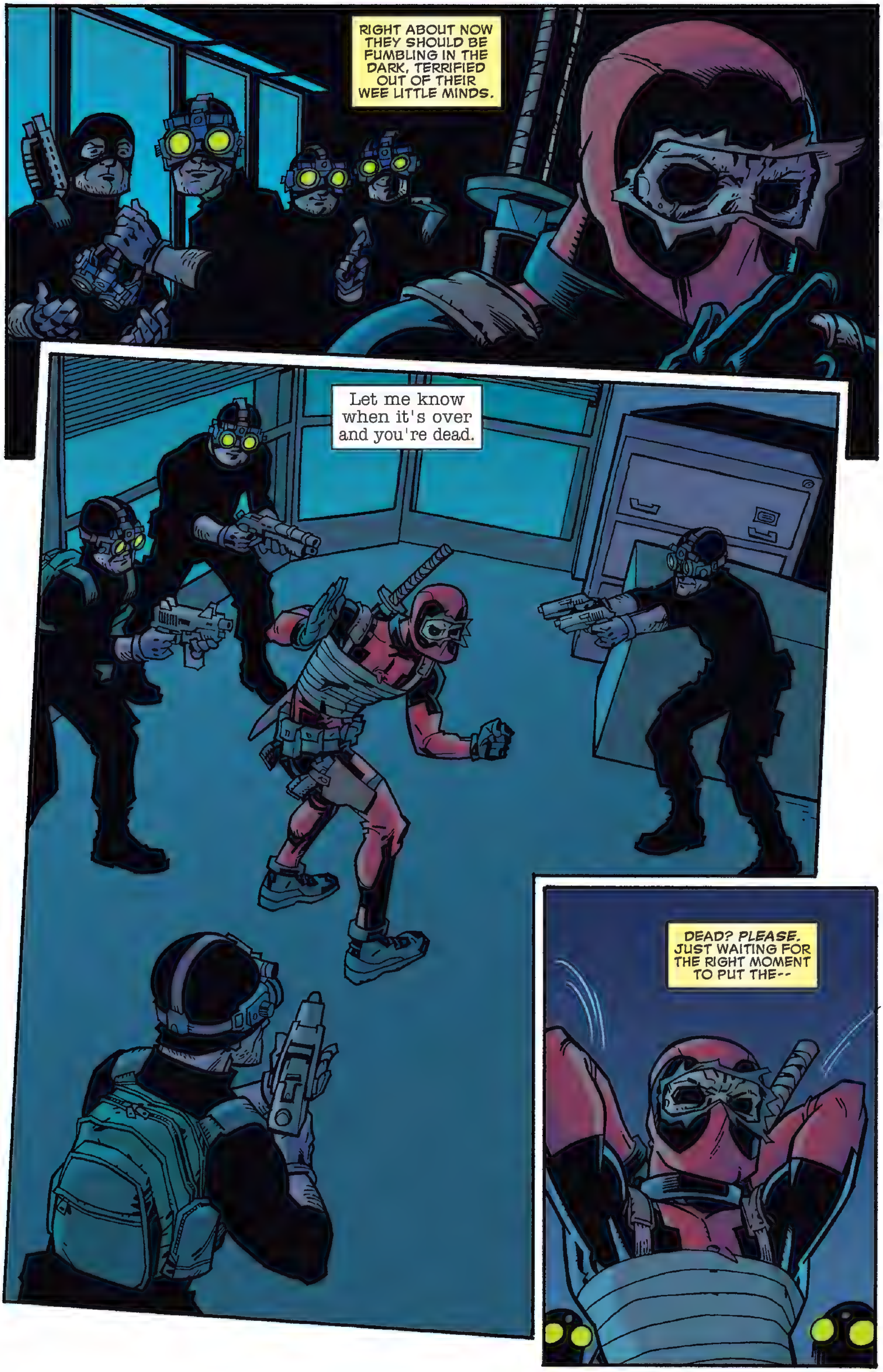

I CAN'T LET THESE JOKERS LEAVE THIS BUILDING ALIVE. OTHERWISE, I DON'T GET PAID.
KRESHHHH!
THESE CREEPS HAVE BEEN STEALING IDEAS FOR YEARS, AND I'VE BEEN HIRED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. SOMETHING *PERMANENT.*
OF COURSE BEING TEMPORARILY BLIND *SUCKS.*
SEE?
NOTHING COOL TO LOOK AT. YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE READING A FRIGGIN' BOOK.
LUCKY FOR YOU I'VE GOT *POOL-O-VISION!*
WITH POOL-O-VISION, I'M ABLE TAKE THE *MOST MINUTE PIECES OF SENSORY DETAIL* AND WEAVE THEM INTO *AN ELABORATE FABRIC OF REALITY.*
Wait a minute. There's no such thing as *"Pool-O-Vision."*
THIS WAY UP

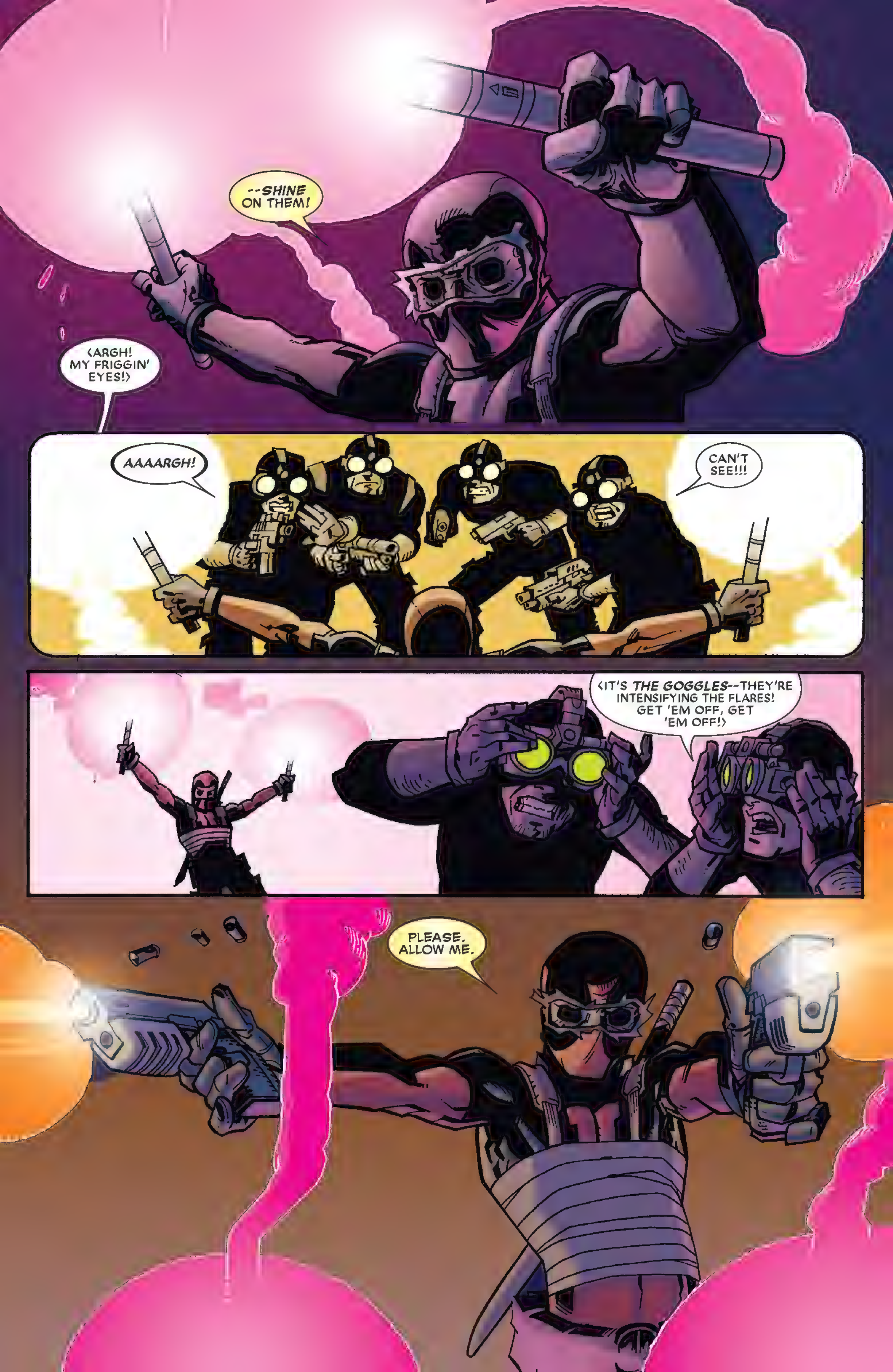

550
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
HELLO! CORPORATE BURGLARS! I'M COMIN' FOR YA!
What are you doing?
CLEVERLY DRAWING THEM OUT OF HIDING WITH THE SOUND OF MY VOICE.
Uh-huh.
HECK, I CAN PRACTICALLY HEAR BURGLAR #1 RIGHT AROUND THIS CORNER!
DAREDEVIL CAN SUCK IT.
HECK, I SHOULD DO ALL OF MY JOBS WITHOUT EYES...
Dude, seriously--
FREEZE, BAD GUY!
?!
DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

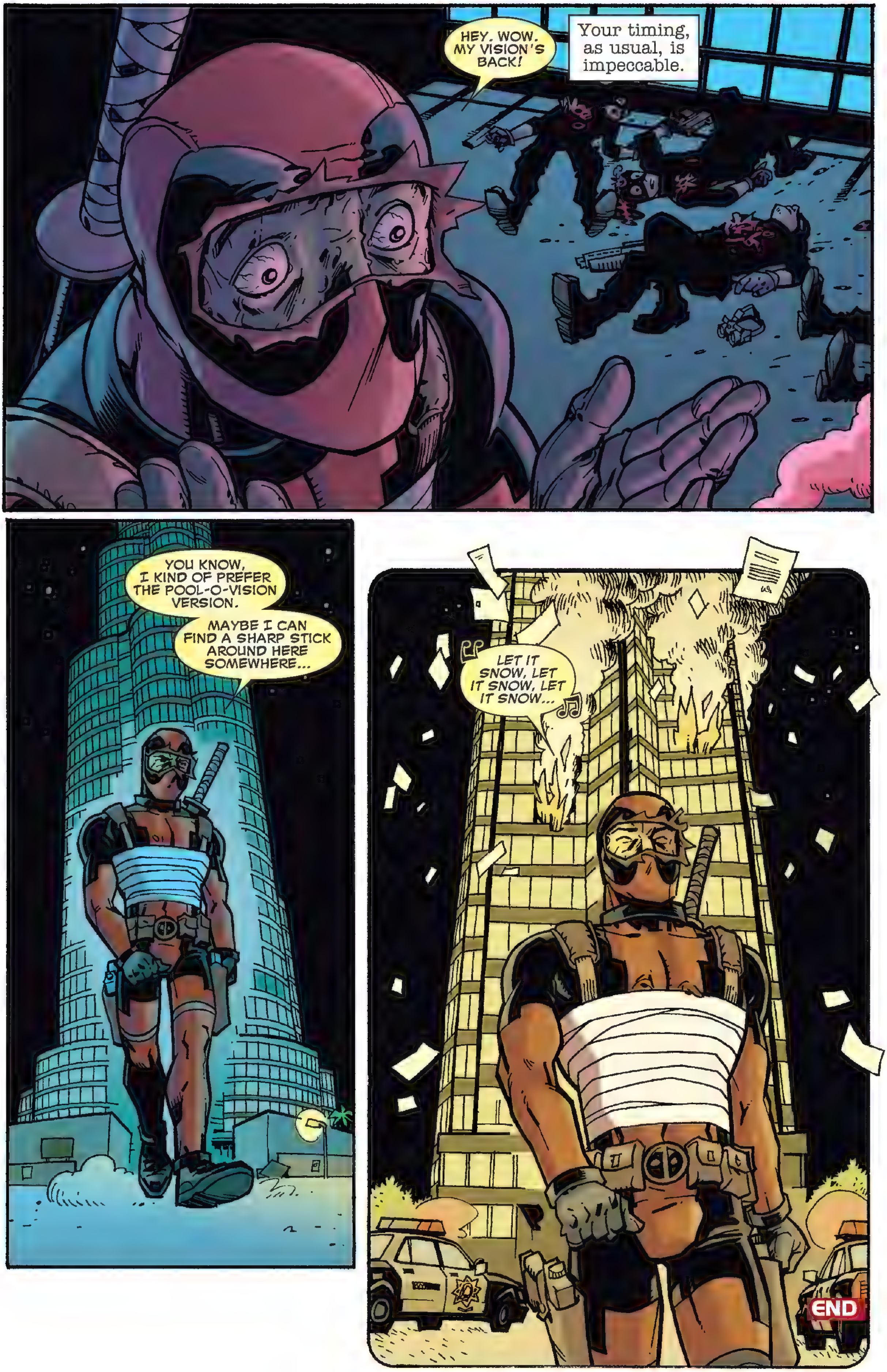

BA-BLAM
KONK
OKAY, SO MAYBE I WAS A LITTLE OFF...
Is your vision back yet? Because now they all know you're alive, and they'll be coming back to *finish you off*.
SCOUT ONE TO BASE...
DO ME A FAVOR AND TELL ME IF THIS IS A NEW SPOOL OF TAPE OR A REALLY OLD DONUT.
How the hell would I know? I'm just a voice inside your head.


COME OUT TO THE UNITED ARAB EMIRATES, WE'LL GET TOGETHER, HAVE A FEW LAUGHS...
OKAY, I'M *OUTNUMBERED.* MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO TAKE THE HIGH GROUND.
Hang on--where'd you get the rubber hose?
POOL-O-VISION IS NOT SLAVISHLY BEHOLDEN TO REALITY.
‹*HE'S HEADED YOUR WAY. WE'LL CLOSE OFF HIS EXITS FROM BEHIND.*›
‹ROGER THAT.›
You're toast.
IT'S ALL PART OF THE PLAN, BABY BABY.

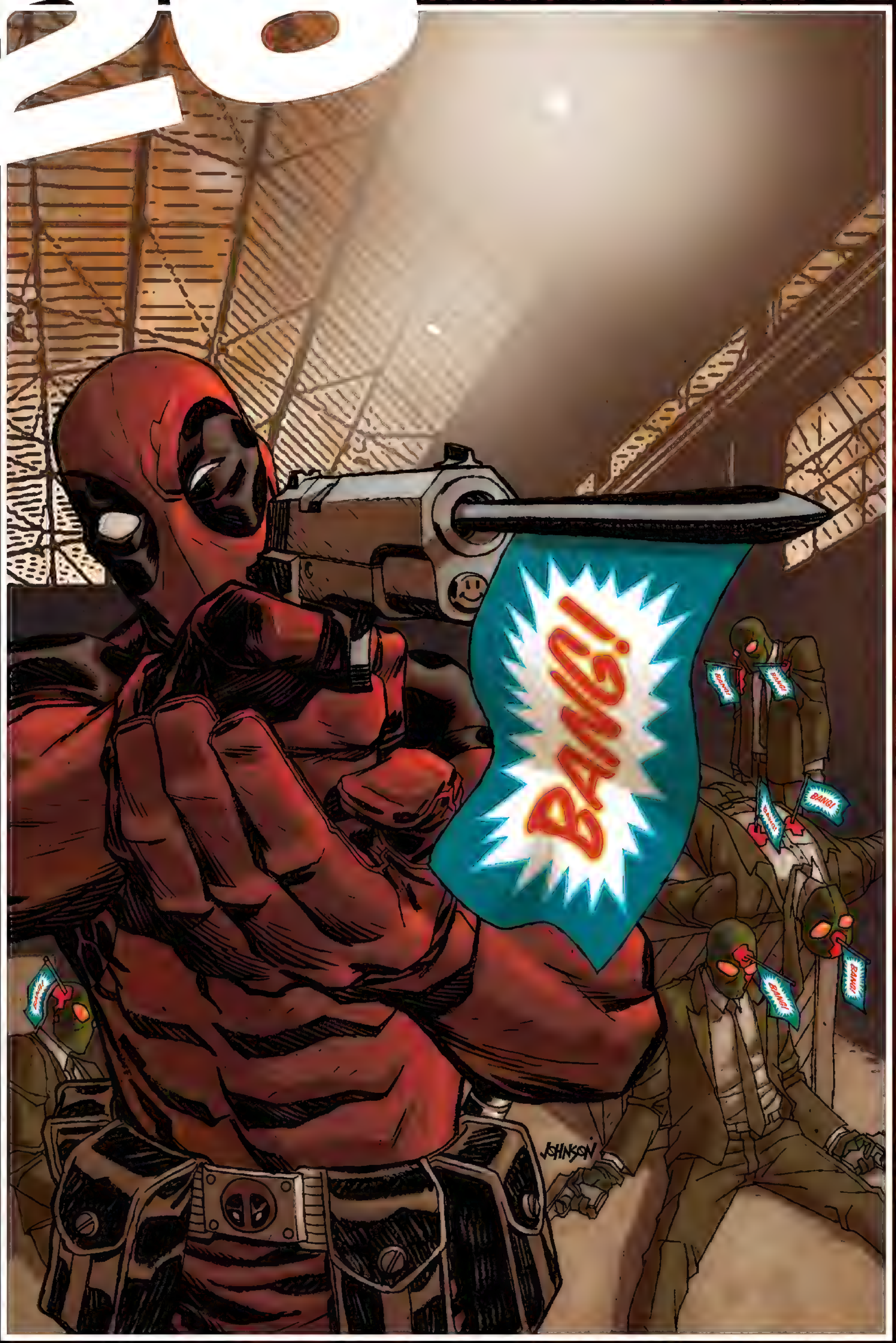

POP!
IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, THEN THIS WHOLE FLOOR IS NOW CAST IN *UTTER AND COMPLETE DARKNESS.*
ZZ-ZZZZZZZZZZZT!
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, CHUMPS. NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT.
But...
SHHHH NOW.
I DON'T WANT YOU *TIPPING THEM OFF.*

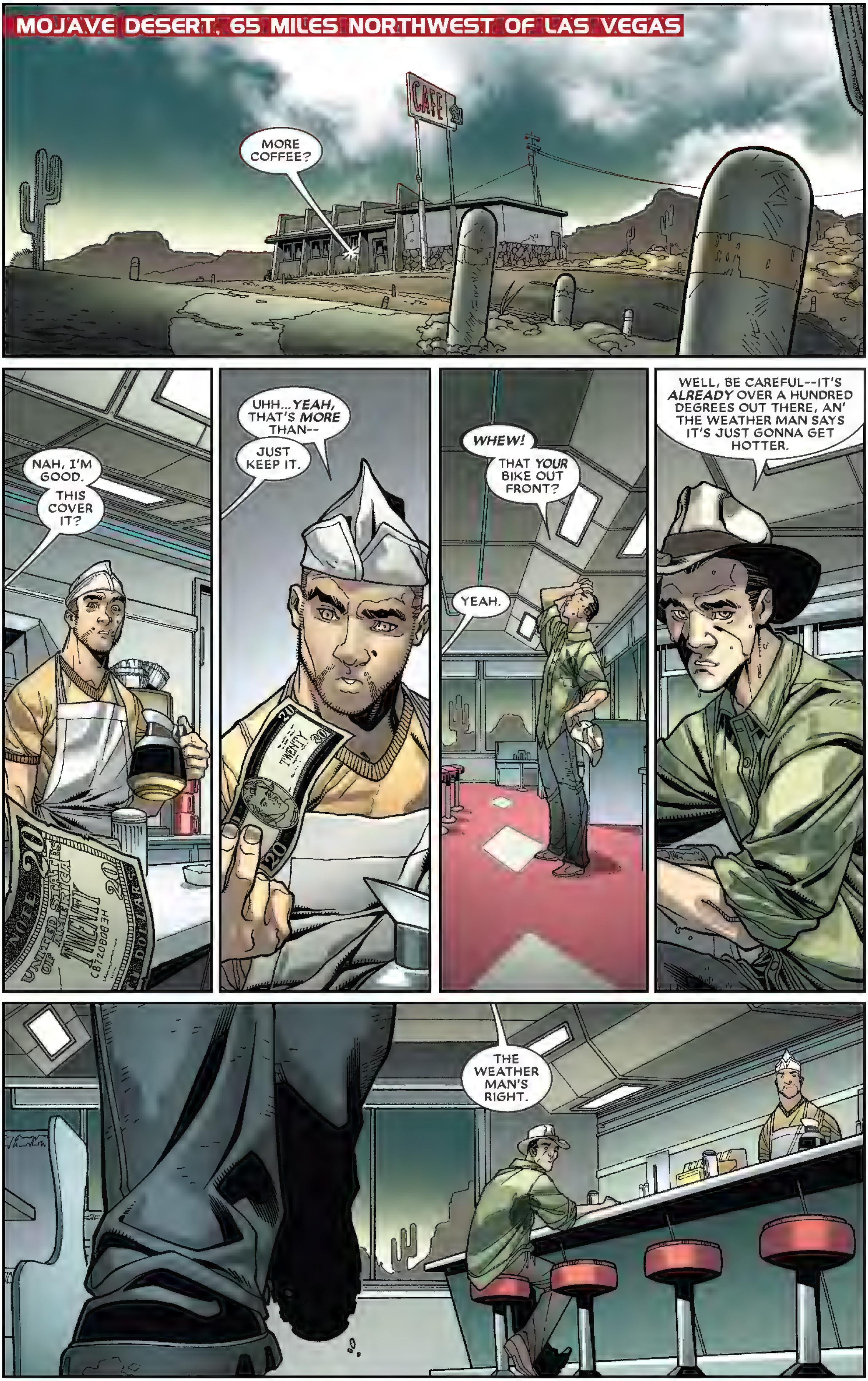

RIGHT ABOUT NOW THEY SHOULD BE FUMBLING IN THE DARK, TERRIFIED OUT OF THEIR WEE LITTLE MINDS.
Let me know when it's over and you're dead.
DEAD? *PLEASE.* JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO PUT THE--


--*SHINE* ON THEM!
‹ARGH! MY FRIGGIN' EYES!›
AAAARGH!
CAN'T SEE!!!
‹IT'S *THE GOGGLES*--THEY'RE INTENSIFYING THE FLARES! GET 'EM OFF, GET 'EM OFF!›
PLEASE. ALLOW ME.

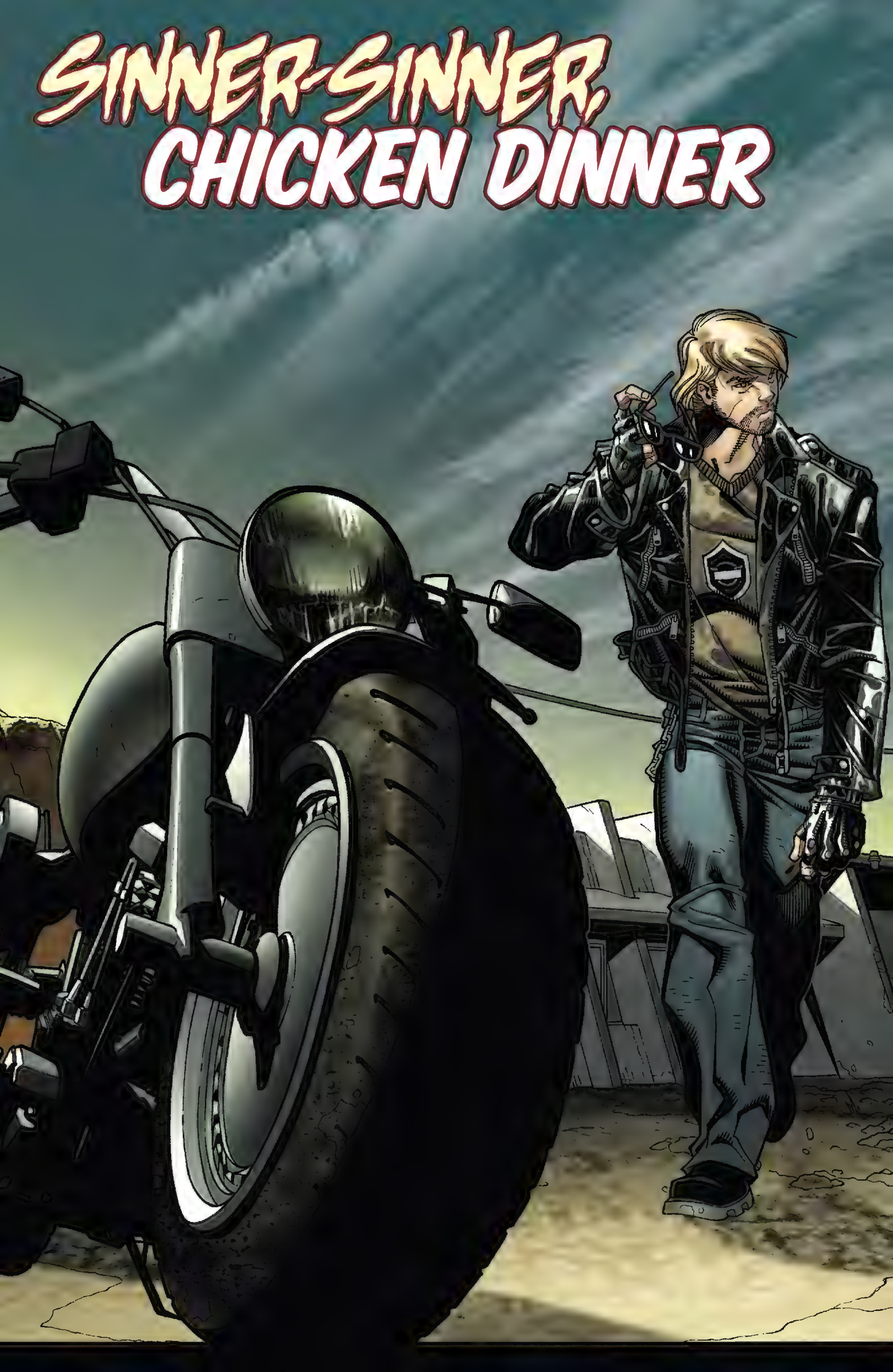

HEY. WOW. MY VISION'S BACK!
Your timing, as usual, is impeccable.
YOU KNOW, I KIND OF PREFER THE POOL-O-VISION VERSION.
MAYBE I CAN FIND A SHARP STICK AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...
LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW...
END

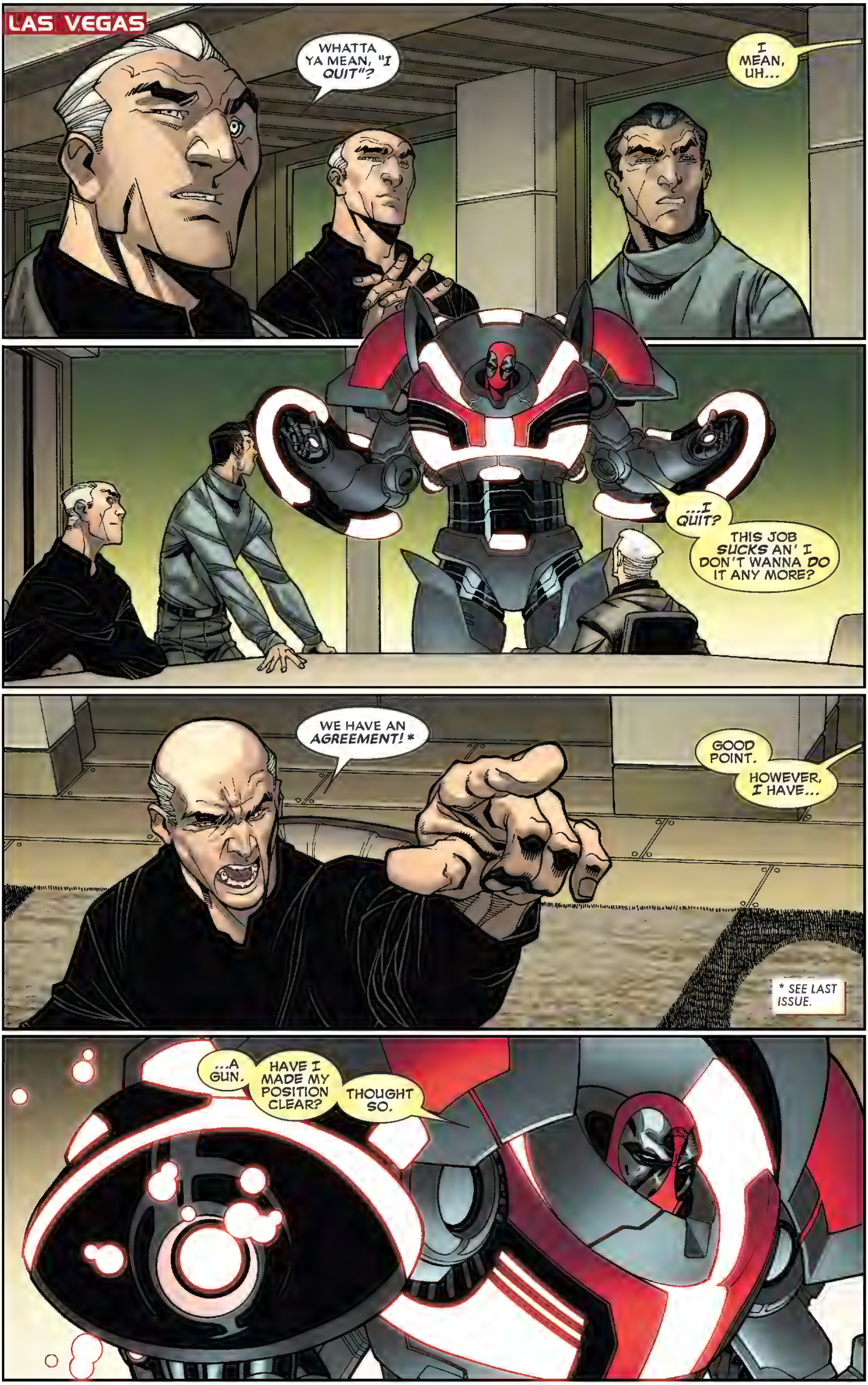
26

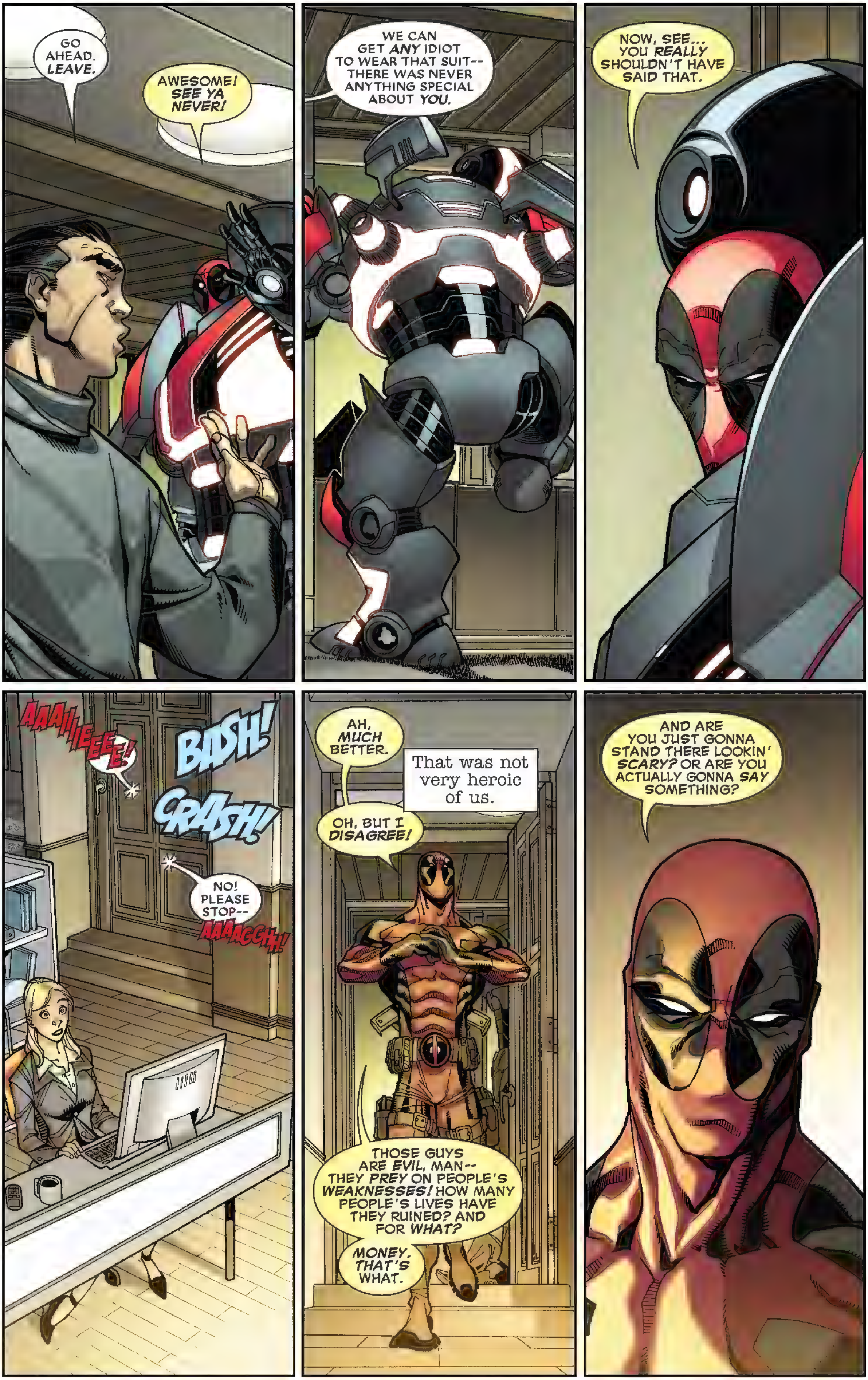

BANG!!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
JOHNSON

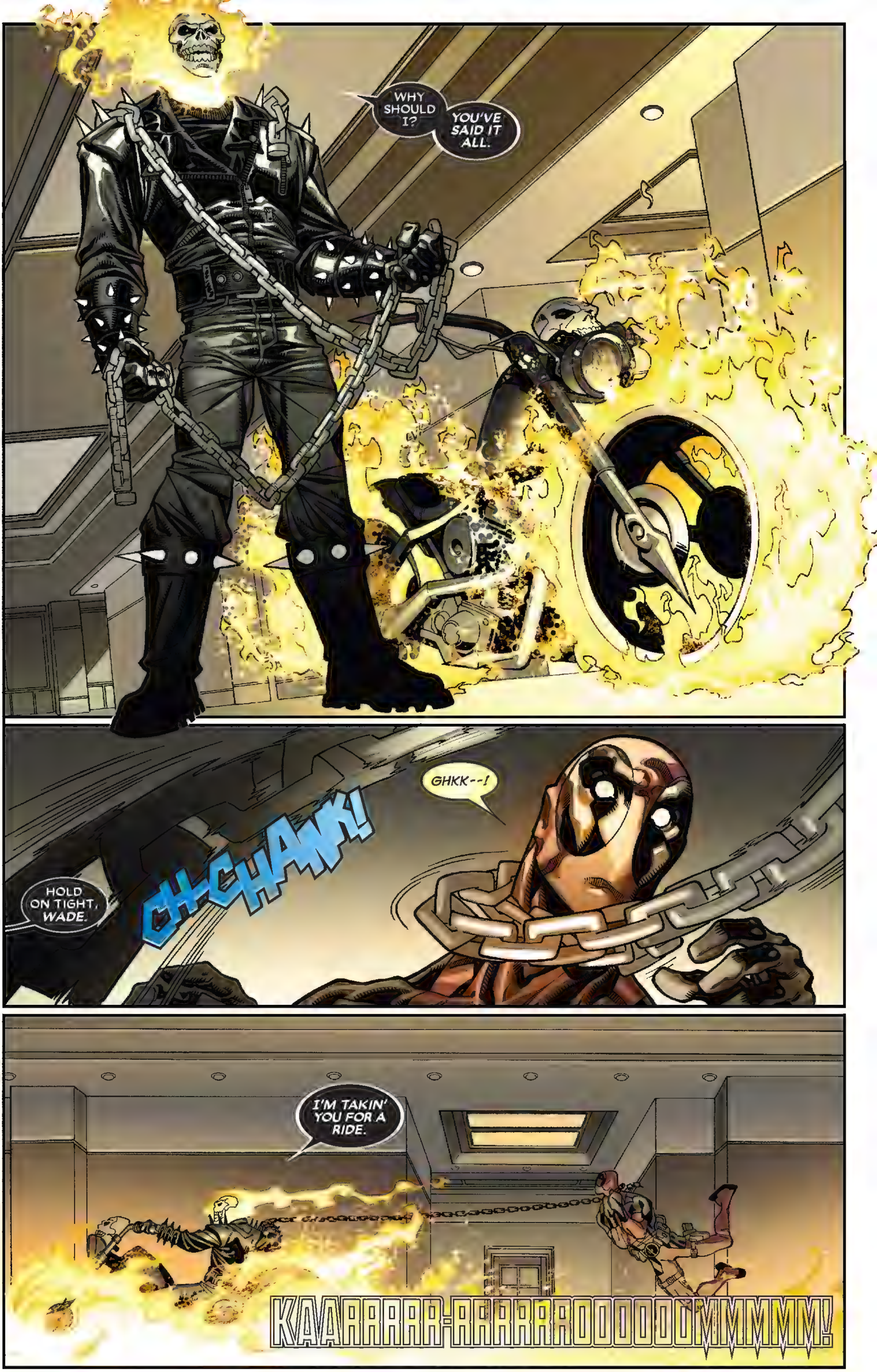

MOJAVE DESERT, 65 MILES NORTHWEST OF LAS VEGAS
CAFE
MORE COFFEE?
NAH, I'M GOOD.
THIS COVER IT?
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TWENTY
20
UHH...*YEAH,* THAT'S *MORE* THAN--
JUST KEEP IT.
WHEW!
THAT *YOUR* BIKE OUT FRONT?
YEAH.
WELL, BE CAREFUL--IT'S *ALREADY* OVER A HUNDRED DEGREES OUT THERE, AN' THE WEATHER MAN SAYS IT'S JUST GONNA GET HOTTER.
THE WEATHER MAN'S RIGHT.

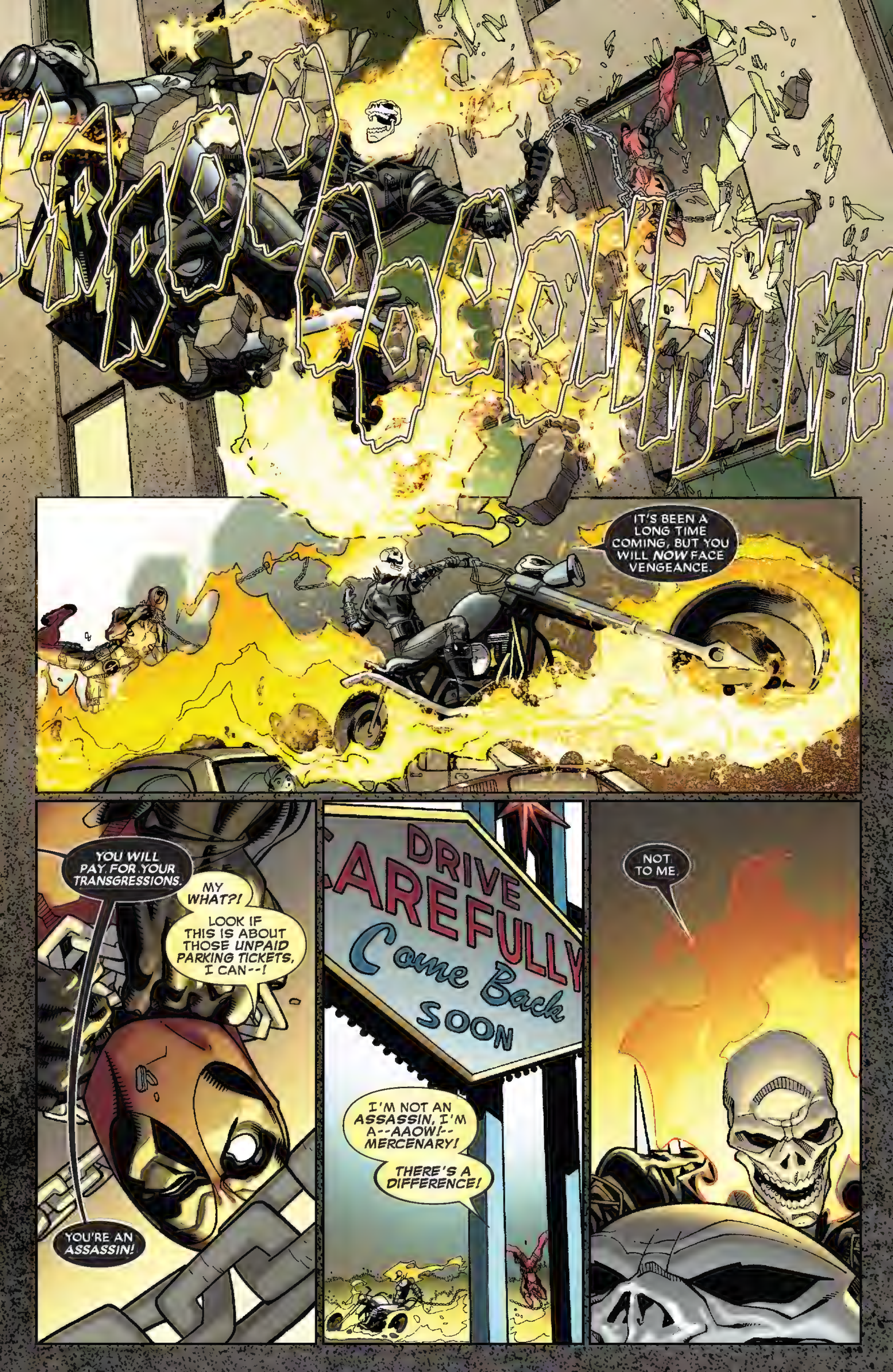
SINNER-SINNER, CHICKEN DINNER

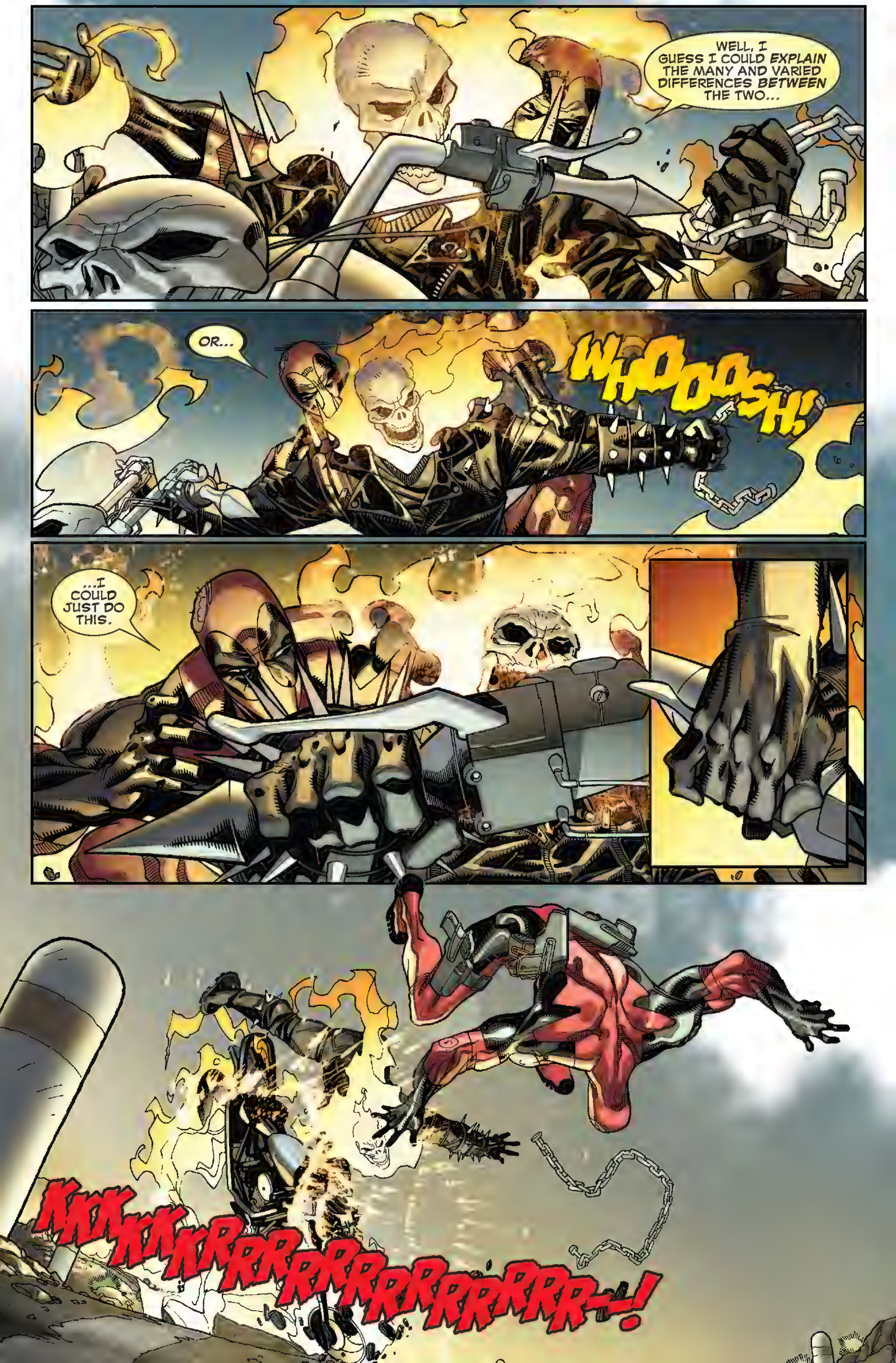


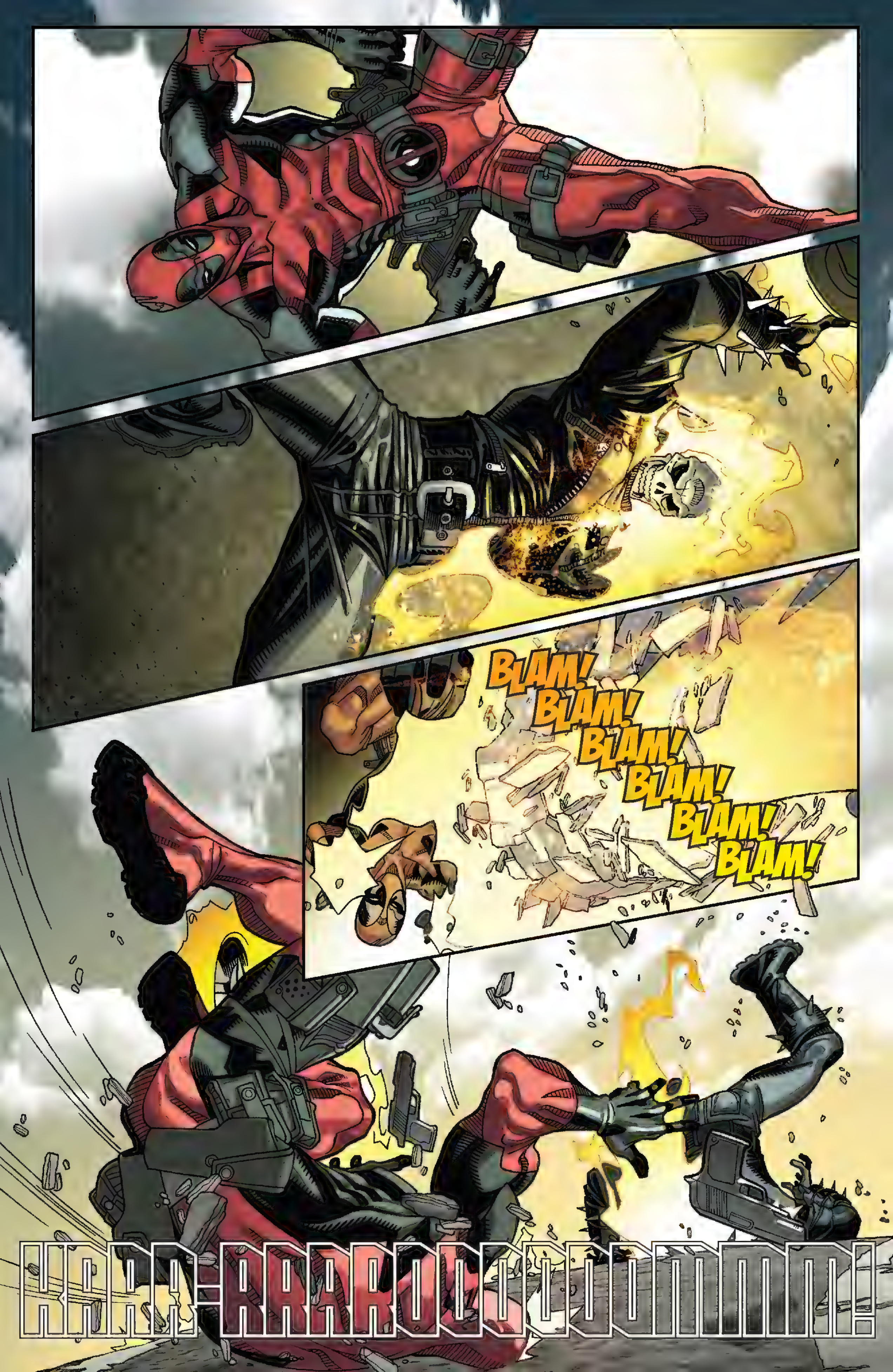

LAS VEGAS
WHATTA YA MEAN, "I QUIT"?
I MEAN, UH...
...I QUIT?
THIS JOB *SUCKS* AN' I DON'T WANNA *DO* IT ANY MORE?
WE HAVE AN *AGREEMENT!* *
GOOD POINT.
HOWEVER, *I* HAVE...
* SEE LAST ISSUE.
...A GUN.
HAVE I MADE MY POSITION CLEAR?
THOUGHT SO.

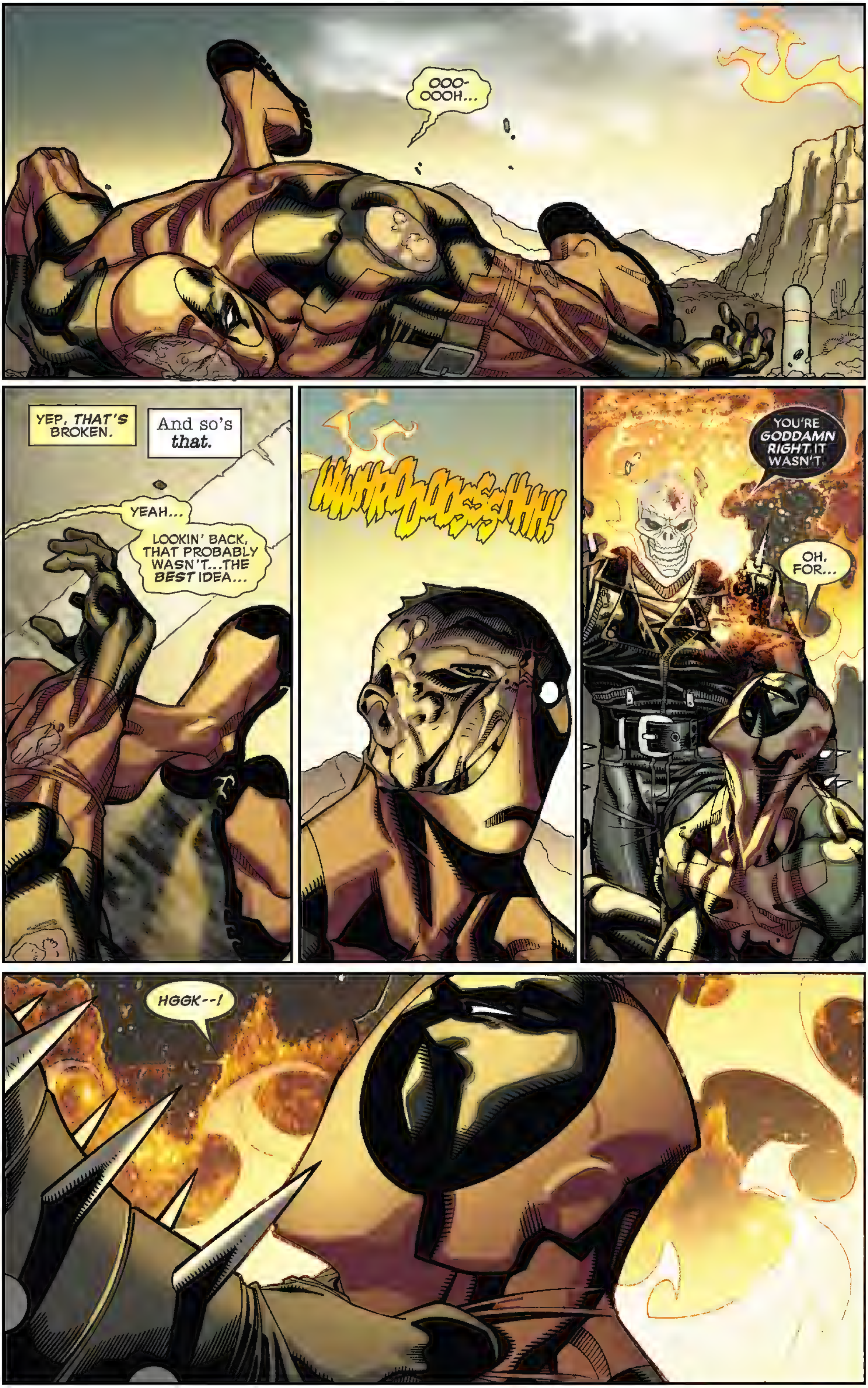

GO AHEAD. *LEAVE.*
AWESOME! *SEE YA NEVER!*
WE CAN GET *ANY* IDIOT TO WEAR THAT SUIT-- THERE WAS NEVER ANYTHING SPECIAL ABOUT *YOU.*
NOW, SEE... YOU *REALLY* SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT.
AAAIIEEEE!
BASH!
CRASH!
NO! PLEASE STOP--
AAAAGGHH!
AH, *MUCH* BETTER.
That was not very heroic of us.
OH, BUT I *DISAGREE!*
THOSE GUYS ARE *EVIL,* MAN-- THEY *PREY* ON PEOPLE'S *WEAKNESSES!* HOW MANY PEOPLE'S LIVES HAVE THEY RUINED? AND FOR *WHAT?*
MONEY. THAT'S WHAT.
AND ARE YOU JUST GONNA STAND THERE LOOKIN' *SCARY?* OR ARE YOU ACTUALLY GONNA *SAY* SOMETHING?

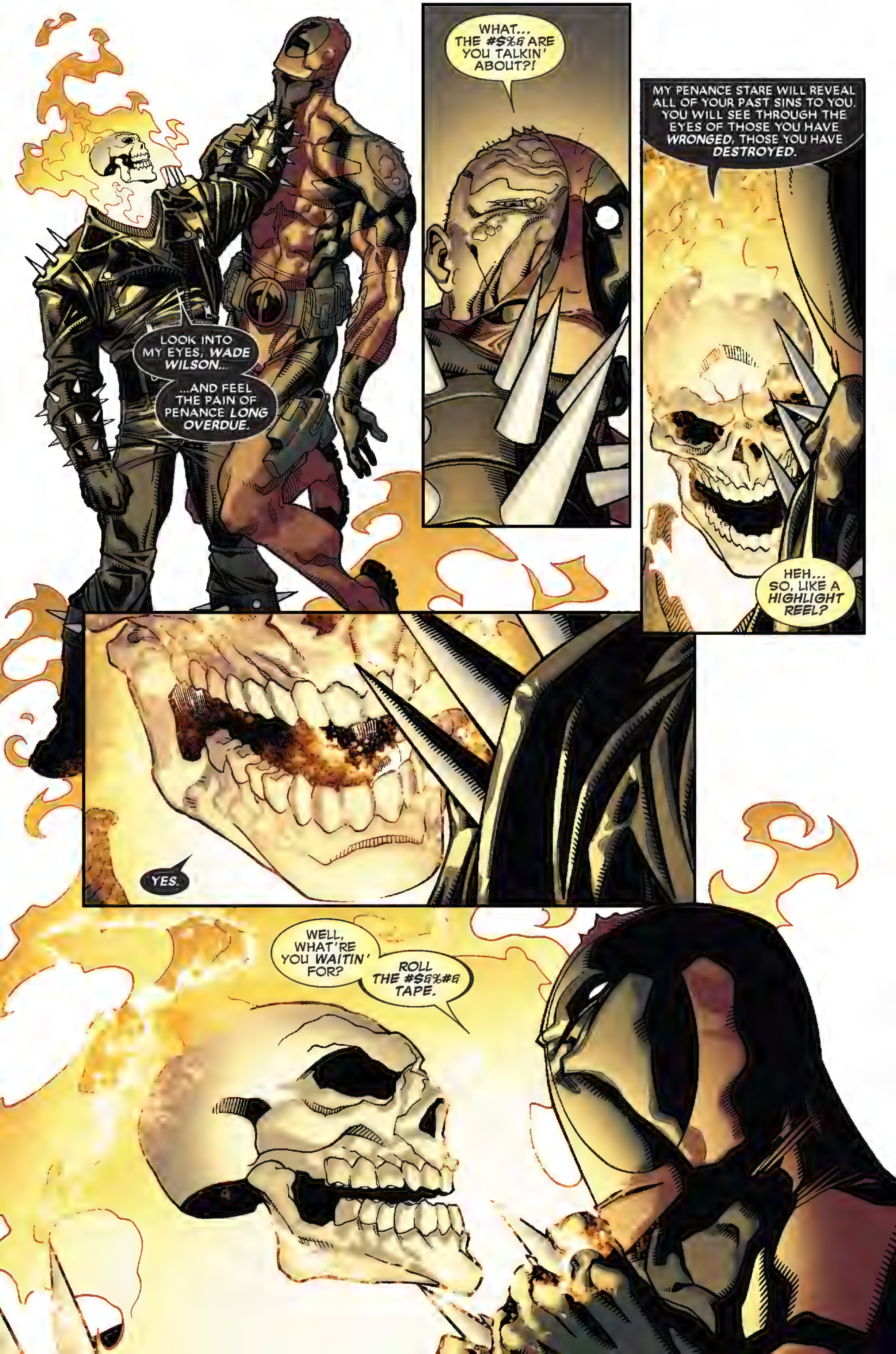

WHY SHOULD I?
YOU'VE SAID IT ALL.
GHKK--!
CH-CHANK!
HOLD ON TIGHT, WADE.
I'M TAKIN' YOU FOR A RIDE.
KAARRRRR-RRRRRROOOOOOMMMMM!

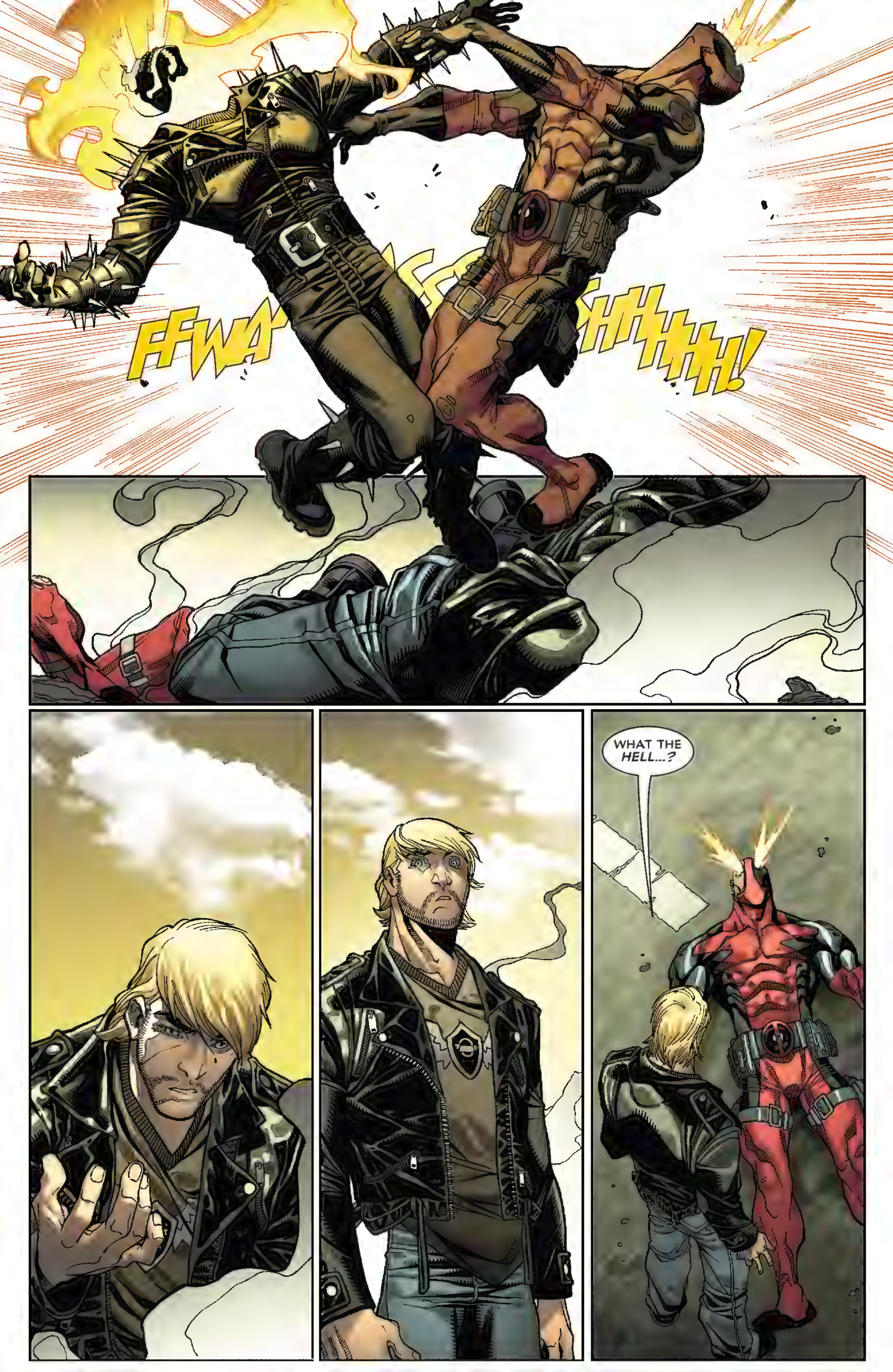

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COMING, BUT YOU WILL *NOW* FACE VENGEANCE.
YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR TRANSGRESSIONS.
MY WHAT?!
LOOK IF THIS IS ABOUT THOSE *UNPAID PARKING TICKETS,* I CAN--!
YOU'RE AN *ASSASSIN!*
DRIVE
AREFULLY
Come Back
SOON
I'M NOT AN *ASSASSIN,* I'M A--AAOW!-- *MERCENARY!*
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE!
NOT TO ME.

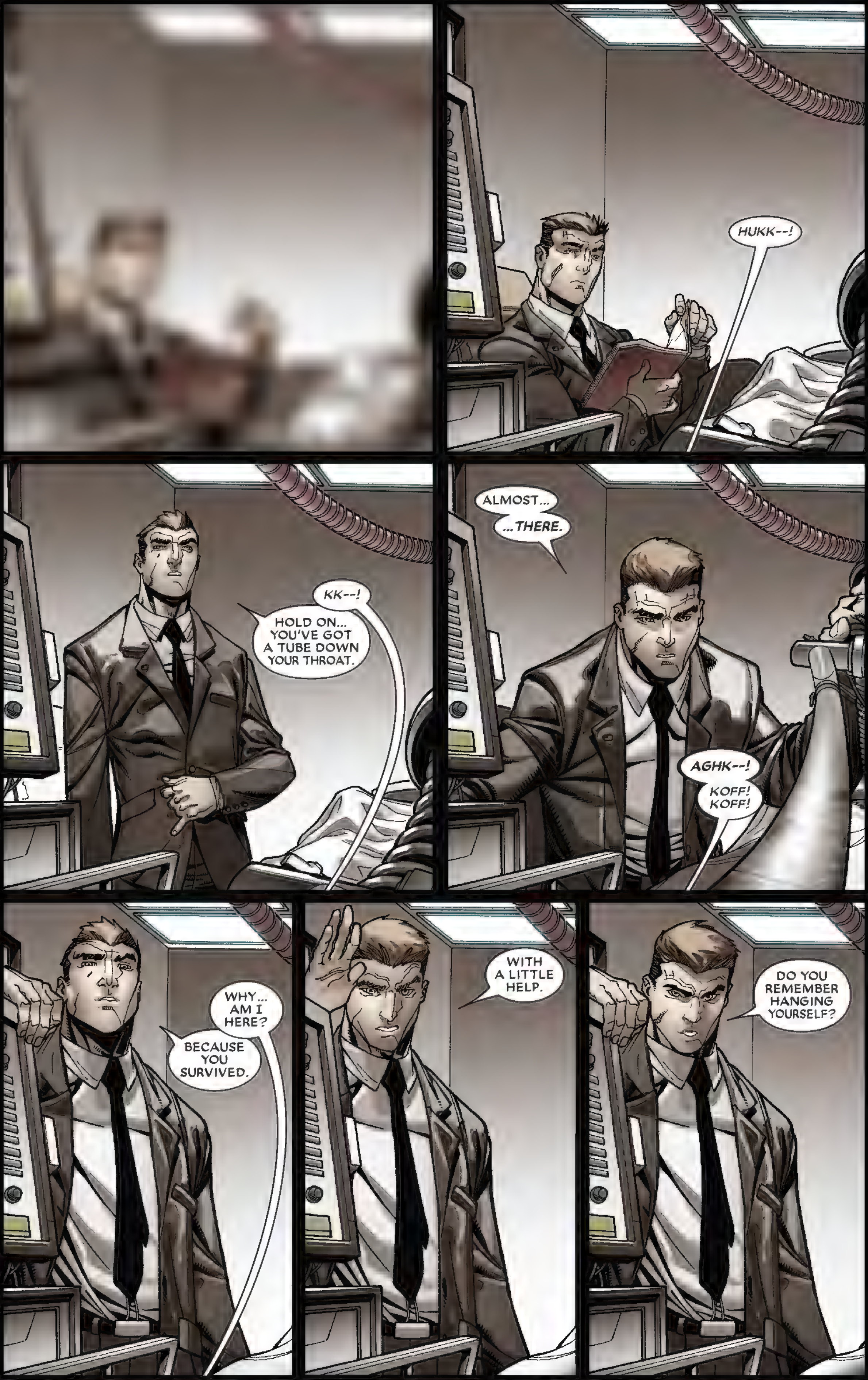

WELL, I GUESS I COULD *EXPLAIN* THE MANY AND VARIED DIFFERENCES *BETWEEN* THE TWO...
OR...
WHOOOOSH!
...I COULD JUST DO THIS.
KKKKKKKRRRRRRRRRRRRR--!

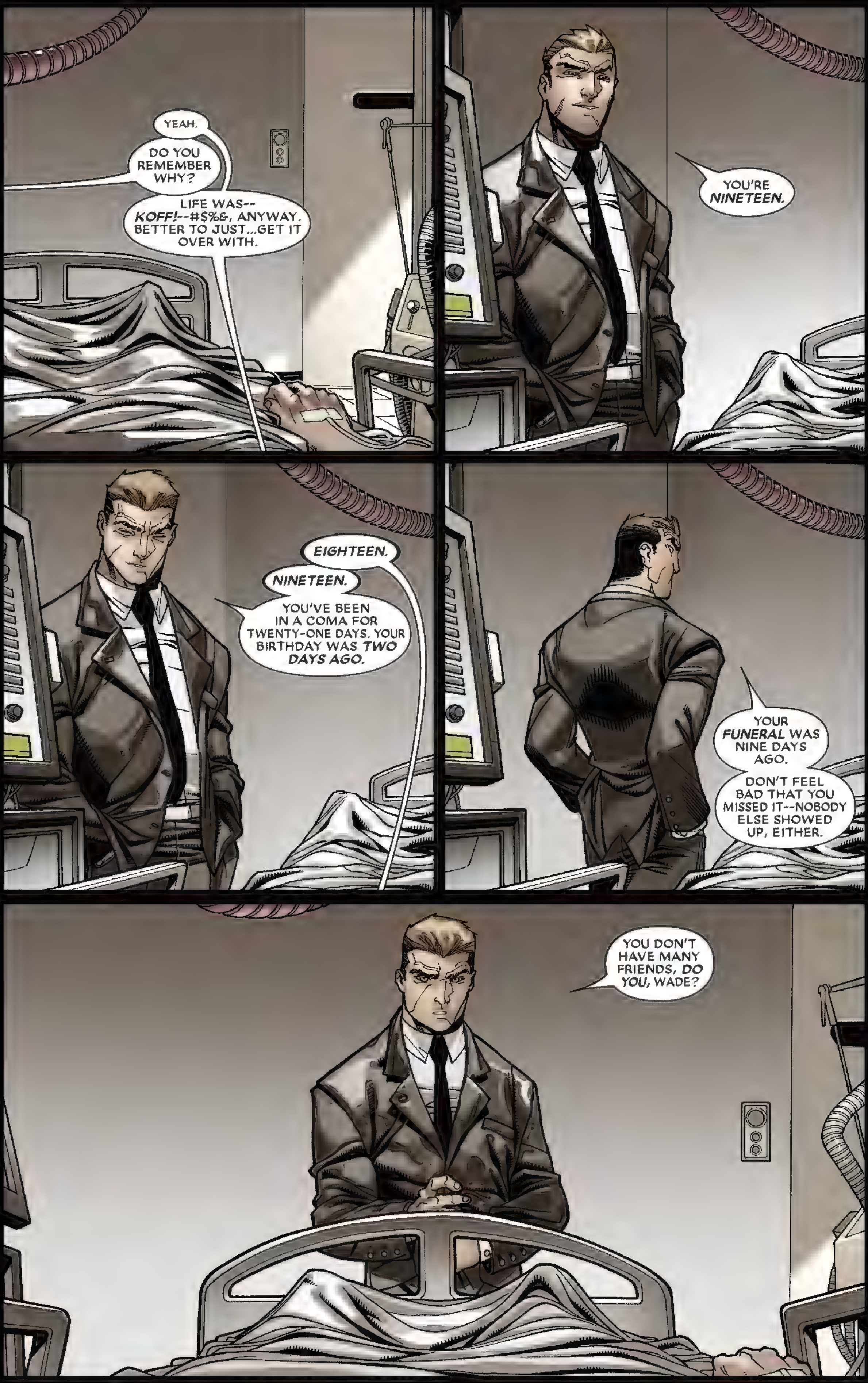

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
KRRR-RRRROOOOOOMMMM!

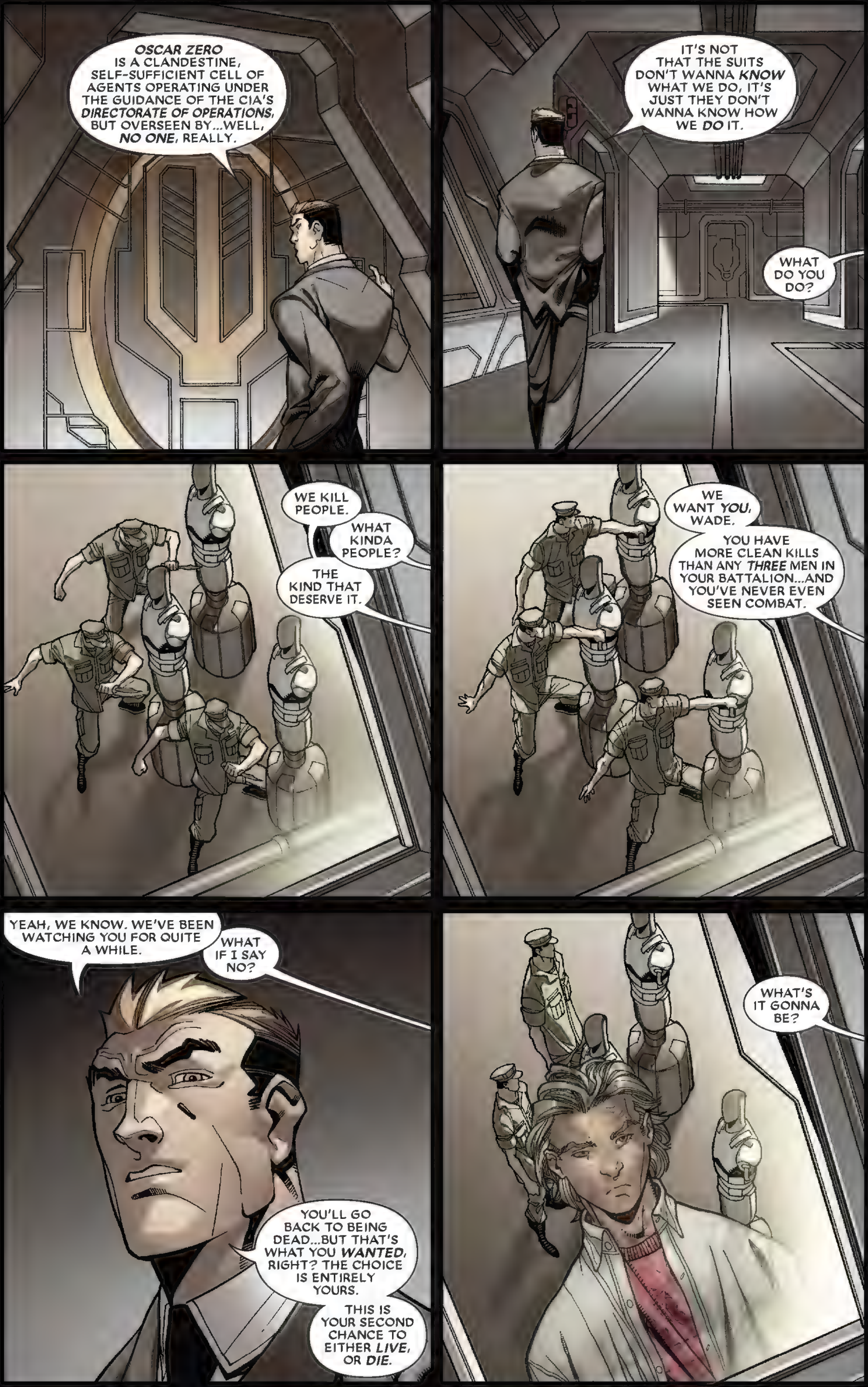

OOO-OOOH...
YEP, *THAT'S* BROKEN.
And so's *that.*
YEAH...
LOOKIN' BACK, THAT PROBABLY WASN'T...THE *BEST* IDEA...
WHHROOOOSSHHH!
YOU'RE *GODDAMN RIGHT* IT WASN'T.
OH, FOR...
HGGK--!

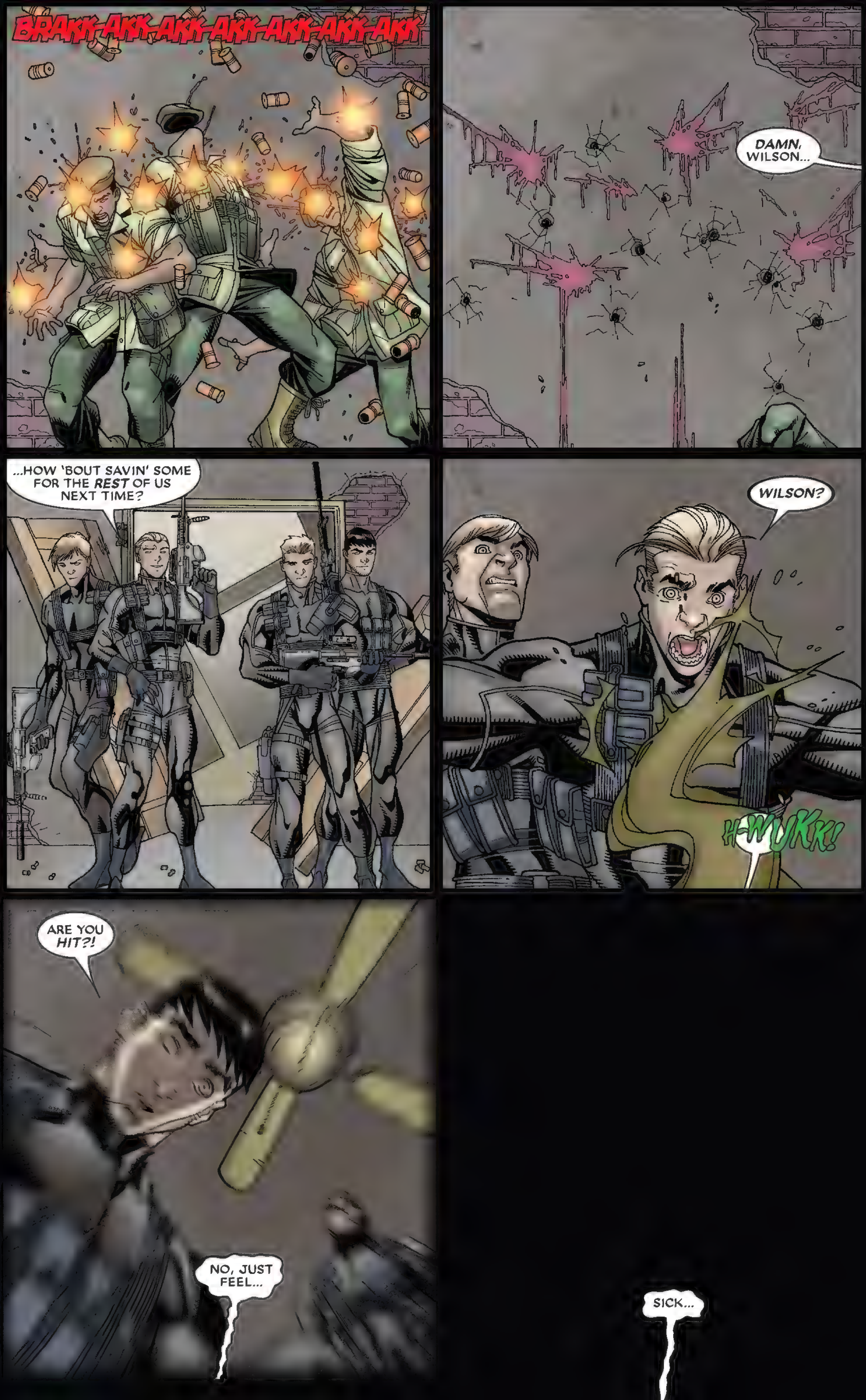

LOOK INTO MY EYES, *WADE WILSON*...
...AND FEEL THE PAIN OF PENANCE *LONG OVERDUE.*
WHAT... THE #$%& ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?!
MY PENANCE STARE WILL REVEAL ALL OF YOUR PAST SINS TO YOU. YOU WILL SEE THROUGH THE EYES OF THOSE YOU HAVE *WRONGED,* THOSE YOU HAVE *DESTROYED.*
HEH... SO, LIKE A *HIGHLIGHT REEL?*
YES.
WELL, WHAT'RE YOU *WAITIN'* FOR?
ROLL THE #$&%#& TAPE.

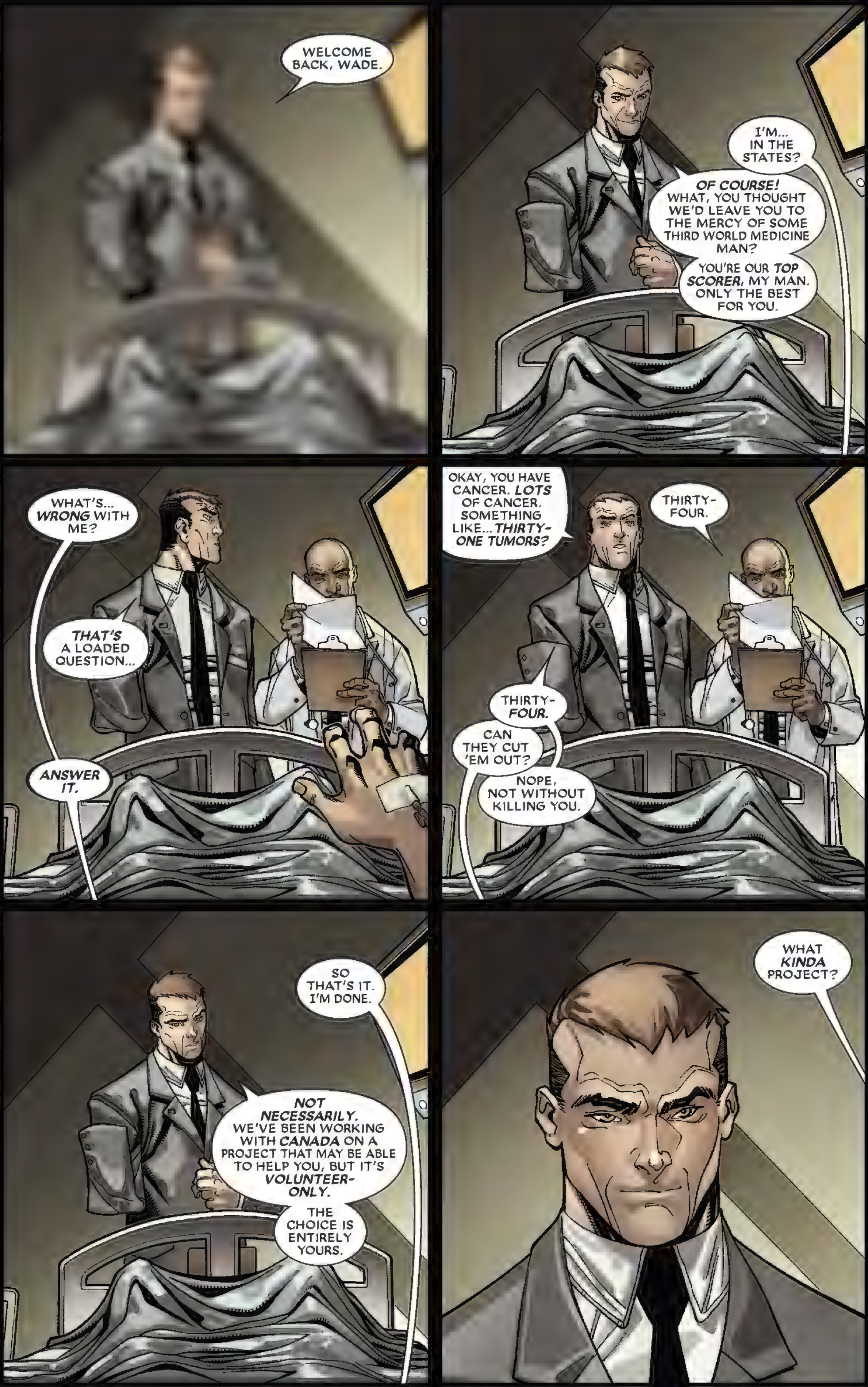

FFWASSSHHHHHH!
WHAT THE *HELL...?*

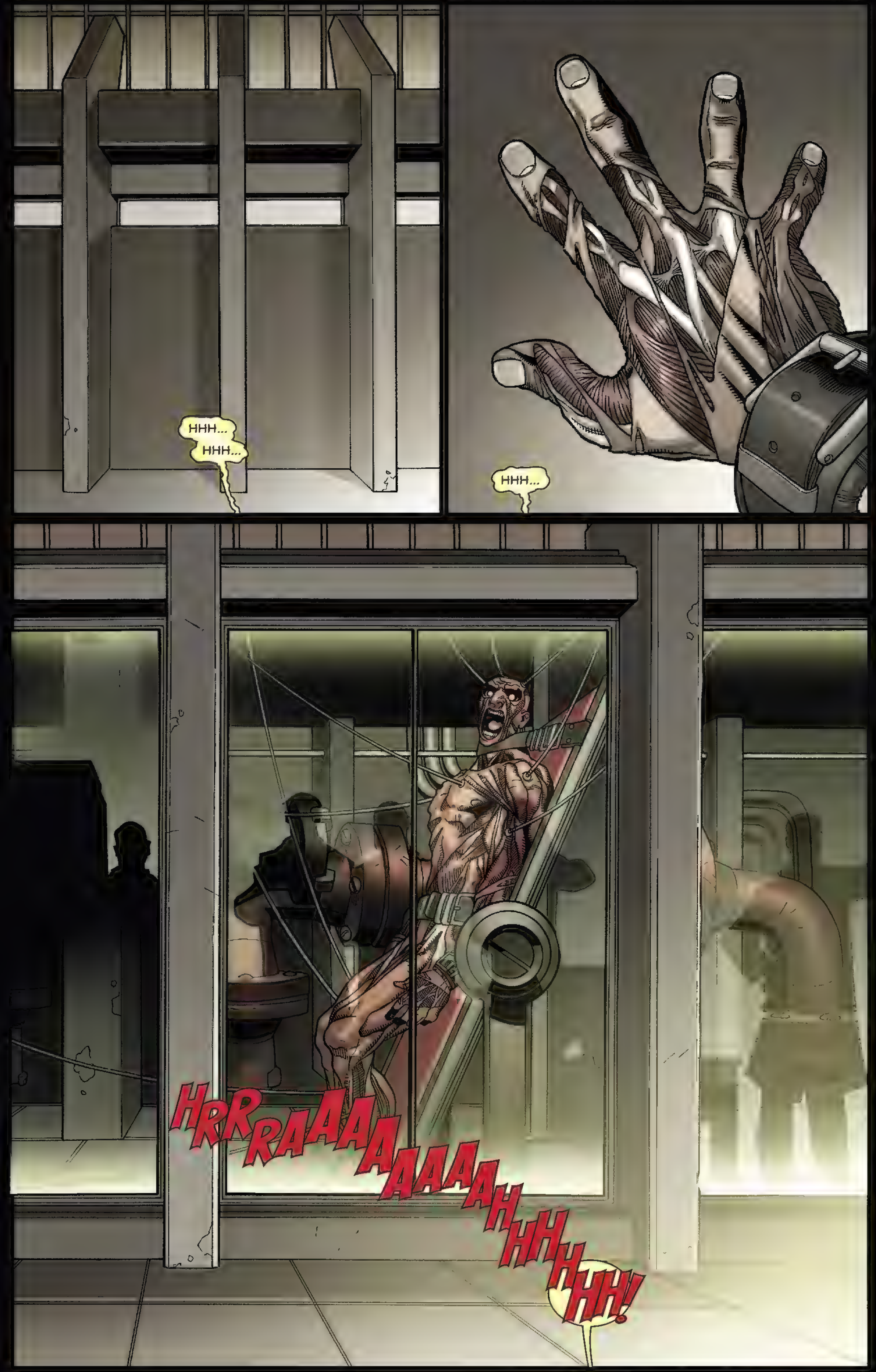

HUKK--!
KK--!
HOLD ON... YOU'VE GOT A TUBE DOWN YOUR THROAT.
ALMOST...
...THERE.
AGHK--!
KOFF! KOFF!
WHY... AM I HERE?
BECAUSE YOU SURVIVED.
WITH A LITTLE HELP.
DO YOU REMEMBER HANGING YOURSELF?

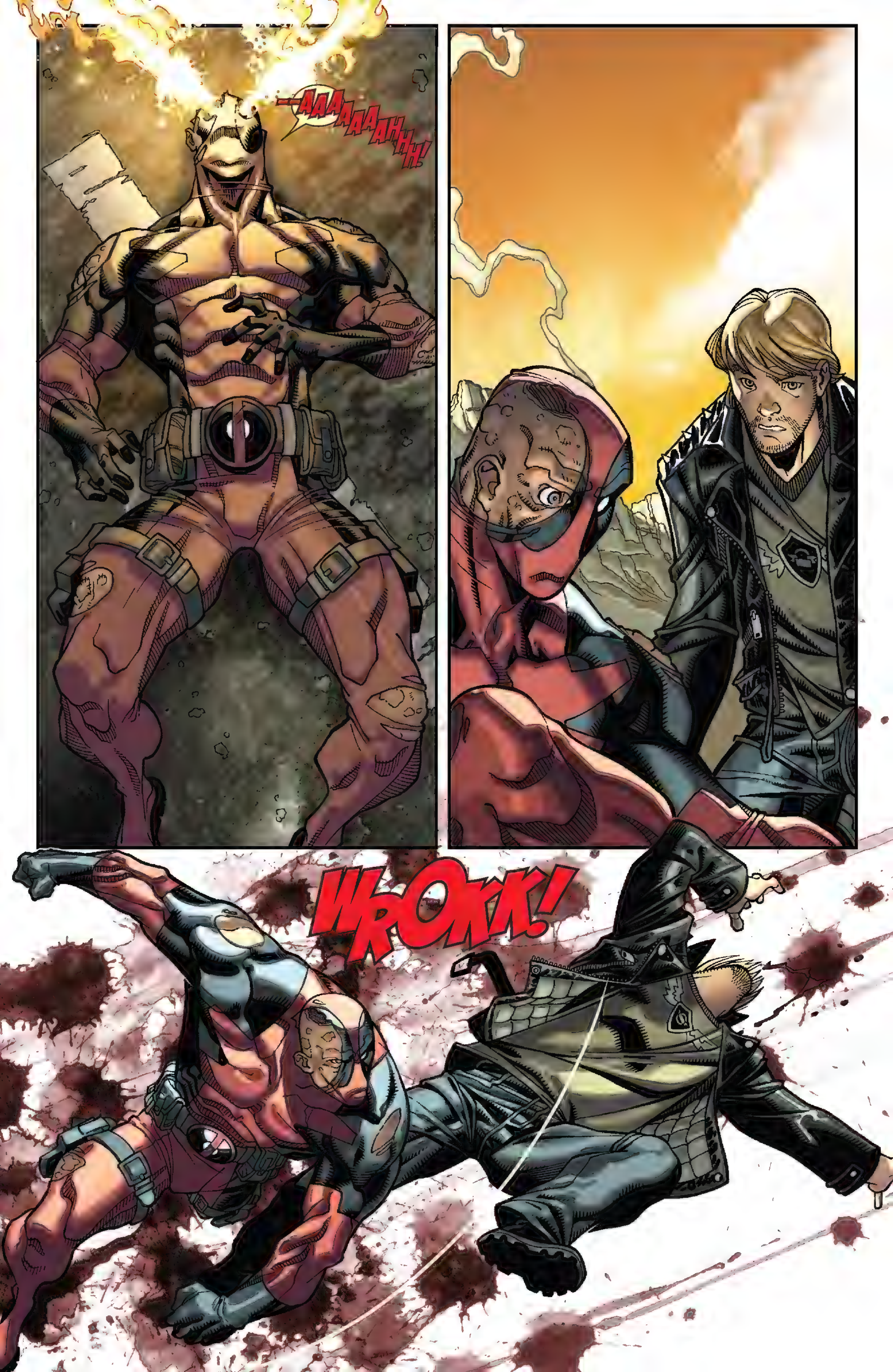

YEAH.
DO YOU REMEMBER WHY?
LIFE WAS-- *KOFF!*--#$%&, ANYWAY. BETTER TO JUST...GET IT OVER WITH.
YOU'RE *NINETEEN.*
EIGHTEEN.
NINETEEN.
YOU'VE BEEN IN A COMA FOR TWENTY-ONE DAYS. YOUR BIRTHDAY WAS *TWO DAYS AGO.*
YOUR *FUNERAL* WAS NINE DAYS AGO.
DON'T FEEL BAD THAT YOU MISSED IT--NOBODY ELSE SHOWED UP, EITHER.
YOU DON'T HAVE MANY FRIENDS, *DO YOU,* WADE?

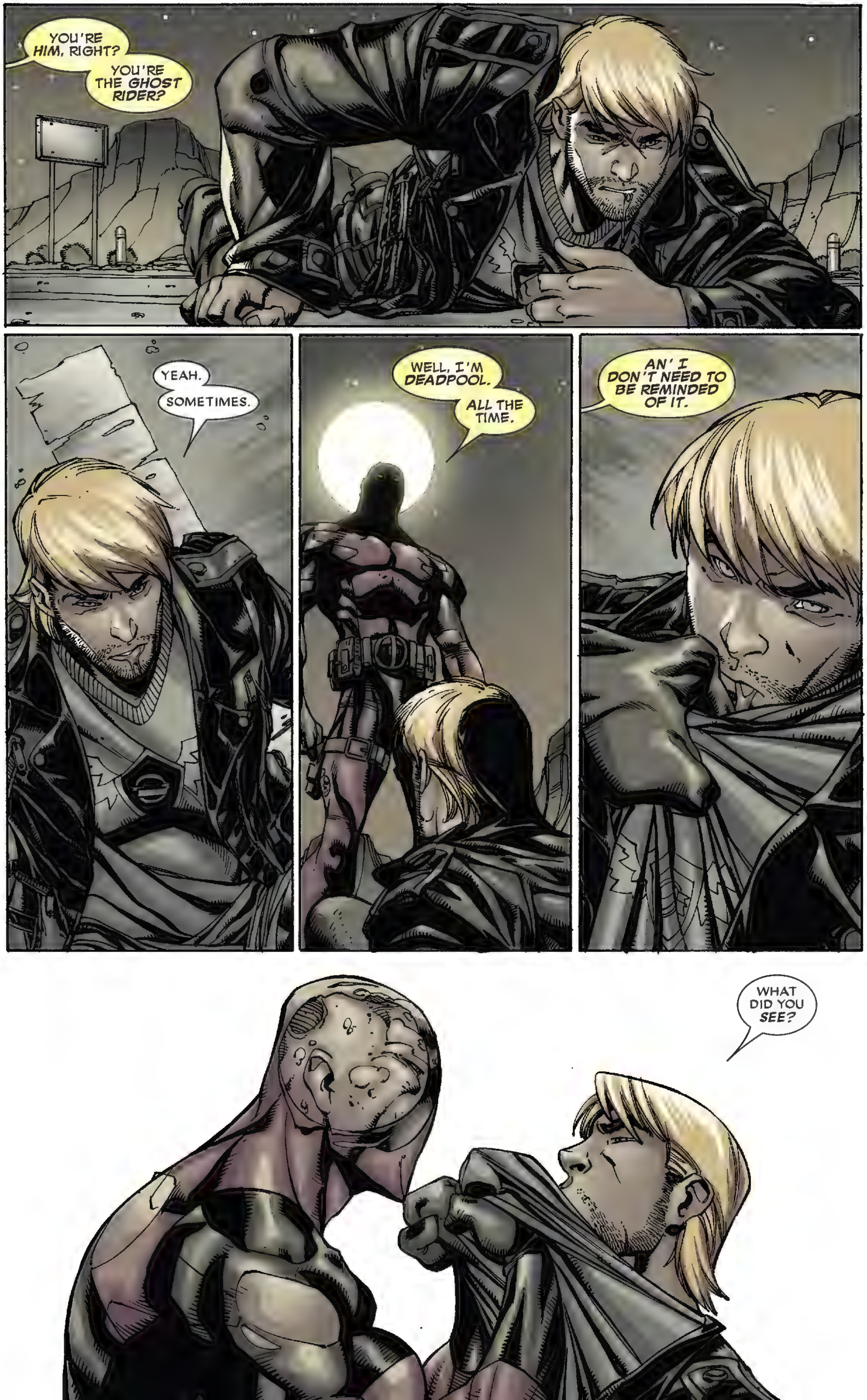

OSCAR ZERO IS A CLANDESTINE, SELF-SUFFICIENT CELL OF AGENTS OPERATING UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE CIA'S *DIRECTORATE OF OPERATIONS,* BUT OVERSEEN BY...WELL, *NO ONE,* REALLY.
IT'S NOT THAT THE SUITS DON'T WANNA *KNOW* WHAT WE DO, IT'S JUST THEY DON'T WANNA KNOW HOW WE *DO* IT.
WHAT DO YOU DO?
WE KILL PEOPLE.
WHAT KINDA PEOPLE?
THE KIND THAT DESERVE IT.
WE WANT *YOU,* WADE.
YOU HAVE MORE CLEAN KILLS THAN ANY *THREE* MEN IN YOUR BATTALION...AND YOU'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN COMBAT.
YEAH, WE KNOW. WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR QUITE A WHILE.
WHAT IF I SAY NO?
YOU'LL GO BACK TO BEING DEAD...BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU *WANTED,* RIGHT? THE CHOICE IS ENTIRELY YOURS.
THIS IS YOUR SECOND CHANCE TO EITHER *LIVE,* OR *DIE.*
WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?

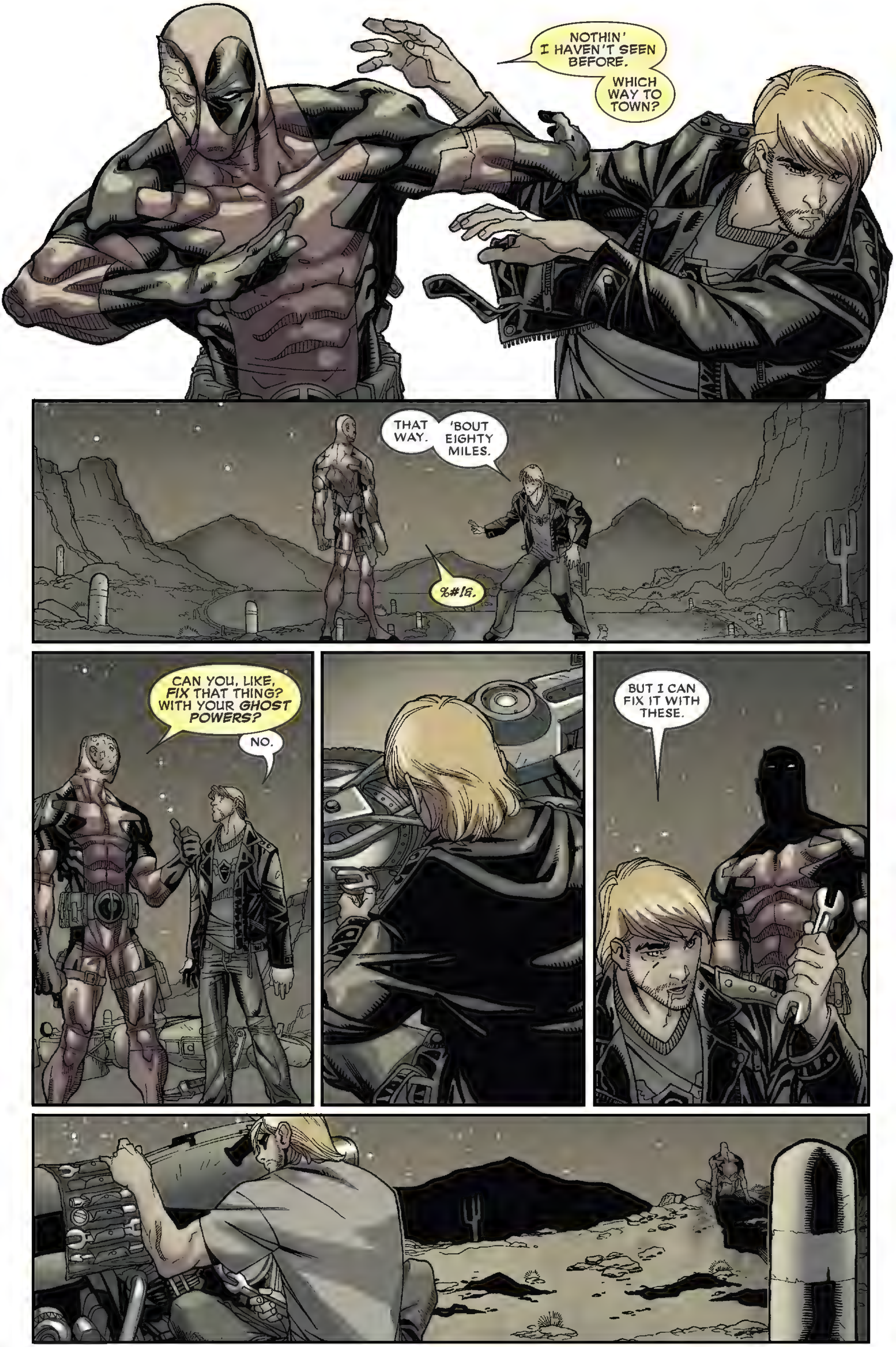

BRAKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK
DAMN, WILSON...
...HOW 'BOUT SAVIN' SOME FOR THE *REST* OF US NEXT TIME?
WILSON?
H-WUKK!
ARE YOU *HIT?!*
NO, JUST FEEL...
SICK...

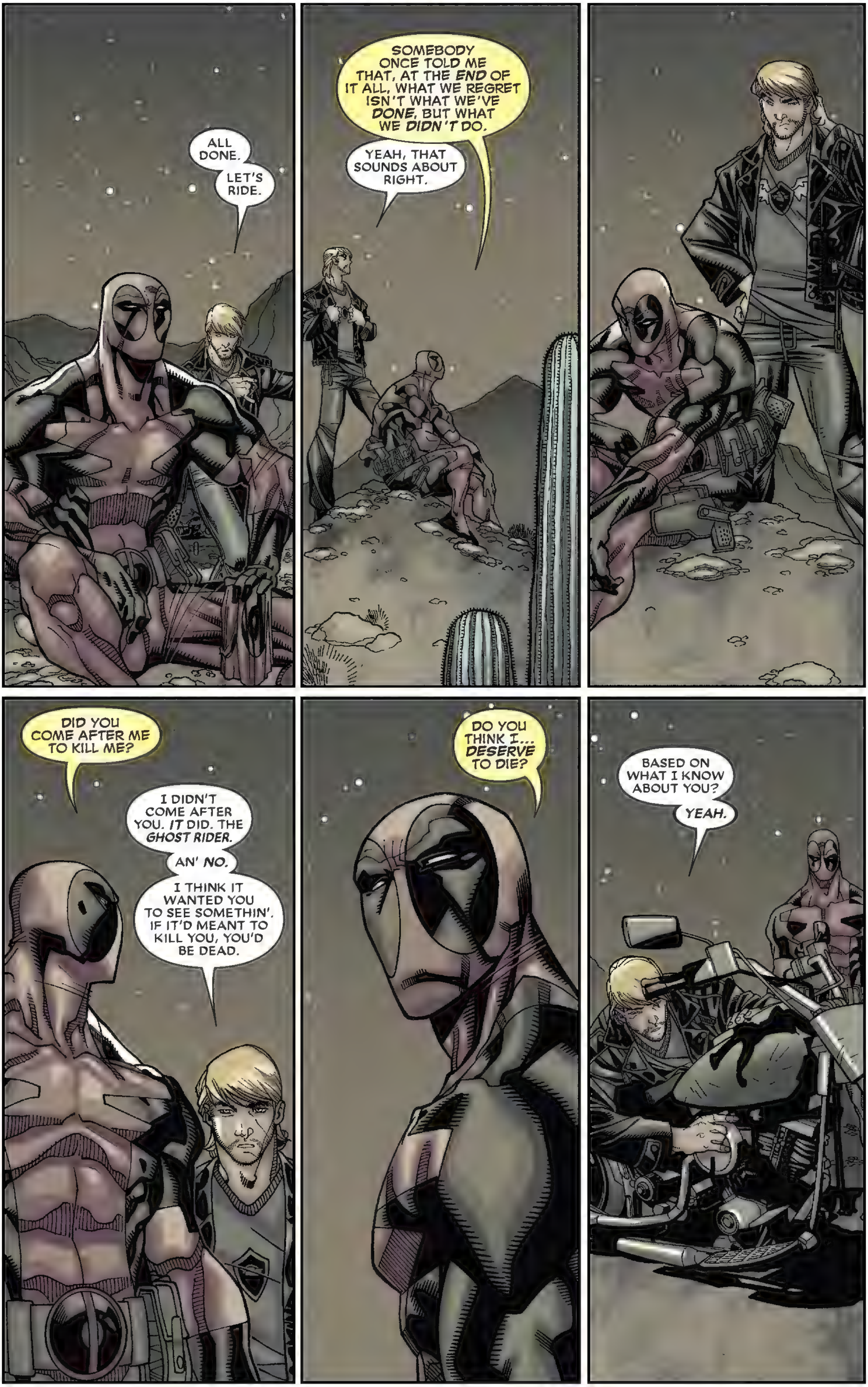

WELCOME BACK, WADE.
I'M... IN THE STATES?
OF COURSE! WHAT, YOU THOUGHT WE'D LEAVE YOU TO THE MERCY OF SOME THIRD WORLD MEDICINE MAN?
YOU'RE OUR *TOP SCORER*, MY MAN. ONLY THE BEST FOR YOU.
WHAT'S... *WRONG* WITH ME?
THAT'S A LOADED QUESTION...
ANSWER IT.
OKAY, YOU HAVE CANCER. *LOTS* OF CANCER. SOMETHING LIKE... *THIRTY-ONE TUMORS?*
THIRTY-FOUR.
THIRTY-*FOUR.*
CAN THEY CUT 'EM OUT?
NOPE, NOT WITHOUT KILLING YOU.
SO THAT'S IT. I'M DONE.
NOT NECESSARILY. WE'VE BEEN WORKING WITH *CANADA* ON A PROJECT THAT MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU, BUT IT'S *VOLUNTEER-ONLY.*
THE CHOICE IS ENTIRELY YOURS.
WHAT *KINDA* PROJECT?

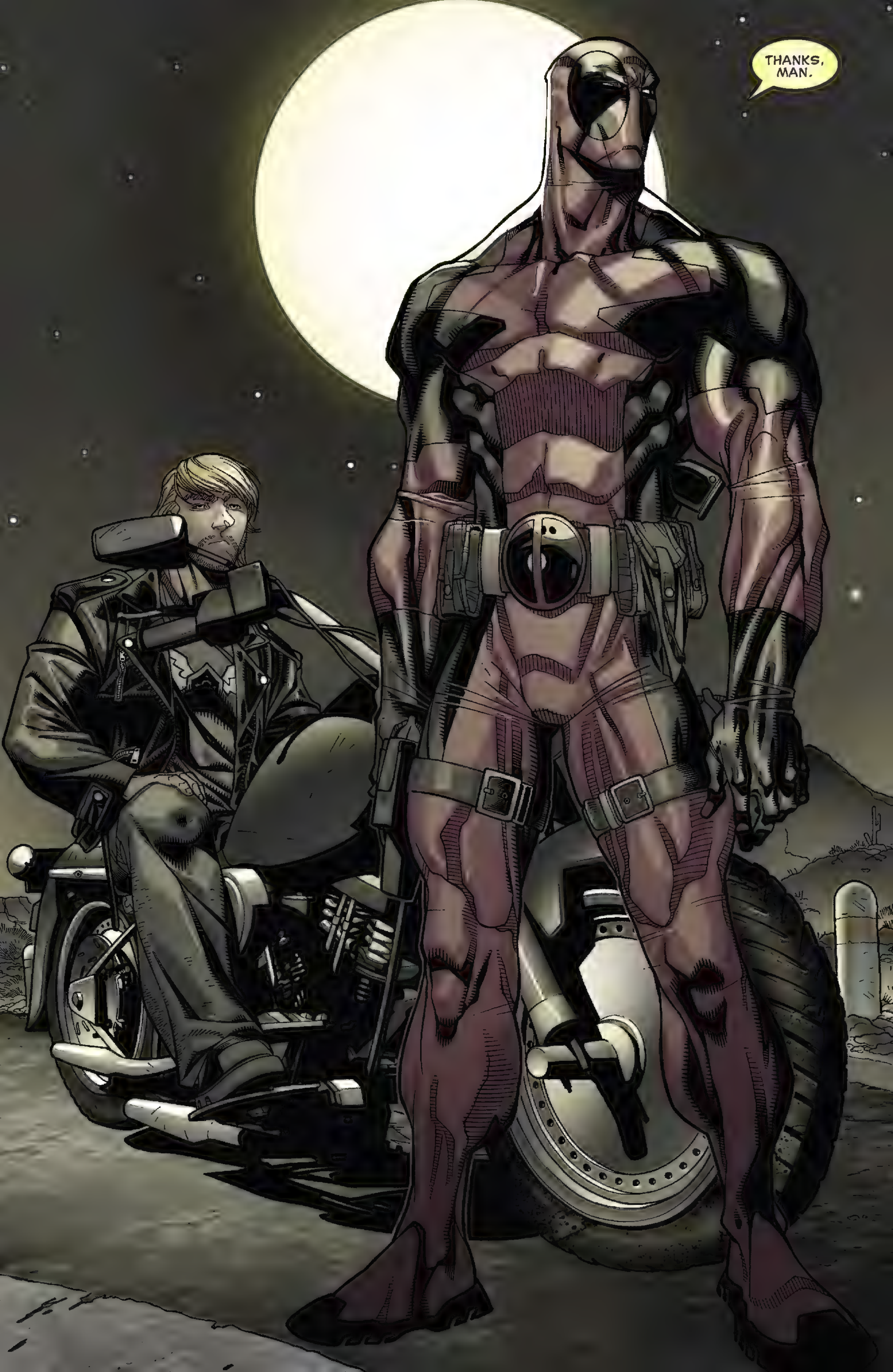

HHH...
HHH...
HHH...
HRRRAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!


—AAAAAAHHH!
WROKK!

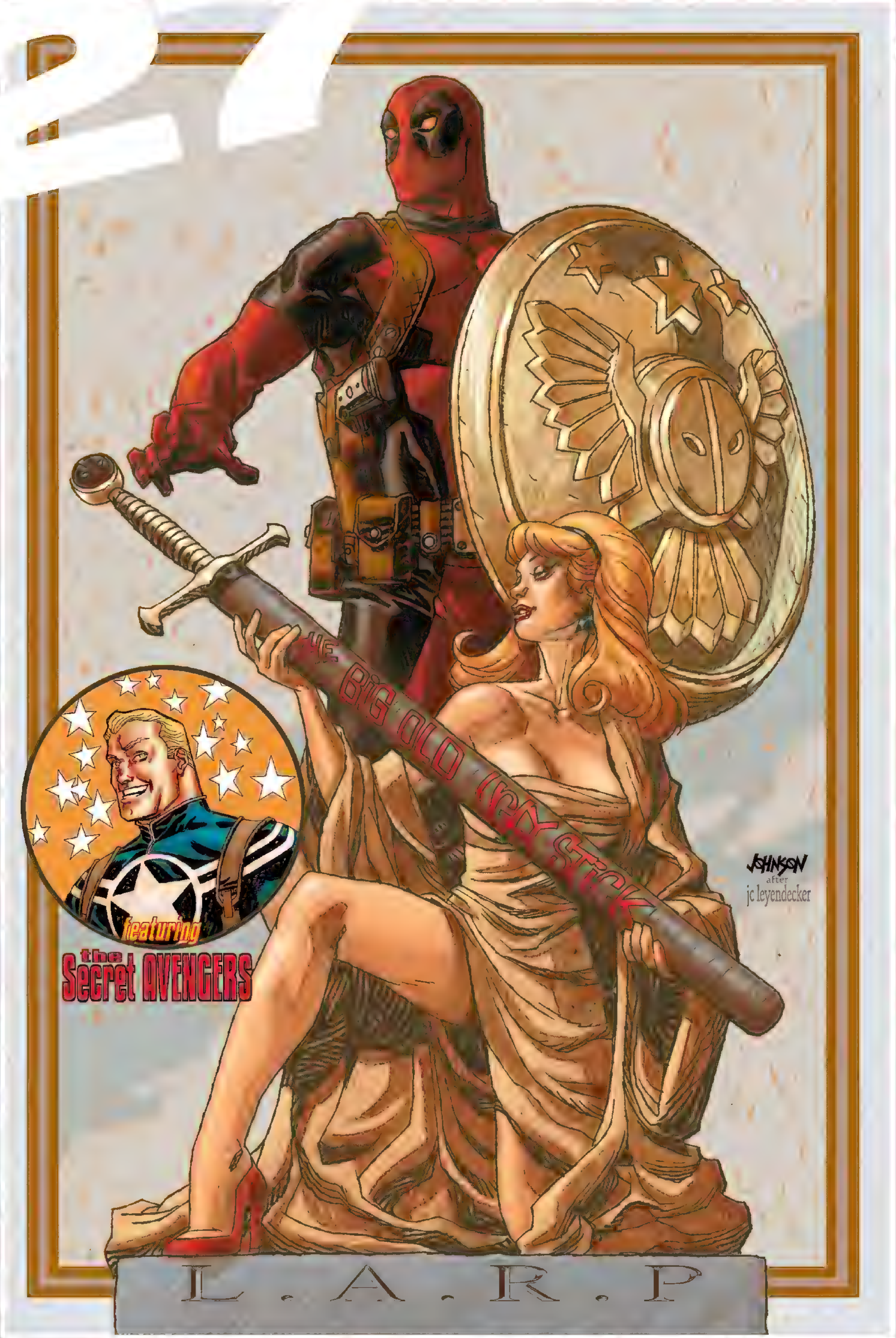

YOU'RE *HIM*, RIGHT?
YOU'RE THE *GHOST RIDER?*
YEAH.
SOMETIMES.
WELL, I'M *DEADPOOL.*
ALL THE TIME.
AN' I DON'T NEED TO BE REMINDED OF IT.
WHAT DID YOU *SEE?*

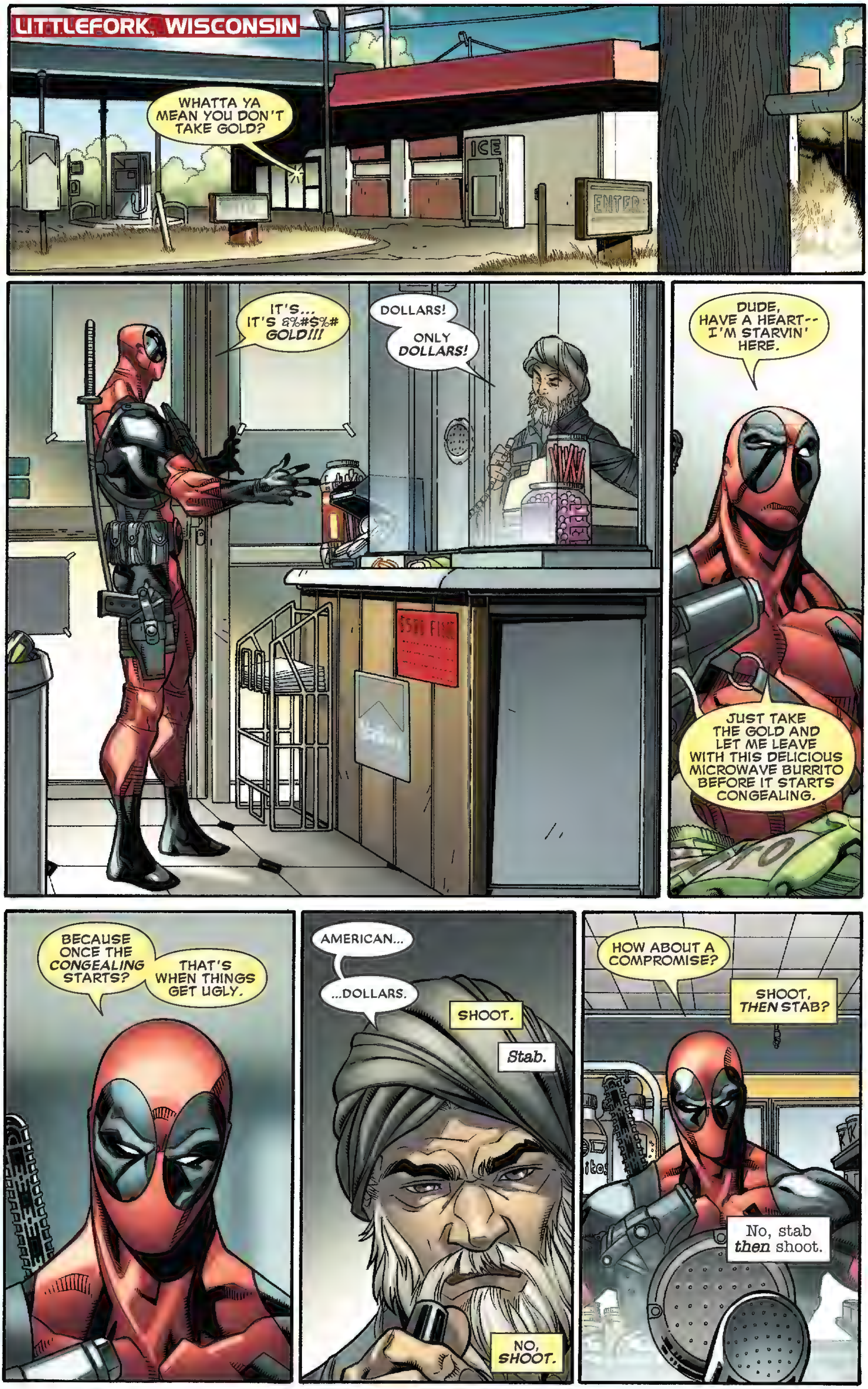

NOTHIN' I HAVEN'T SEEN BEFORE.
WHICH WAY TO TOWN?
THAT WAY.
'BOUT EIGHTY MILES.
%#!&.
CAN YOU, LIKE, *FIX* THAT THING? WITH YOUR *GHOST POWERS?*
NO.
BUT I CAN FIX IT WITH THESE.

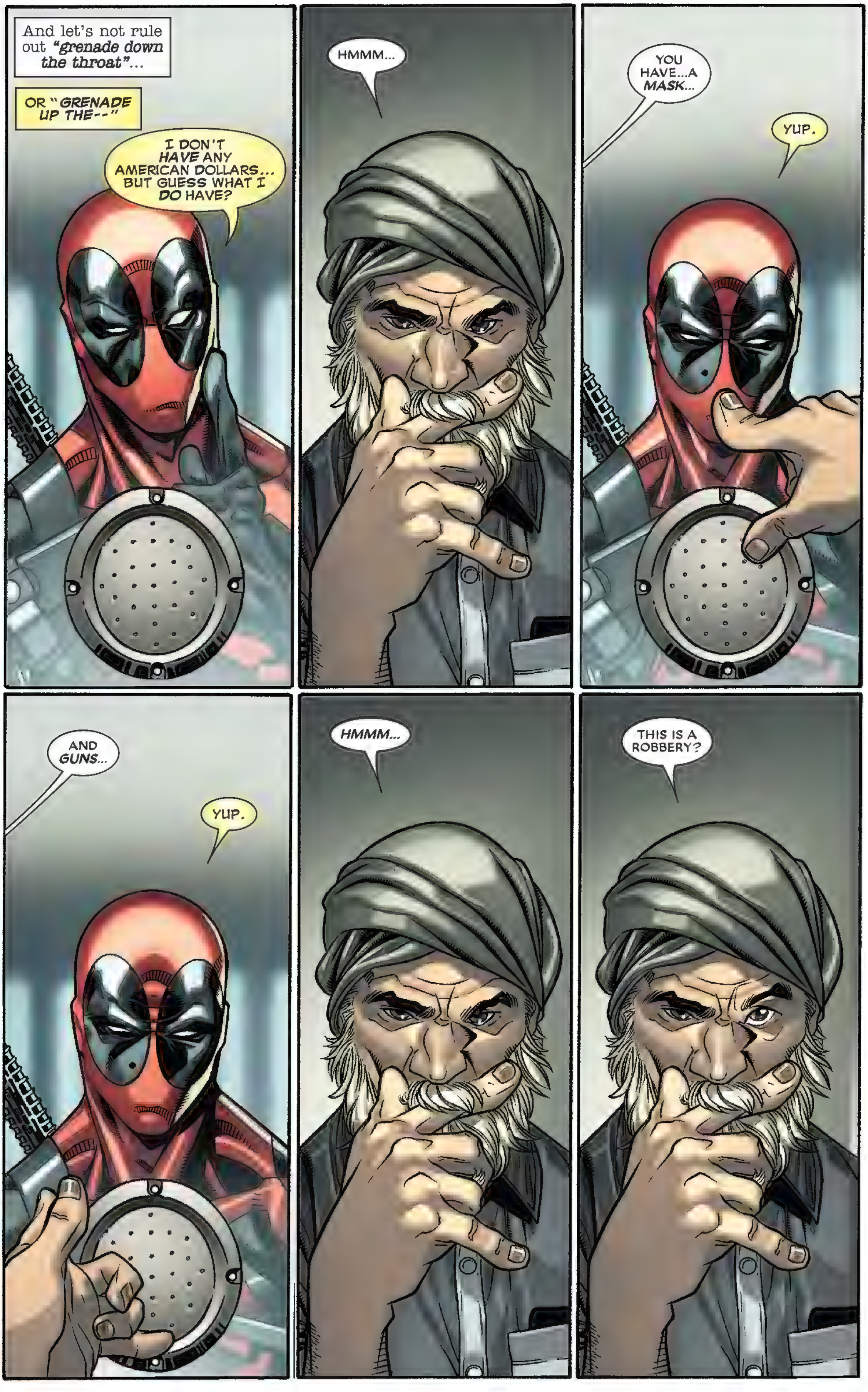

ALL DONE.
LET'S RIDE.
SOMEBODY ONCE TOLD ME THAT, AT THE *END* OF IT ALL, WHAT WE REGRET ISN'T WHAT WE'VE *DONE*, BUT WHAT WE *DIDN'T* DO.
YEAH, THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.
DID YOU COME AFTER ME TO KILL ME?
I DIDN'T COME AFTER YOU. *IT* DID. THE *GHOST RIDER*.
AN' *NO.*
I THINK IT WANTED YOU TO SEE SOMETHIN'. IF IT'D MEANT TO KILL YOU, YOU'D BE DEAD.
DO YOU THINK I... *DESERVE* TO DIE?
BASED ON WHAT I KNOW ABOUT YOU?
YEAH.

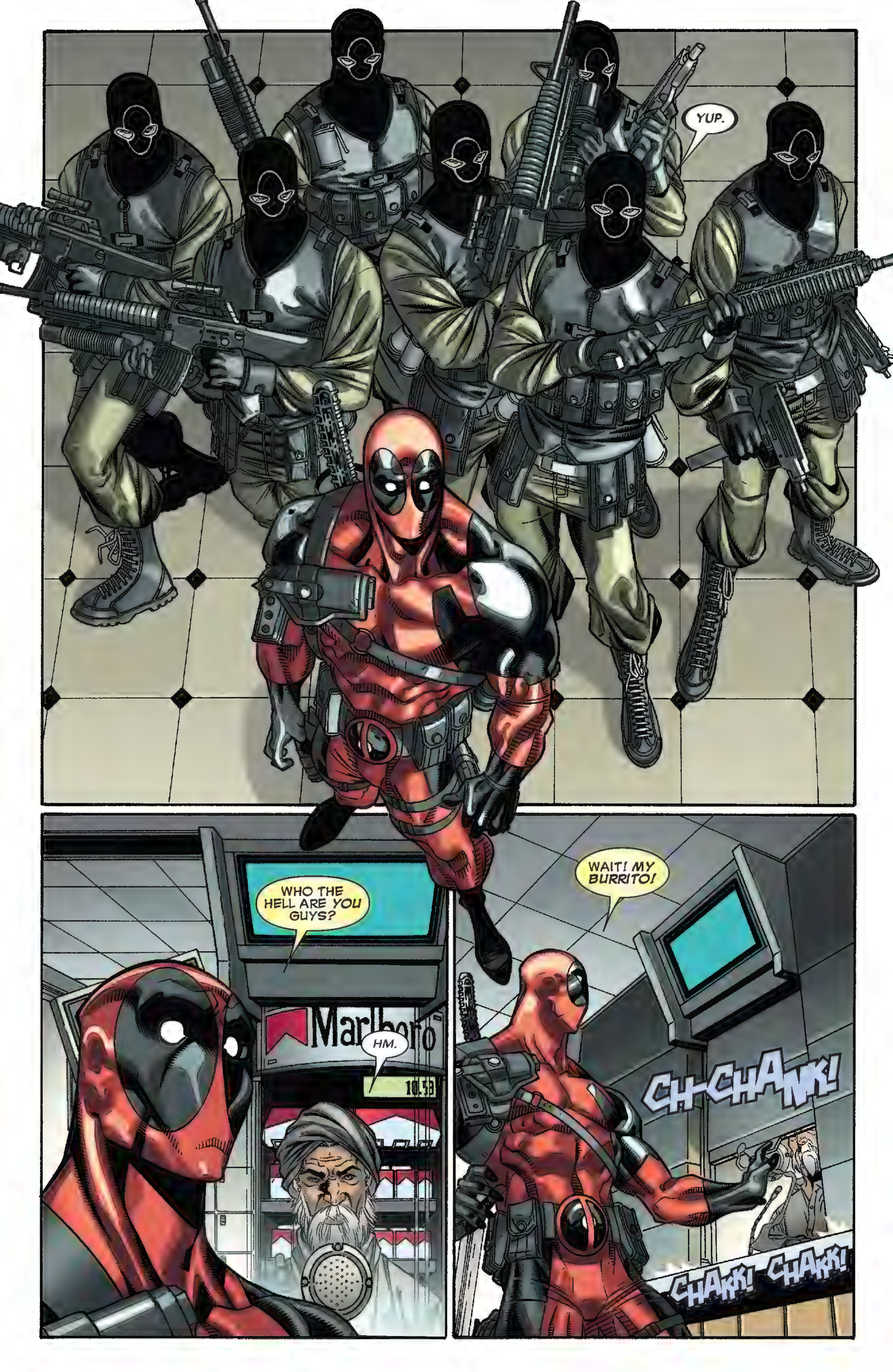

THANKS, MAN.

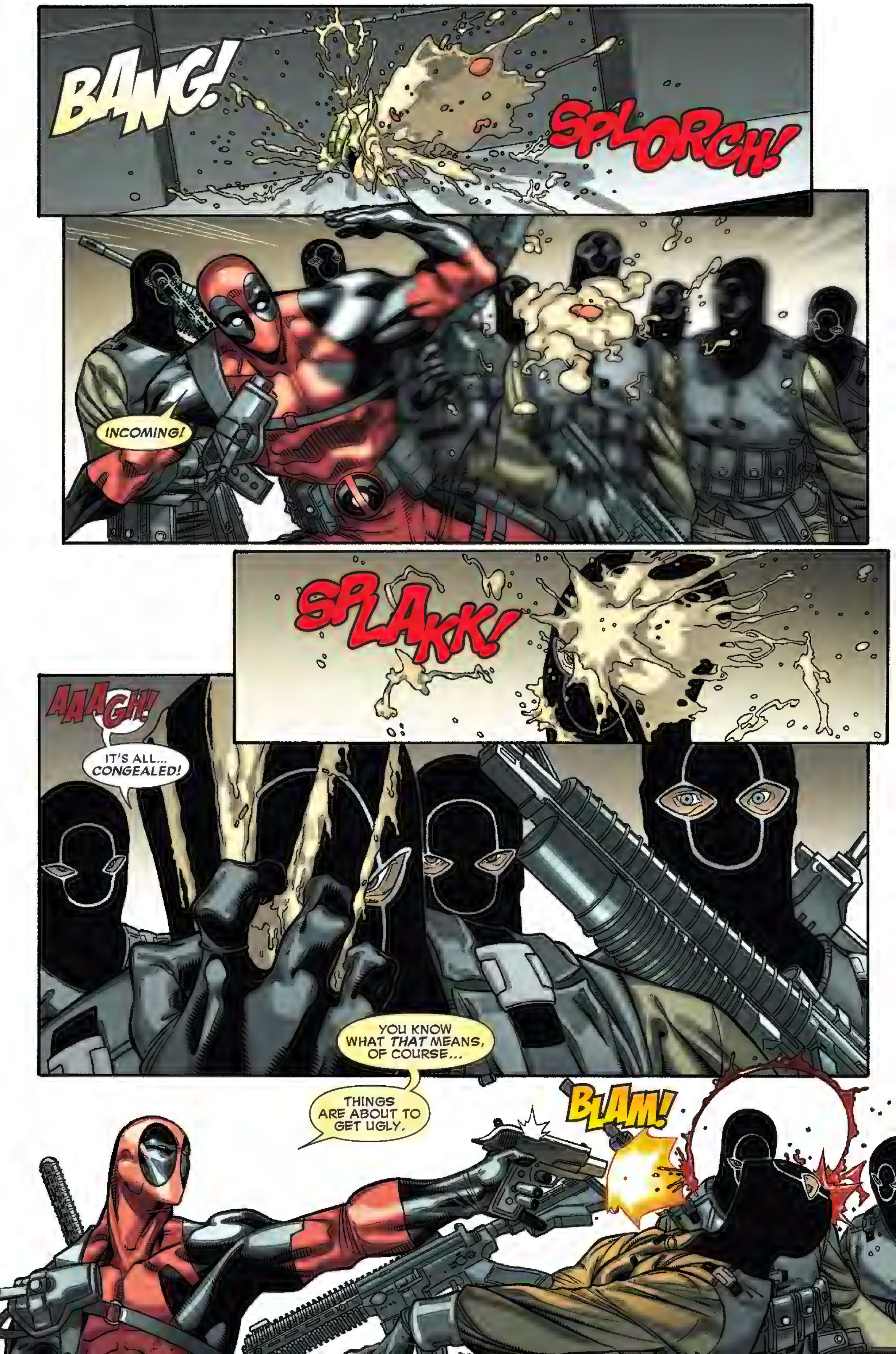
27

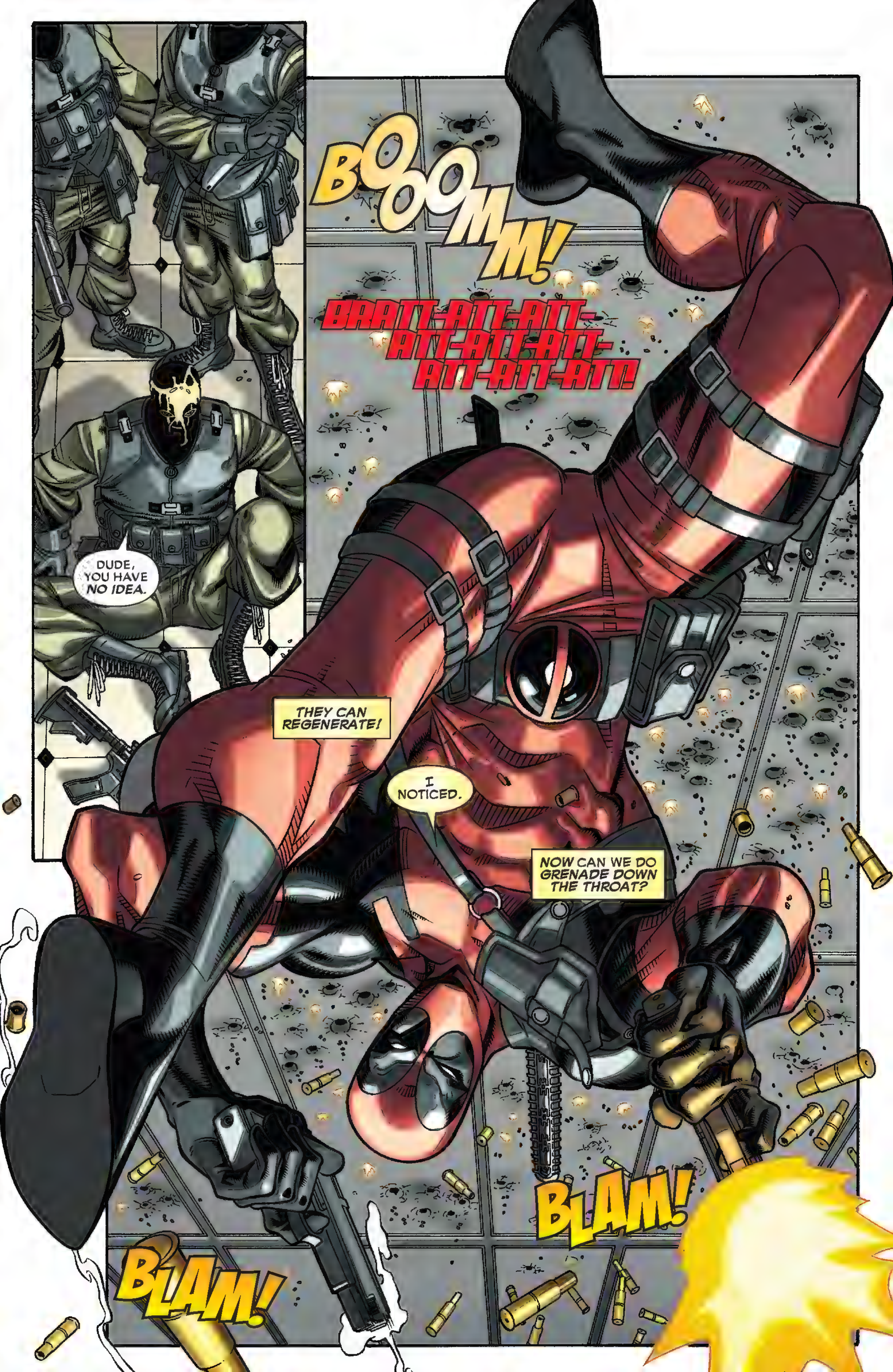

HE BIG OLD ICKY STICK
featuring
the Secret AVENGERS
JOHNSON after jc leyendecker
L.A.R.P

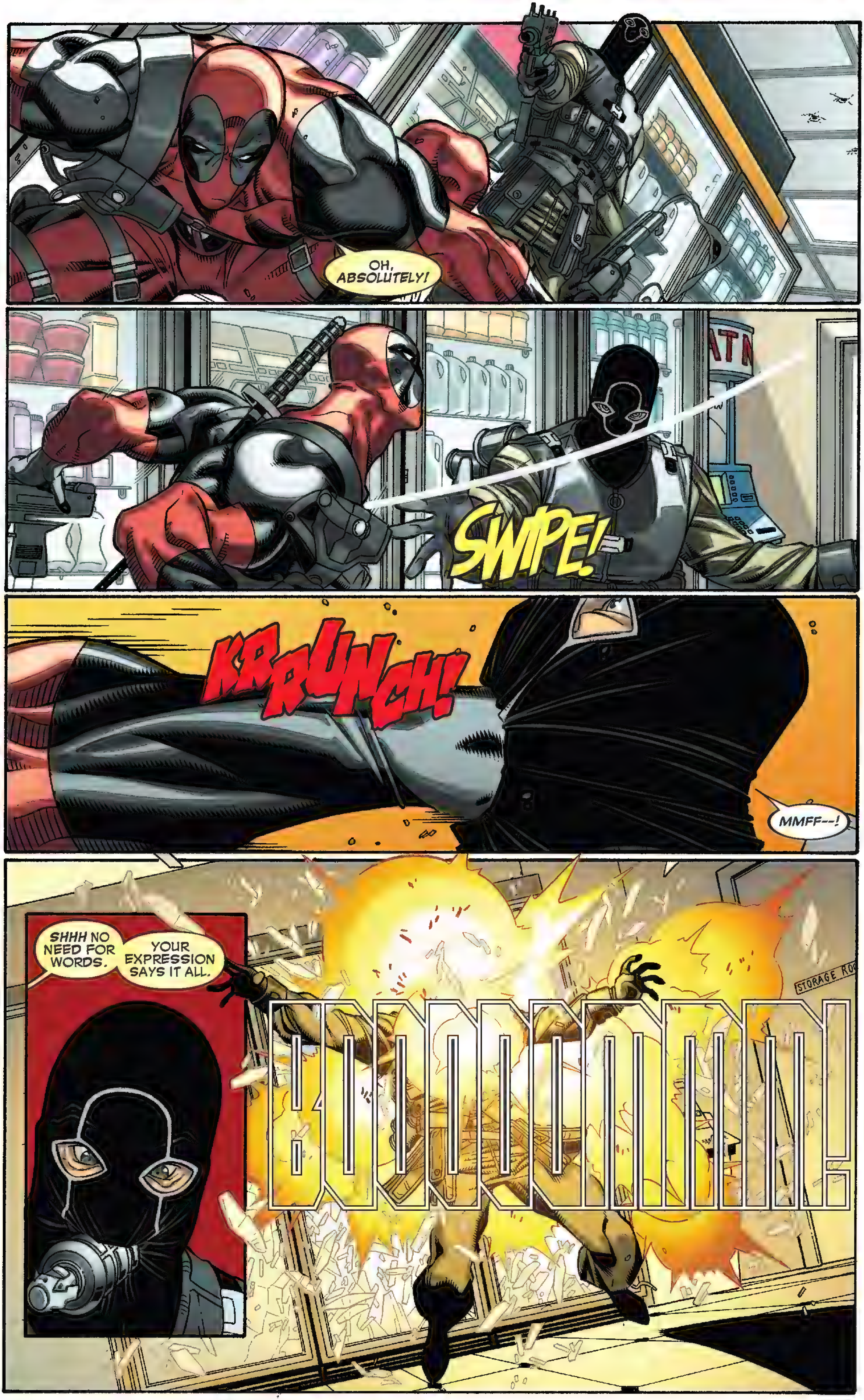

LITTLEFORK, WISCONSIN
WHATTA YA MEAN YOU DON'T TAKE GOLD?
ICE
ENTER
IT'S... IT'S &%#$%# GOLD!!!
DOLLARS!
ONLY DOLLARS!
DUDE, HAVE A HEART-- I'M STARVIN' HERE.
JUST TAKE THE GOLD AND LET ME LEAVE WITH THIS DELICIOUS MICROWAVE BURRITO BEFORE IT STARTS CONGEALING.
BECAUSE ONCE THE CONGEALING STARTS?
THAT'S WHEN THINGS GET UGLY.
AMERICAN...
...DOLLARS.
SHOOT.
Stab.
NO, SHOOT.
HOW ABOUT A COMPROMISE?
SHOOT, THEN STAB?
No, stab then shoot.

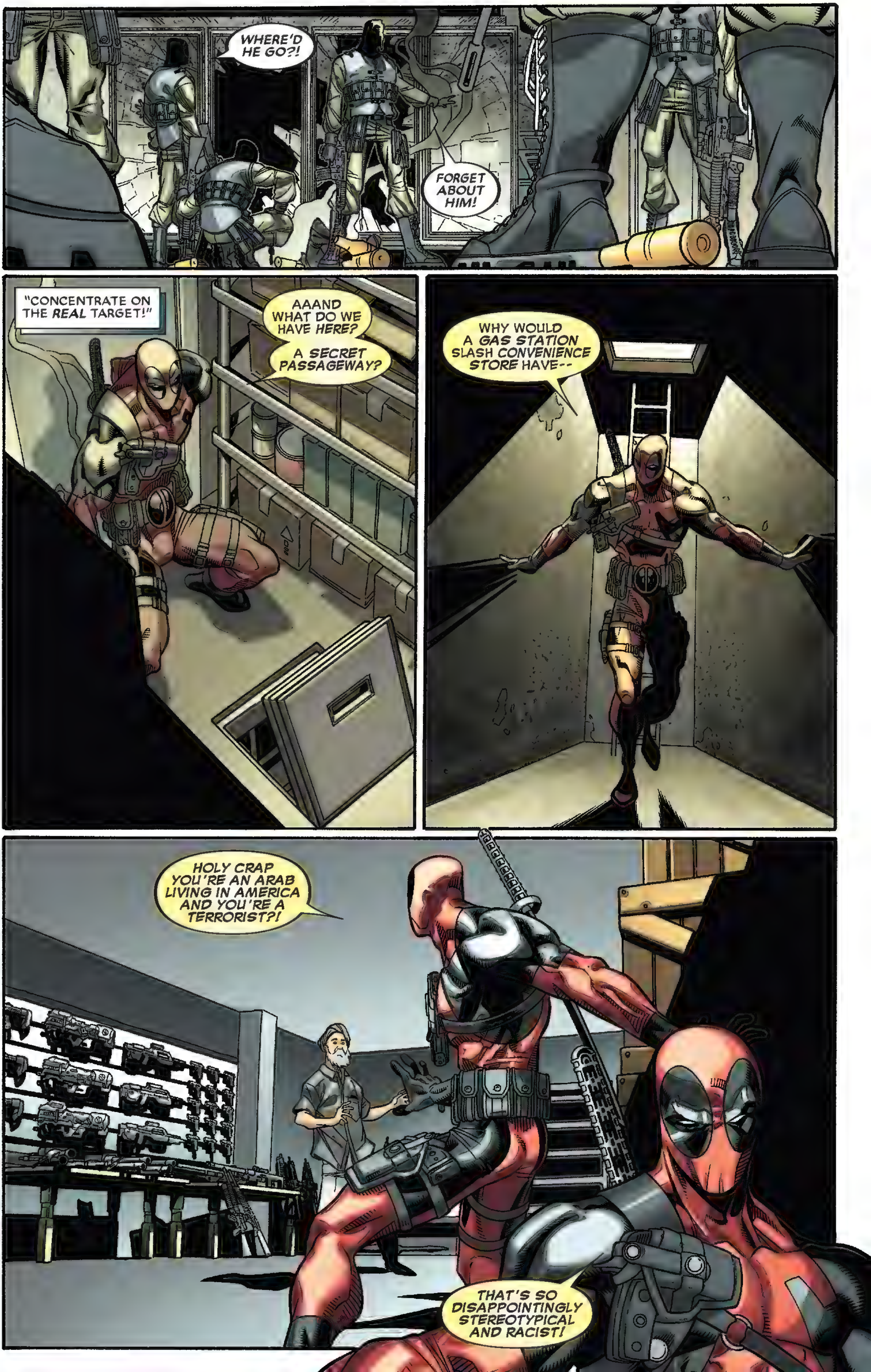

And let's not rule out *"grenade down the throat"*...
OR "*GRENADE UP THE--*"
I DON'T *HAVE* ANY AMERICAN DOLLARS... BUT GUESS WHAT I *DO* HAVE?
HMMM...
YOU HAVE...A *MASK*...
YUP.
AND *GUNS*...
YUP.
HMMM...
THIS IS A ROBBERY?

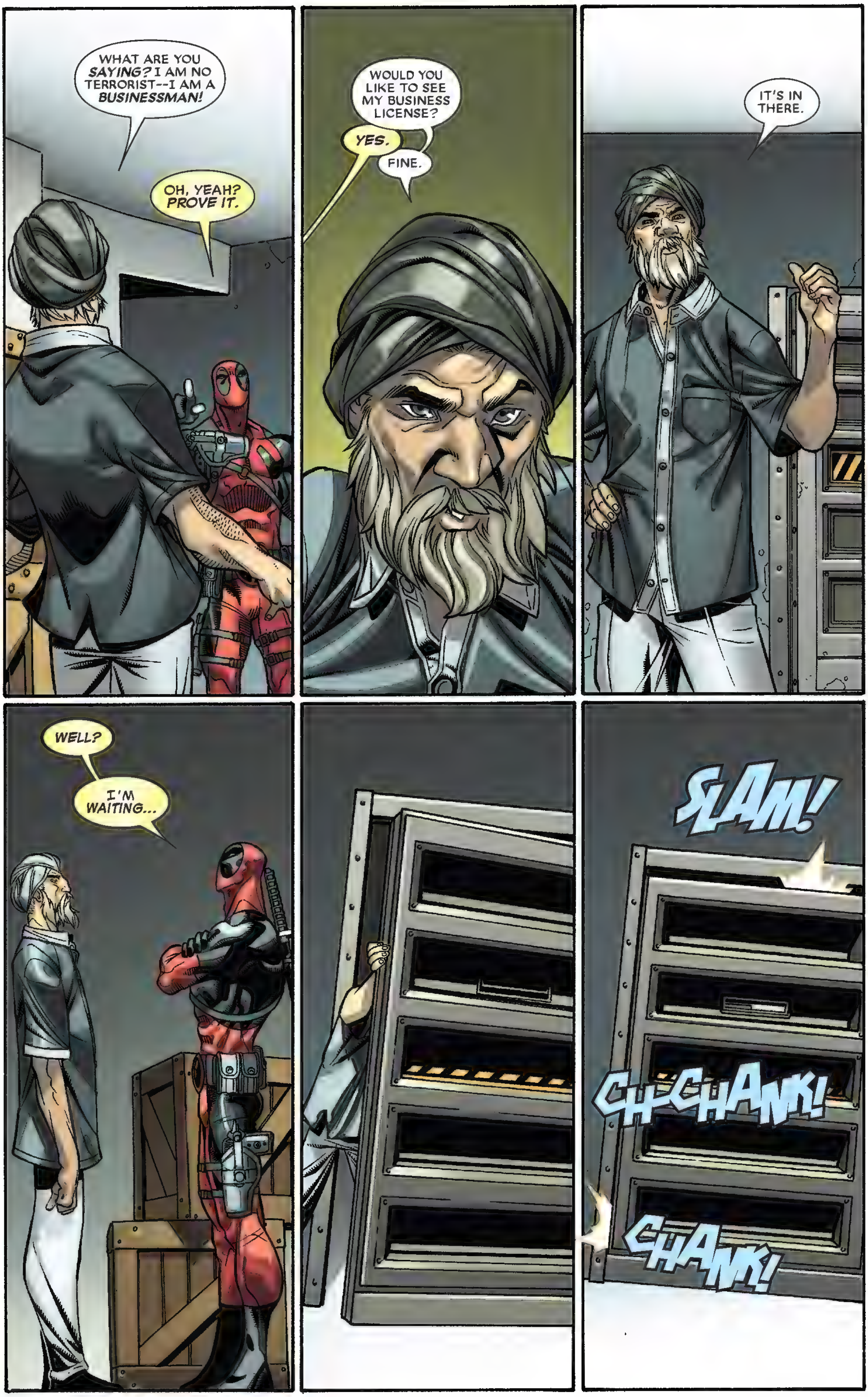

YUP.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU GUYS?
Marlboro
HM.
10.53
WAIT! MY BURRITO!
CH-CHANK!
CHAKK! CHAKK!

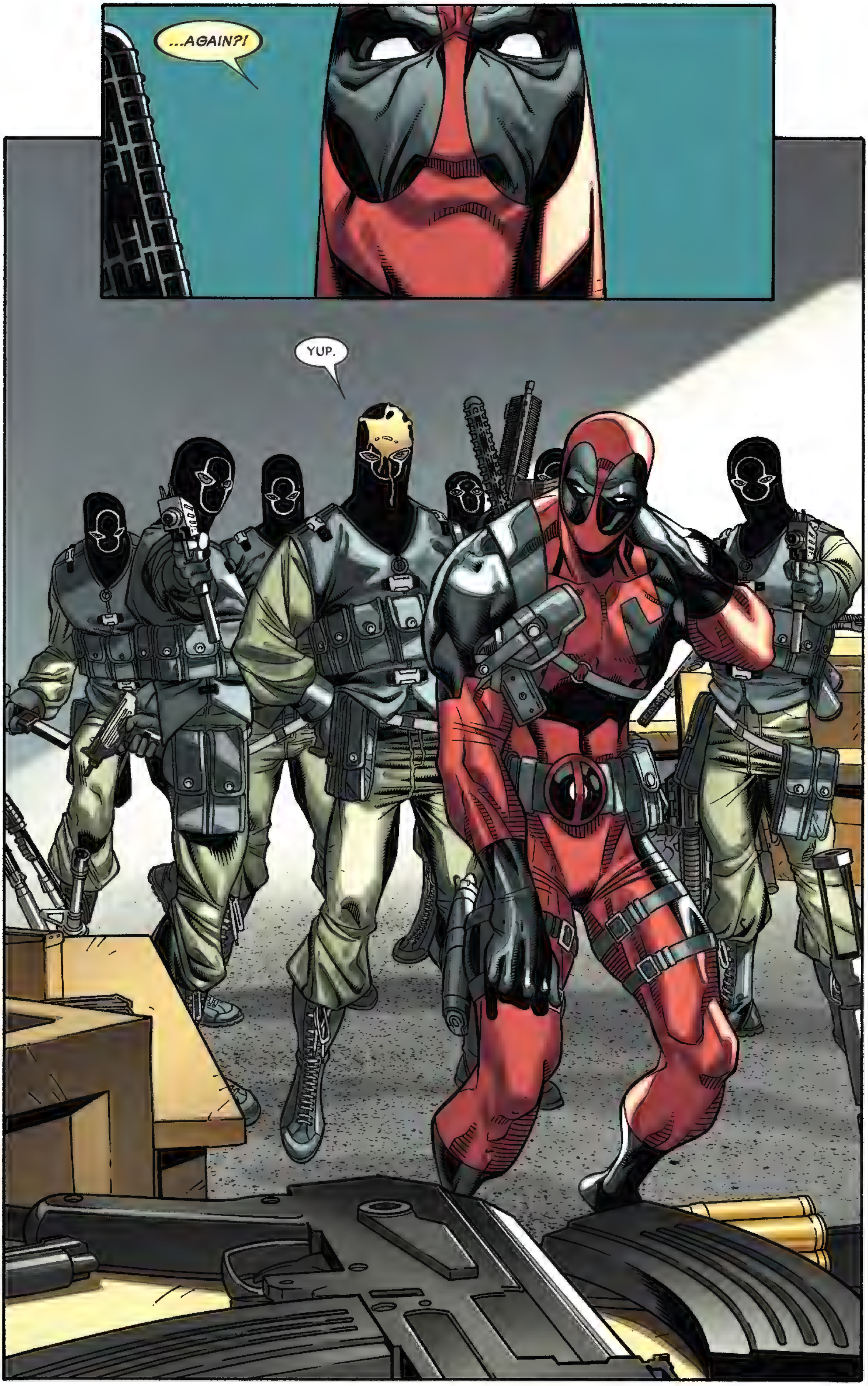

BANG!
SPLORCH!
INCOMING!
SPLAKK!
AAAGH!
IT'S ALL... CONGEALED!
YOU KNOW WHAT *THAT* MEANS, OF COURSE...
THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET UGLY.
BLAM!

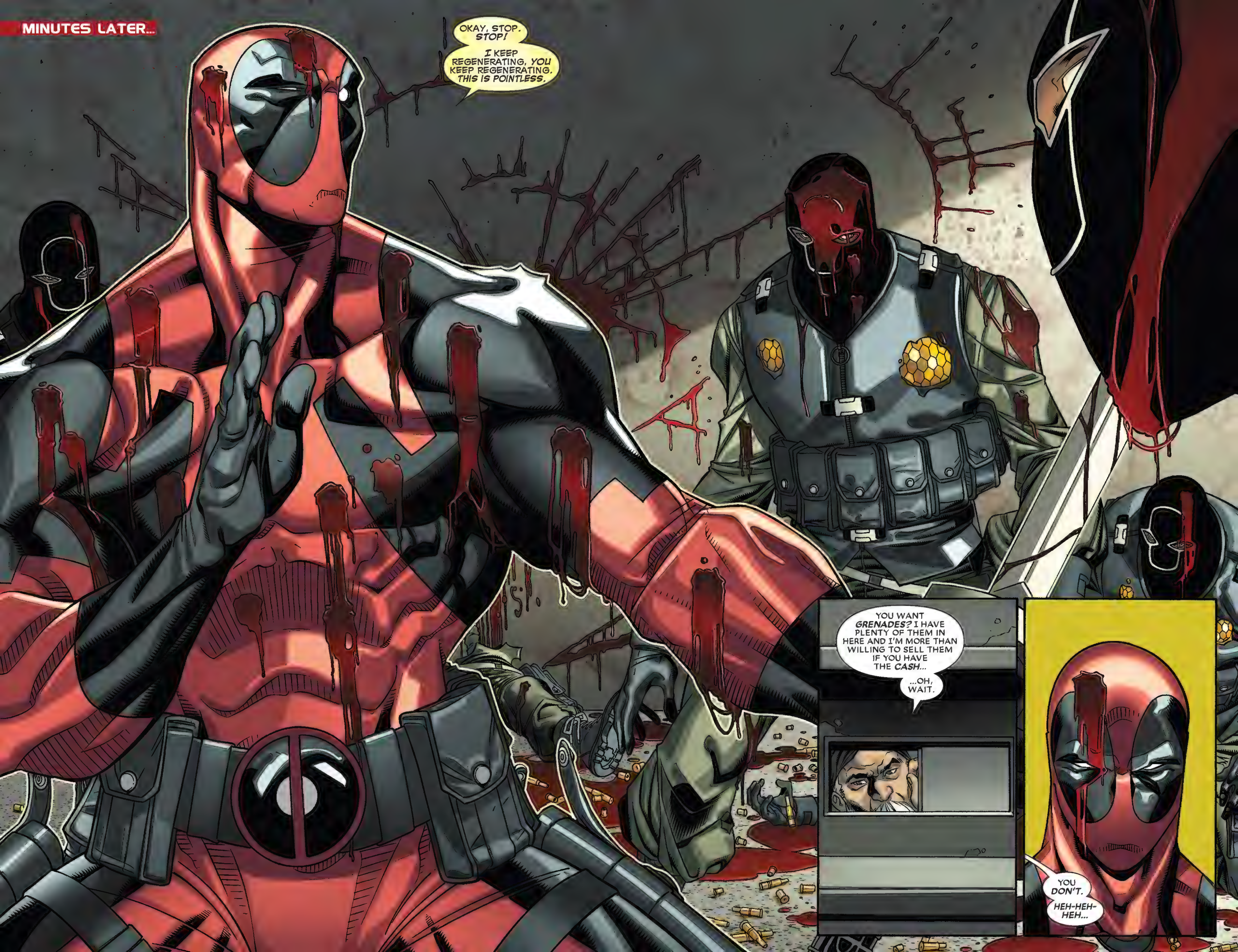

DUDE, YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
BOOOMMM!
BRATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT!
THEY CAN REGENERATE!
I NOTICED.
NOW CAN WE DO GRENADE DOWN THE THROAT?
BLAM!
BLAM!

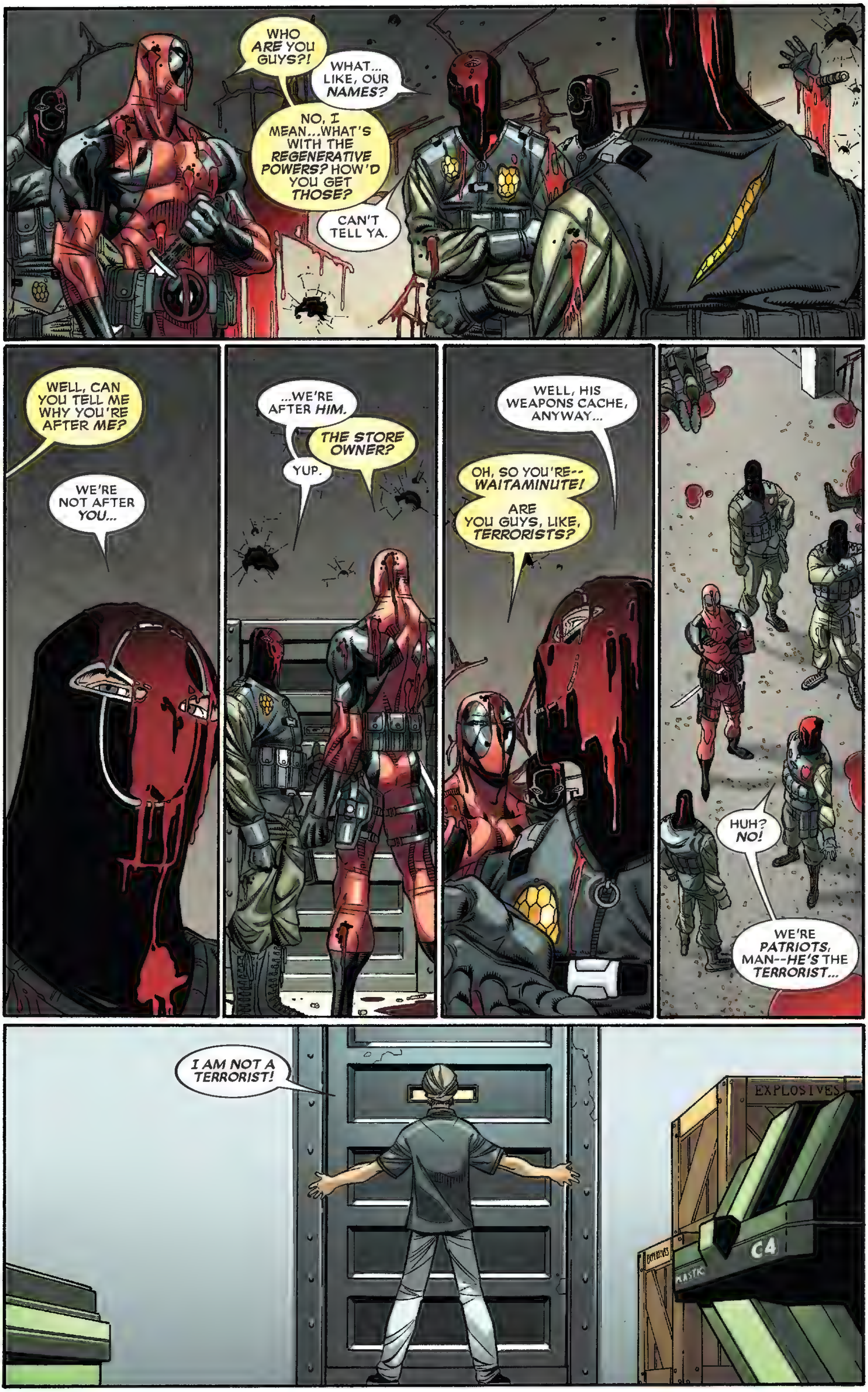

OH, ABSOLUTELY!
SWIPE!
KRRUNCH!
MMFF--!
SHHH NO NEED FOR WORDS.
YOUR EXPRESSION SAYS IT ALL.
STORAGE RO
BOOOOOMMM!

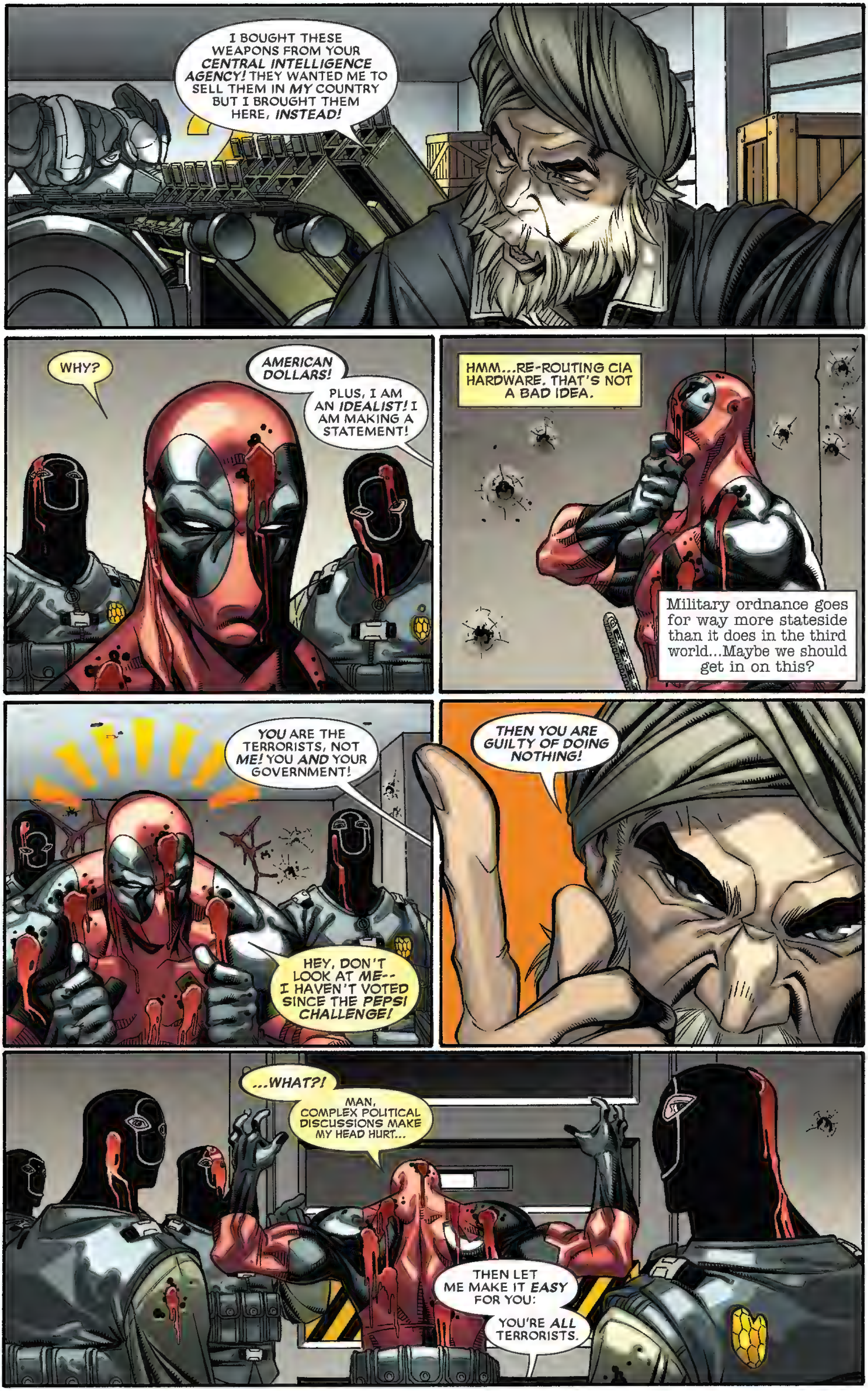

WHERE'D HE GO?!
FORGET ABOUT HIM!
"CONCENTRATE ON THE *REAL* TARGET!"
AAAND WHAT DO WE HAVE *HERE?*
A *SECRET PASSAGEWAY?*
WHY WOULD A *GAS STATION* SLASH CONVENIENCE STORE HAVE--
HOLY CRAP YOU'RE AN ARAB LIVING IN AMERICA AND YOU'RE A TERRORIST?!
THAT'S SO DISAPPOINTINGLY STEREOTYPICAL AND RACIST!

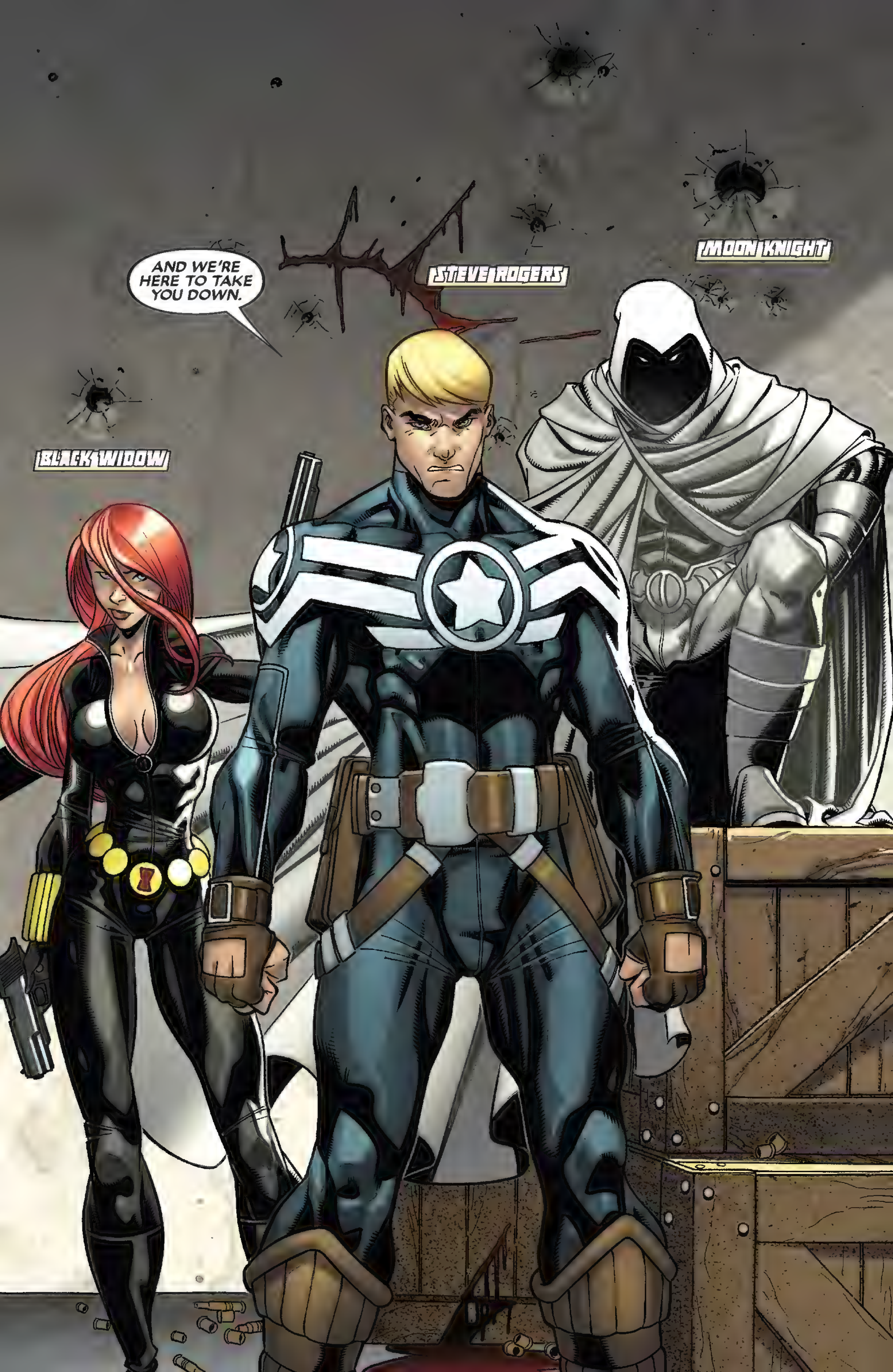

WHAT ARE YOU *SAYING?* I AM NO TERRORIST--I AM A *BUSINESSMAN!*
OH, YEAH? PROVE IT.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY BUSINESS LICENSE?
YES.
FINE.
IT'S IN THERE.
WELL?
I'M WAITING...
SLAM!
CH-CHANK!
CHANK!

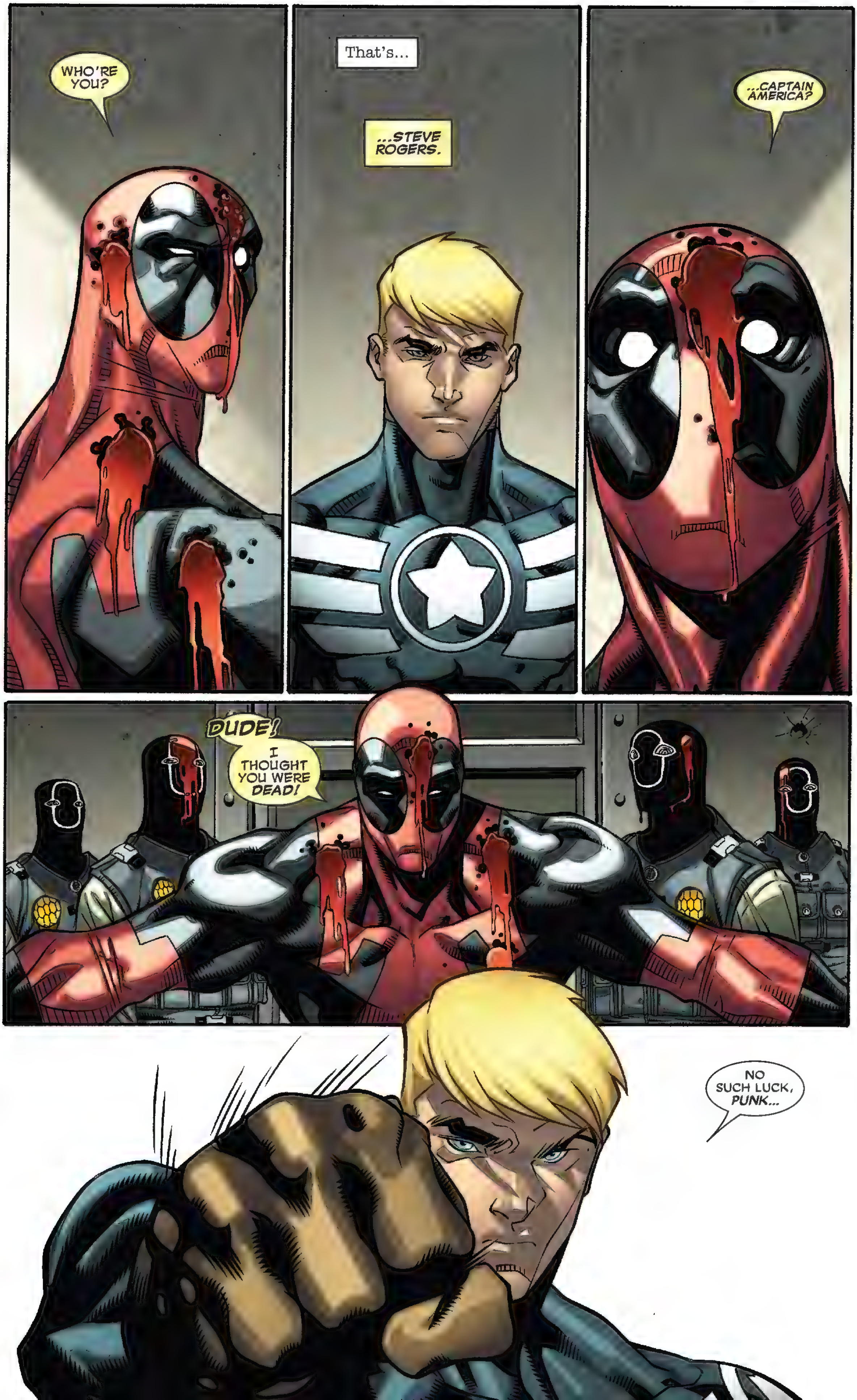

...AGAIN?!
YUP.

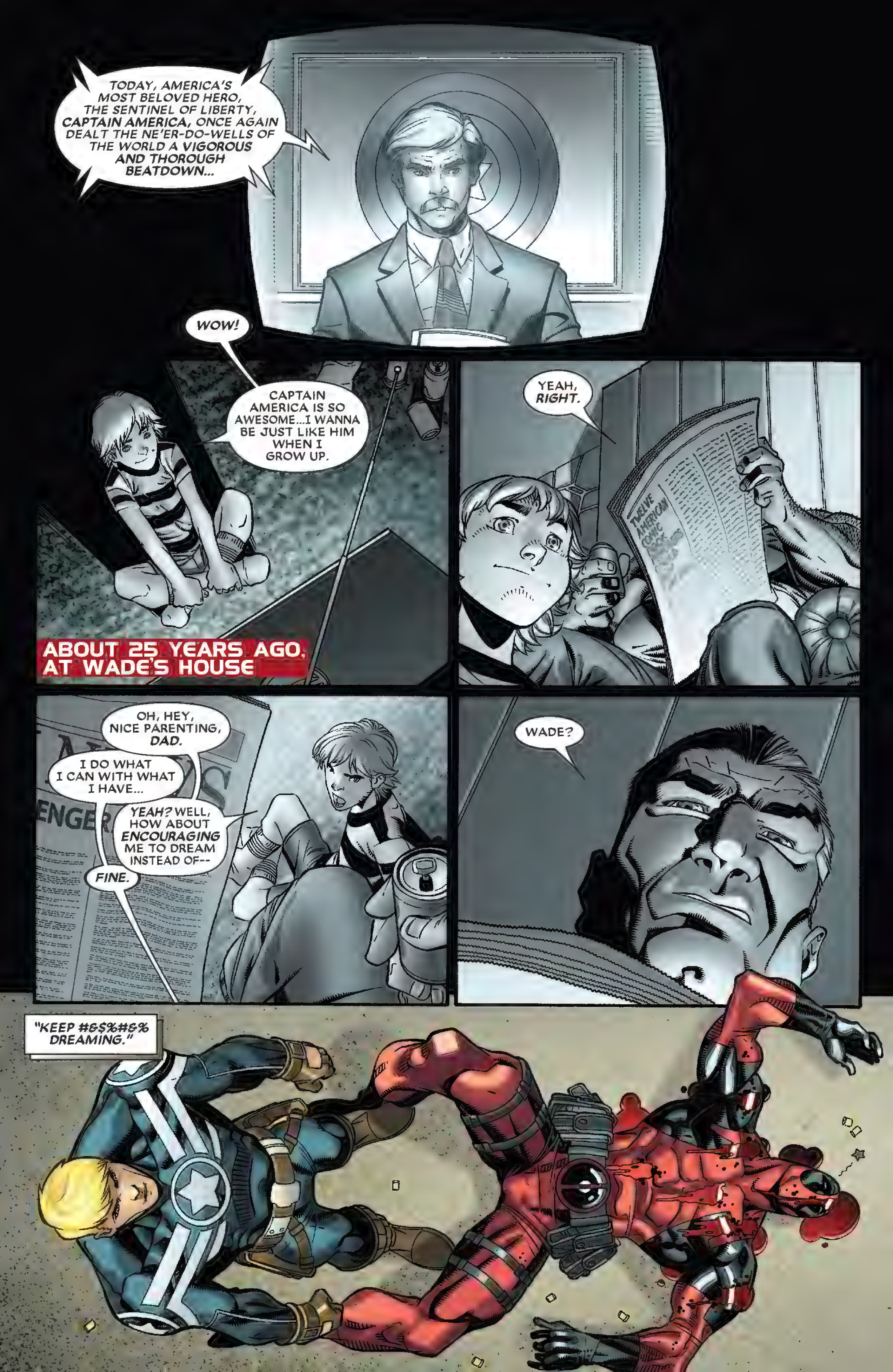

MINUTES LATER...
OKAY, STOP. *STOP!*
I KEEP REGENERATING, *YOU* KEEP REGENERATING. *THIS IS POINTLESS.*
YOU WANT *GRENADES?* I HAVE PLENTY OF THEM IN HERE AND I'M MORE THAN WILLING TO SELL THEM IF YOU HAVE THE *CASH*...
...OH, WAIT.
YOU *DON'T.*
HEH-HEH-HEH...

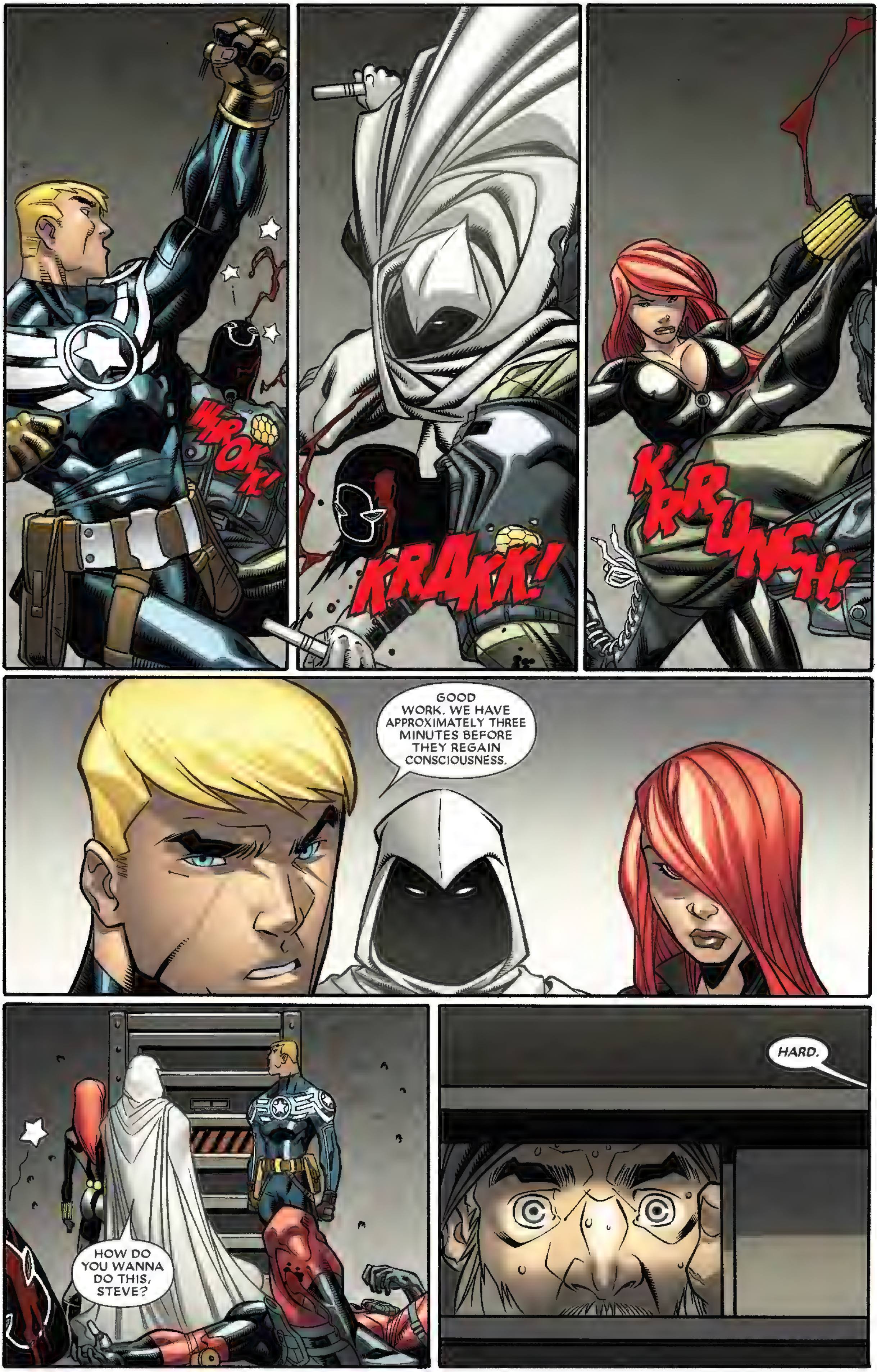

WHO ARE YOU GUYS?!
WHAT... LIKE, OUR NAMES?
NO, I MEAN...WHAT'S WITH THE REGENERATIVE POWERS? HOW'D YOU GET THOSE?
CAN'T TELL YA.
WELL, CAN YOU TELL ME WHY YOU'RE AFTER ME?
WE'RE NOT AFTER YOU...
...WE'RE AFTER HIM.
THE STORE OWNER?
YUP.
WELL, HIS WEAPONS CACHE, ANYWAY...
OH, SO YOU'RE-- WAITAMINUTE!
ARE YOU GUYS, LIKE, TERRORISTS?
HUH? NO!
WE'RE PATRIOTS, MAN--HE'S THE TERRORIST...
I AM NOT A TERRORIST!
EXPLOSIVES
EXPLOSIVES
PLASTIC
C4

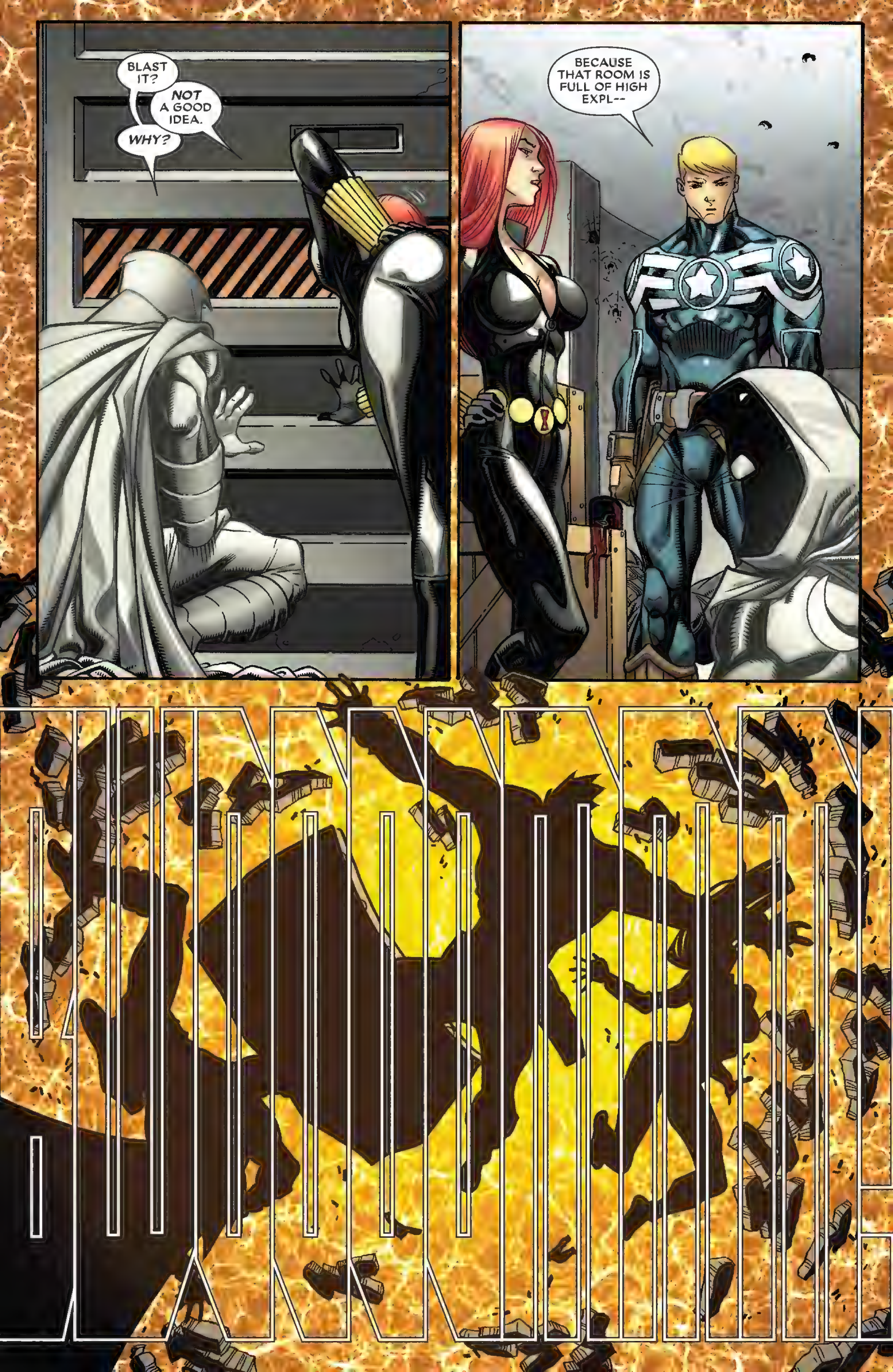

I BOUGHT THESE WEAPONS FROM YOUR *CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY!* THEY WANTED ME TO SELL THEM IN *MY* COUNTRY BUT I BROUGHT THEM HERE, *INSTEAD!*
WHY?
AMERICAN DOLLARS!
PLUS, I AM AN *IDEALIST!* I AM MAKING A STATEMENT!
HMM...RE-ROUTING CIA HARDWARE. THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA.
Military ordnance goes for way more stateside than it does in the third world...Maybe we should get in on this?
YOU ARE THE TERRORISTS, NOT *ME!* YOU *AND* YOUR GOVERNMENT!
HEY, DON'T LOOK AT *ME*-- I HAVEN'T VOTED SINCE THE *PEPSI* CHALLENGE!
THEN YOU ARE GUILTY OF DOING NOTHING!
...WHAT?!
MAN, COMPLEX POLITICAL DISCUSSIONS MAKE MY HEAD HURT...
THEN LET ME MAKE IT *EASY* FOR YOU:
YOU'RE *ALL* TERRORISTS.

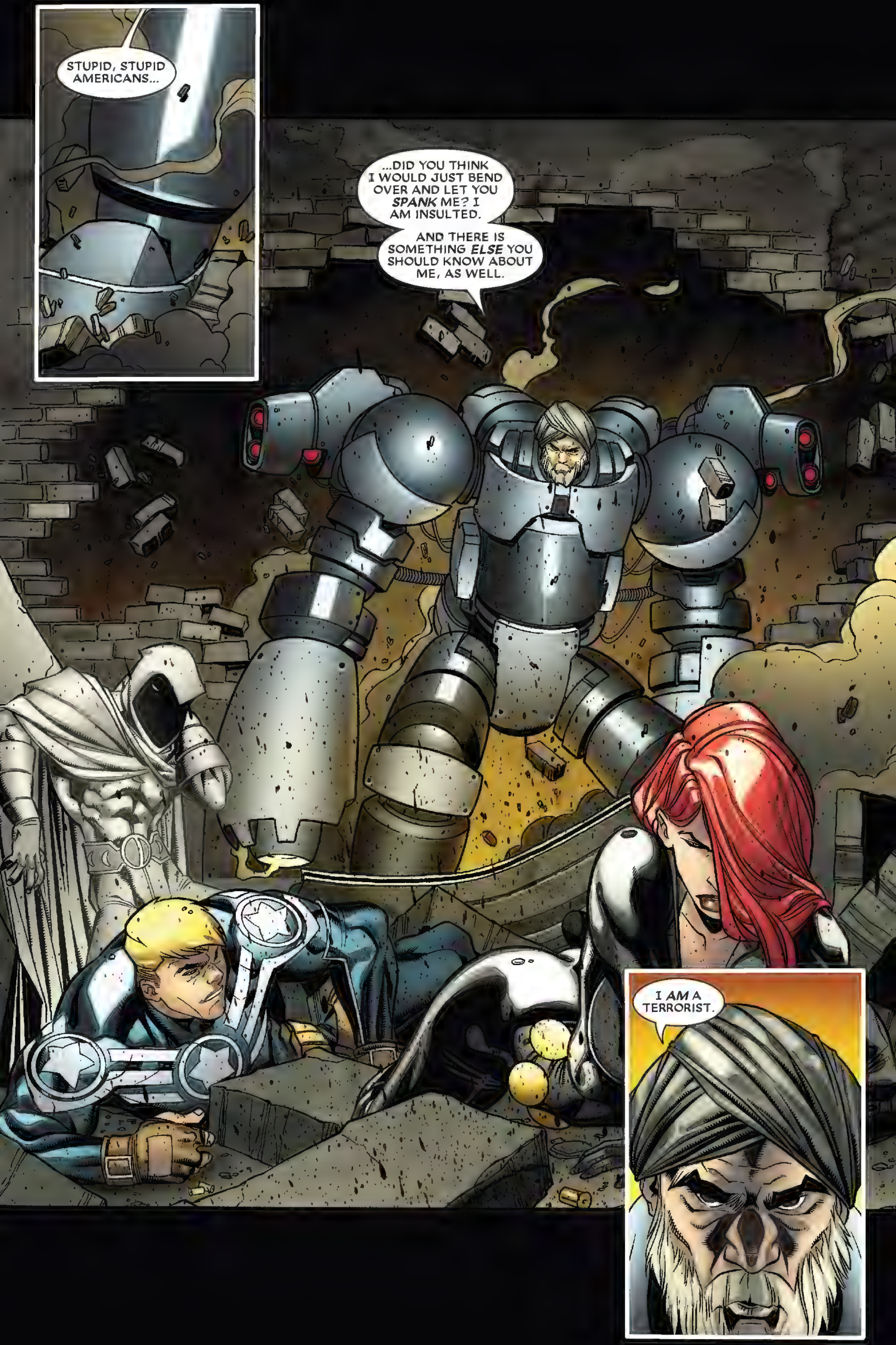

AND WE'RE HERE TO TAKE YOU DOWN.
STEVE ROGERS
MOON KNIGHT
BLACK WIDOW

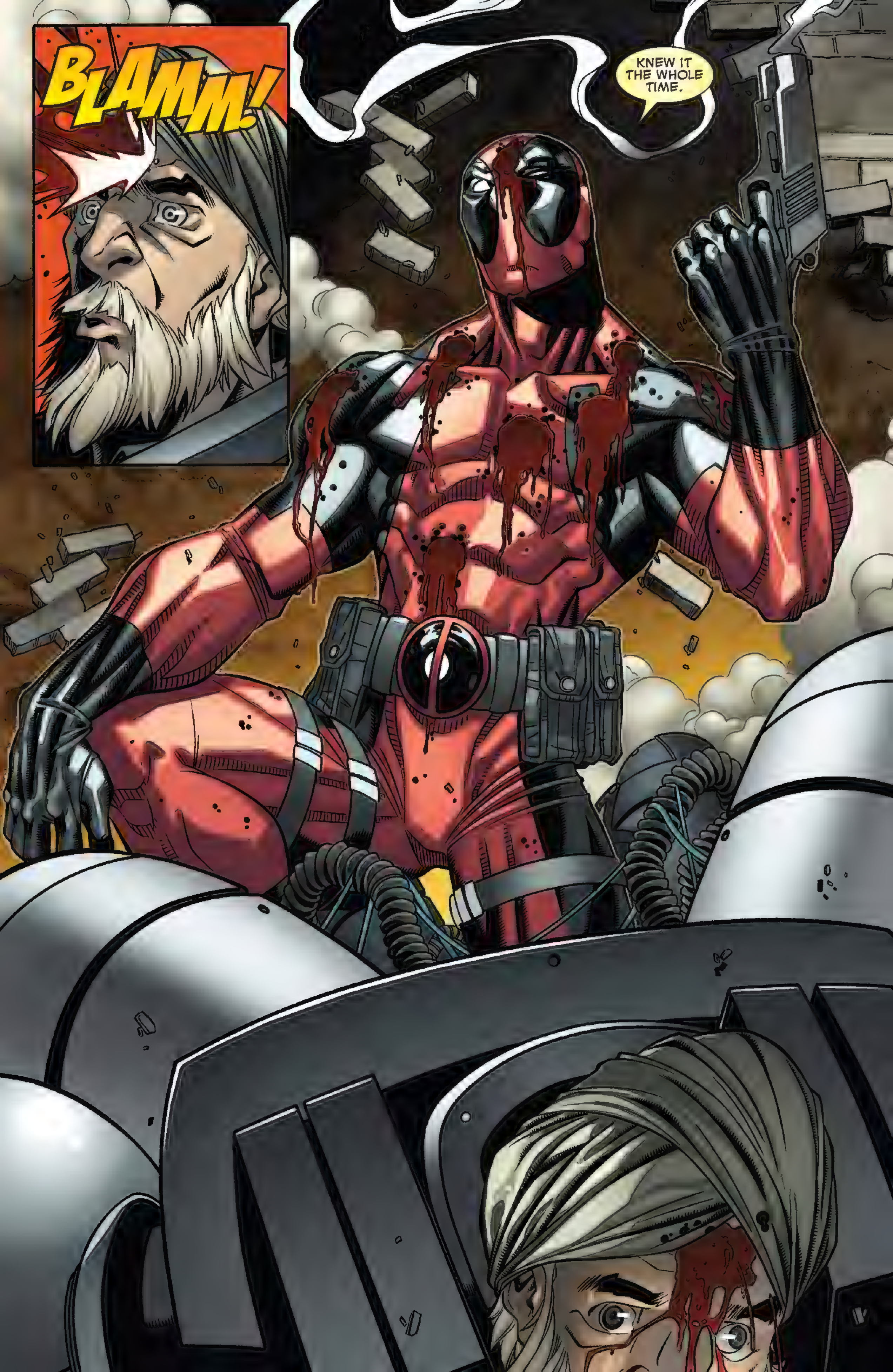

WHO'RE YOU?
That's...
...STEVE ROGERS.
...CAPTAIN AMERICA?
DUDE!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
NO SUCH LUCK, PUNK...

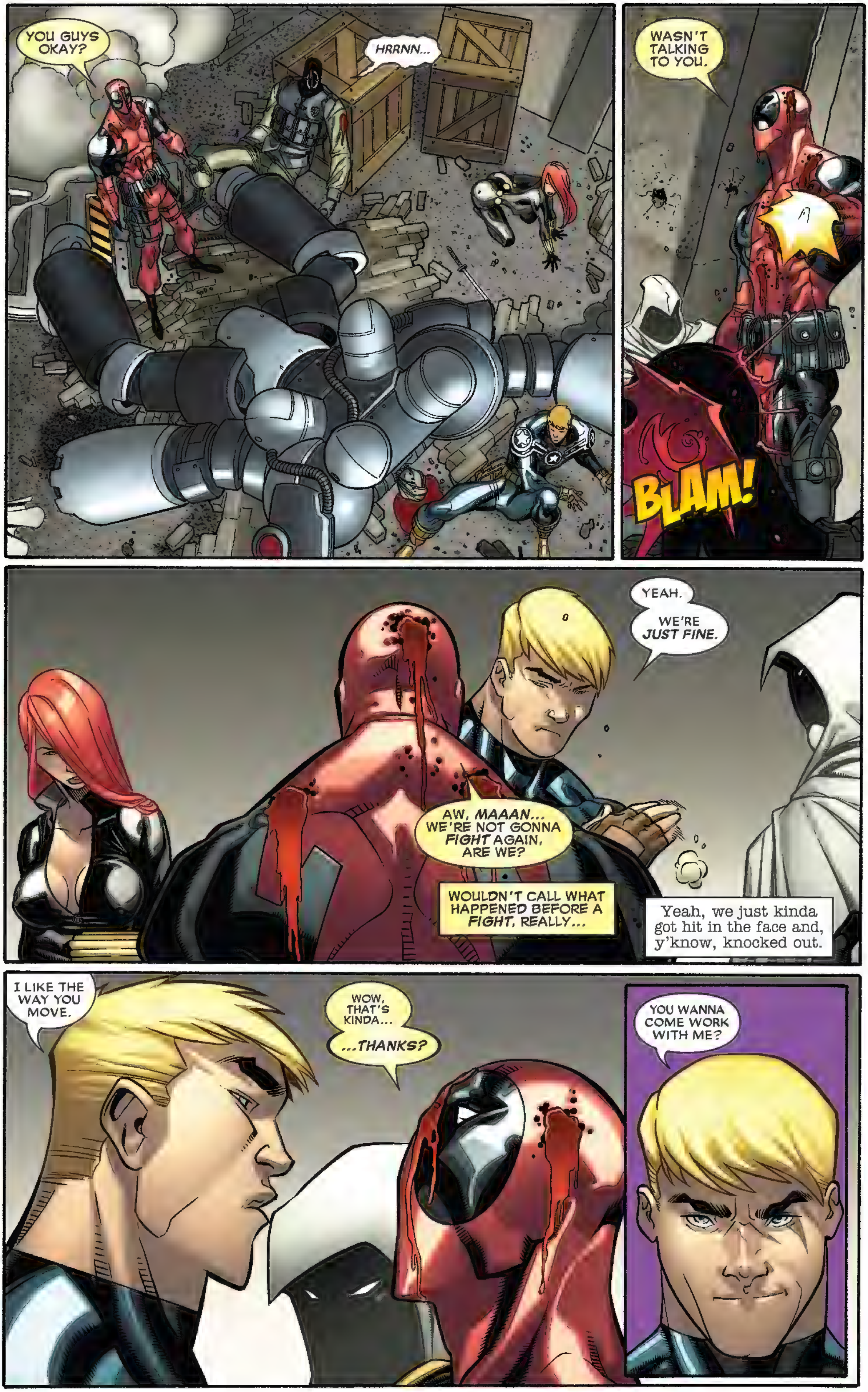

TODAY, AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED HERO, THE SENTINEL OF LIBERTY, CAPTAIN AMERICA, ONCE AGAIN DEALT THE NE'ER-DO-WELLS OF THE WORLD A VIGOROUS AND THOROUGH BEATDOWN...
WOW!
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS SO AWESOME...I WANNA BE JUST LIKE HIM WHEN I GROW UP.
ABOUT 25 YEARS AGO, AT WADE'S HOUSE
YEAH, RIGHT.
TWELVE AMERICAN COMIC
OH, HEY, NICE PARENTING, DAD.
I DO WHAT I CAN WITH WHAT I HAVE...
YEAH? WELL, HOW ABOUT ENCOURAGING ME TO DREAM INSTEAD OF--
FINE.
WADE?
"KEEP #&$%#&% DREAMING."

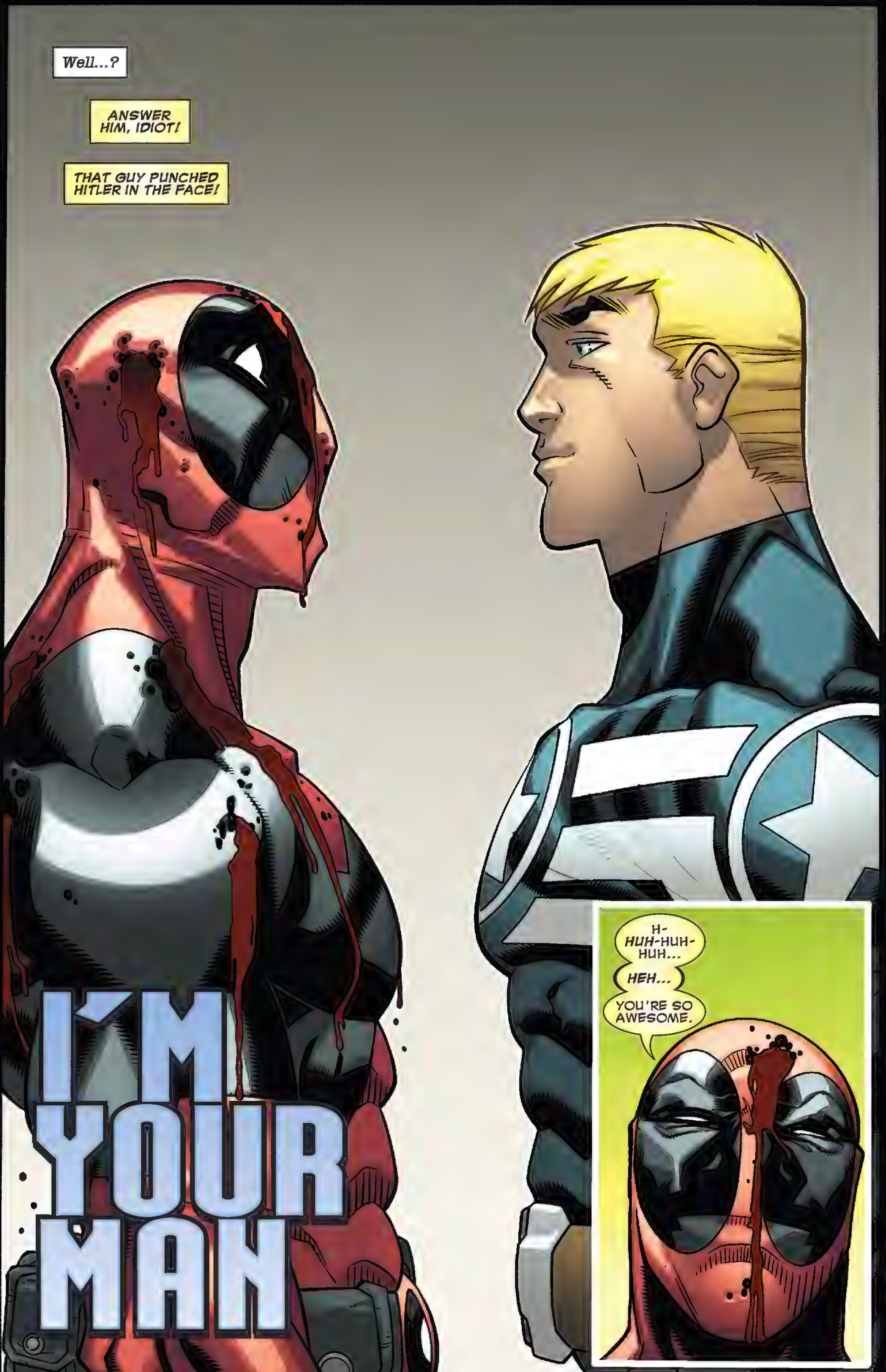

WHOK!
KRAKK!
KRRUNCH!
GOOD WORK. WE HAVE APPROXIMATELY THREE MINUTES BEFORE THEY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.
HOW DO YOU WANNA DO THIS, STEVE?
HARD.


BLAST IT?
NOT A GOOD IDEA.
WHY?
BECAUSE THAT ROOM IS FULL OF HIGH EXPL--

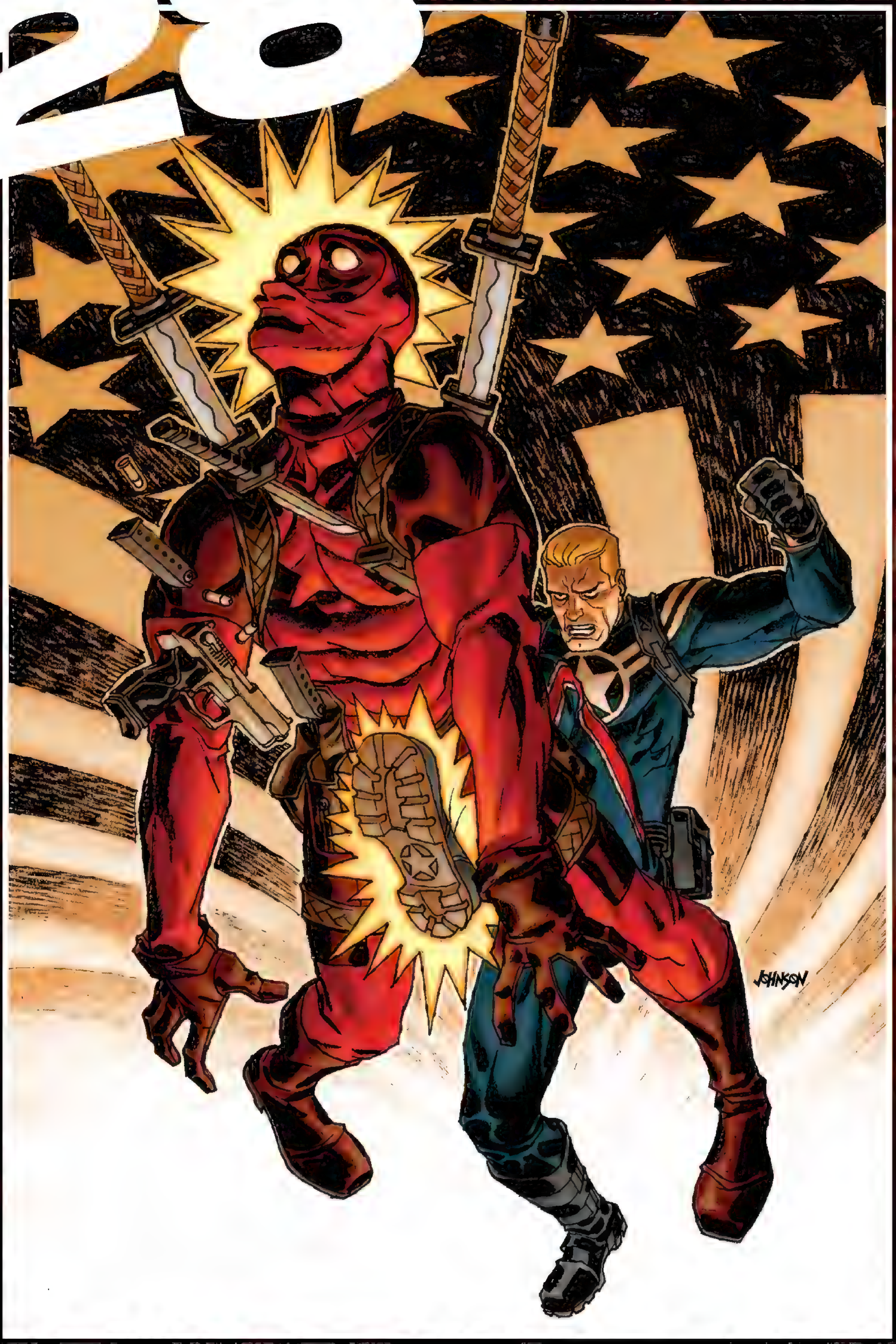

STUPID, STUPID AMERICANS...
...DID YOU THINK I WOULD JUST BEND OVER AND LET YOU *SPANK* ME? I AM INSULTED.
AND THERE IS SOMETHING *ELSE* YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME, AS WELL.
I *AM* A TERRORIST.

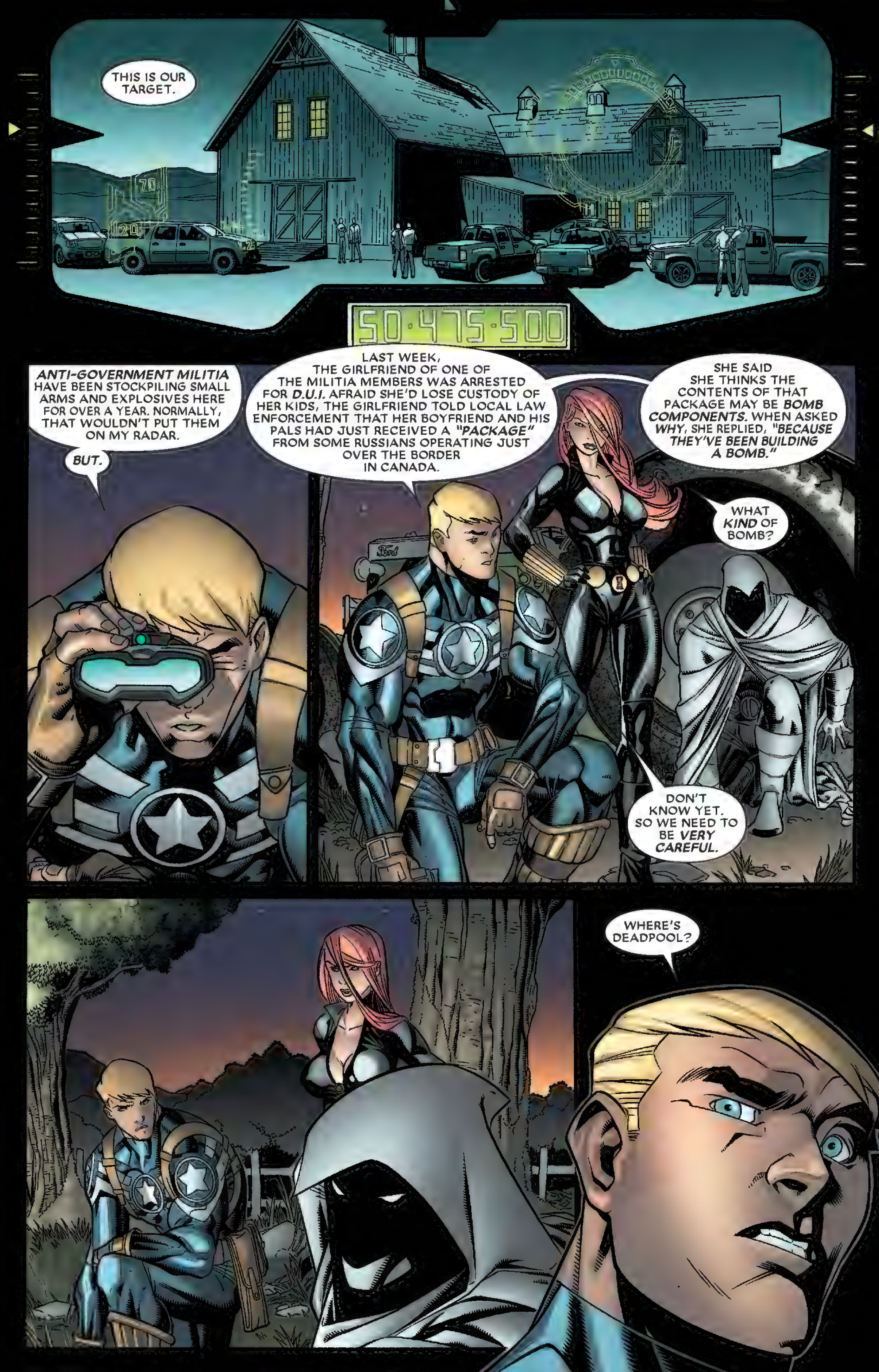

BLAMM!
KNEW IT THE WHOLE TIME.

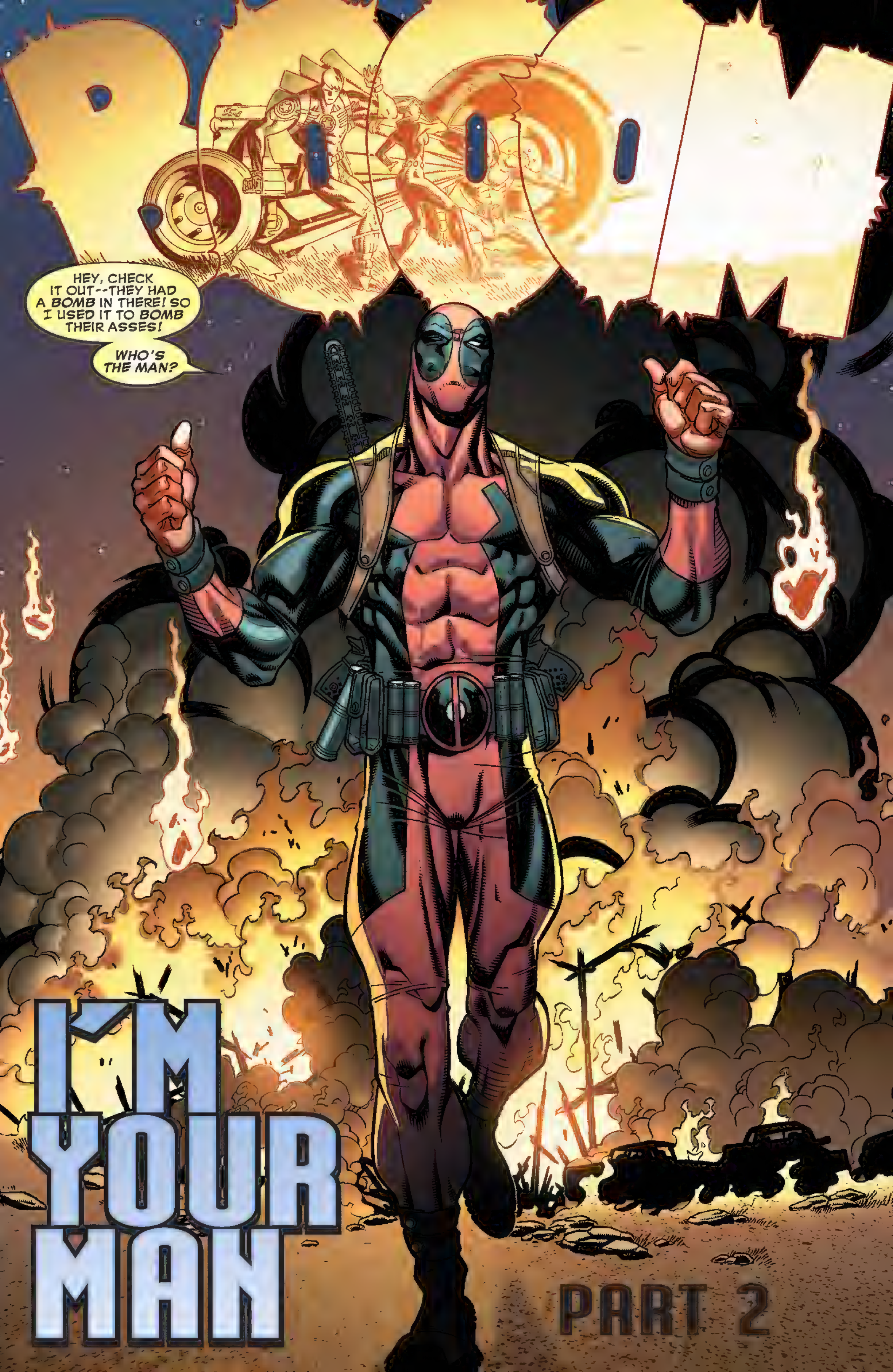

YOU GUYS OKAY?
HRRNN...
WASN'T TALKING TO YOU.
BLAM!
YEAH.
WE'RE *JUST FINE.*
AW, *MAAAN...* WE'RE NOT GONNA *FIGHT* AGAIN, ARE WE?
WOULDN'T CALL WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE A *FIGHT*, REALLY...
Yeah, we just kinda got hit in the face and, y'know, knocked out.
I LIKE THE WAY YOU MOVE.
WOW, THAT'S KINDA...
...THANKS?
YOU WANNA COME WORK WITH ME?

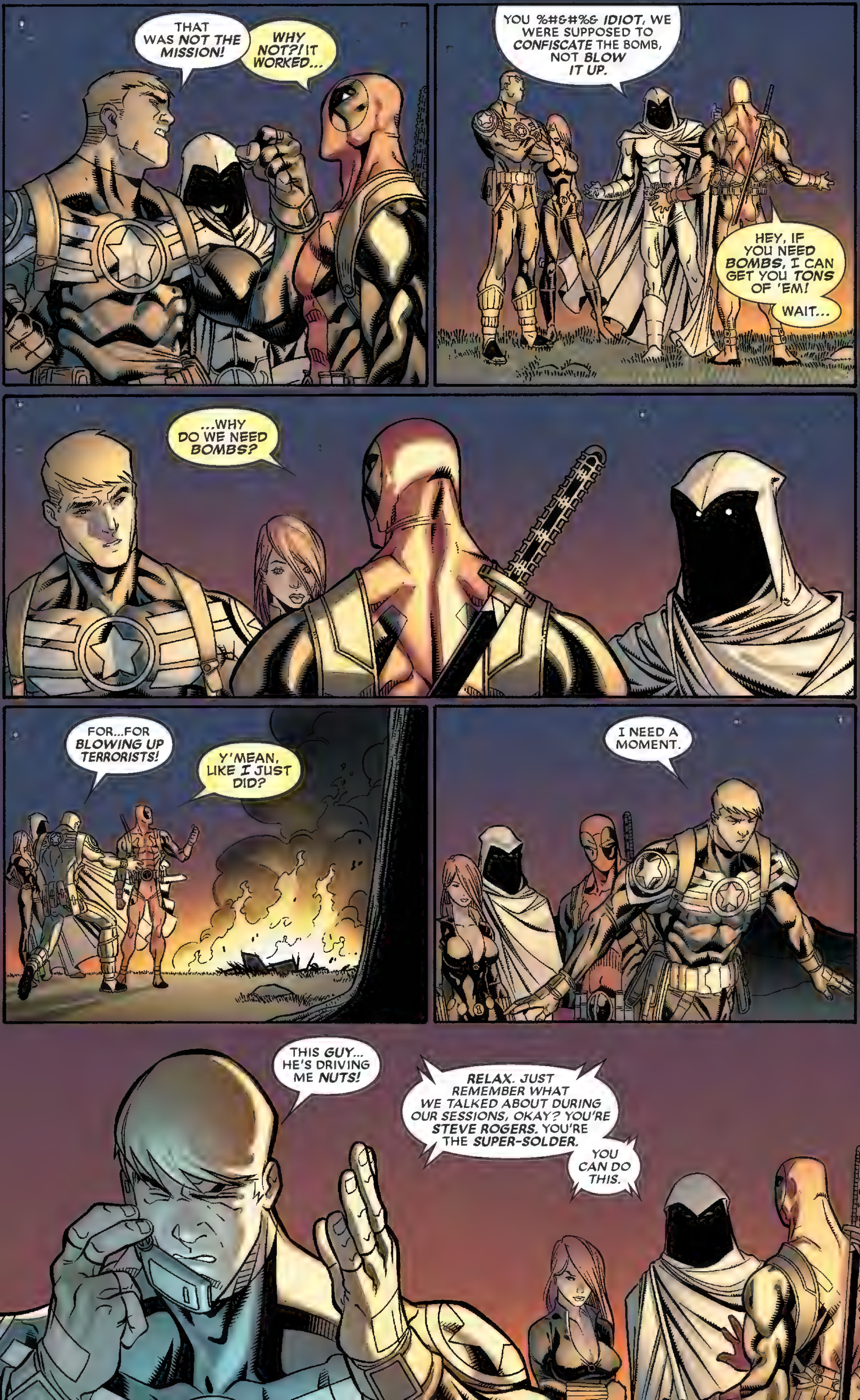

Well...?
ANSWER HIM, IDIOT!
THAT GUY PUNCHED HITLER IN THE FACE!
I'M YOUR MAN
H-HUH-HUH-HUH...
HEH...
YOU'RE SO AWESOME.

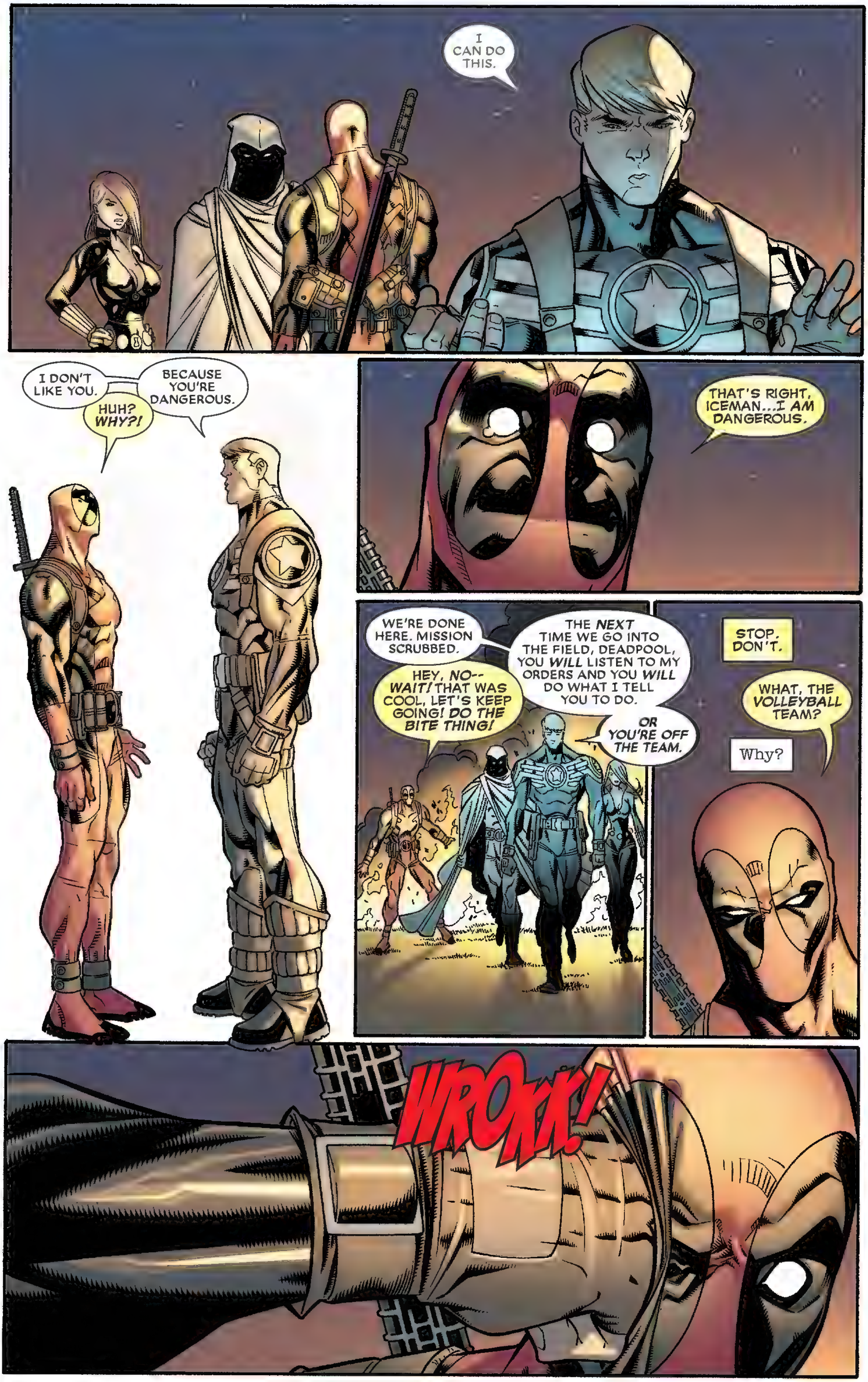
28

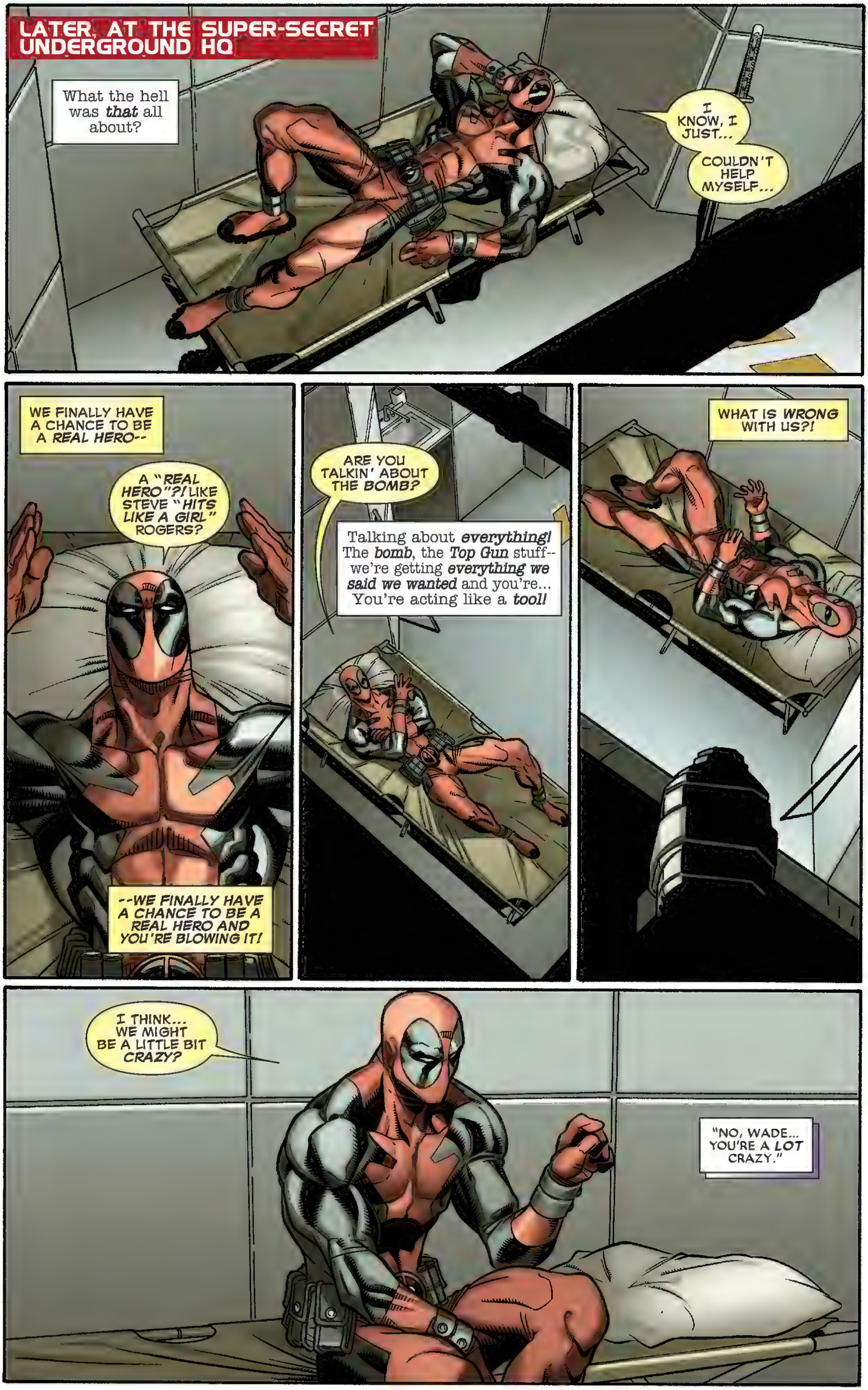


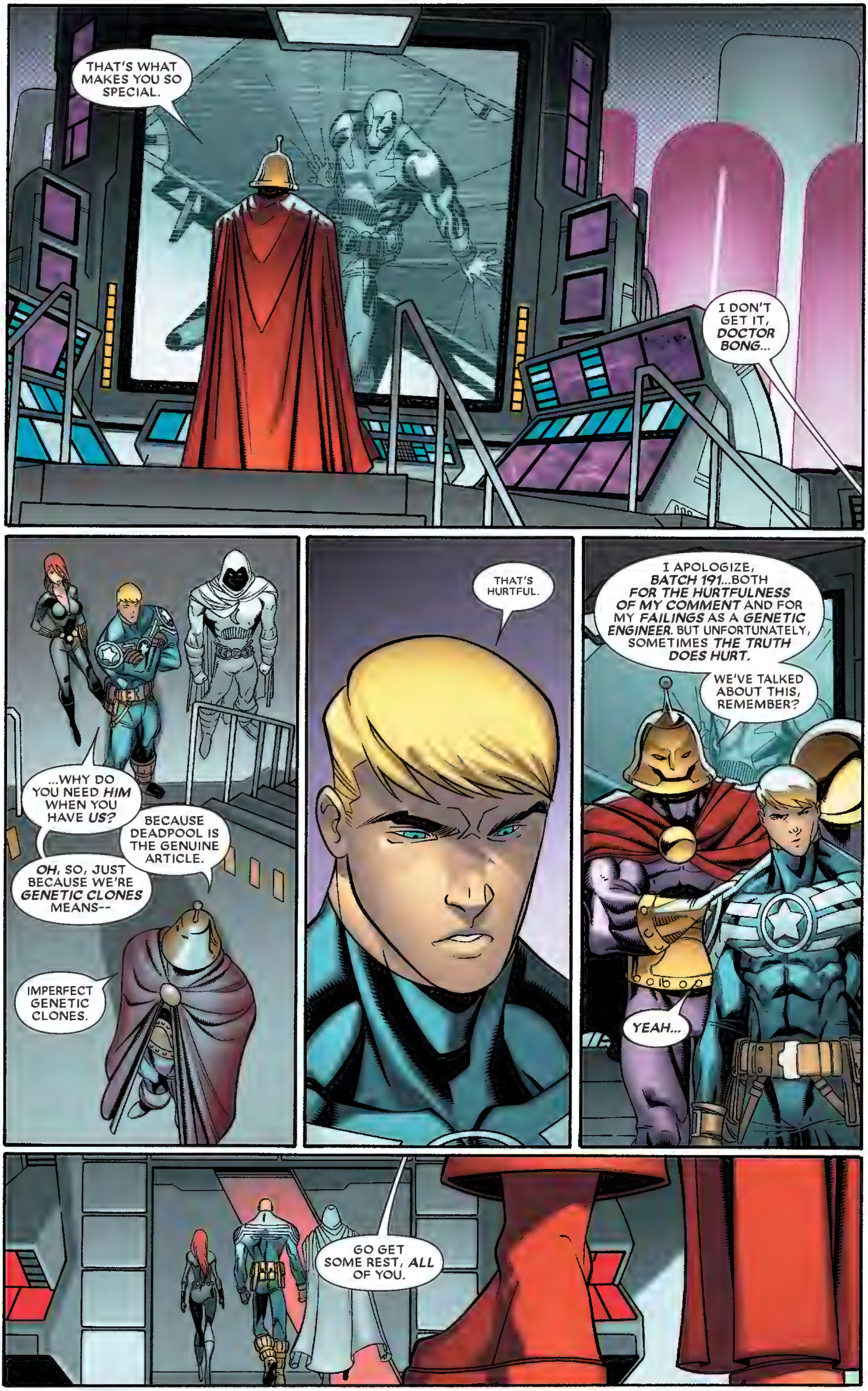

THIS IS OUR TARGET.
70
20
50·475·500
ANTI-GOVERNMENT MILITIA HAVE BEEN STOCKPILING SMALL ARMS AND EXPLOSIVES HERE FOR OVER A YEAR. NORMALLY, THAT WOULDN'T PUT THEM ON MY RADAR.
BUT.
LAST WEEK, THE GIRLFRIEND OF ONE OF THE MILITIA MEMBERS WAS ARRESTED FOR *D.U.I.* AFRAID SHE'D LOSE CUSTODY OF HER KIDS, THE GIRLFRIEND TOLD LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT THAT HER BOYFRIEND AND HIS PALS HAD JUST RECEIVED A *"PACKAGE"* FROM SOME RUSSIANS OPERATING JUST OVER THE BORDER IN CANADA.
SHE SAID SHE THINKS THE CONTENTS OF THAT PACKAGE MAY BE *BOMB COMPONENTS.* WHEN ASKED *WHY,* SHE REPLIED, *"BECAUSE THEY'VE BEEN BUILDING A BOMB."*
WHAT *KIND* OF BOMB?
DON'T KNOW YET. SO WE NEED TO BE *VERY CAREFUL.*
Ford
WHERE'S DEADPOOL?

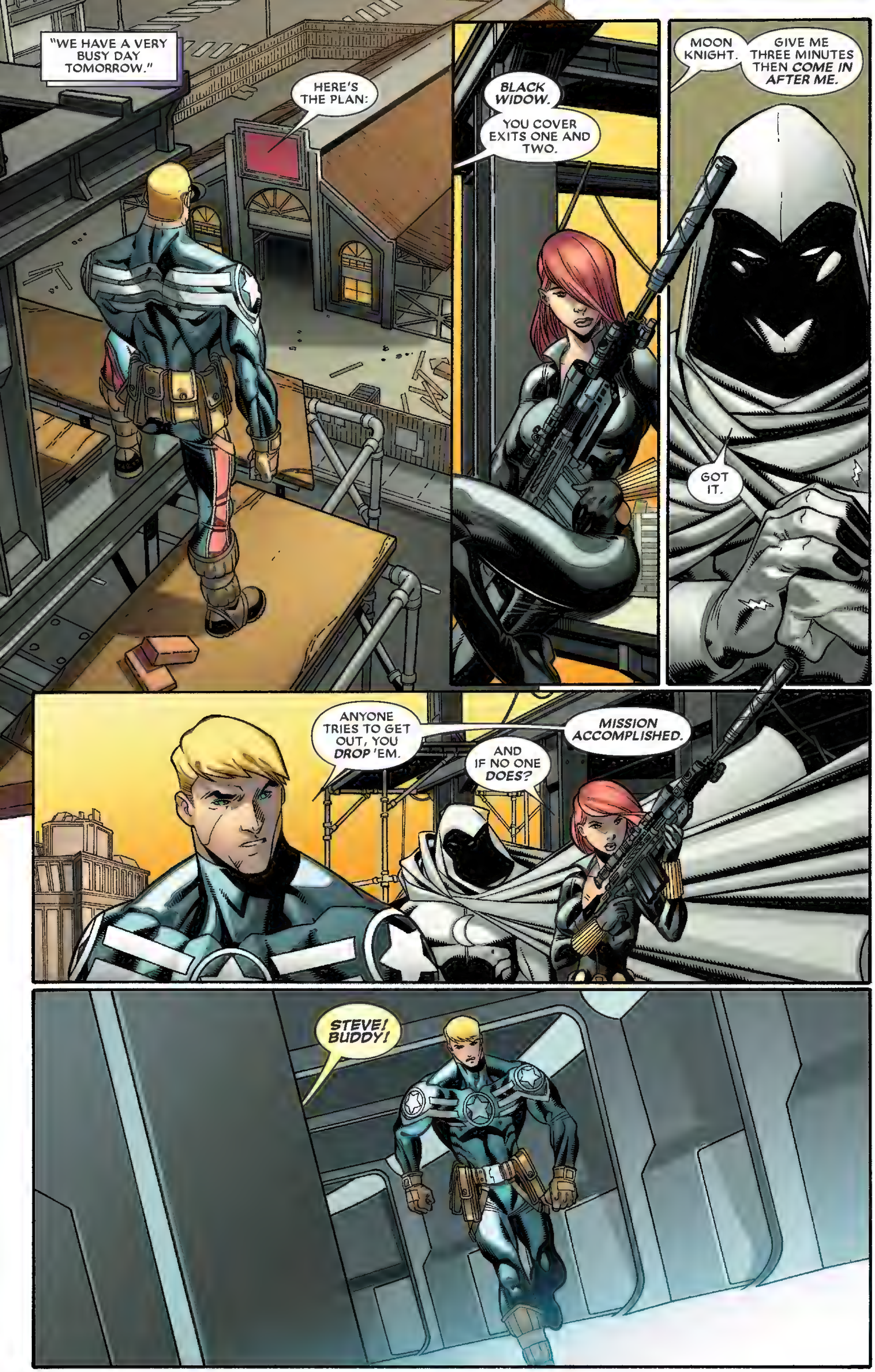

BOOM
HEY, CHECK IT OUT--THEY HAD A *BOMB* IN THERE! SO I USED IT TO *BOMB* THEIR ASSES!
WHO'S THE MAN?
I'M YOUR MAN
PART 2

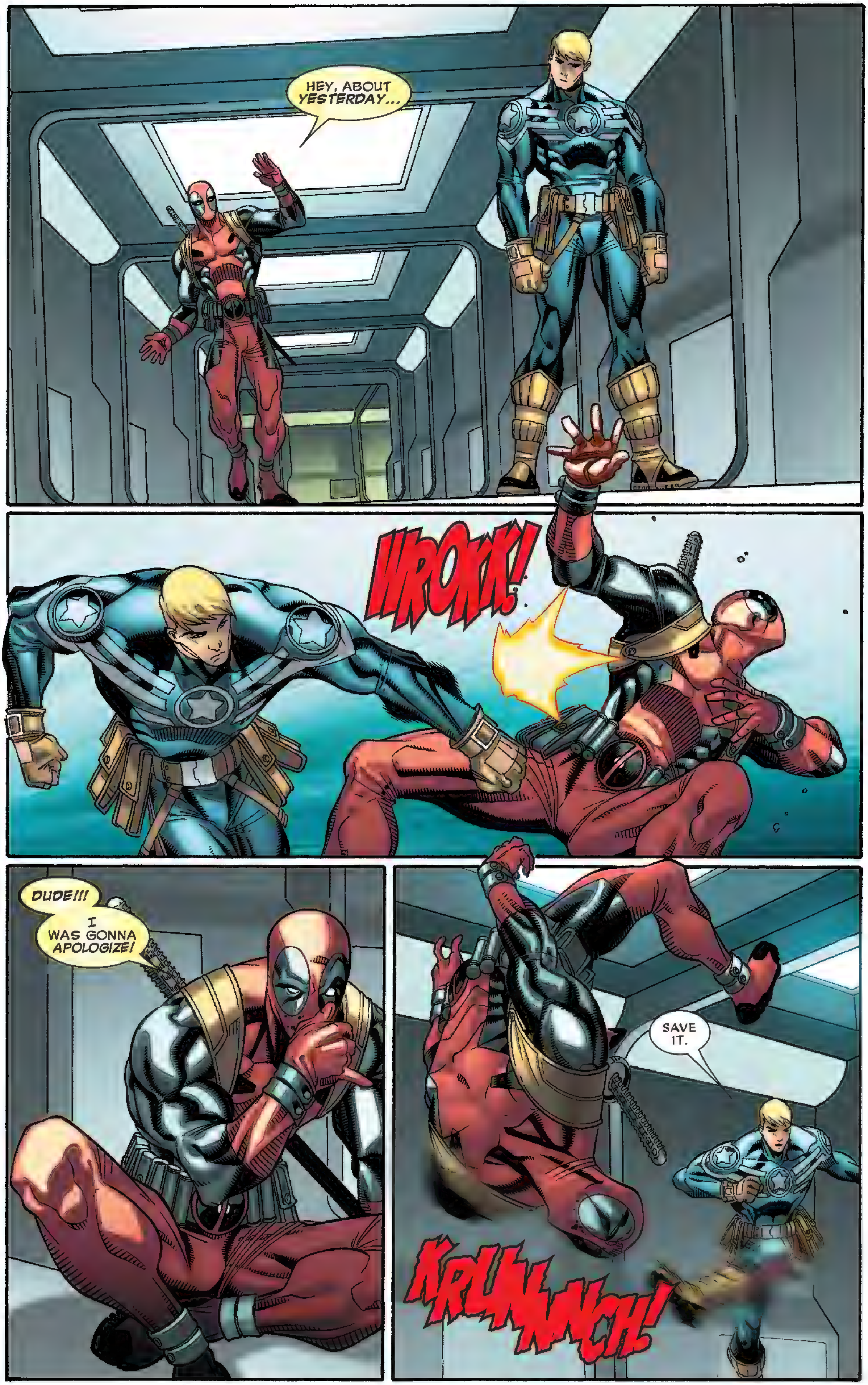

THAT WAS *NOT THE MISSION!*
WHY NOT?! IT *WORKED...*
YOU %#&#%& *IDIOT*, WE WERE SUPPOSED TO *CONFISCATE* THE BOMB, NOT *BLOW IT UP.*
HEY, IF YOU NEED *BOMBS*, I CAN GET YOU *TONS* OF 'EM!
WAIT...
...WHY DO WE NEED *BOMBS?*
FOR...FOR *BLOWING UP TERRORISTS!*
Y'MEAN, LIKE *I* JUST DID?
I NEED A MOMENT.
THIS *GUY*... HE'S DRIVING ME *NUTS!*
RELAX. JUST REMEMBER WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT DURING OUR SESSIONS, OKAY? YOU'RE *STEVE ROGERS*. YOU'RE THE *SUPER-SOLDER*.
YOU CAN DO THIS.

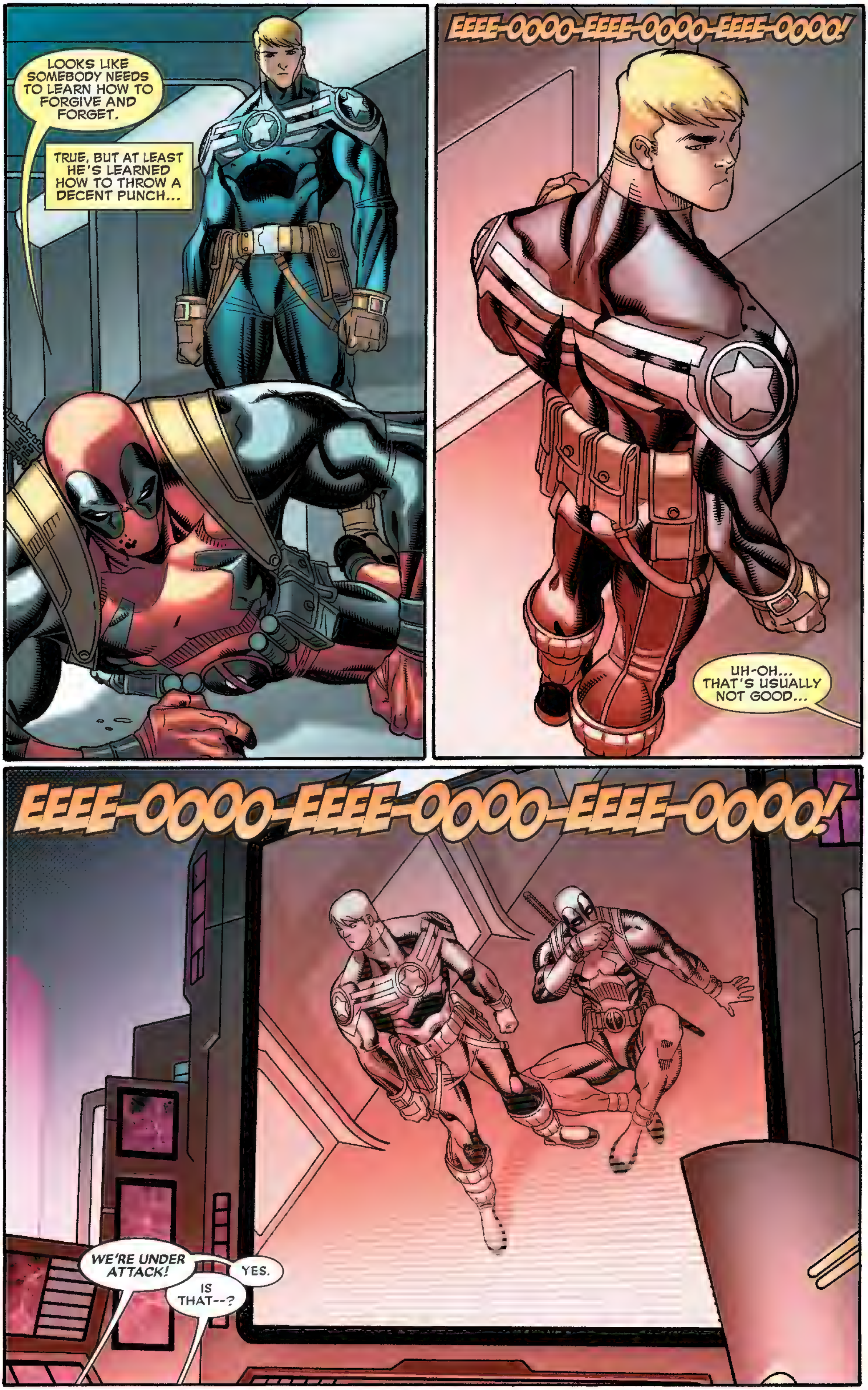

I CAN DO THIS.
I DON'T LIKE YOU.
HUH? WHY?!
BECAUSE YOU'RE DANGEROUS.
THAT'S RIGHT, ICEMAN...I AM DANGEROUS.
WE'RE DONE HERE. MISSION SCRUBBED.
THE NEXT TIME WE GO INTO THE FIELD, DEADPOOL, YOU WILL LISTEN TO MY ORDERS AND YOU WILL DO WHAT I TELL YOU TO DO.
HEY, NO-- WAIT! THAT WAS COOL, LET'S KEEP GOING! DO THE BITE THING!
OR YOU'RE OFF THE TEAM.
STOP. DON'T.
WHAT, THE VOLLEYBALL TEAM?
Why?
WROKK!

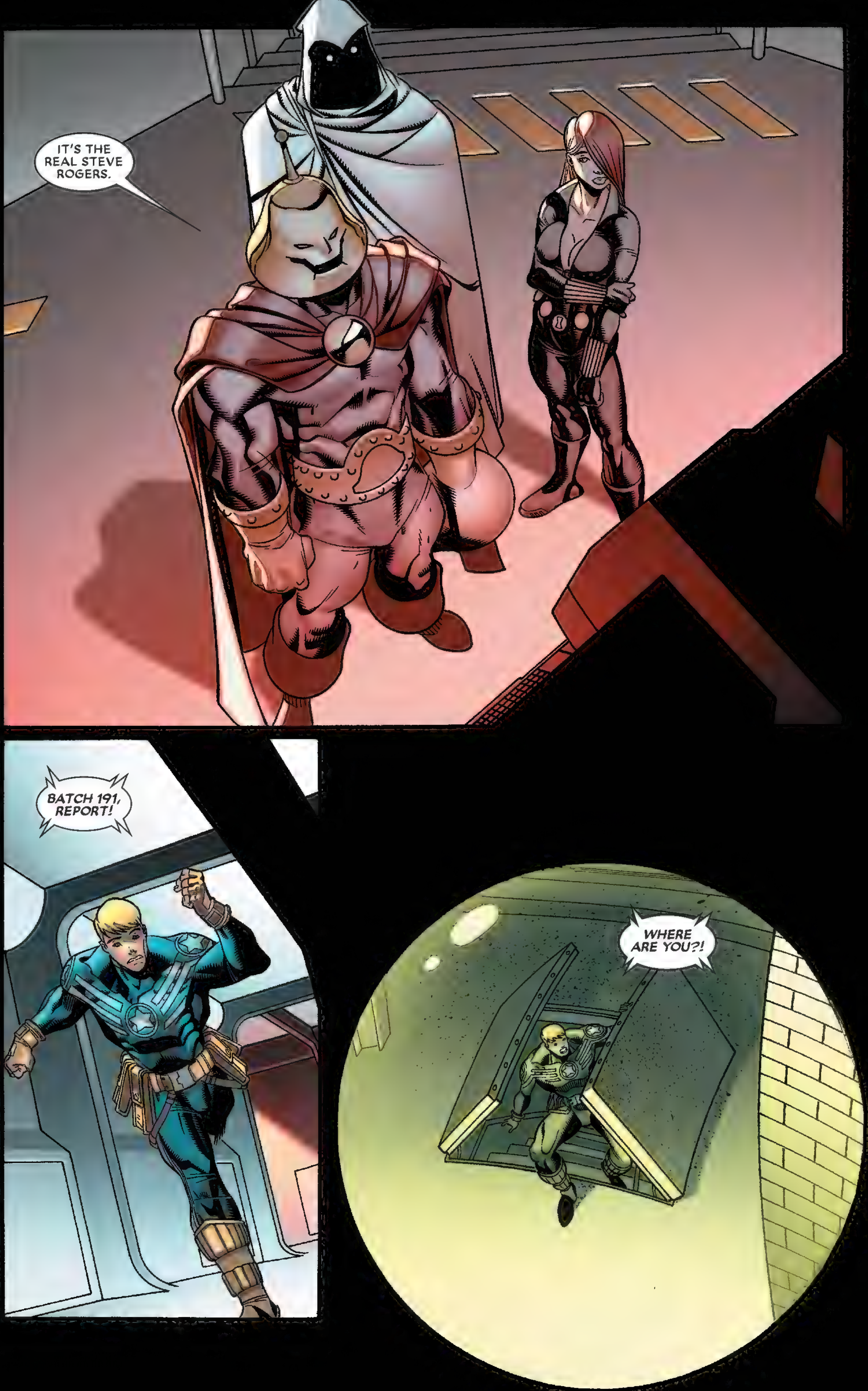

LATER, AT THE SUPER-SECRET UNDERGROUND HQ
What the hell was *that* all about?
I KNOW, I JUST...
COULDN'T HELP MYSELF...
WE FINALLY HAVE A CHANCE TO BE A *REAL HERO*--
A "*REAL HERO*"?! LIKE STEVE "*HITS LIKE A GIRL*" ROGERS?
--WE FINALLY HAVE A CHANCE TO BE A REAL HERO AND YOU'RE BLOWING IT!
ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT THE *BOMB?*
Talking about *everything!* The *bomb*, the *Top Gun* stuff--we're getting *everything we said we wanted* and you're... You're acting like a *tool!*
WHAT IS *WRONG* WITH US?!
I THINK... WE MIGHT BE A LITTLE BIT *CRAZY?*
"NO, WADE... YOU'RE A *LOT* CRAZY."

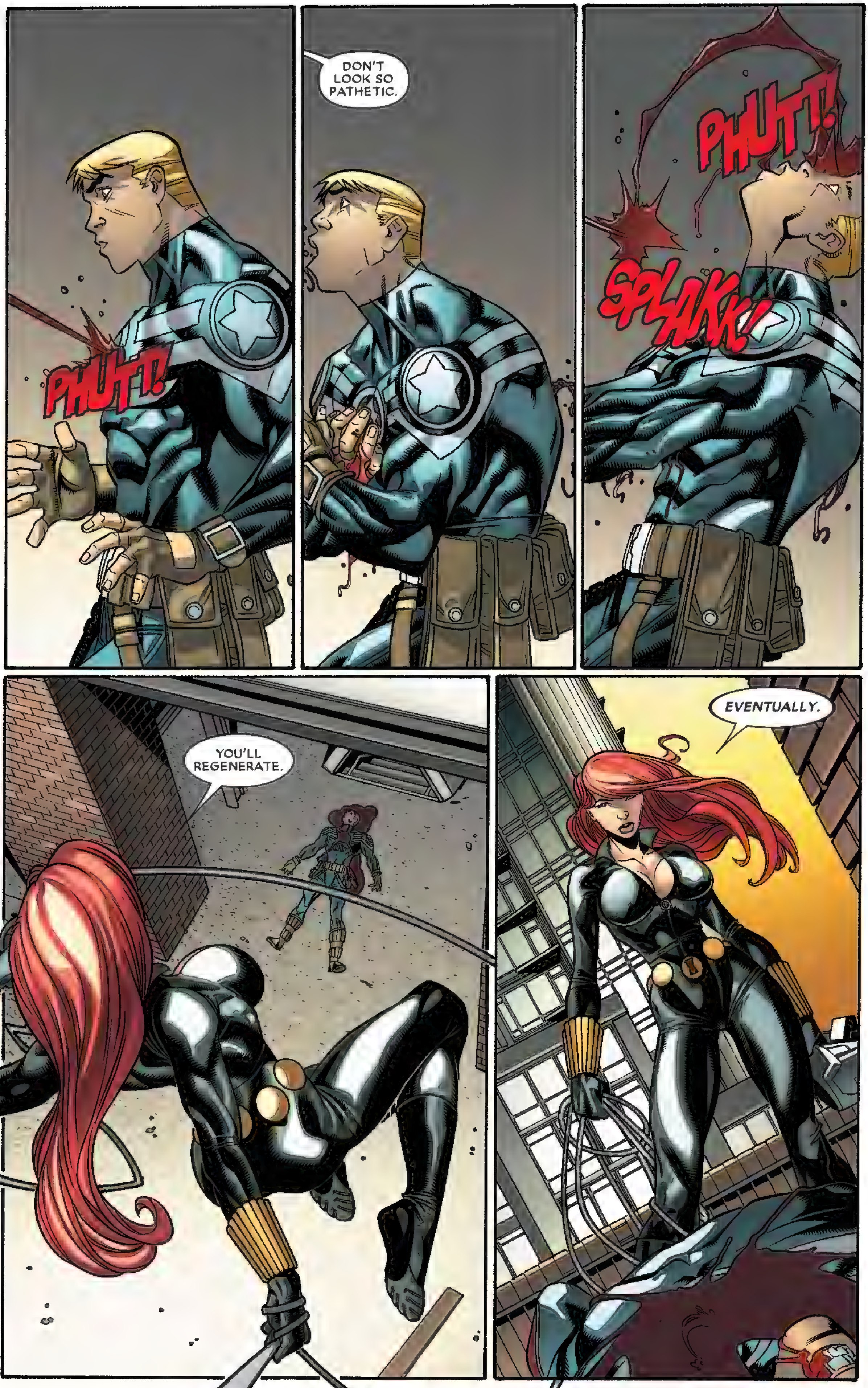

THAT'S WHAT MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL.
I DON'T GET IT, *DOCTOR BONG*...
...WHY DO YOU NEED *HIM* WHEN YOU HAVE *US?*
BECAUSE DEADPOOL IS THE GENUINE ARTICLE.
OH, SO, JUST BECAUSE WE'RE *GENETIC CLONES* MEANS--
IMPERFECT GENETIC CLONES.
THAT'S HURTFUL.
I APOLOGIZE, *BATCH 191*...BOTH *FOR THE HURTFULNESS OF MY COMMENT* AND FOR MY *FAILINGS* AS A *GENETIC ENGINEER.* BUT UNFORTUNATELY, SOMETIMES *THE TRUTH DOES HURT.*
WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THIS, REMEMBER?
YEAH...
GO GET SOME REST, *ALL* OF YOU.

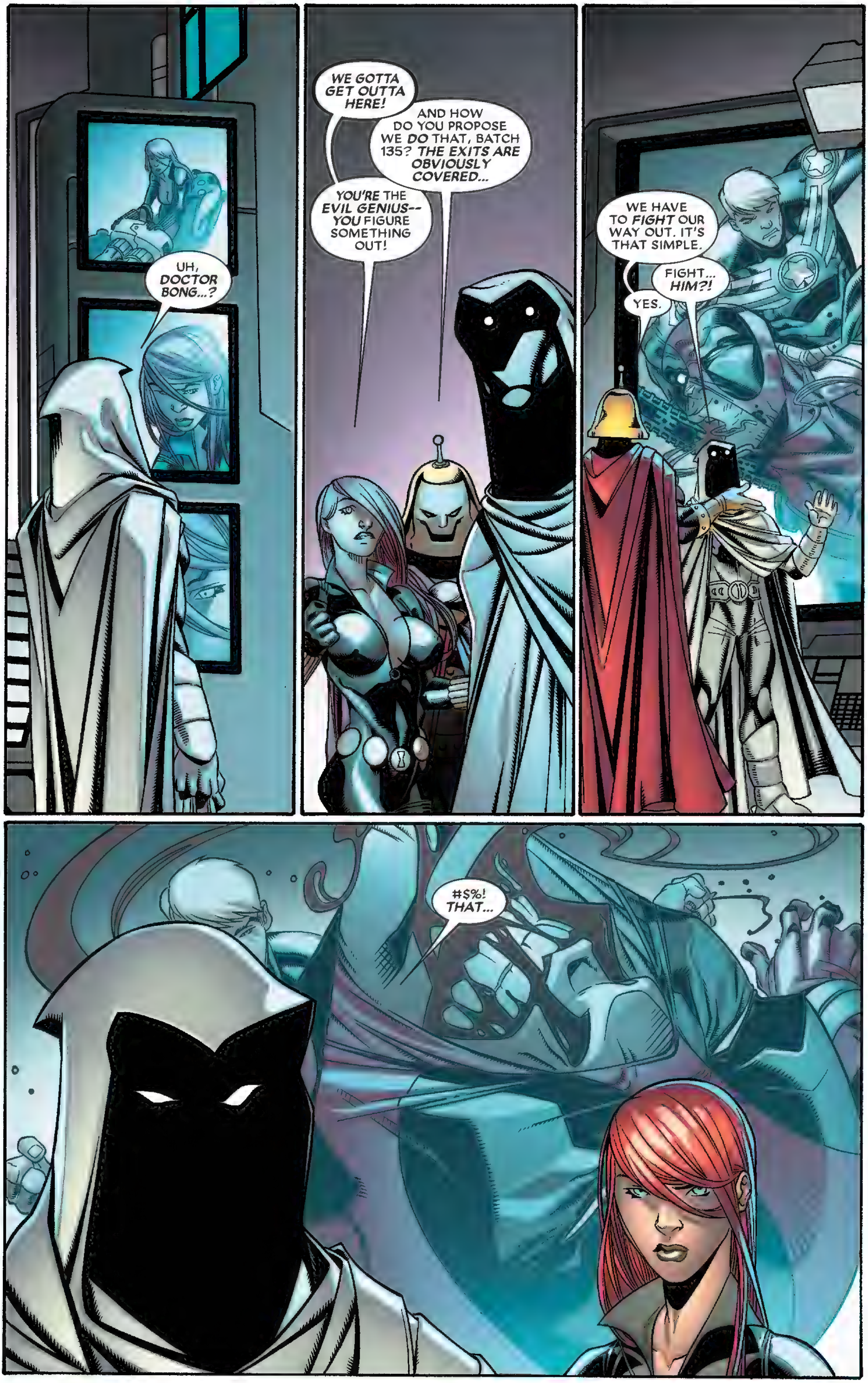

"WE HAVE A VERY BUSY DAY TOMORROW."
HERE'S THE PLAN:
BLACK WIDOW.
YOU COVER EXITS ONE AND TWO.
MOON KNIGHT.
GIVE ME THREE MINUTES THEN COME IN AFTER ME.
GOT IT.
ANYONE TRIES TO GET OUT, YOU DROP 'EM.
AND IF NO ONE DOES?
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.
STEVE! BUDDY!

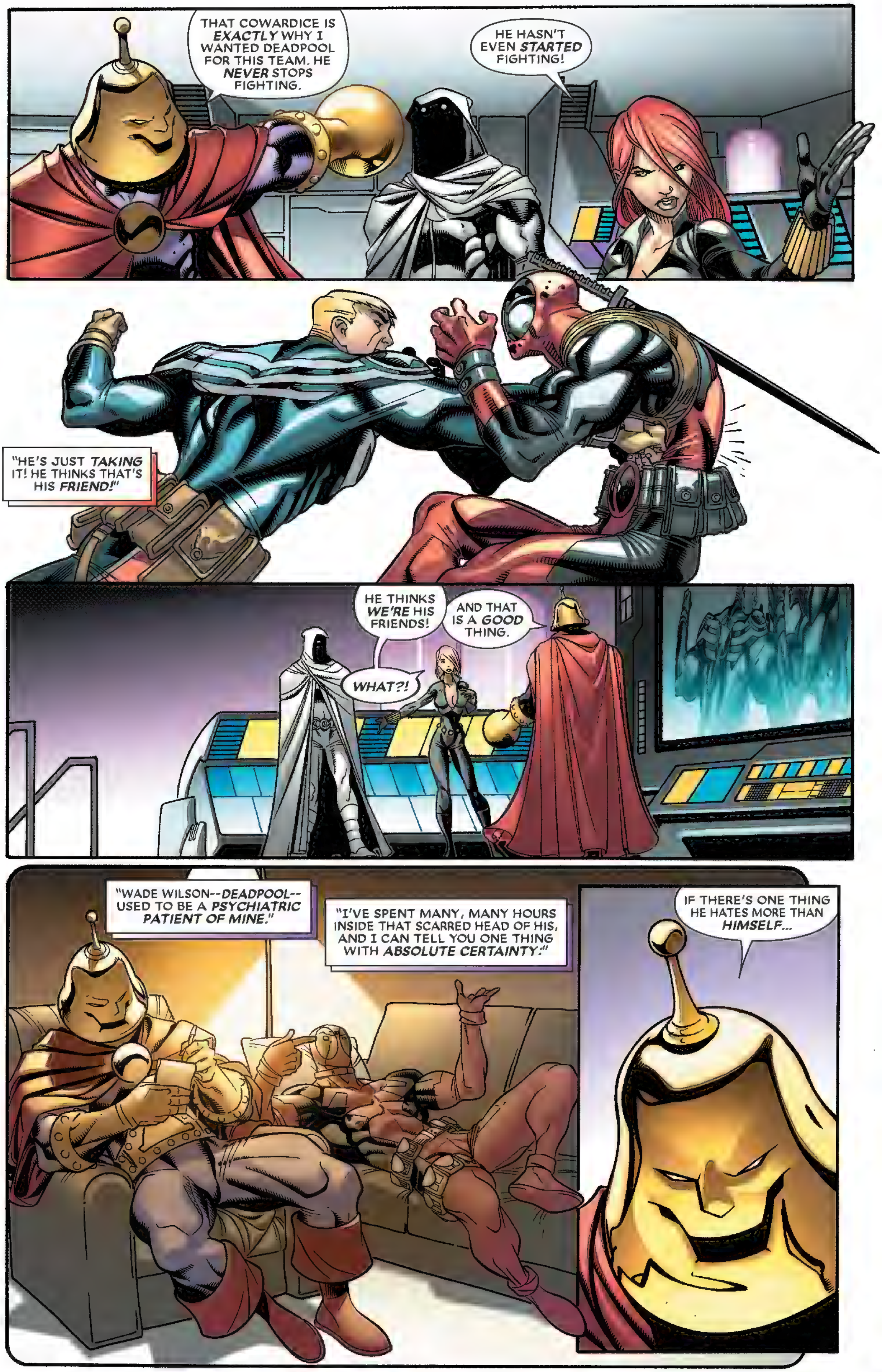

HEY, ABOUT YESTERDAY...
WROKK!
DUDE!!!
I WAS GONNA APOLOGIZE!
SAVE IT.
KRUNNCH!

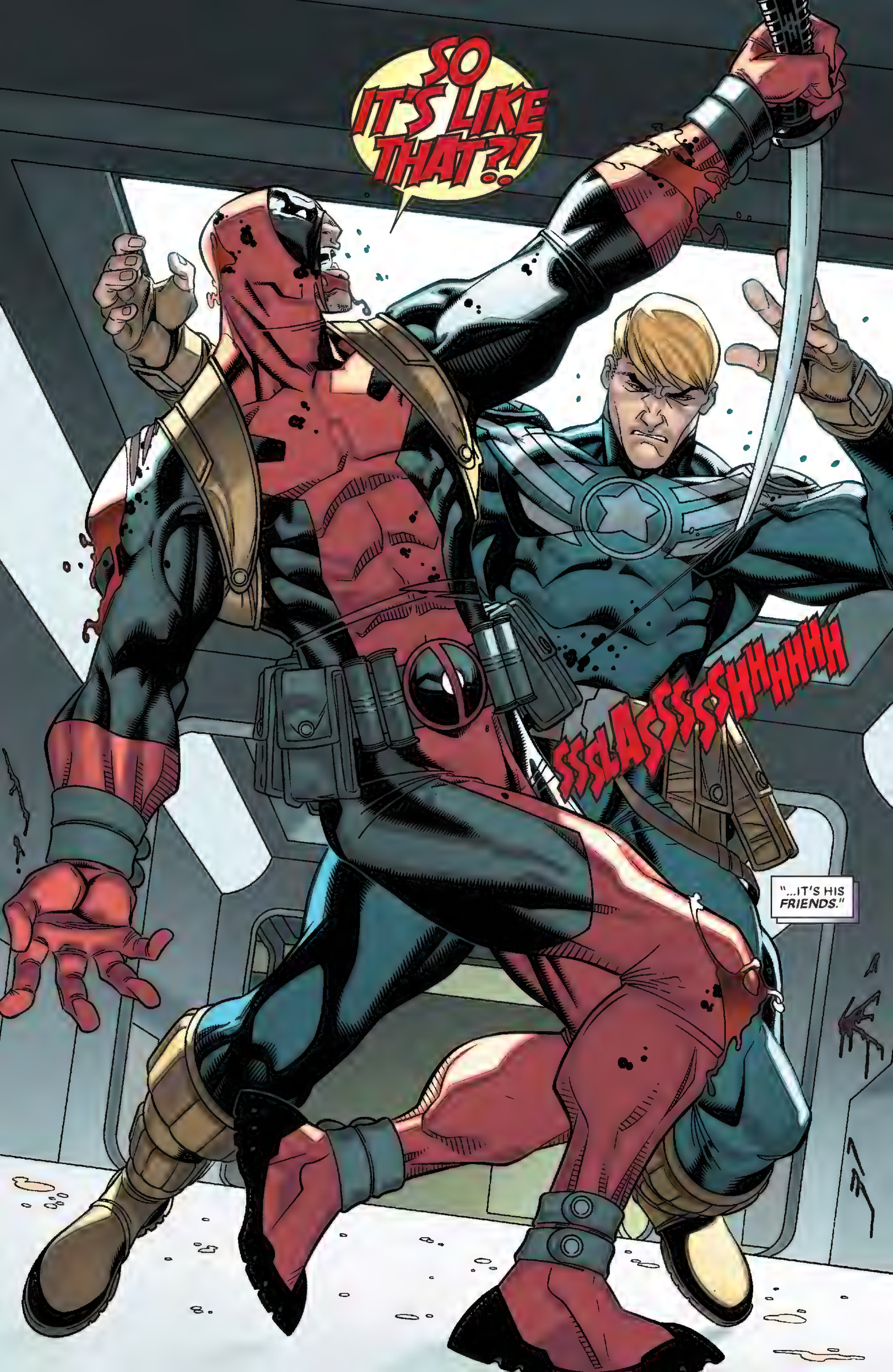

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY NEEDS TO LEARN HOW TO FORGIVE AND FORGET.
TRUE, BUT AT LEAST HE'S LEARNED HOW TO THROW A DECENT PUNCH...
EEEE-OOOO-EEEE-OOOO-EEEE-OOOO!
UH-OH... THAT'S USUALLY NOT GOOD...
EEEE-OOOO-EEEE-OOOO-EEEE-OOOO!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
YES.
IS THAT--?

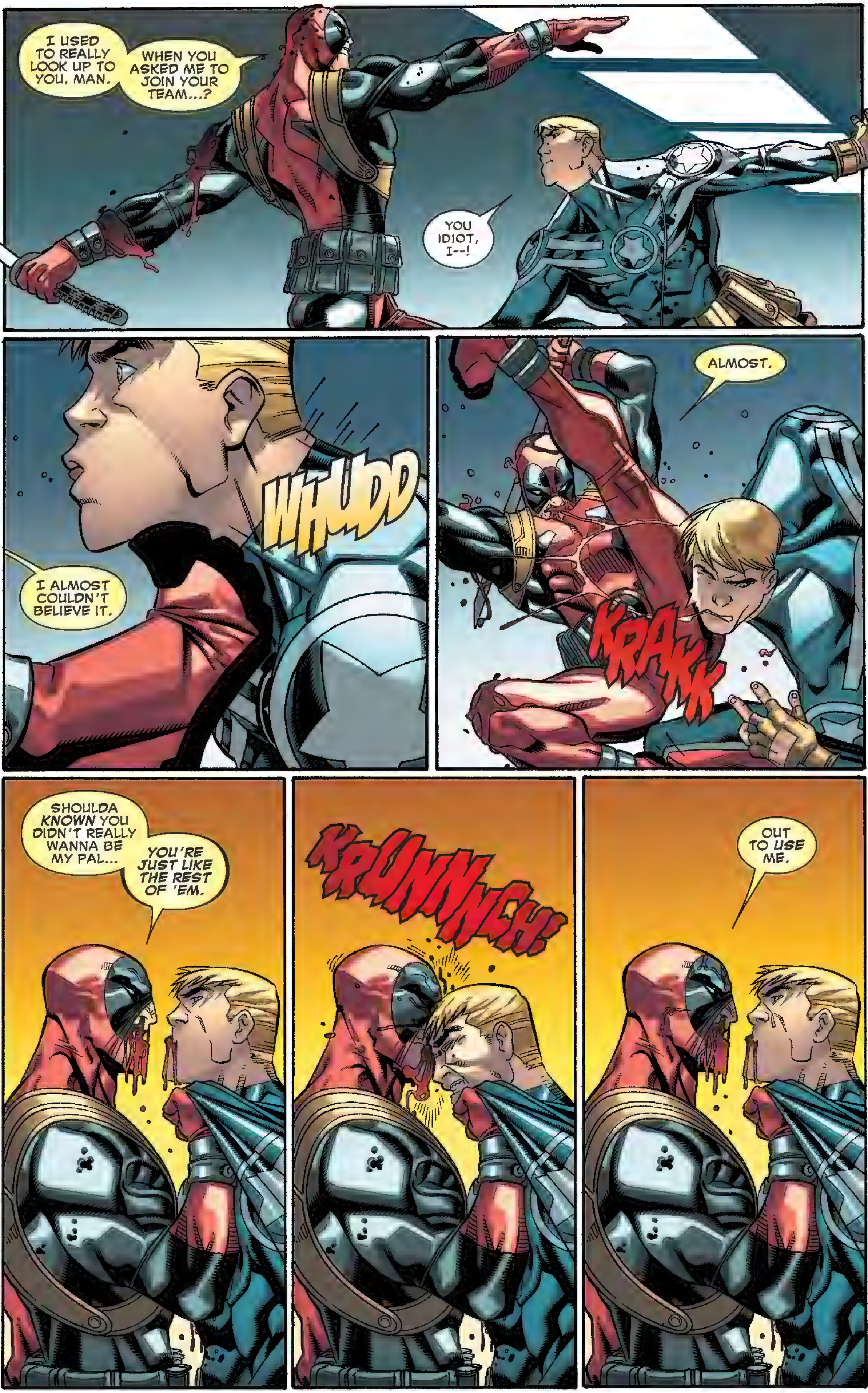

IT'S THE REAL STEVE ROGERS.
BATCH 191, REPORT!
WHERE ARE YOU?!

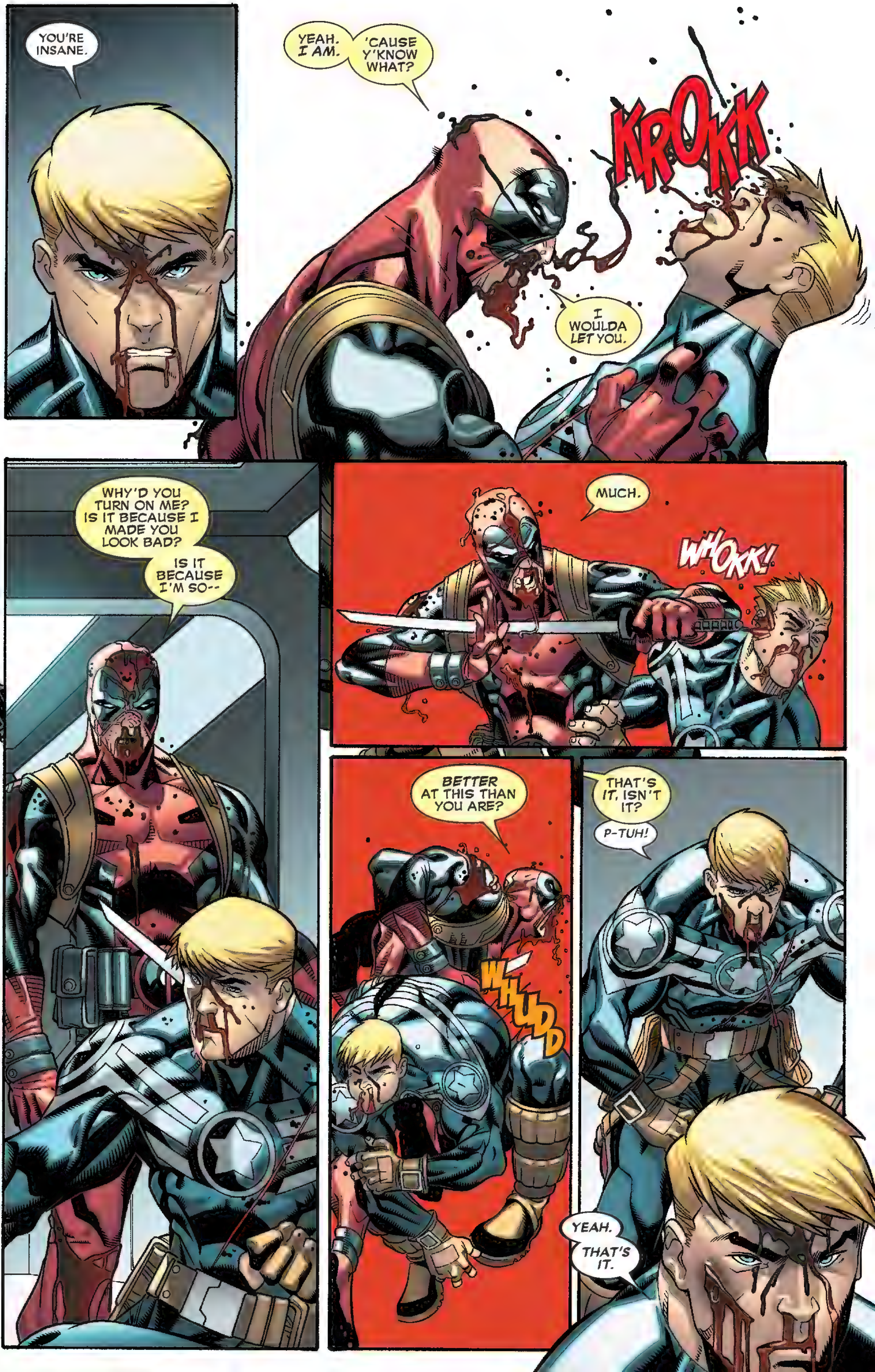

PHUTT!
DON'T LOOK SO PATHETIC.
PHUTT!
SPLAKK!
YOU'LL REGENERATE.
EVENTUALLY.

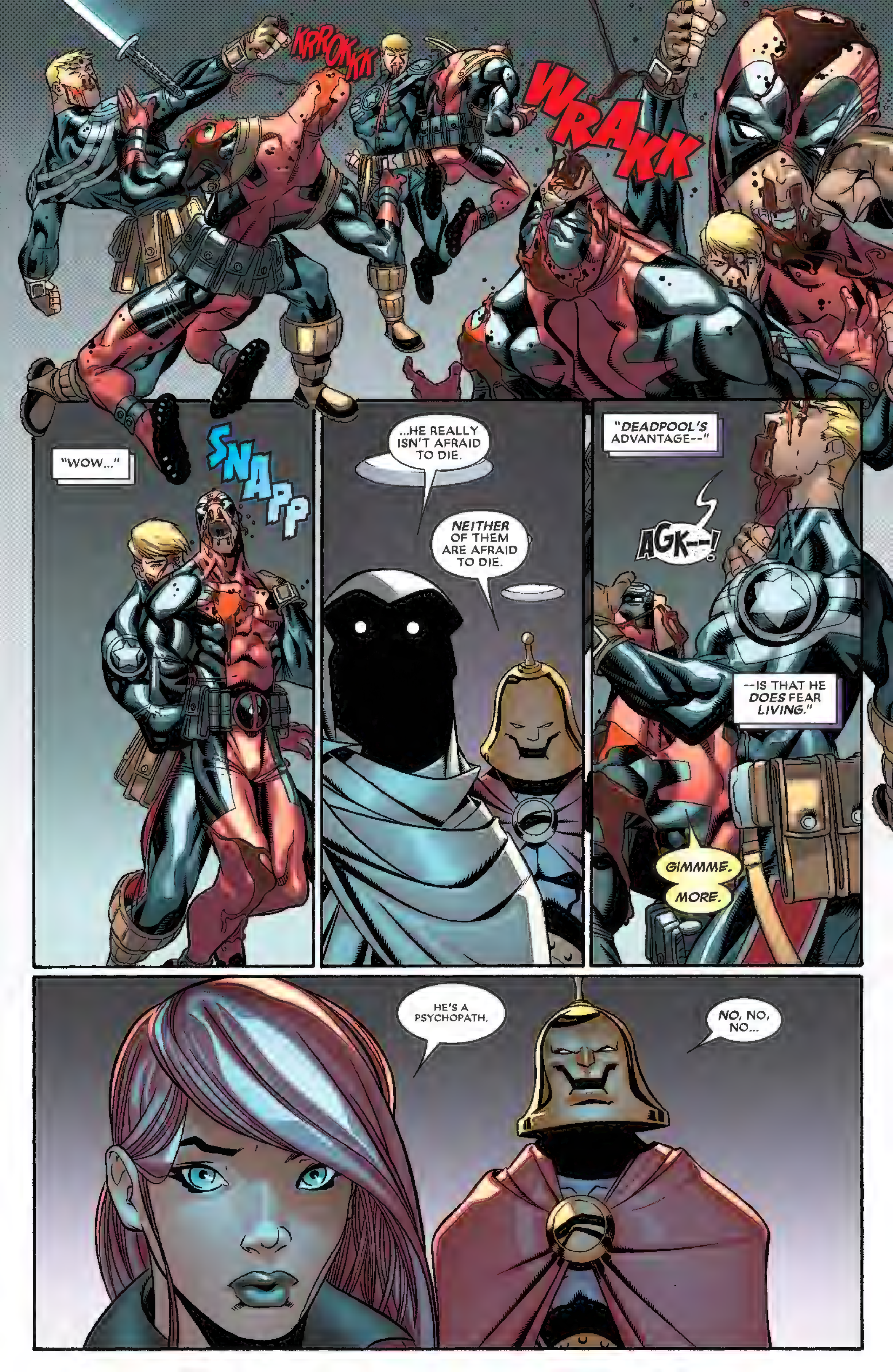

UH, *DOCTOR BONG...?*
WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
AND HOW DO YOU PROPOSE WE *DO* THAT, BATCH 135? *THE EXITS ARE OBVIOUSLY COVERED...*
YOU'RE THE *EVIL GENIUS--* *YOU* FIGURE SOMETHING OUT!
WE HAVE TO *FIGHT* OUR WAY OUT. IT'S THAT SIMPLE.
FIGHT... *HIM?!*
YES.
#$%! THAT...

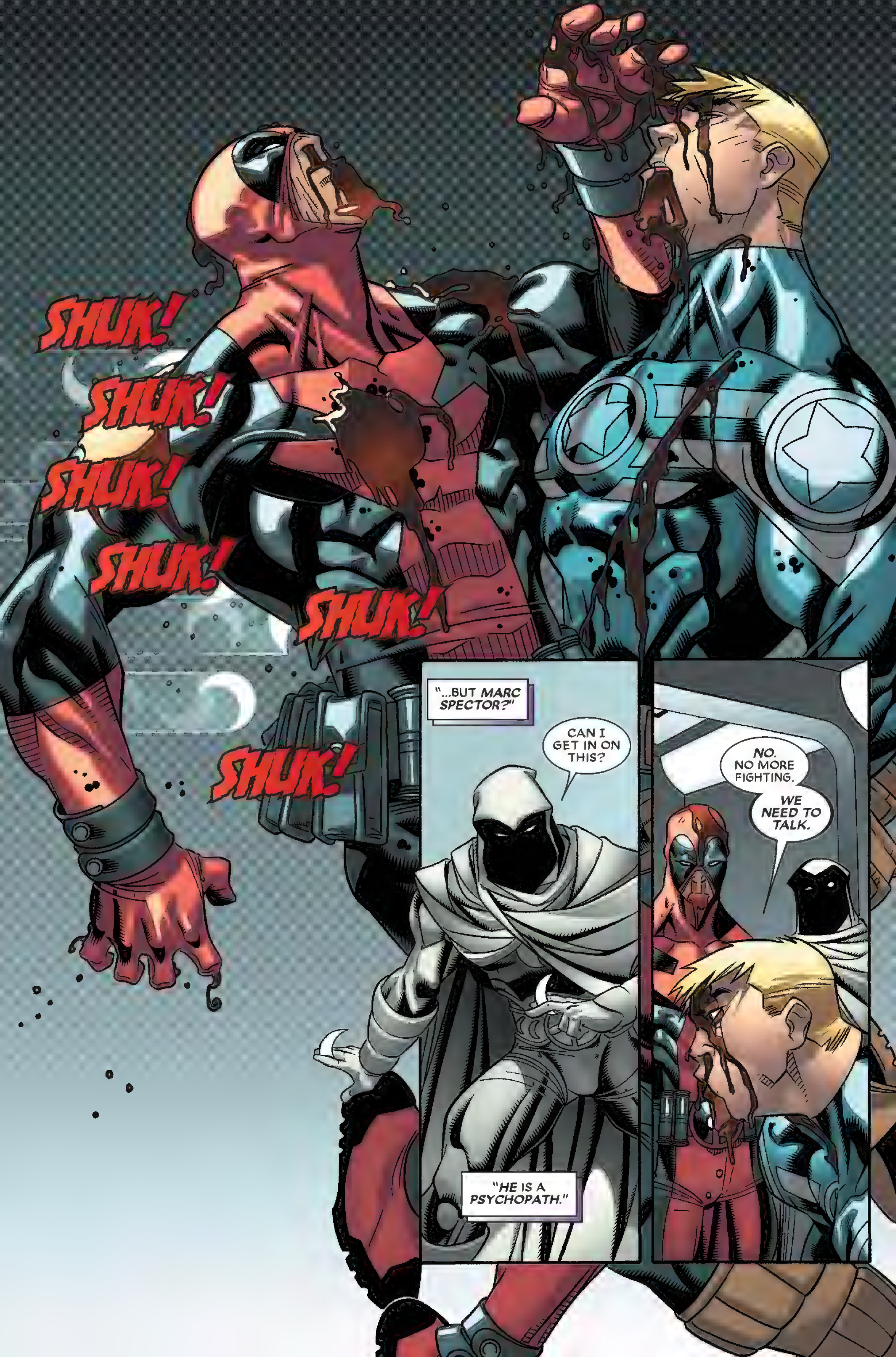

THAT COWARDICE IS *EXACTLY* WHY I WANTED DEADPOOL FOR THIS TEAM. HE *NEVER* STOPS FIGHTING.
HE HASN'T EVEN *STARTED* FIGHTING!
"HE'S JUST *TAKING* IT! HE THINKS THAT'S HIS *FRIEND!*"
HE THINKS *WE'RE* HIS FRIENDS!
AND THAT IS A *GOOD* THING.
WHAT?!
"WADE WILSON--*DEADPOOL*--USED TO BE A *PSYCHIATRIC PATIENT OF MINE.*"
"I'VE SPENT MANY, MANY HOURS INSIDE THAT SCARRED HEAD OF HIS, AND I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING WITH *ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY:*"
IF THERE'S ONE THING HE HATES MORE THAN *HIMSELF...*

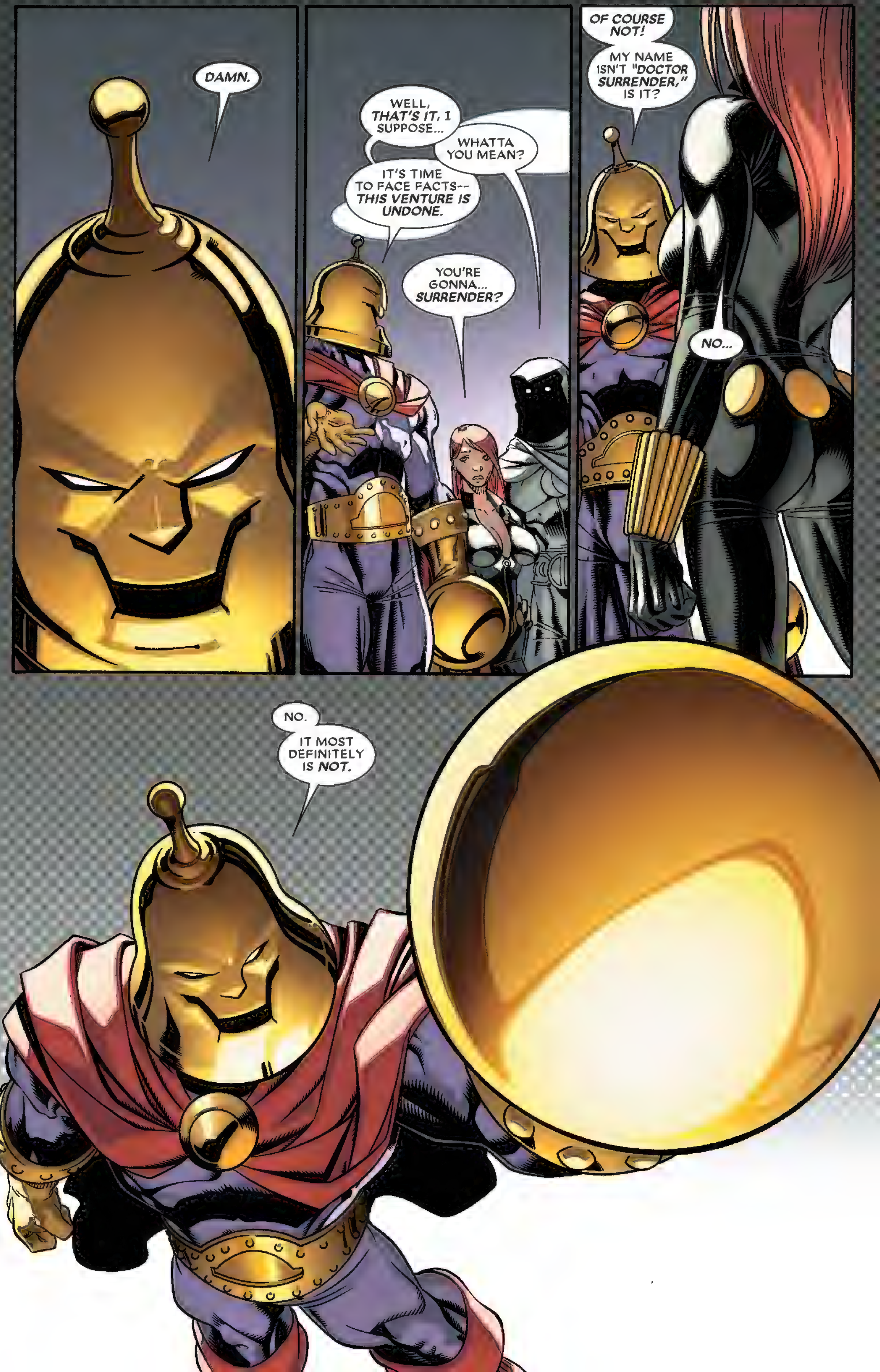

SO IT'S LIKE THAT?!
SSSLASSSSSHHHHHH
"...IT'S HIS *FRIENDS*."

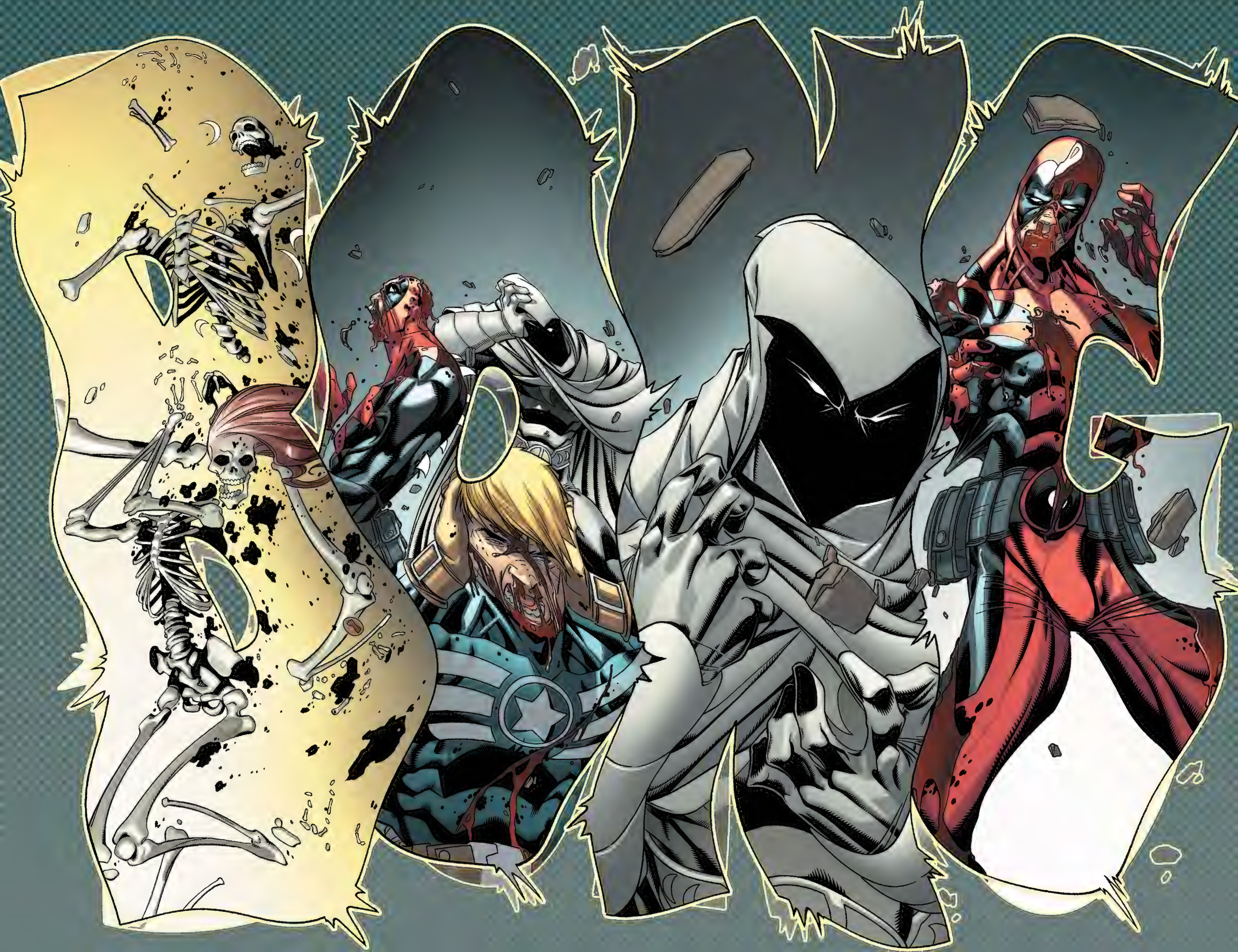

I USED TO REALLY LOOK UP TO YOU, MAN.
WHEN YOU ASKED ME TO JOIN YOUR TEAM...?
YOU IDIOT, I--!
WHUDD
I ALMOST COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.
ALMOST.
KRAKK
SHOULDA *KNOWN* YOU DIDN'T REALLY WANNA BE MY PAL...
YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF 'EM.
KRUNNNCH!
OUT TO *USE* ME.

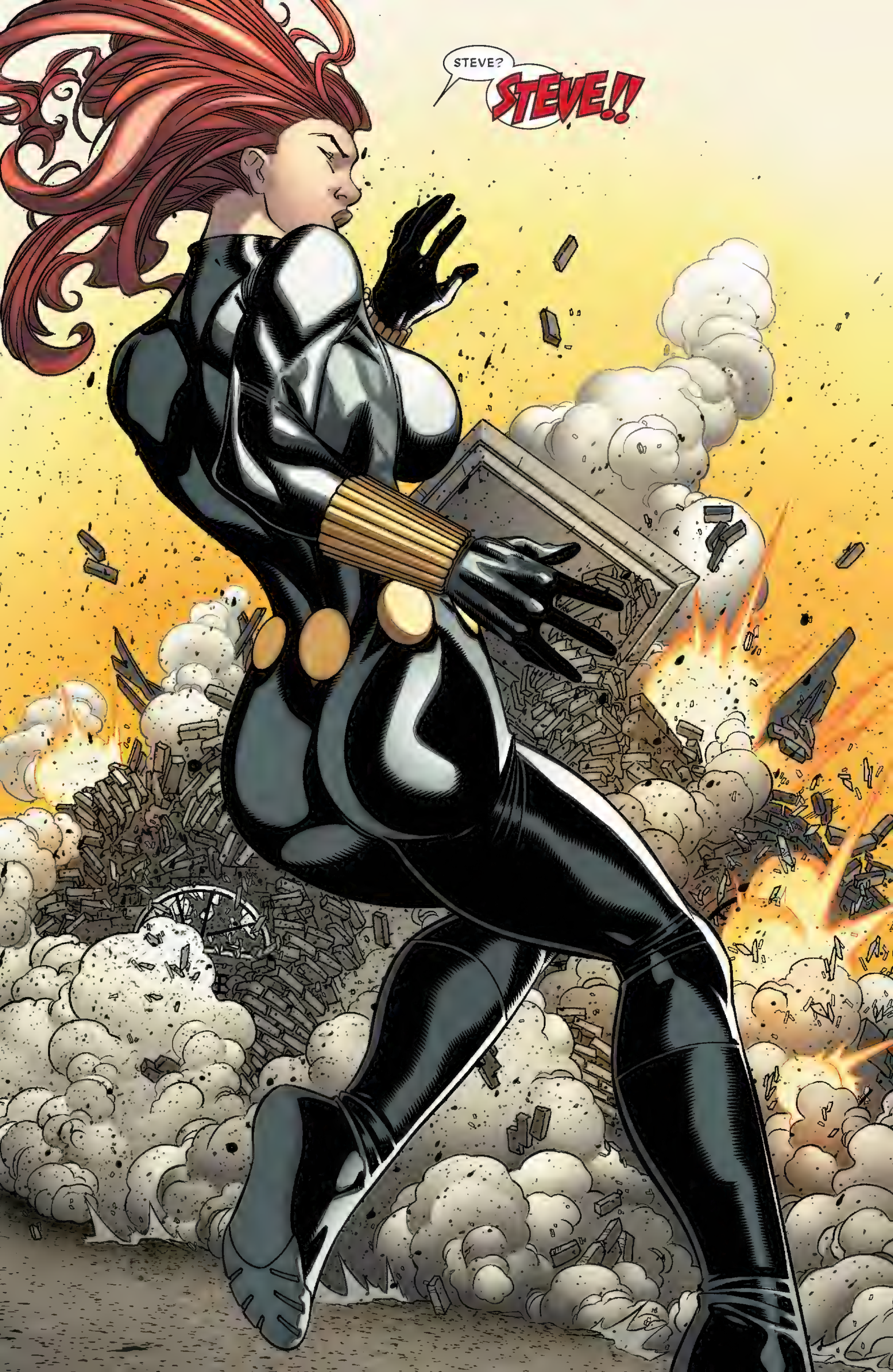

YOU'RE INSANE.
YEAH. I AM.
'CAUSE Y'KNOW WHAT?
KROKK
I WOULDA LET YOU.
WHY'D YOU TURN ON ME? IS IT BECAUSE I MADE YOU LOOK BAD?
IS IT BECAUSE I'M SO--
MUCH.
WHOKK!
BETTER AT THIS THAN YOU ARE?
WHUDD
THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT?
P-TUH!
YEAH. THAT'S IT.

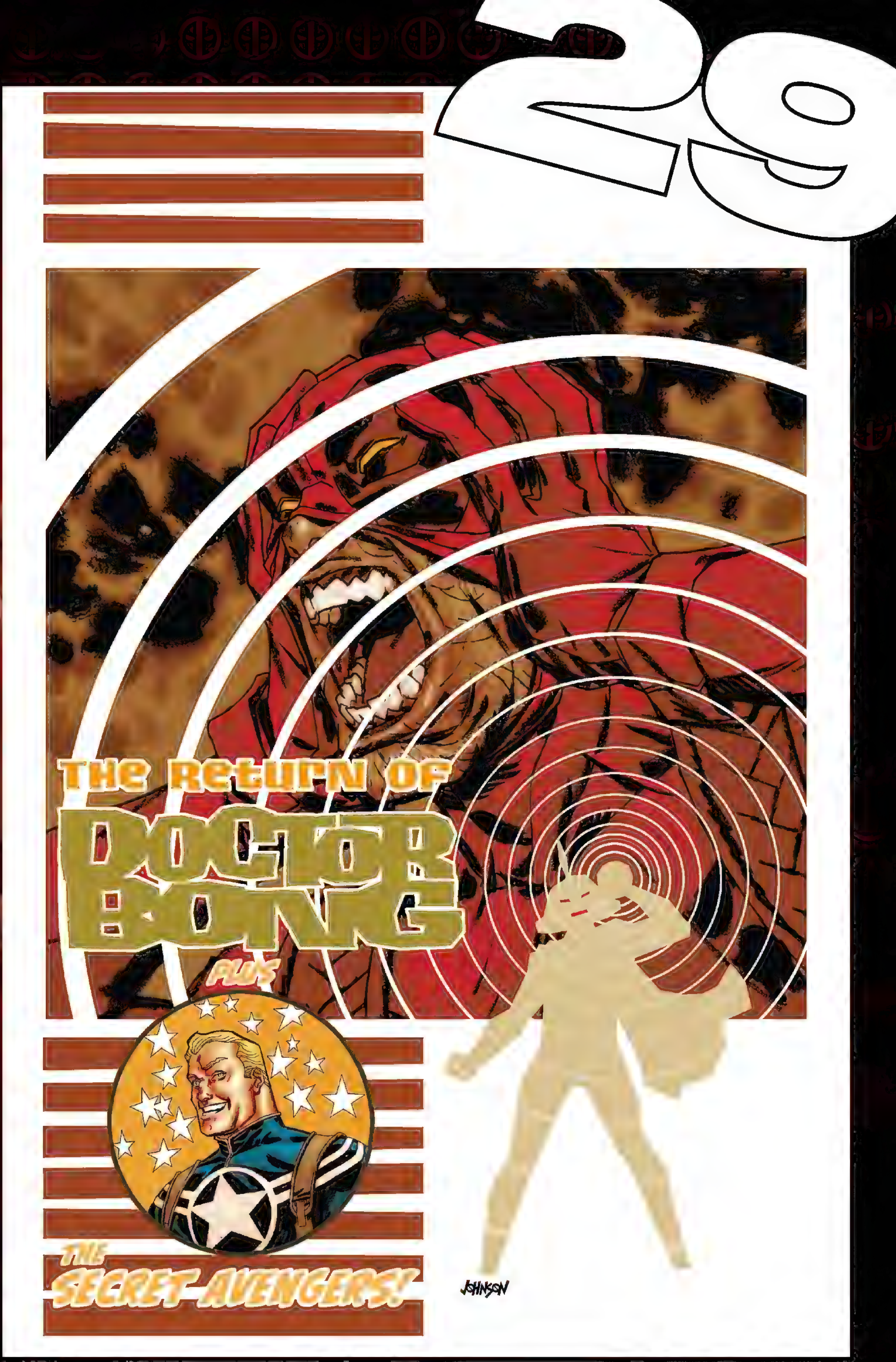

KRROKKK
WRAKK
"WOW..."
SNAPP
...HE REALLY ISN'T AFRAID TO DIE.
NEITHER OF THEM ARE AFRAID TO DIE.
"DEADPOOL'S ADVANTAGE--"
AGK--!
--IS THAT HE DOES FEAR LIVING."
GIMMME.
MORE.
HE'S A PSYCHOPATH.
NO, NO, NO...

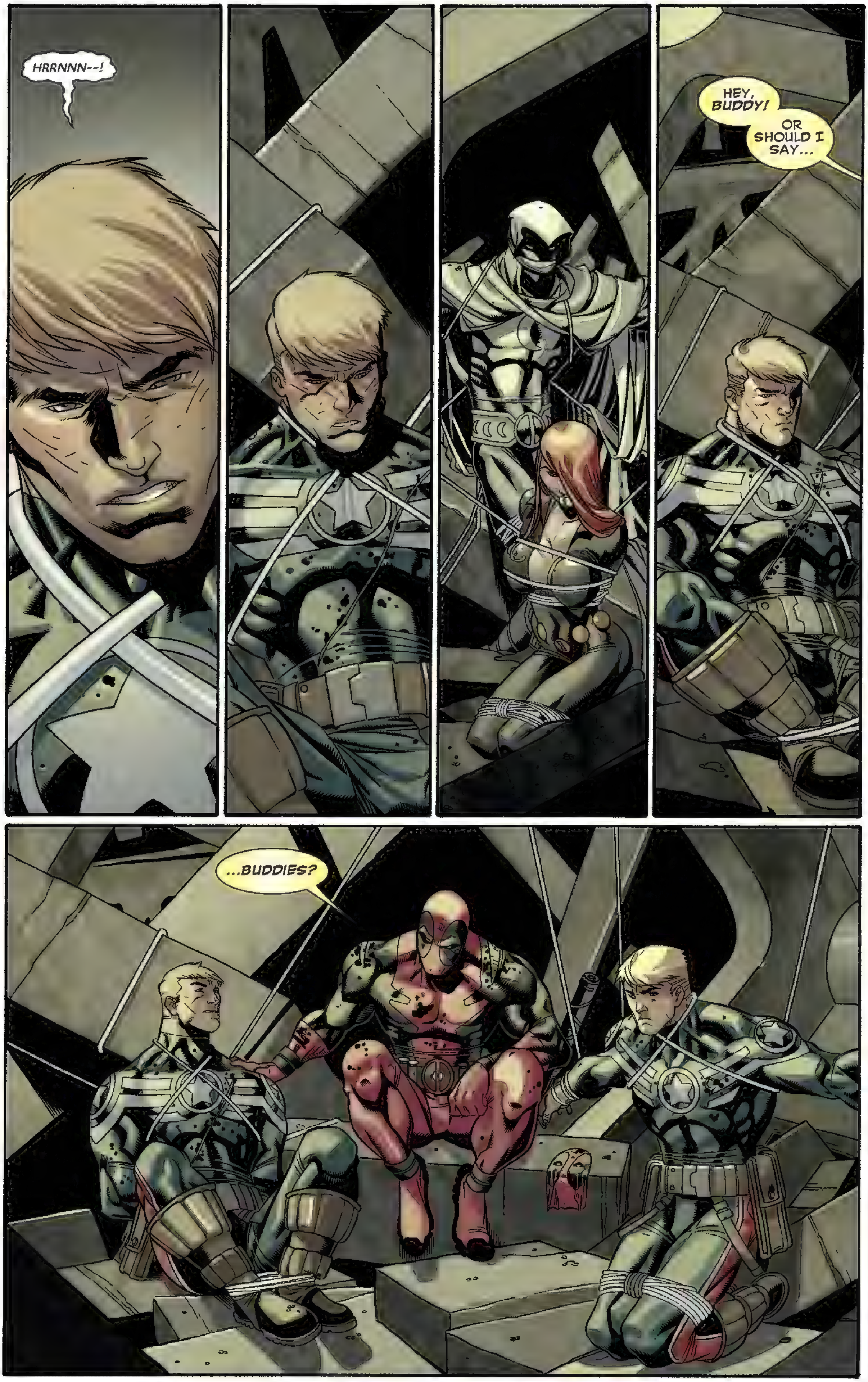

SHUK!
SHUK!
SHUK!
SHUK!
SHUK!
SHUK!
"...BUT MARC SPECTOR?"
CAN I GET IN ON THIS?
"HE IS A PSYCHOPATH."
NO. NO MORE FIGHTING.
WE NEED TO TALK.

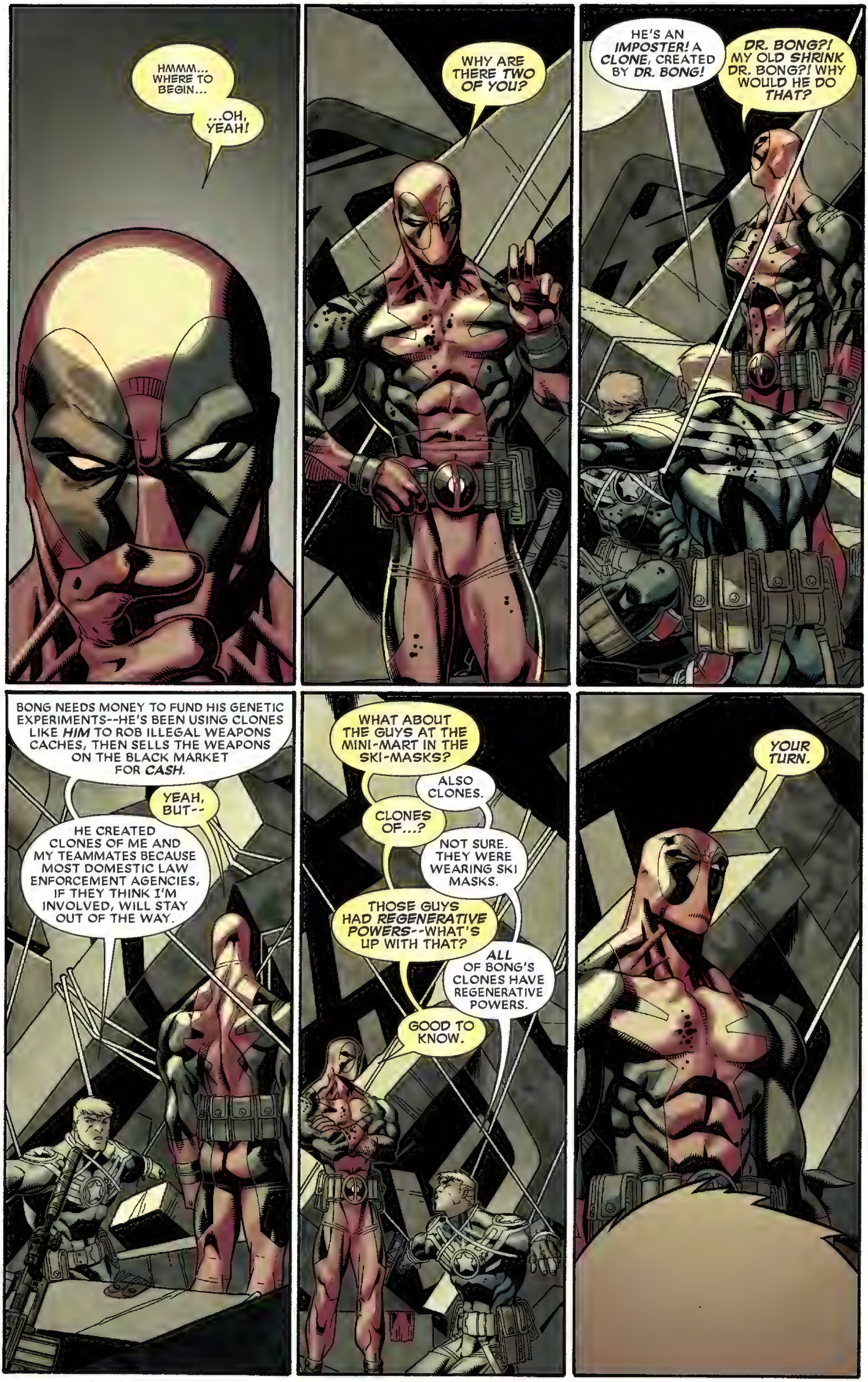

DAMN.
WELL, THAT'S IT, I SUPPOSE...
WHATTA YOU MEAN?
IT'S TIME TO FACE FACTS-- THIS VENTURE IS UNDONE.
YOU'RE GONNA... SURRENDER?
OF COURSE NOT!
MY NAME ISN'T "DOCTOR SURRENDER," IS IT?
NO...
NO.
IT MOST DEFINITELY IS NOT.

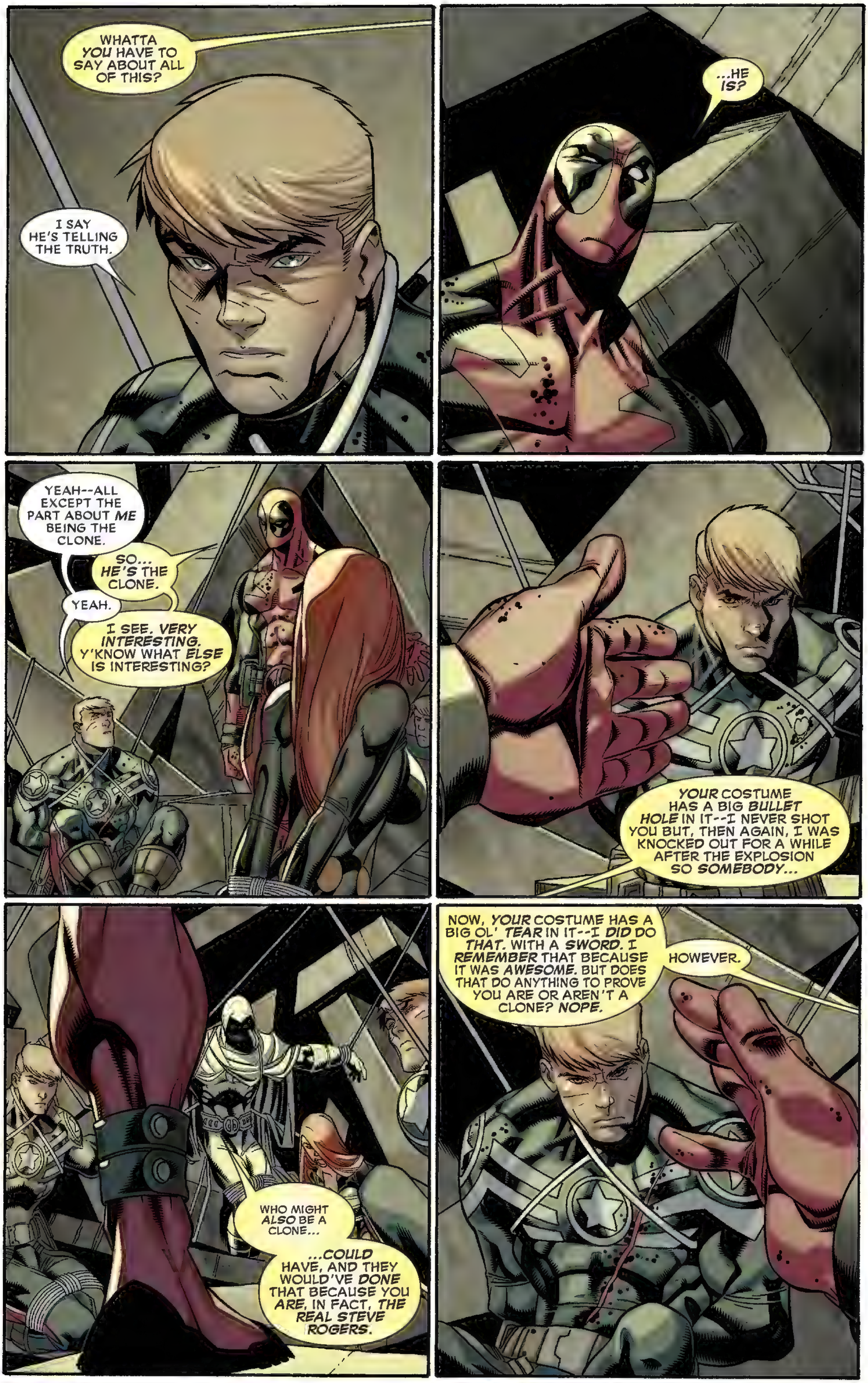


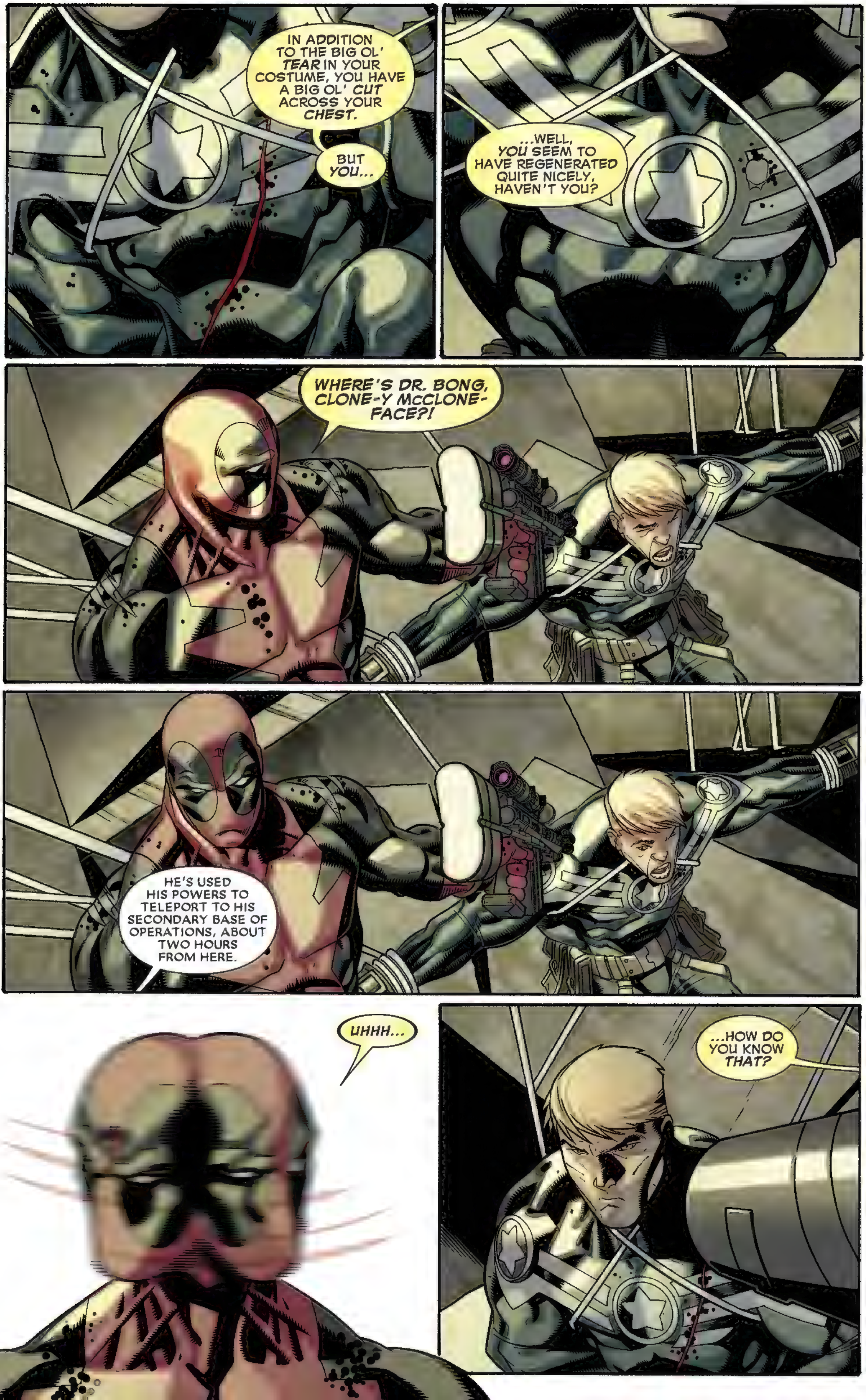

STEVE?
STEVE!!

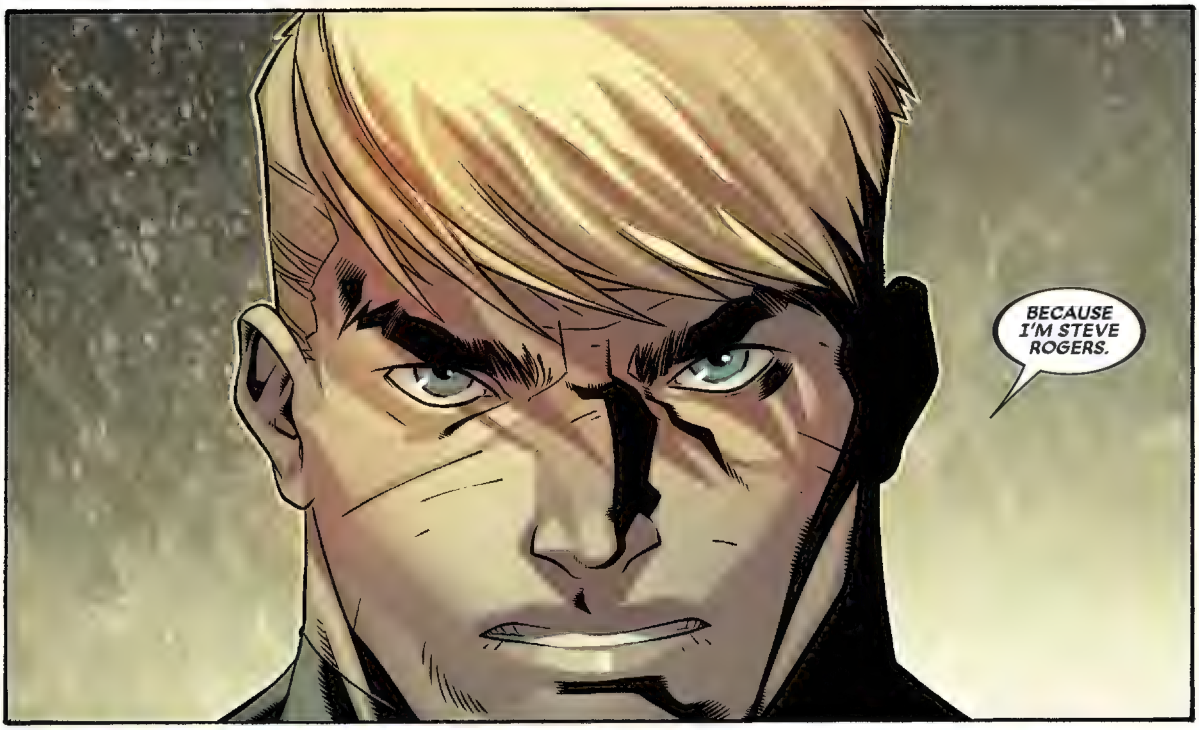

29
THE RETURN OF
DOCTOR BONG
PLUS
THE SECRET AVENGERS!
JOHNSON


HRRNNN--!
HEY, BUDDY!
OR SHOULD I SAY...
...BUDDIES?

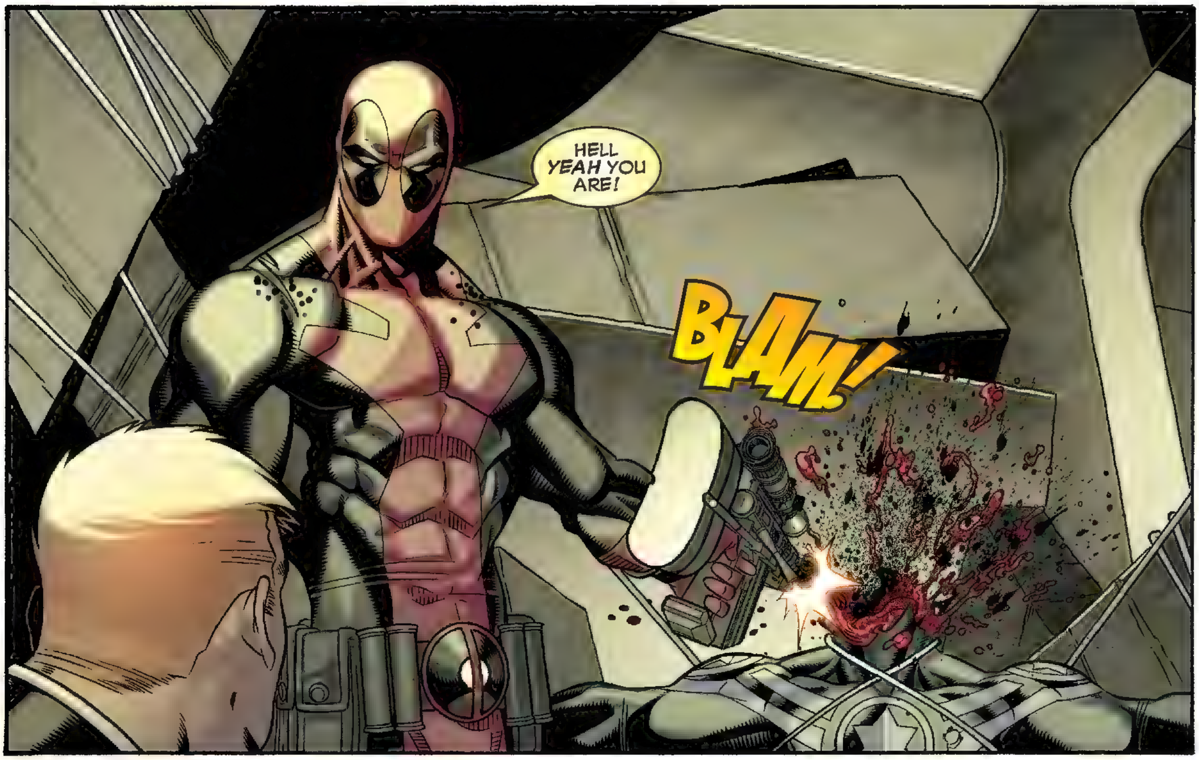

HMMM... WHERE TO BEGIN...
...OH, YEAH!
WHY ARE THERE *TWO* OF YOU?
HE'S AN *IMPOSTER!* A *CLONE*, CREATED BY *DR. BONG!*
DR. BONG?! MY OLD *SHRINK* DR. BONG?! WHY WOULD HE DO *THAT?*
BONG NEEDS MONEY TO FUND HIS GENETIC EXPERIMENTS--HE'S BEEN USING CLONES LIKE *HIM* TO ROB ILLEGAL WEAPONS CACHES, THEN SELLS THE WEAPONS ON THE BLACK MARKET FOR *CASH.*
YEAH, BUT--
HE CREATED CLONES OF ME AND MY TEAMMATES BECAUSE MOST DOMESTIC LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES, IF THEY THINK I'M INVOLVED, WILL STAY OUT OF THE WAY.
WHAT ABOUT THE GUYS AT THE MINI-MART IN THE SKI-MASKS?
ALSO CLONES.
CLONES OF...?
NOT SURE. THEY WERE WEARING SKI MASKS.
THOSE GUYS HAD *REGENERATIVE POWERS*--WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?
ALL OF BONG'S CLONES HAVE REGENERATIVE POWERS.
GOOD TO KNOW.
YOUR TURN.

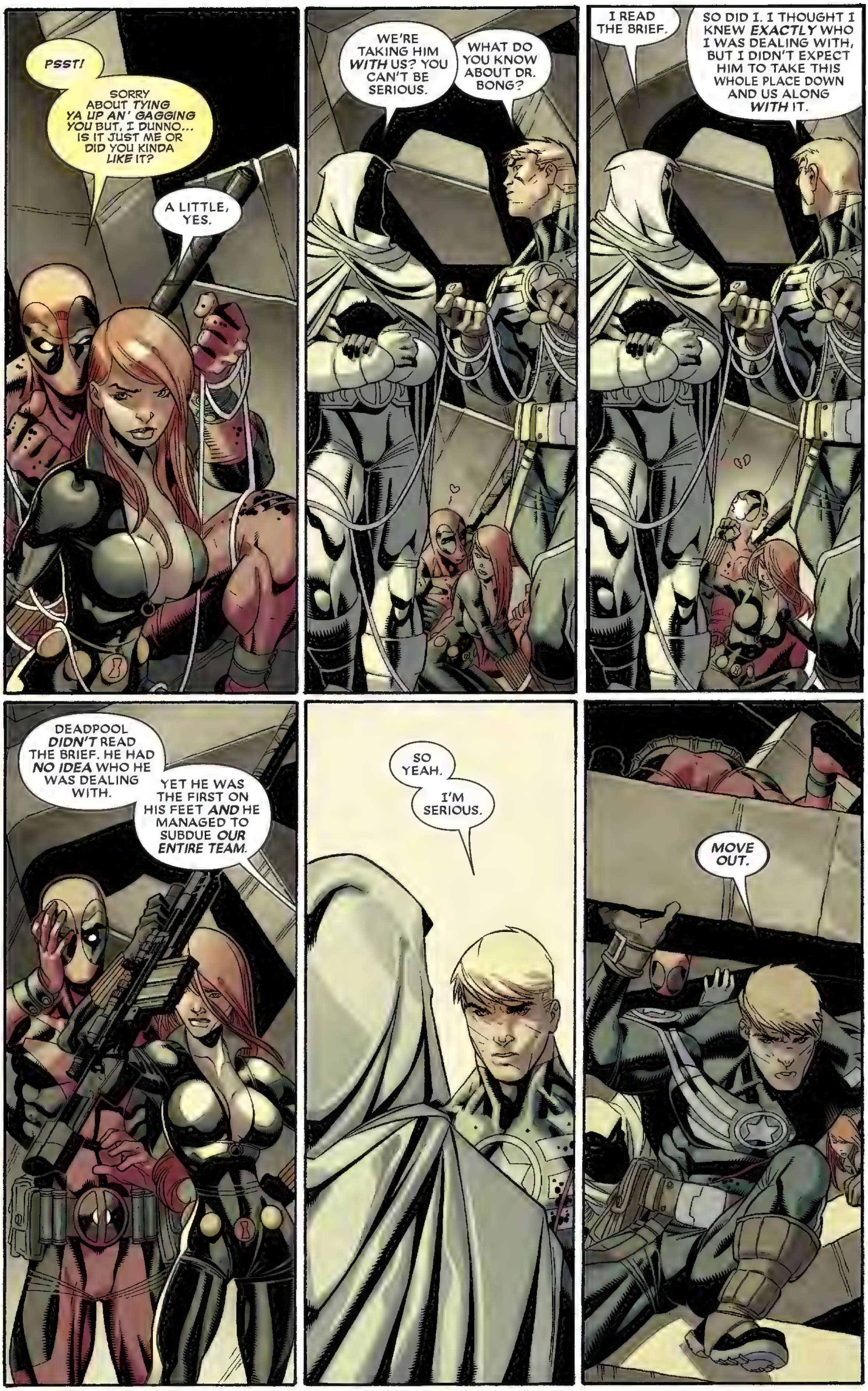

WHATTA *YOU* HAVE TO SAY ABOUT ALL OF THIS?
I SAY HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
...HE *IS?*
YEAH--ALL EXCEPT THE PART ABOUT *ME* BEING THE CLONE.
SO... *HE'S* THE CLONE.
YEAH.
I SEE. *VERY INTERESTING.* Y'KNOW WHAT *ELSE* IS INTERESTING?
YOUR COSTUME HAS A BIG *BULLET HOLE* IN IT--I NEVER SHOT YOU BUT, THEN AGAIN, I WAS KNOCKED OUT FOR A WHILE AFTER THE EXPLOSION SO *SOMEBODY...*
WHO MIGHT *ALSO* BE A CLONE...
...COULD HAVE, AND THEY WOULD'VE *DONE* THAT BECAUSE YOU *ARE*, IN FACT, *THE REAL STEVE ROGERS.*
NOW, *YOUR* COSTUME HAS A BIG OL' *TEAR* IN IT--I *DID* DO *THAT*. WITH A *SWORD*. I *REMEMBER* THAT BECAUSE IT WAS *AWESOME*. BUT DOES THAT DO ANYTHING TO PROVE YOU ARE OR AREN'T A CLONE? *NOPE.*
HOWEVER.

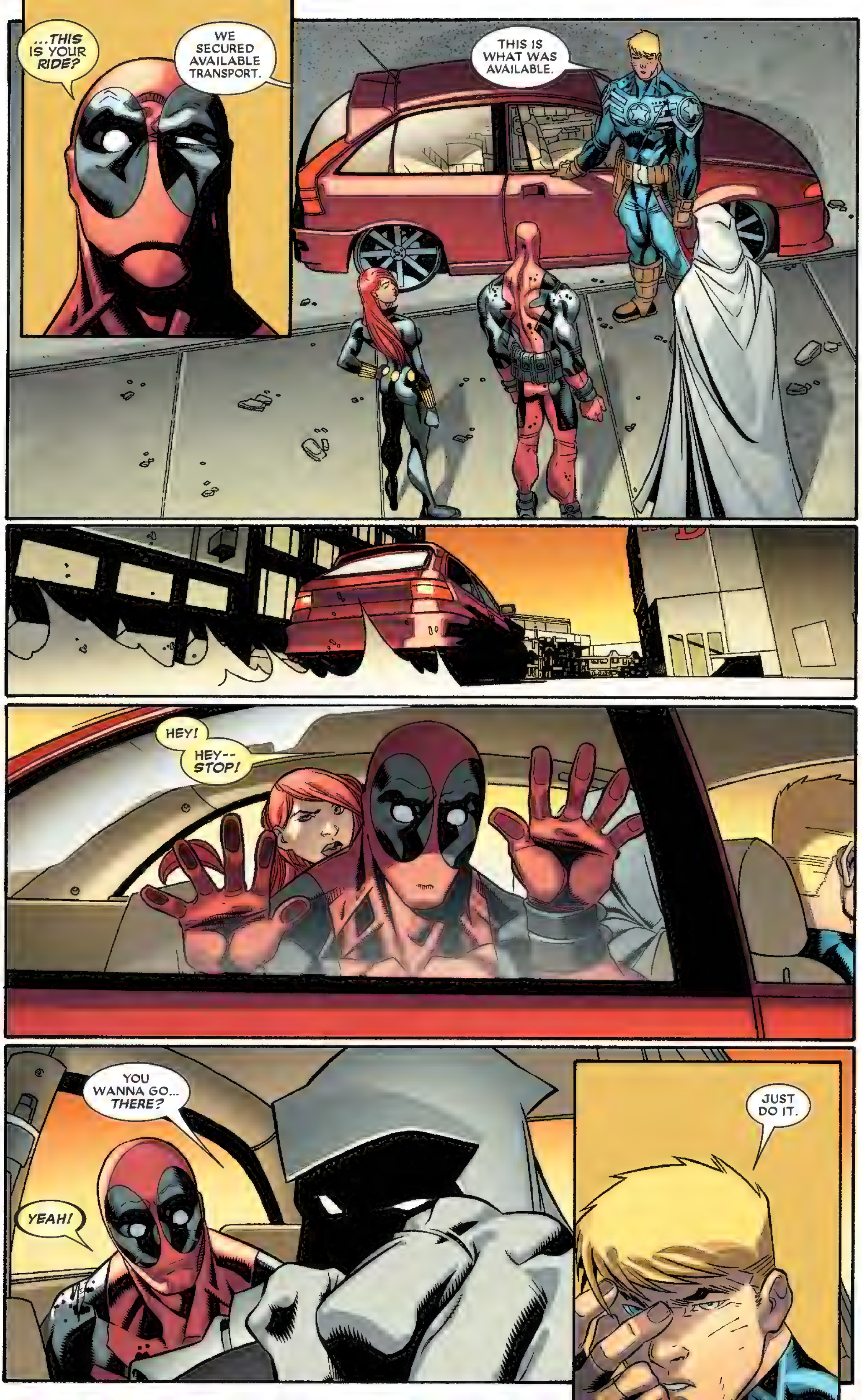

IN ADDITION TO THE BIG OL' *TEAR* IN YOUR COSTUME, YOU HAVE A BIG OL' *CUT* ACROSS YOUR *CHEST.*
BUT *YOU...*
...WELL, YOU SEEM TO HAVE REGENERATED QUITE NICELY, HAVEN'T YOU?
WHERE'S DR. BONG, CLONE-Y McCLONE-FACE?!
HE'S USED HIS POWERS TO TELEPORT TO HIS SECONDARY BASE OF OPERATIONS, ABOUT TWO HOURS FROM HERE.
UHHH...
...HOW DO YOU KNOW *THAT?*

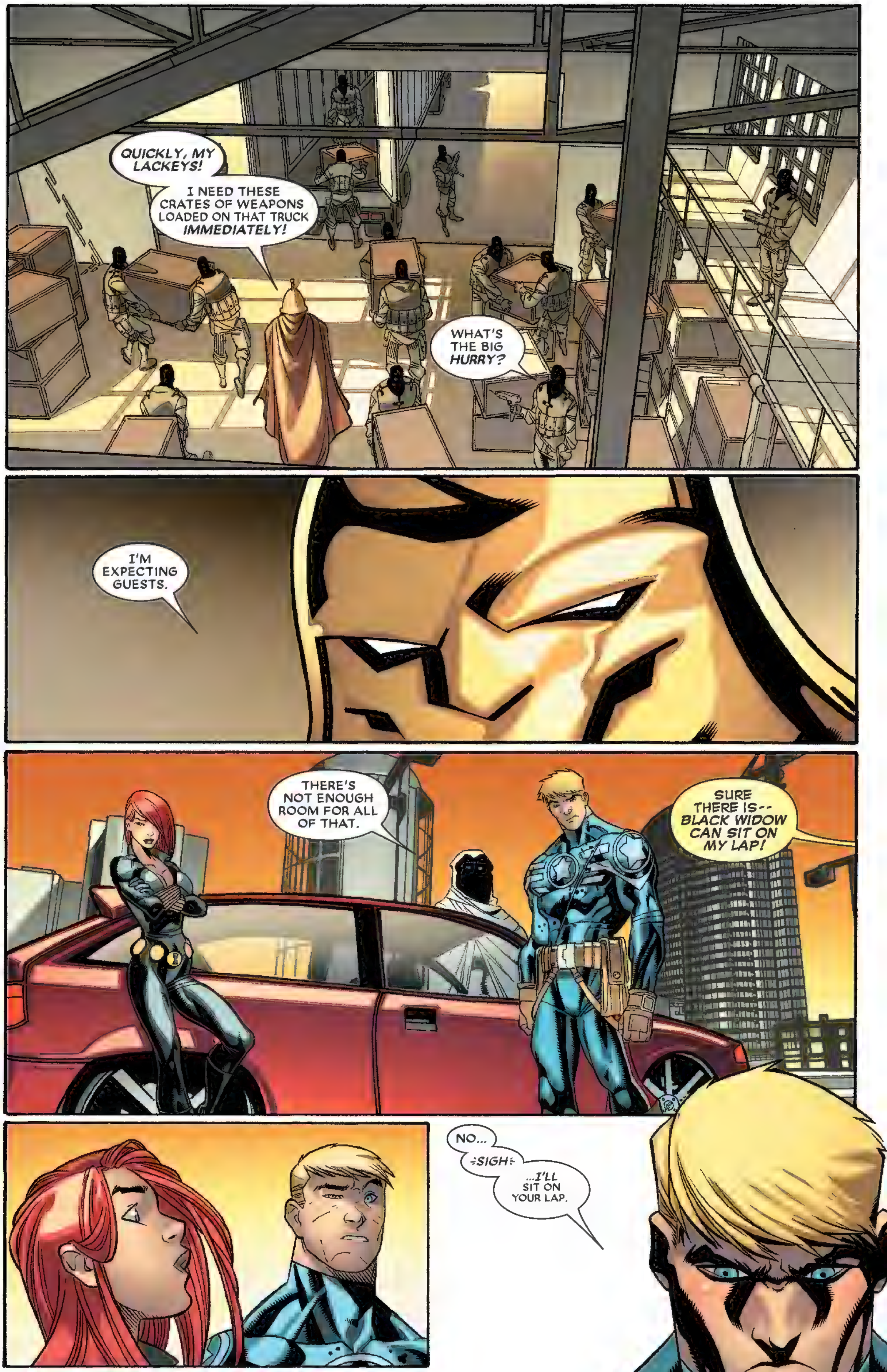

BECAUSE I'M STEVE ROGERS.

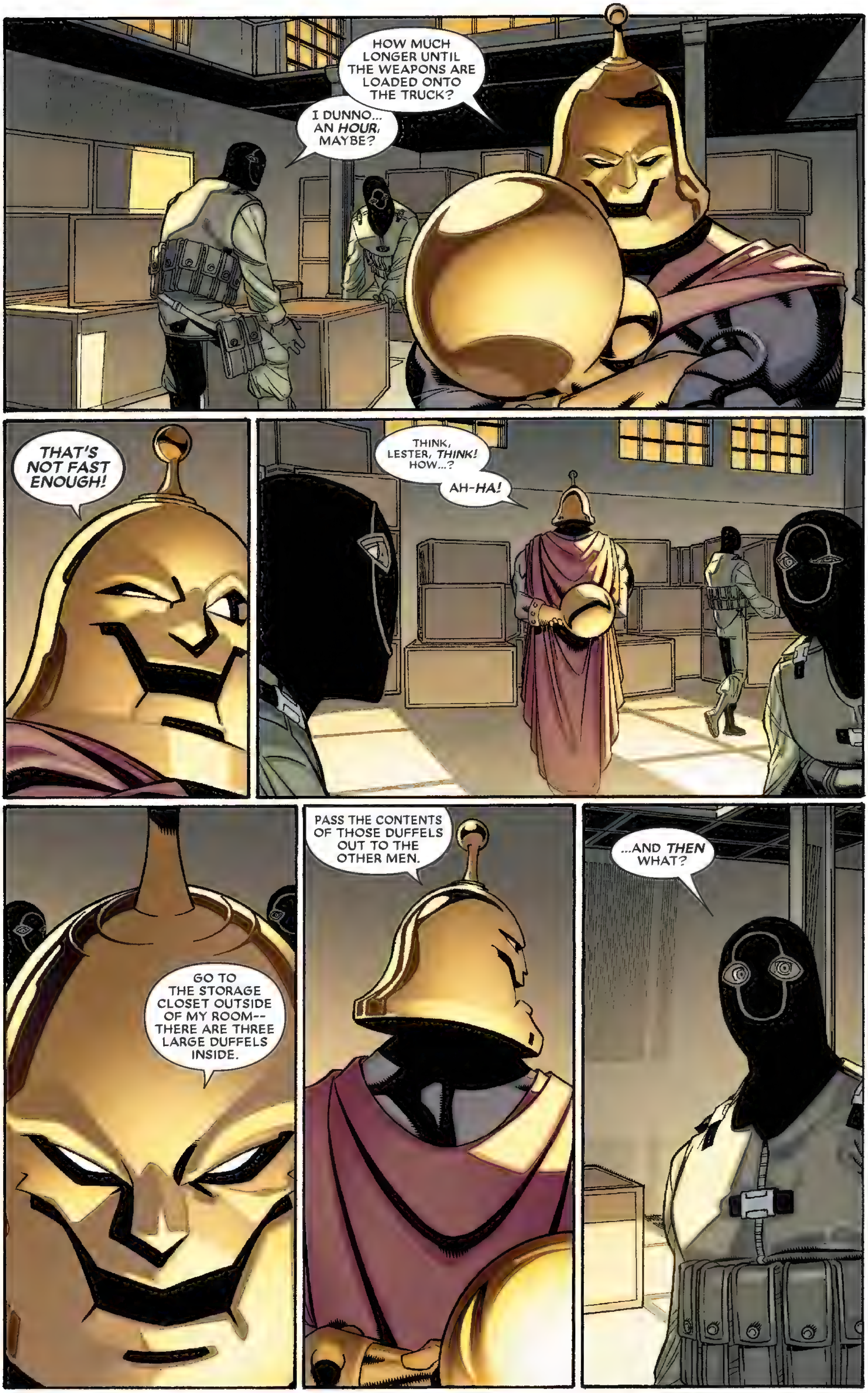
I'M YOUR MAN CONCLUSION

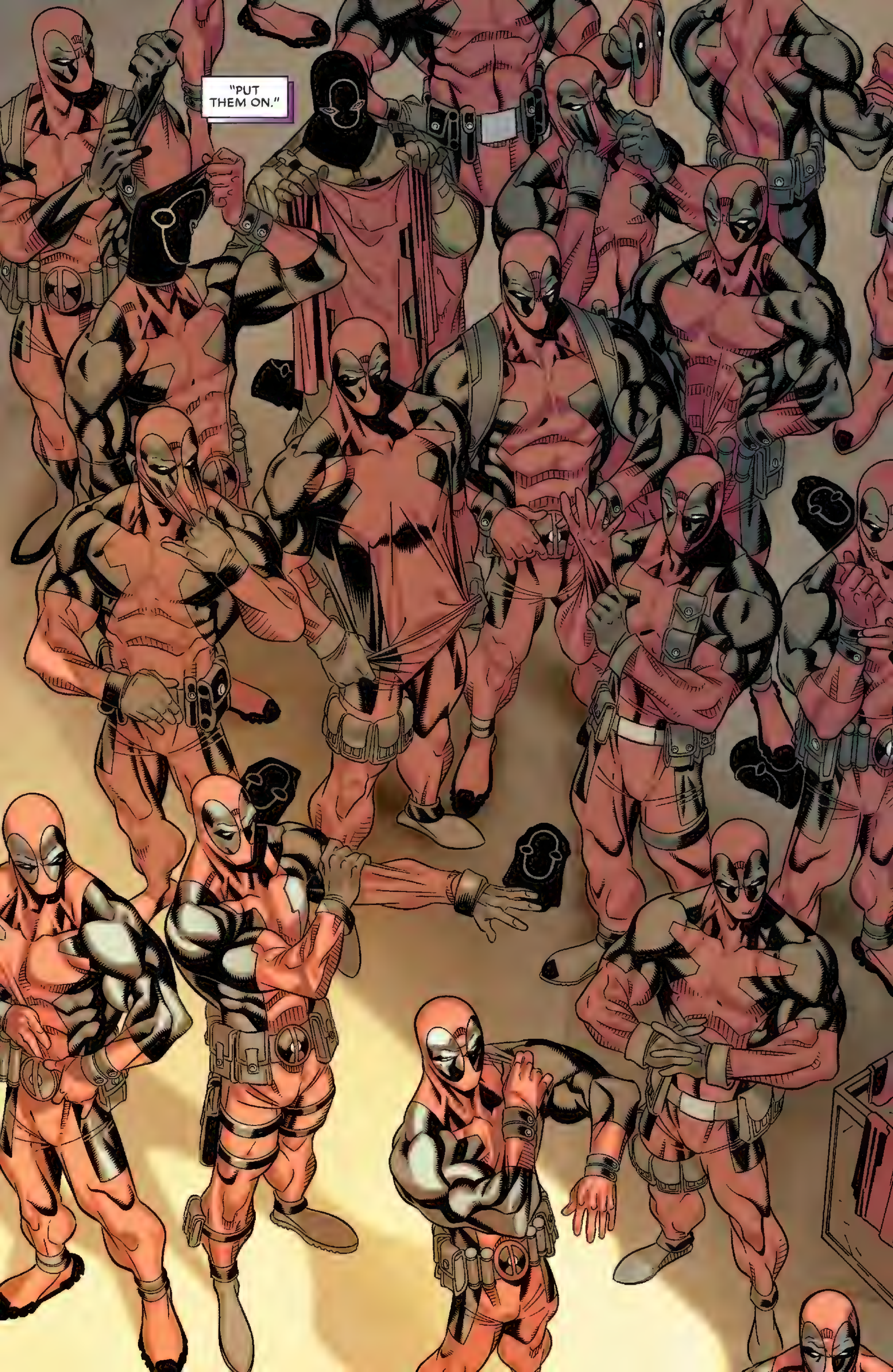

HELL YEAH YOU ARE!
BLAM!

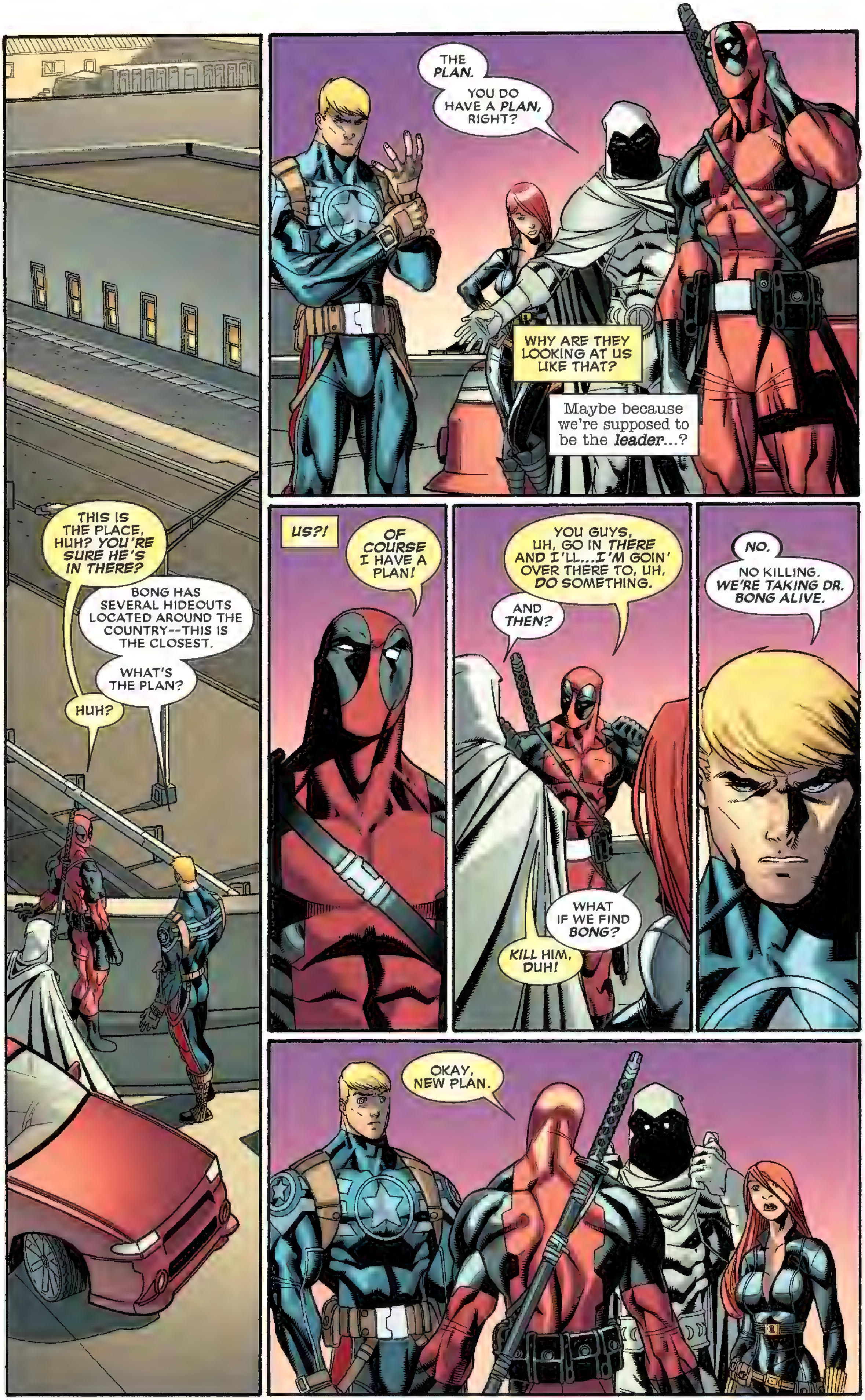

PSST!
SORRY ABOUT TYING YA UP AN' GAGGING YOU BUT, I DUNNO... IS IT JUST ME OR DID YOU KINDA LIKE IT?
A LITTLE, YES.
WE'RE TAKING HIM WITH US? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DR. BONG?
I READ THE BRIEF.
SO DID I. I THOUGHT I KNEW EXACTLY WHO I WAS DEALING WITH, BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO TAKE THIS WHOLE PLACE DOWN AND US ALONG WITH IT.
DEADPOOL DIDN'T READ THE BRIEF. HE HAD NO IDEA WHO HE WAS DEALING WITH.
YET HE WAS THE FIRST ON HIS FEET AND HE MANAGED TO SUBDUE OUR ENTIRE TEAM.
SO YEAH.
I'M SERIOUS.
MOVE OUT.

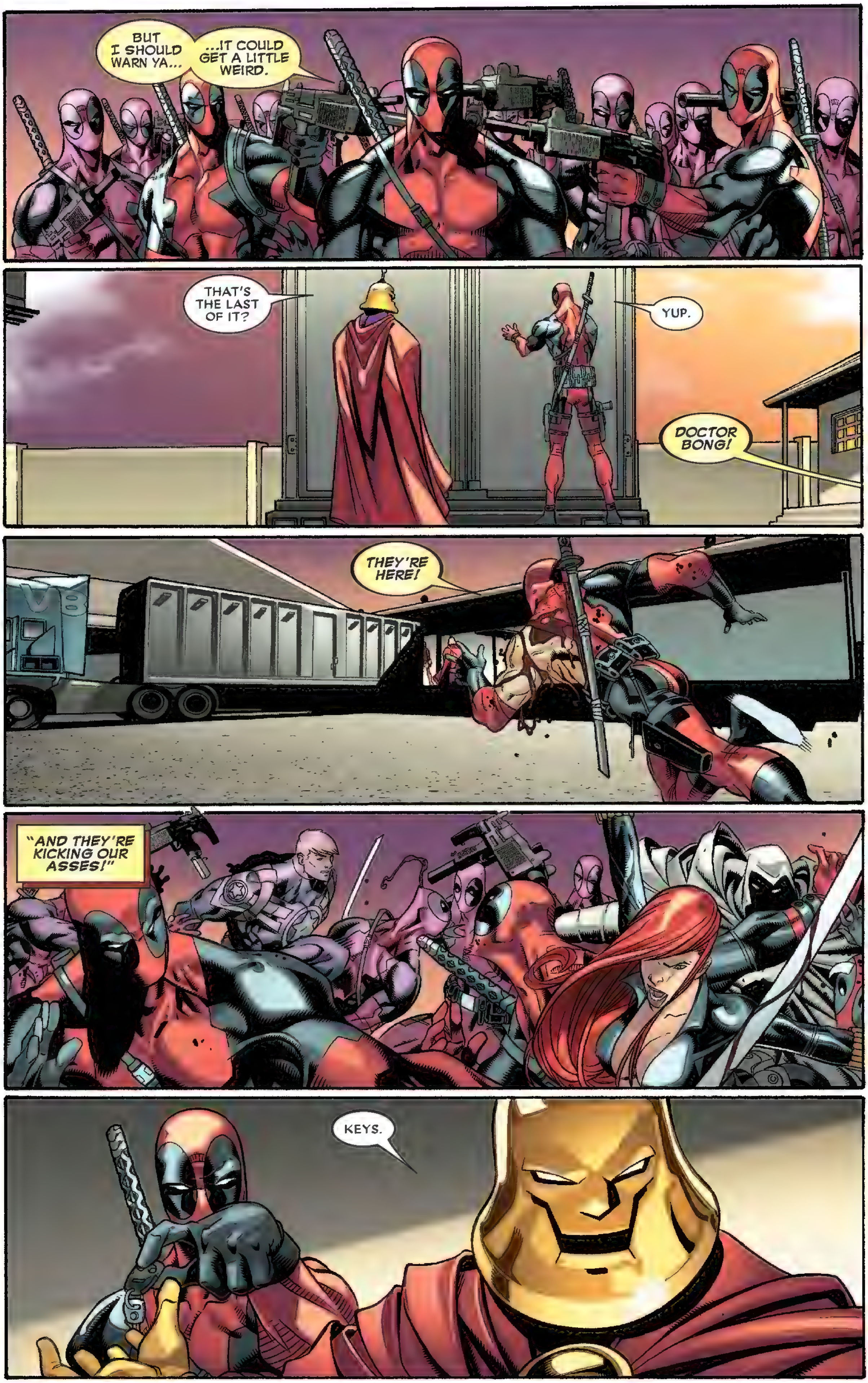

...THIS IS YOUR RIDE?
WE SECURED AVAILABLE TRANSPORT.
THIS IS WHAT WAS AVAILABLE.
HEY!
HEY-- STOP!
YOU WANNA GO... THERE?
YEAH!
JUST DO IT.

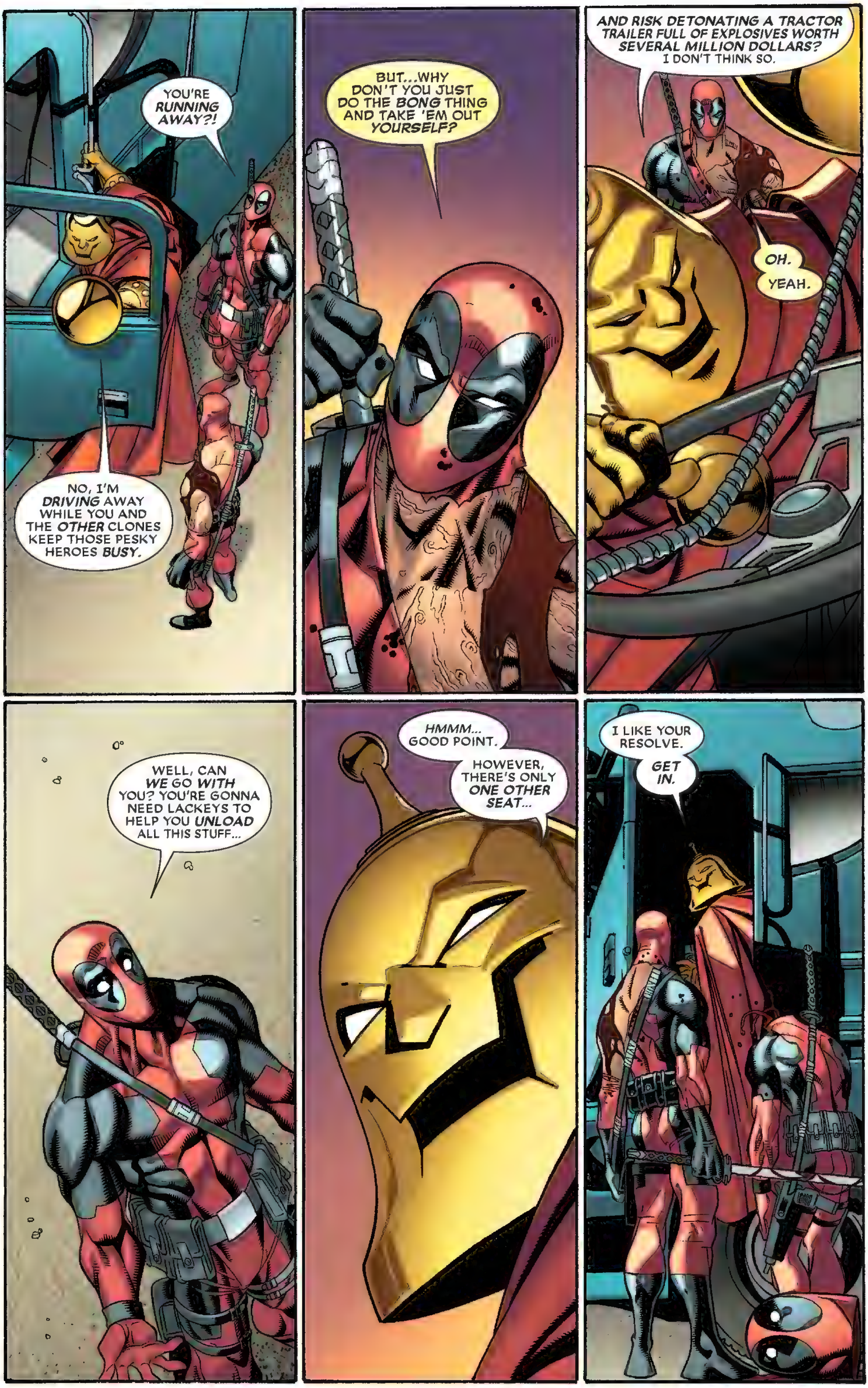

QUICKLY, MY LACKEYS!
I NEED THESE CRATES OF WEAPONS LOADED ON THAT TRUCK IMMEDIATELY!
WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY?
I'M EXPECTING GUESTS.
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR ALL OF THAT.
SURE THERE IS-- BLACK WIDOW CAN SIT ON MY LAP!
NO...
≑SIGH≑
...I'LL SIT ON YOUR LAP.

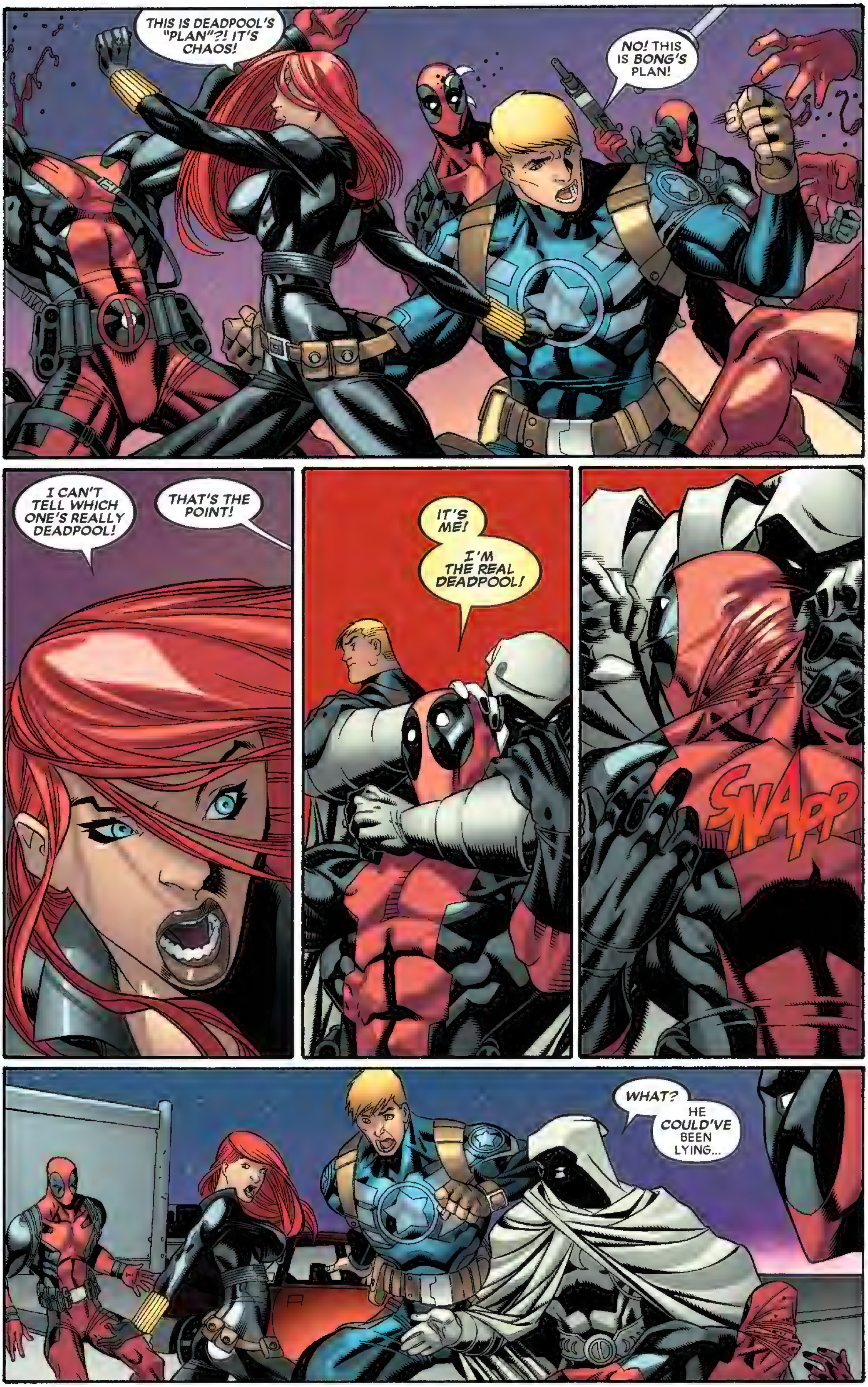

HOW MUCH LONGER UNTIL THE WEAPONS ARE LOADED ONTO THE TRUCK?
I DUNNO... AN *HOUR*, MAYBE?
THAT'S NOT FAST ENOUGH!
THINK, LESTER, *THINK!* HOW...?
AH-*HA!*
GO TO THE STORAGE CLOSET OUTSIDE OF MY ROOM-- THERE ARE THREE LARGE DUFFELS INSIDE.
PASS THE CONTENTS OF THOSE DUFFELS OUT TO THE OTHER MEN.
...AND *THEN* WHAT?

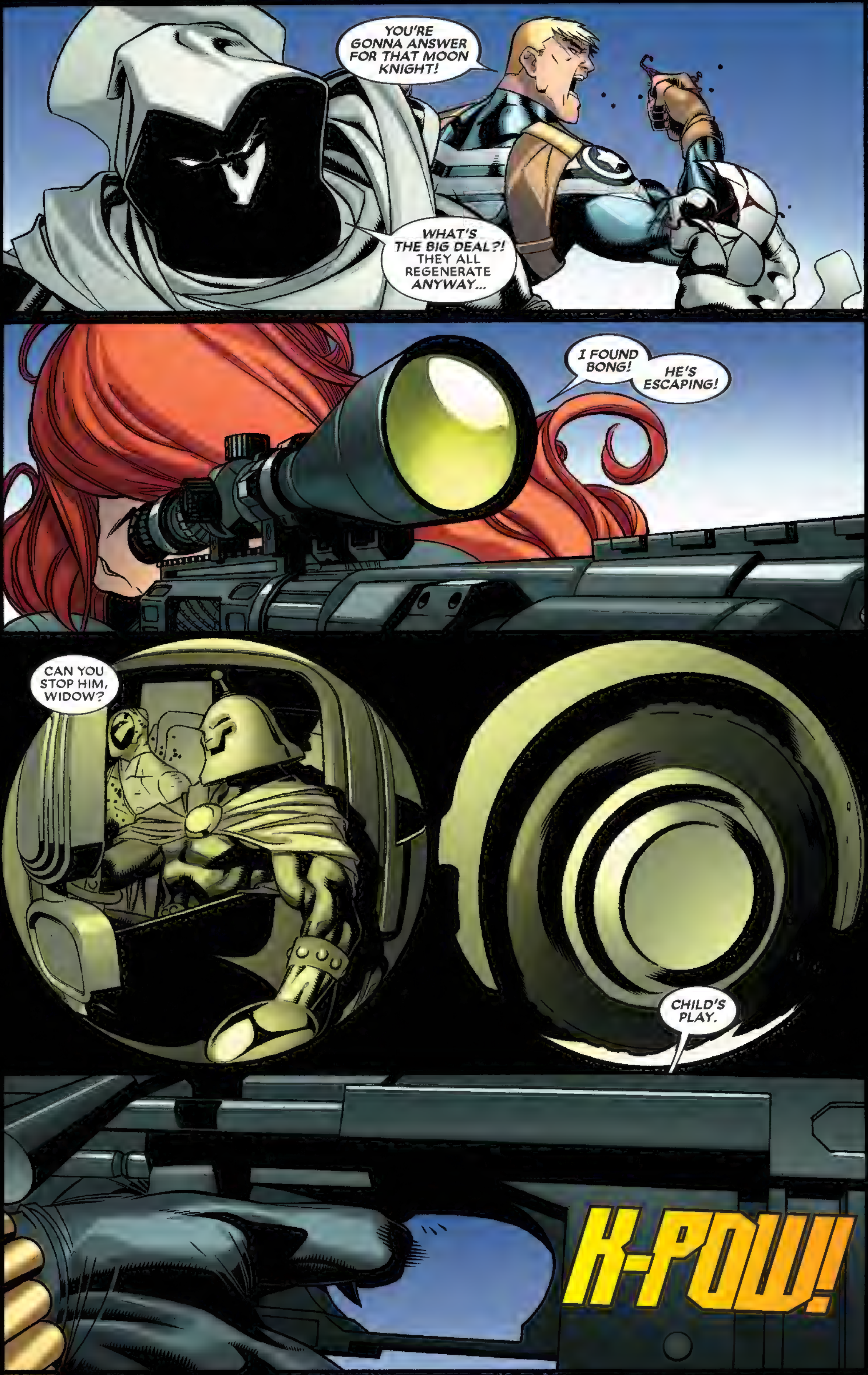

"PUT THEM ON."

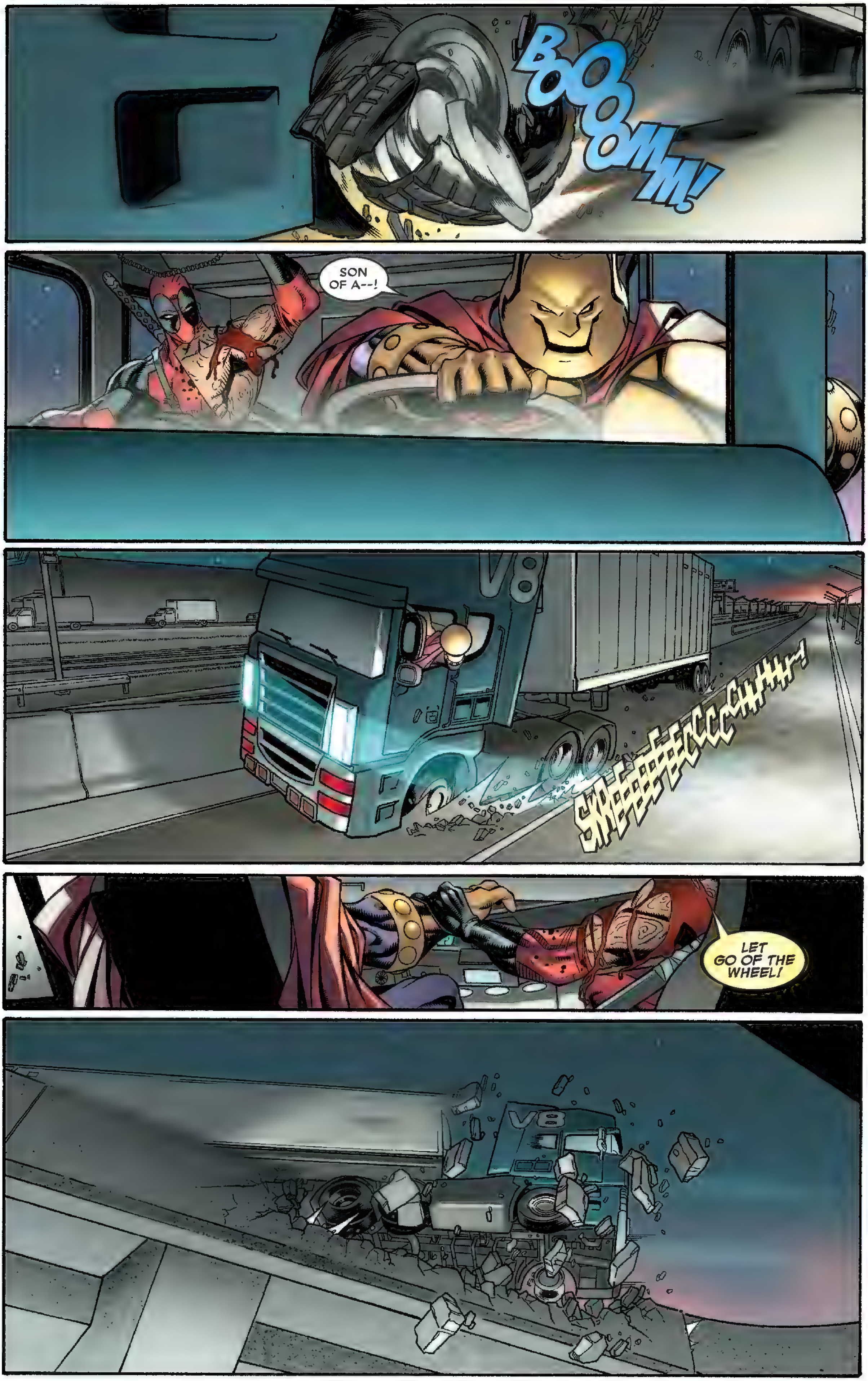

THIS IS THE PLACE, HUH? YOU'RE SURE HE'S IN THERE?
BONG HAS SEVERAL HIDEOUTS LOCATED AROUND THE COUNTRY--THIS IS THE CLOSEST.
WHAT'S THE PLAN?
HUH?
THE PLAN.
YOU DO HAVE A PLAN, RIGHT?
WHY ARE THEY LOOKING AT US LIKE THAT?
Maybe because we're supposed to be the leader...?
US?!
OF COURSE I HAVE A PLAN!
YOU GUYS, UH, GO IN THERE AND I'LL...I'M GOIN' OVER THERE TO, UH, DO SOMETHING.
AND THEN?
WHAT IF WE FIND BONG?
KILL HIM, DUH!
NO.
NO KILLING. WE'RE TAKING DR. BONG ALIVE.
OKAY, NEW PLAN.

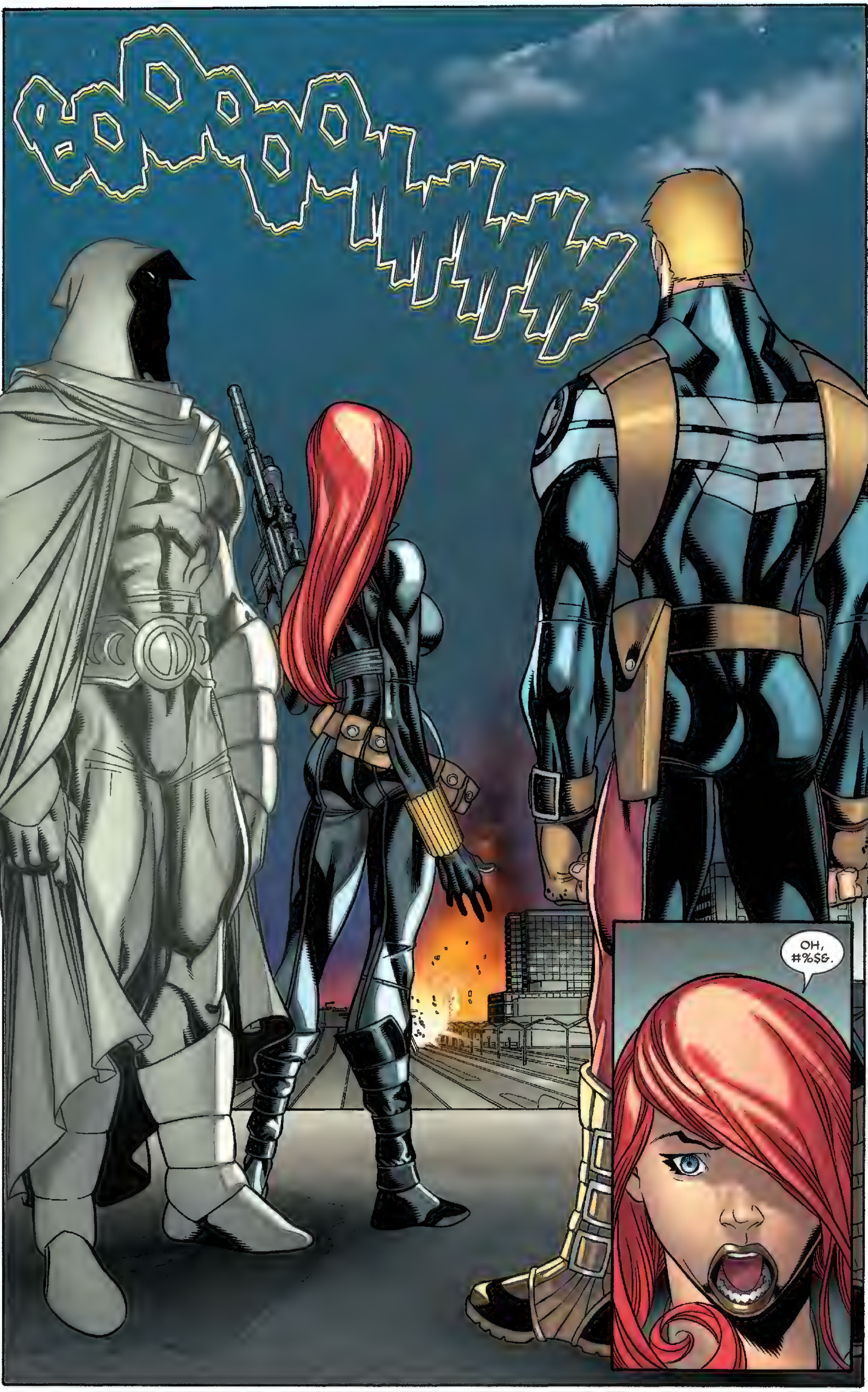

BUT I SHOULD WARN YA...
...IT COULD GET A LITTLE WEIRD.
THAT'S THE LAST OF IT?
YUP.
DOCTOR BONG!
THEY'RE HERE!
"AND THEY'RE KICKING OUR ASSES!"
KEYS.

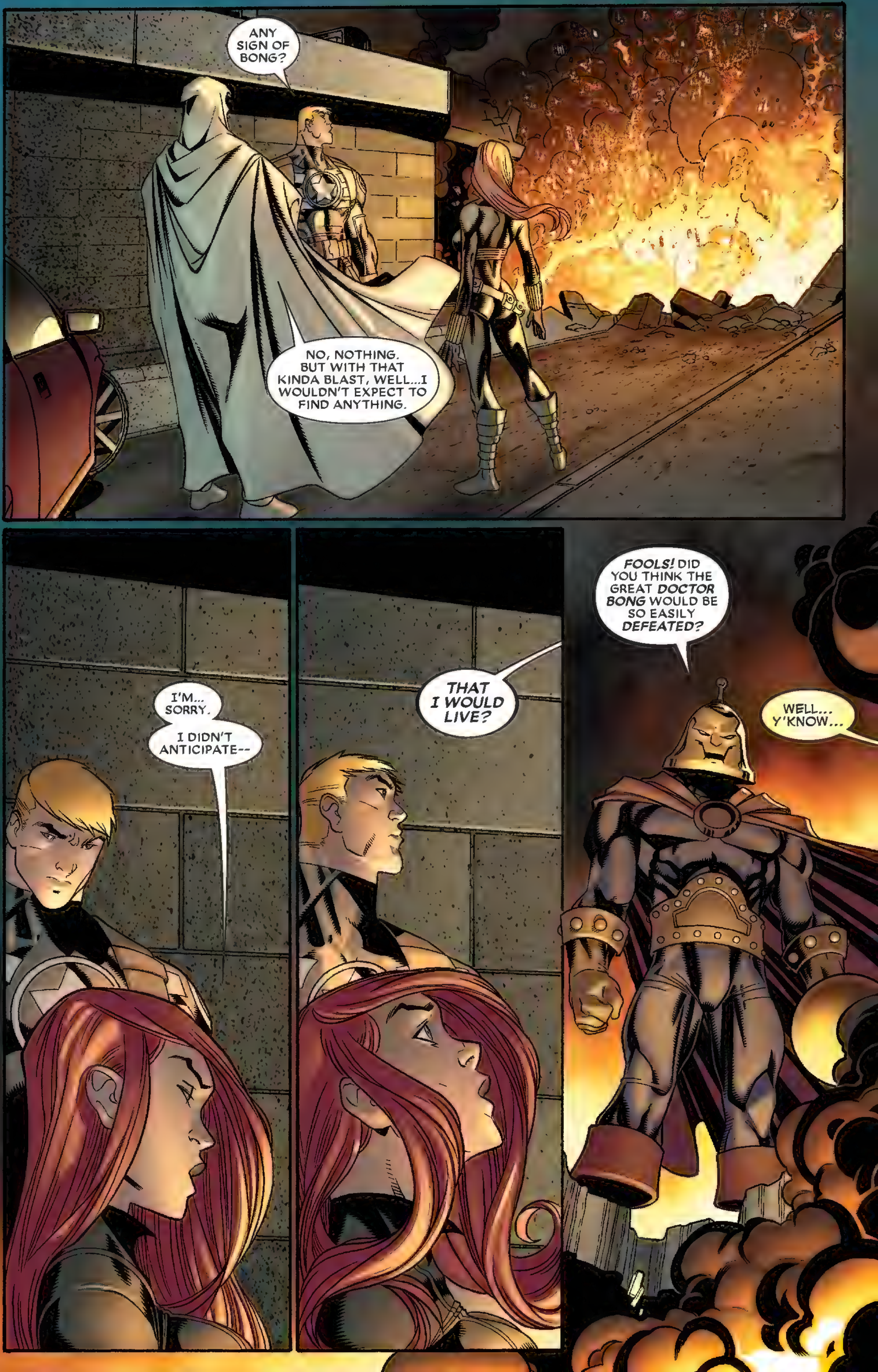

YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY?!
NO, I'M DRIVING AWAY WHILE YOU AND THE OTHER CLONES KEEP THOSE PESKY HEROES BUSY.
BUT...WHY DON'T YOU JUST DO THE BONG THING AND TAKE 'EM OUT YOURSELF?
AND RISK DETONATING A TRACTOR TRAILER FULL OF EXPLOSIVES WORTH SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS? I DON'T THINK SO.
OH.
YEAH.
WELL, CAN WE GO WITH YOU? YOU'RE GONNA NEED LACKEYS TO HELP YOU UNLOAD ALL THIS STUFF...
HMMM... GOOD POINT.
HOWEVER, THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER SEAT...
I LIKE YOUR RESOLVE.
GET IN.

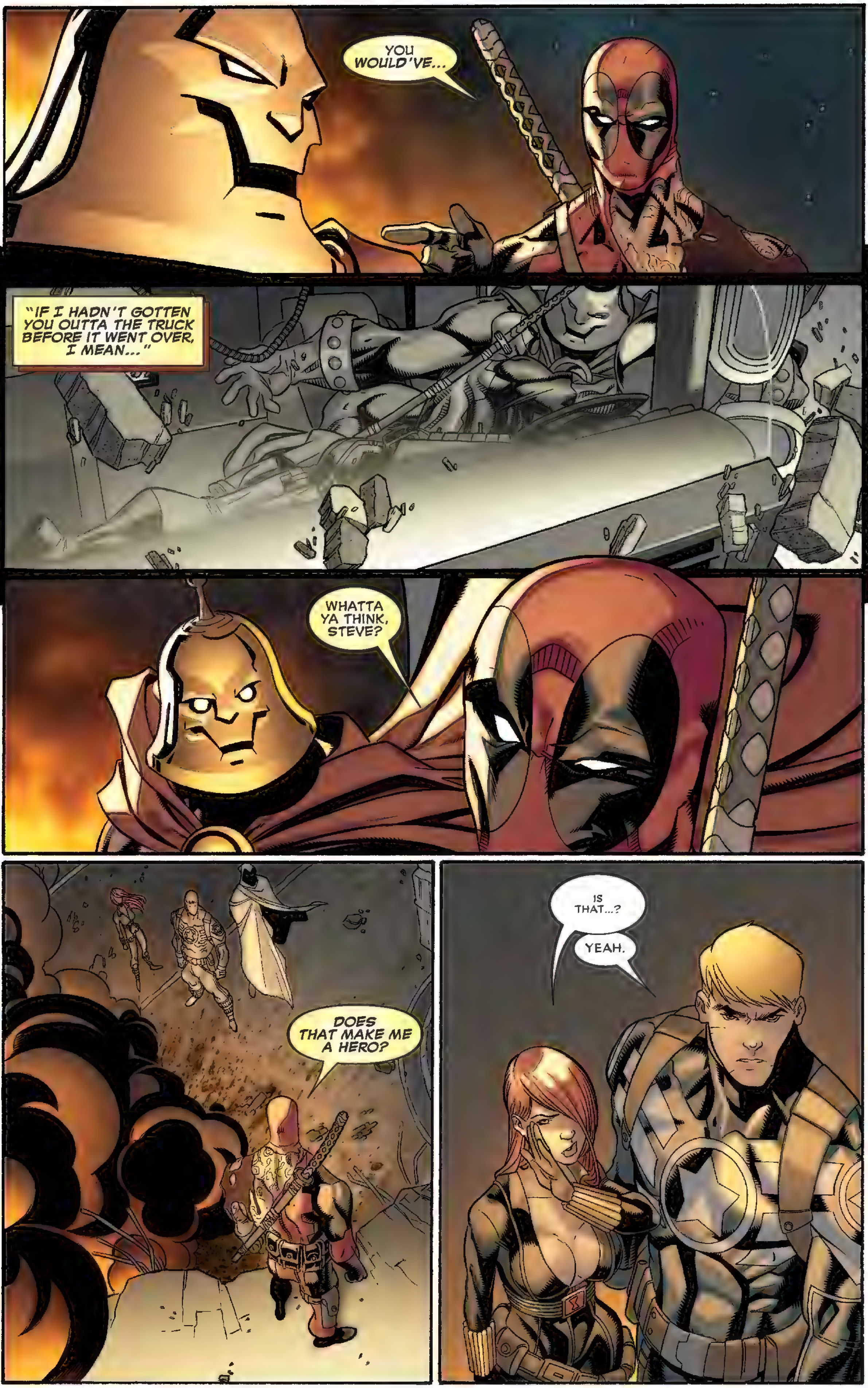

THIS IS DEADPOOL'S "PLAN"?! IT'S CHAOS!
NO! THIS IS BONG'S PLAN!
I CAN'T TELL WHICH ONE'S REALLY DEADPOOL!
THAT'S THE POINT!
IT'S ME!
I'M THE REAL DEADPOOL!
SNAPP
WHAT?
HE COULD'VE BEEN LYING...

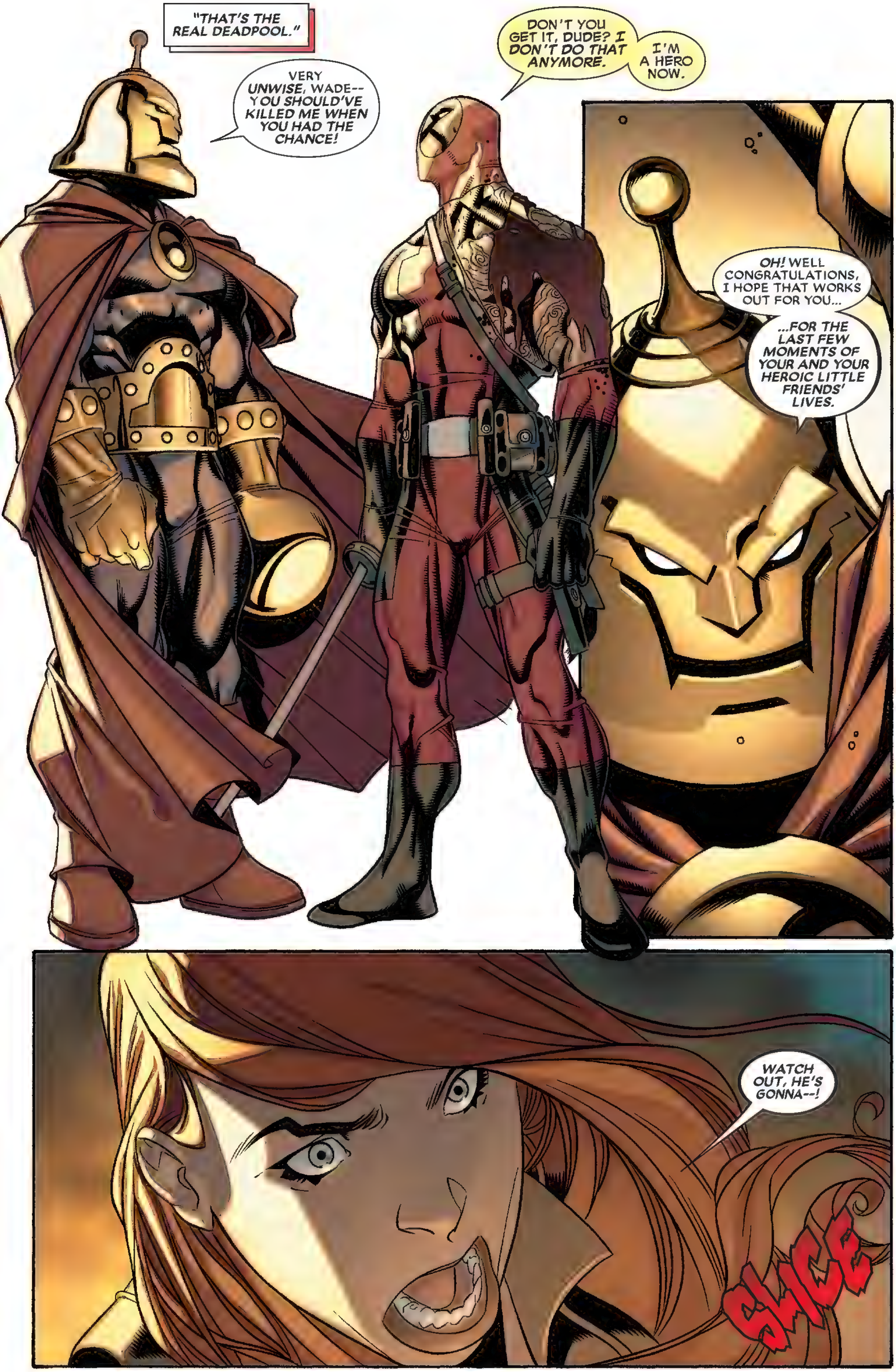

YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER FOR THAT MOON KNIGHT!
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?! THEY ALL REGENERATE ANYWAY...
I FOUND BONG!
HE'S ESCAPING!
CAN YOU STOP HIM, WIDOW?
CHILD'S PLAY.
K-POW!

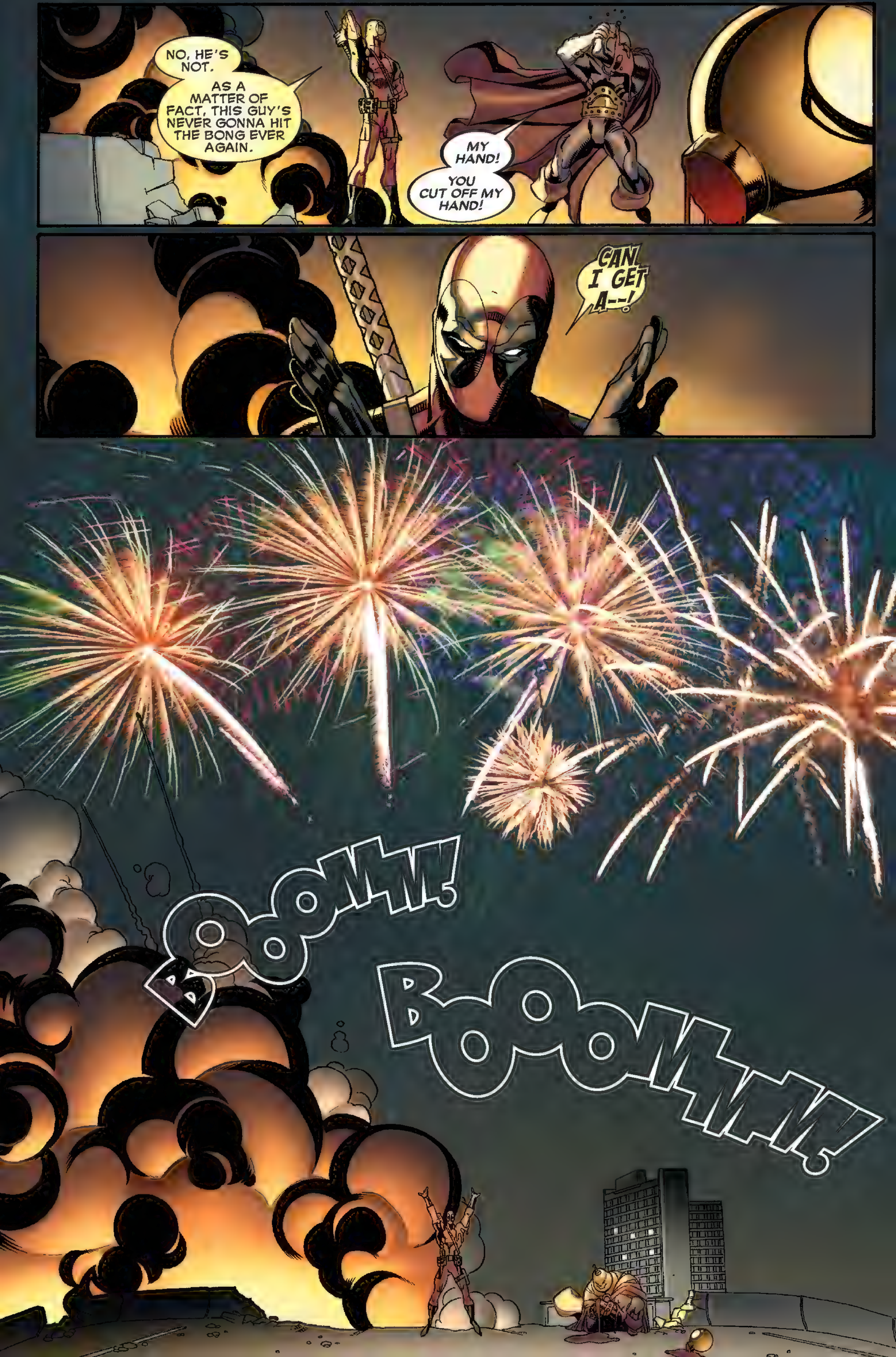

BOOOOMMM!
SON OF A--!
SKREEEEEEECCCCHHHH!
LET GO OF THE WHEEL!

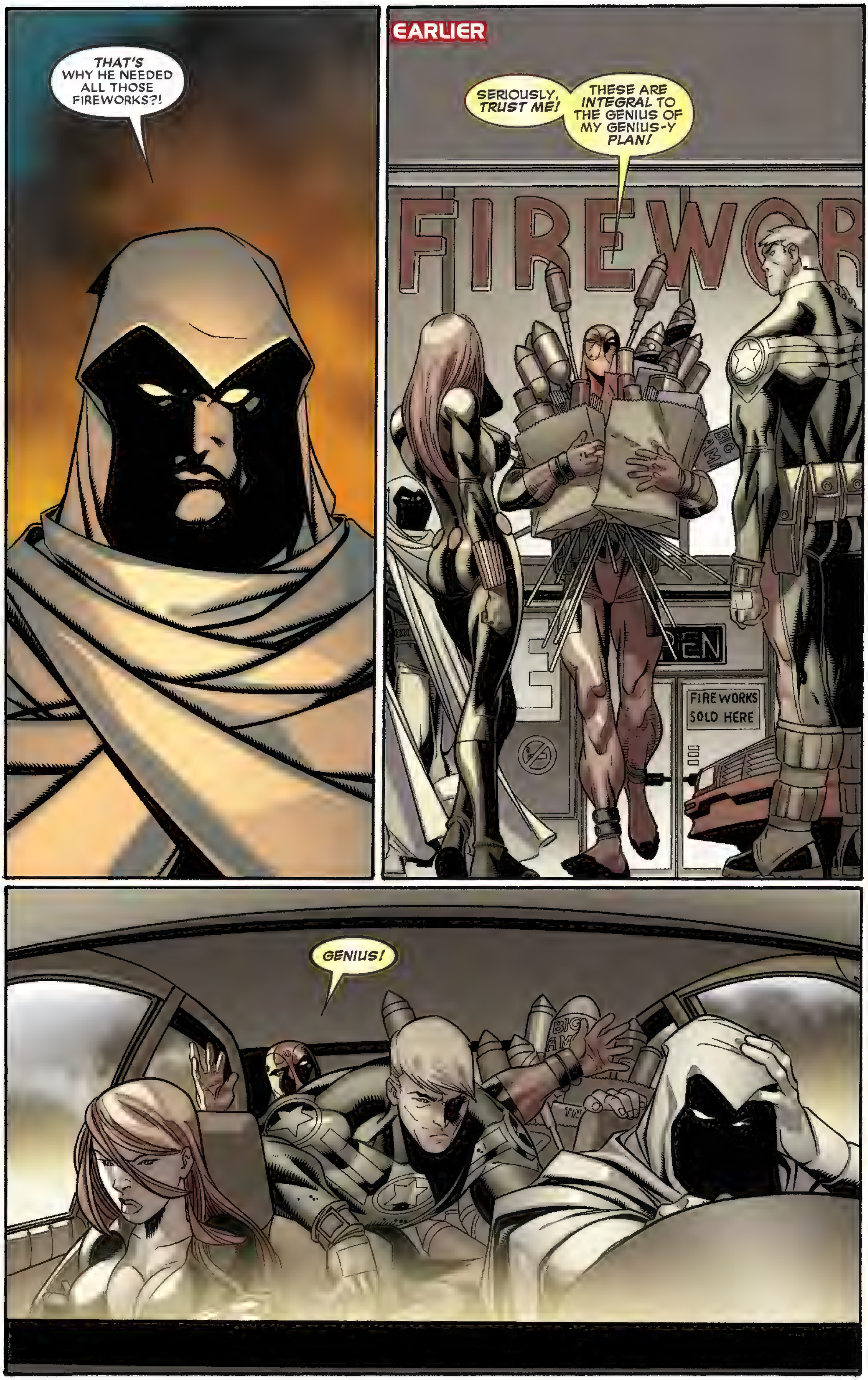

BOOOOOMMMM
OH, #%$&.

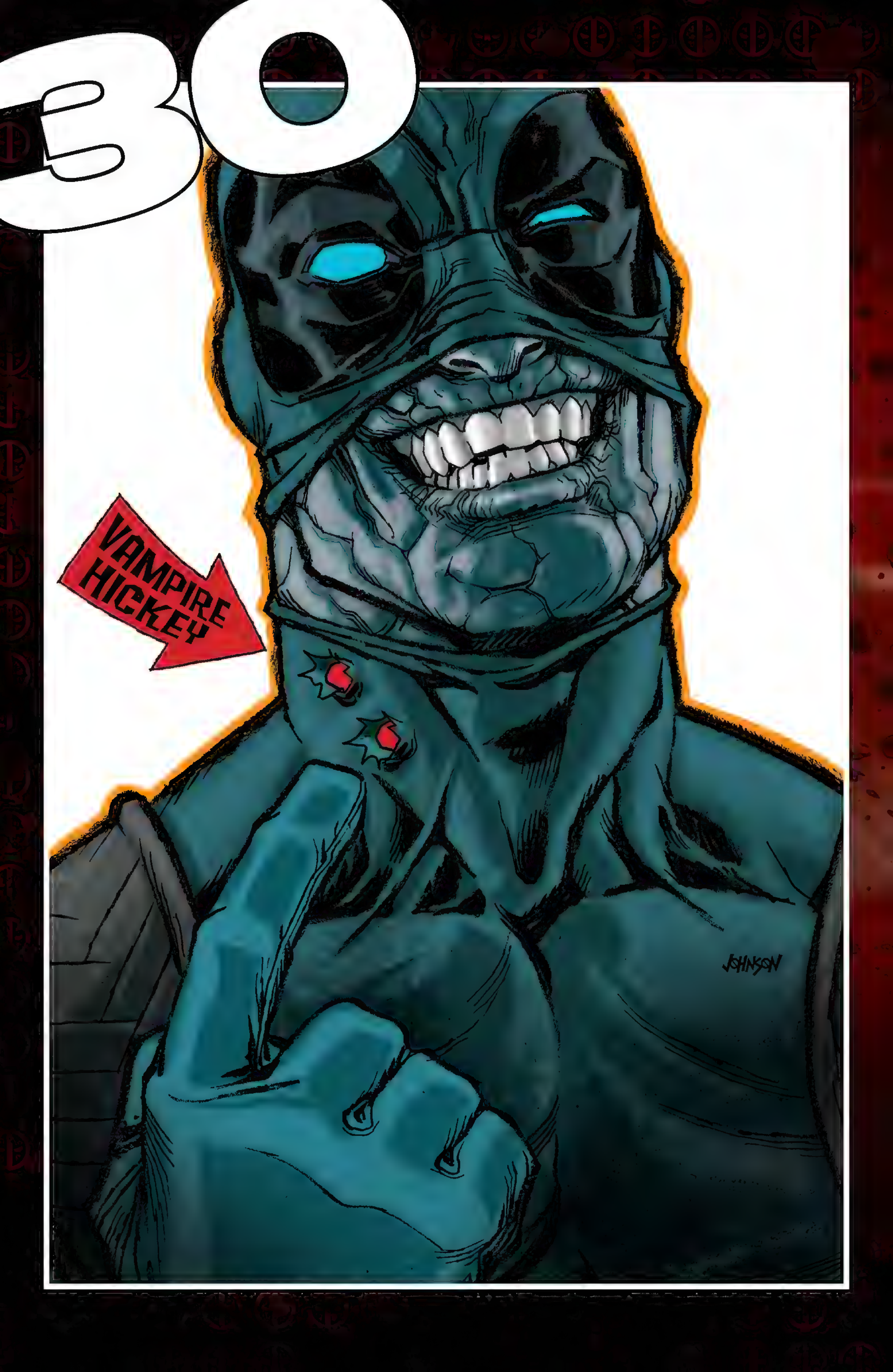

ANY SIGN OF BONG?
NO, NOTHING. BUT WITH THAT KINDA BLAST, WELL...I WOULDN'T EXPECT TO FIND ANYTHING.
I'M... SORRY.
I DIDN'T ANTICIPATE--
THAT I WOULD LIVE?
FOOLS! DID YOU THINK THE GREAT DOCTOR BONG WOULD BE SO EASILY DEFEATED?
WELL... Y'KNOW...

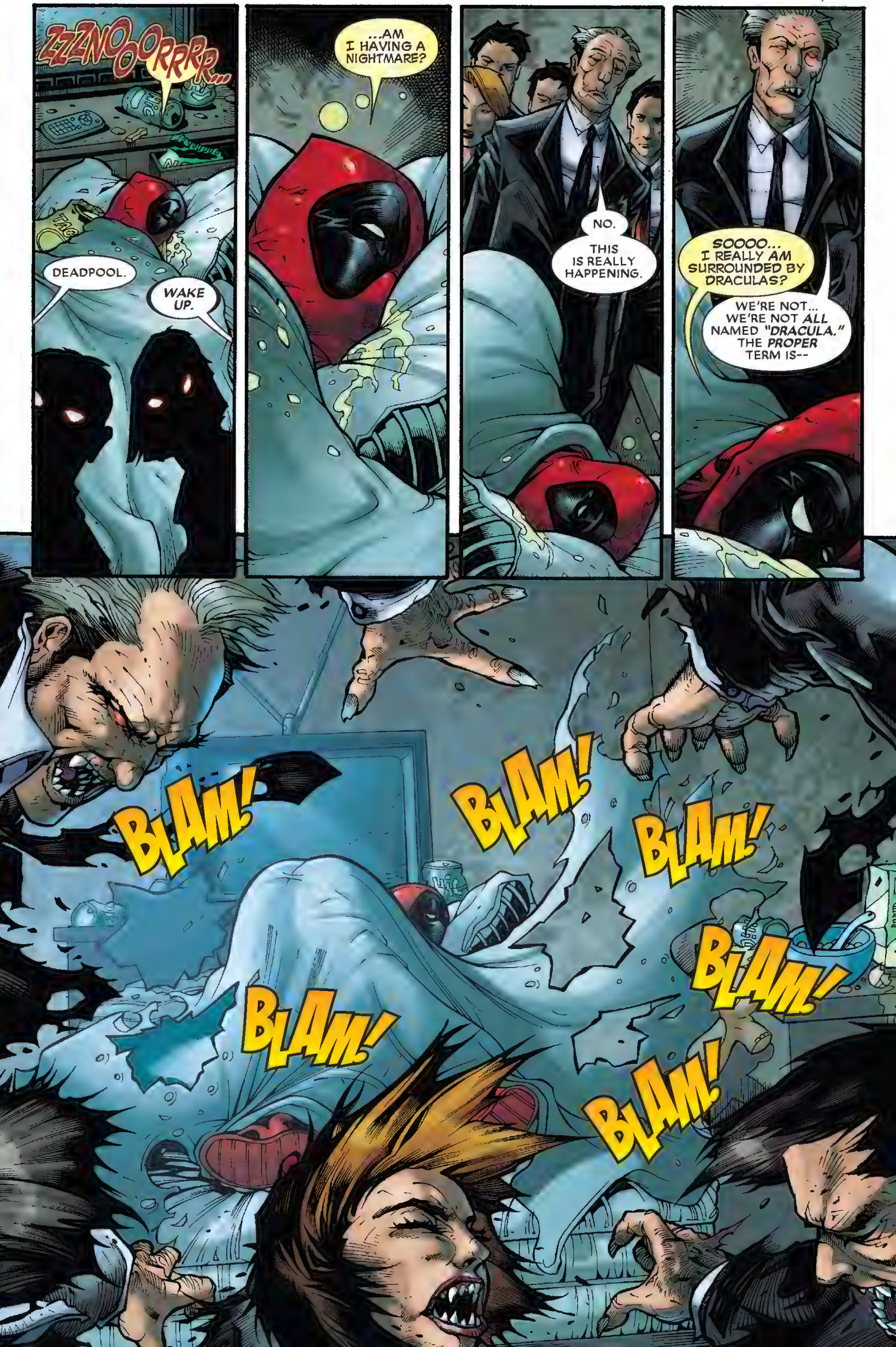

YOU WOULD'VE...
"IF I HADN'T GOTTEN YOU OUTTA THE TRUCK BEFORE IT WENT OVER, I MEAN..."
WHATTA YA THINK, STEVE?
DOES THAT MAKE ME A HERO?
IS THAT...?
YEAH.

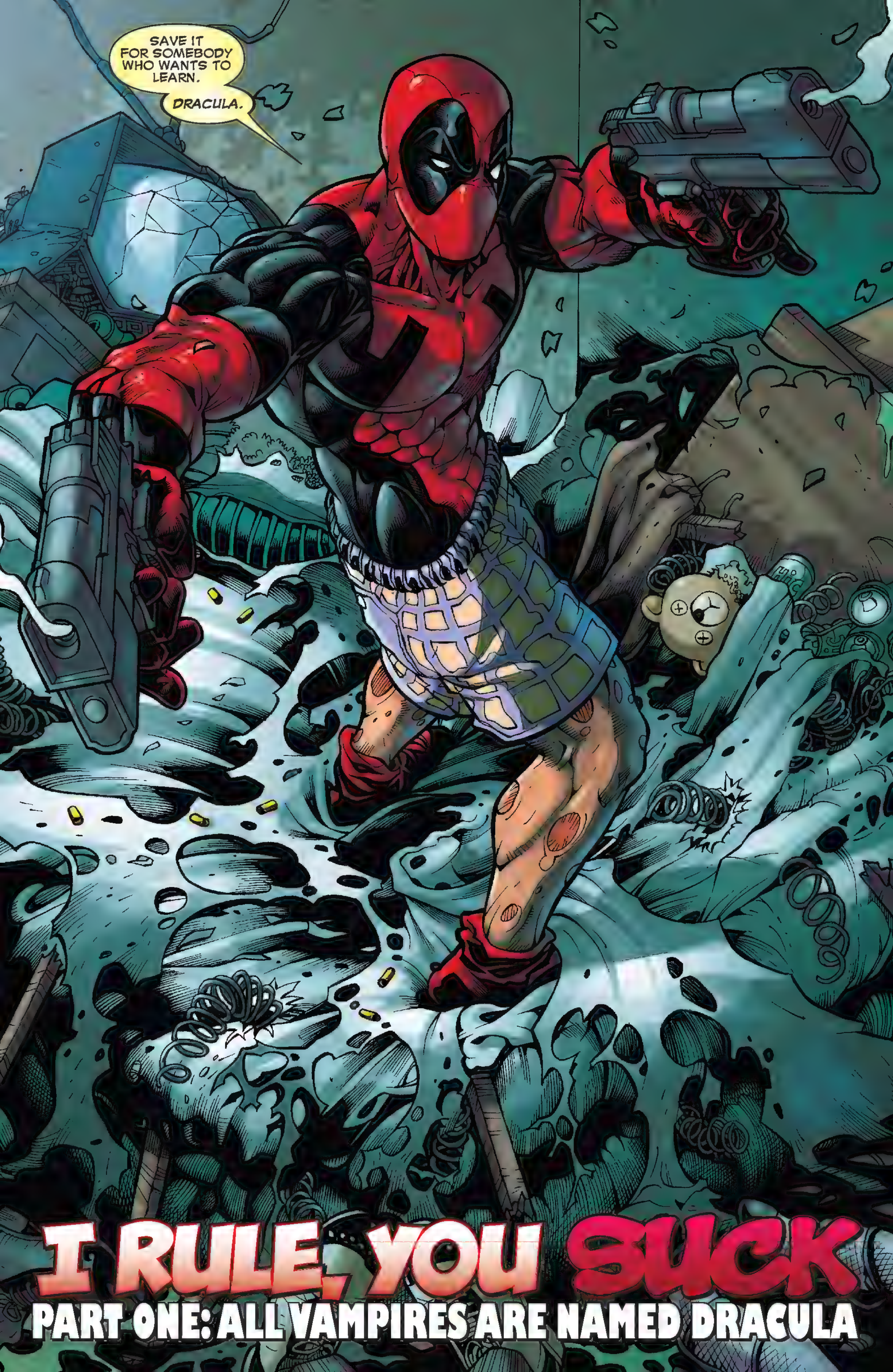

"THAT'S THE REAL DEADPOOL."
VERY UNWISE, WADE-- YOU SHOULD'VE KILLED ME WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE!
DON'T YOU GET IT, DUDE? I DON'T DO THAT ANYMORE.
I'M A HERO NOW.
OH! WELL CONGRATULATIONS, I HOPE THAT WORKS OUT FOR YOU...
...FOR THE LAST FEW MOMENTS OF YOUR AND YOUR HEROIC LITTLE FRIENDS' LIVES.
WATCH OUT, HE'S GONNA--!
SLICE


NO, HE'S NOT.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, THIS GUY'S NEVER GONNA HIT THE BONG EVER AGAIN.
MY HAND!
YOU CUT OFF MY HAND!
CAN I GET A--!
BOOOMM!
BOOOOMMM!


THAT'S WHY HE NEEDED ALL THOSE FIREWORKS?!
EARLIER
SERIOUSLY, *TRUST ME!*
THESE ARE *INTEGRAL* TO THE GENIUS OF MY GENIUS-Y *PLAN!*
FIREWOR
BIG AM
OPEN
FIREWORKS SOLD HERE
GENIUS!
BIG AM
TN

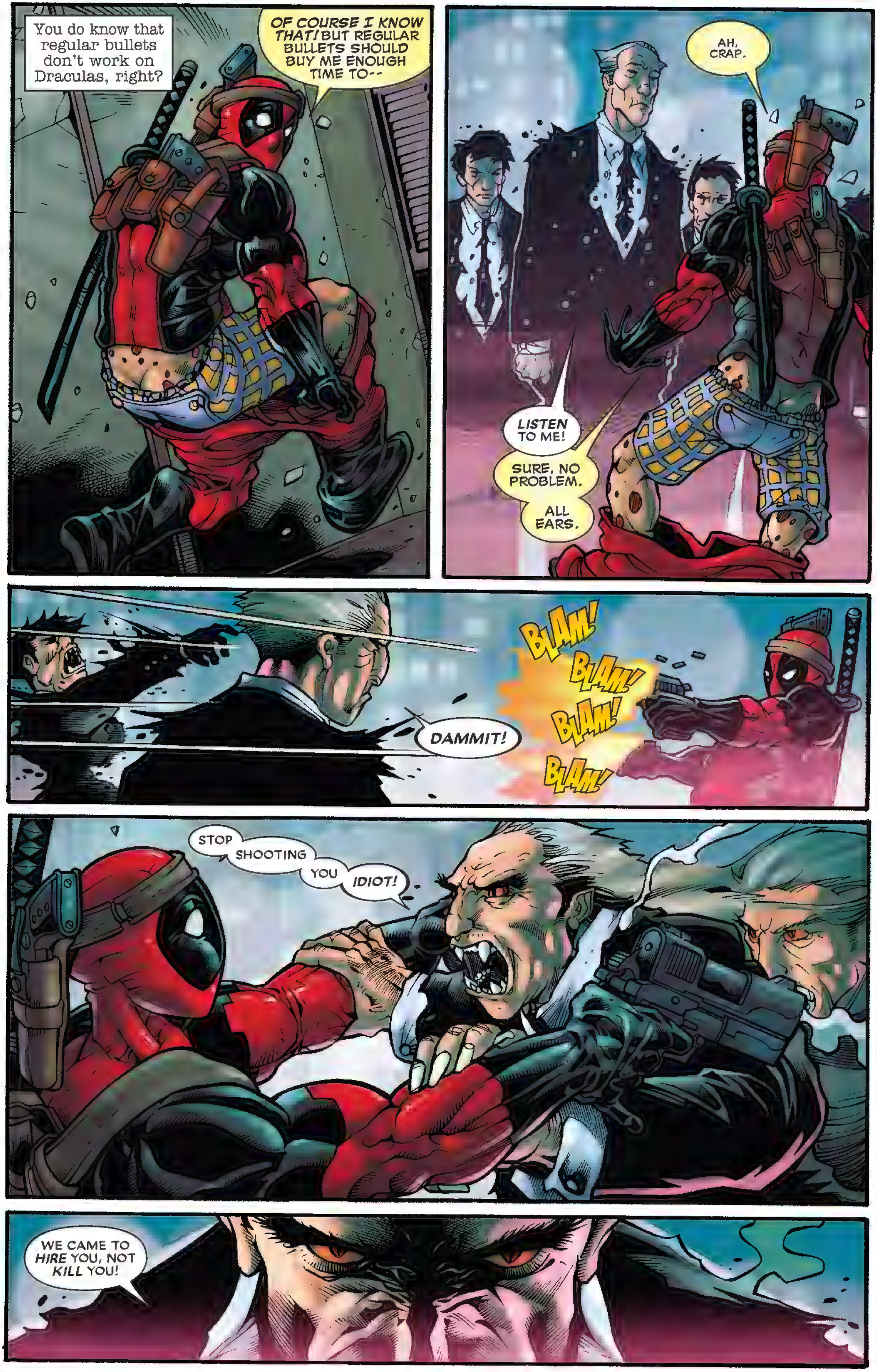

30
VAMPIRE HICKEY
JOHNSON

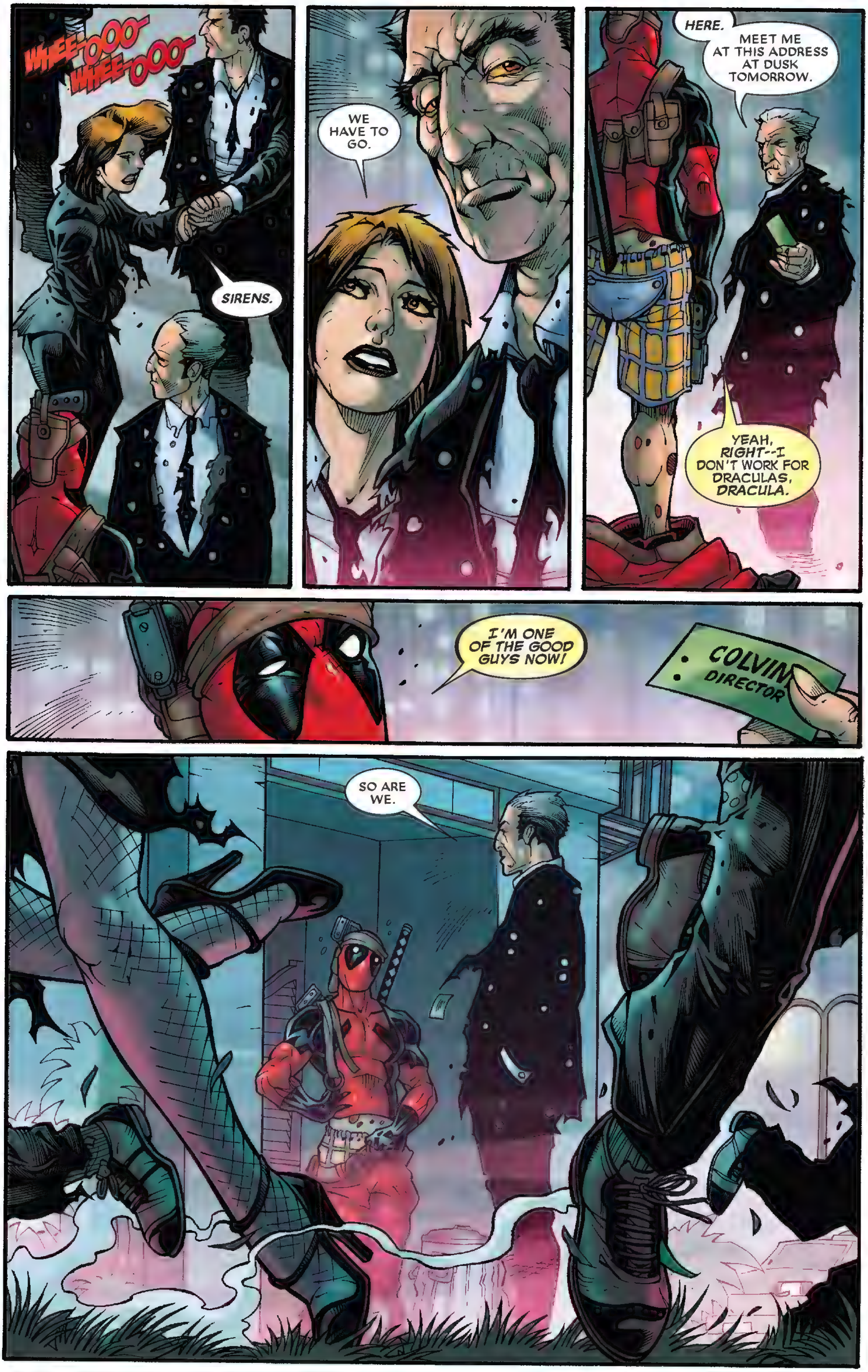

ZZZNOOORRRR...
DEADPOOL.
WAKE UP.
...AM I HAVING A NIGHTMARE?
NO.
THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING.
SOOOO... I REALLY AM SURROUNDED BY DRACULAS?
WE'RE NOT... WE'RE NOT ALL NAMED "DRACULA." THE PROPER TERM IS--
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

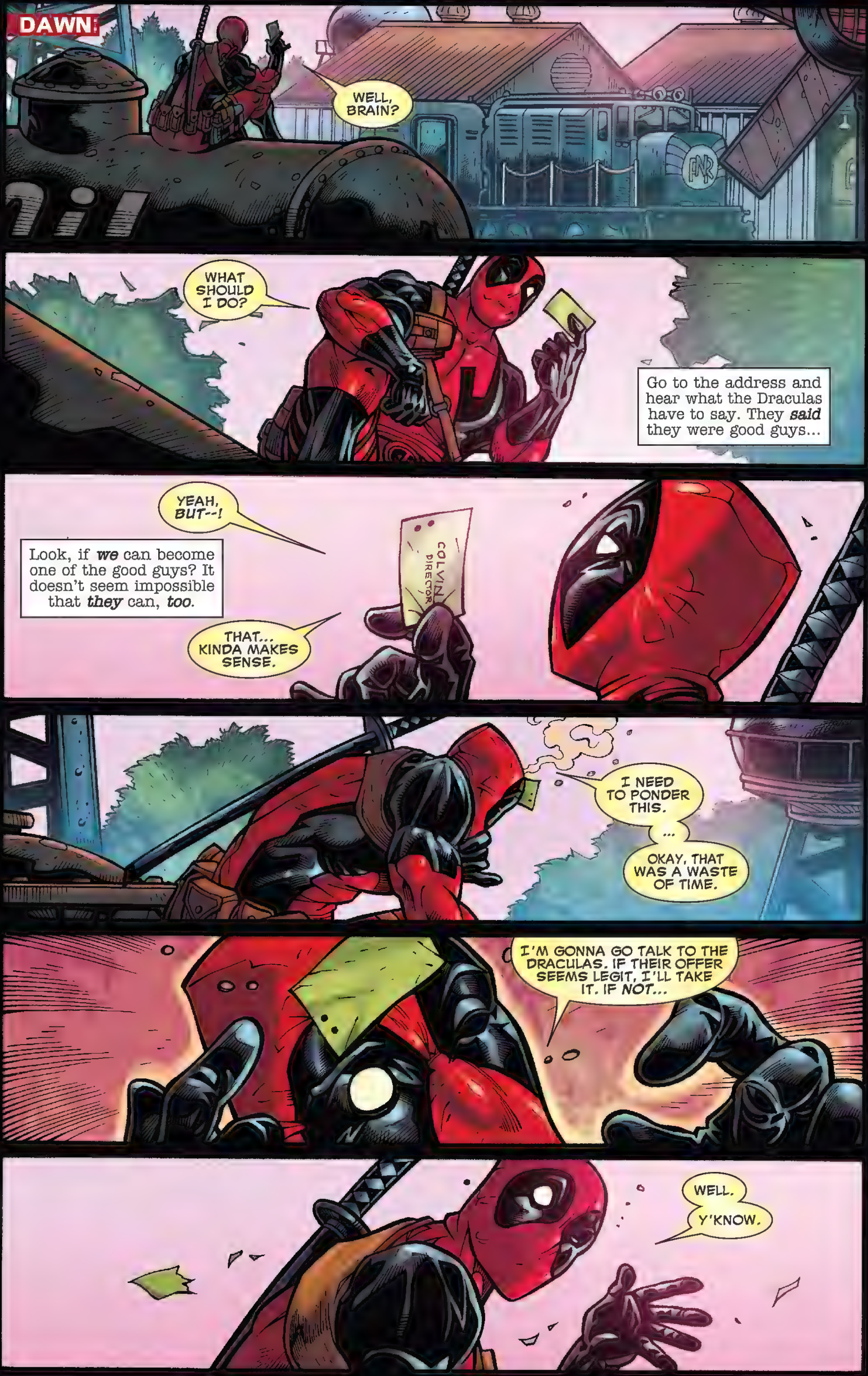

SAVE IT FOR SOMEBODY WHO WANTS TO LEARN.
DRACULA.

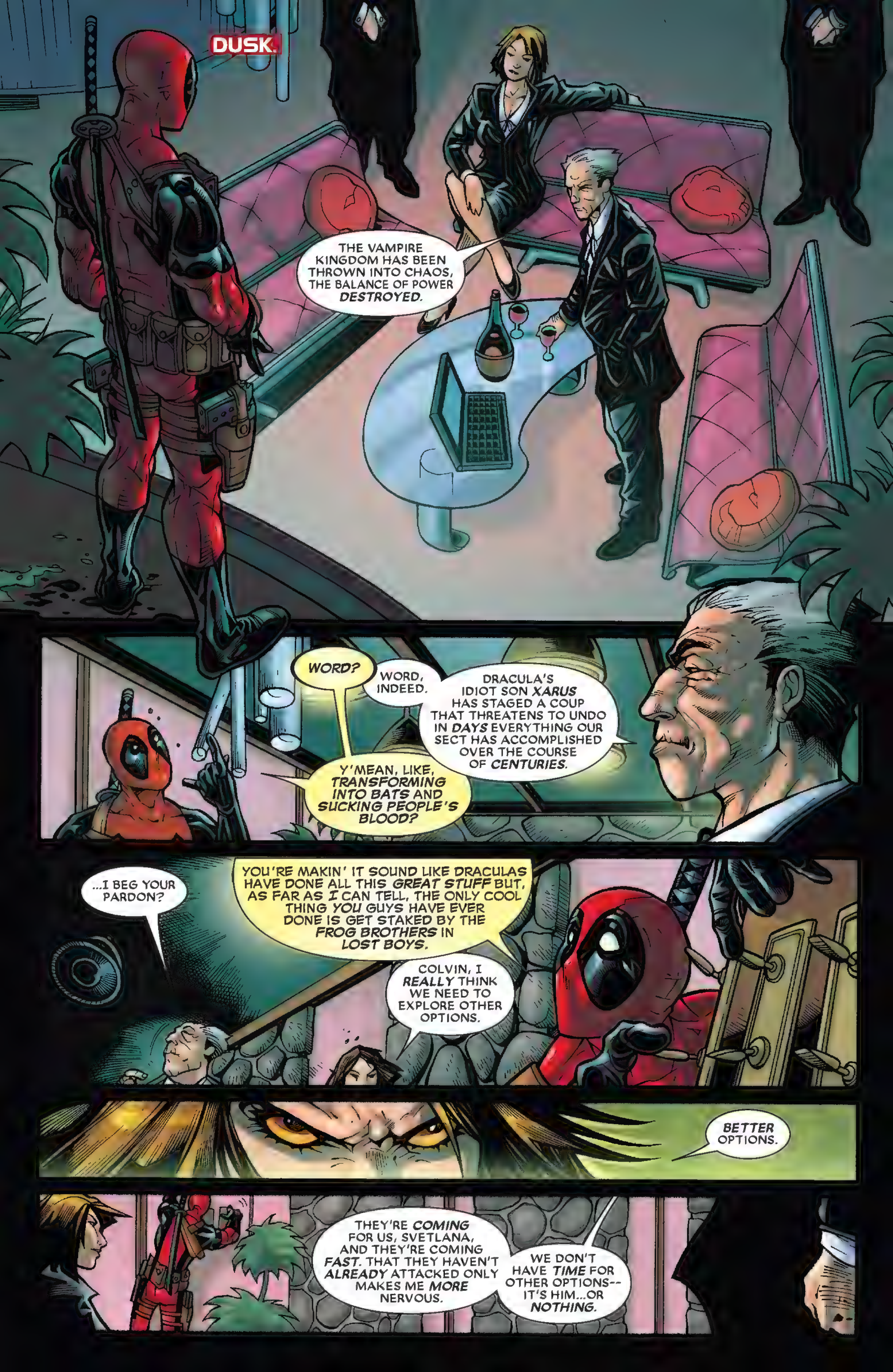
I RULE, YOU SUCK

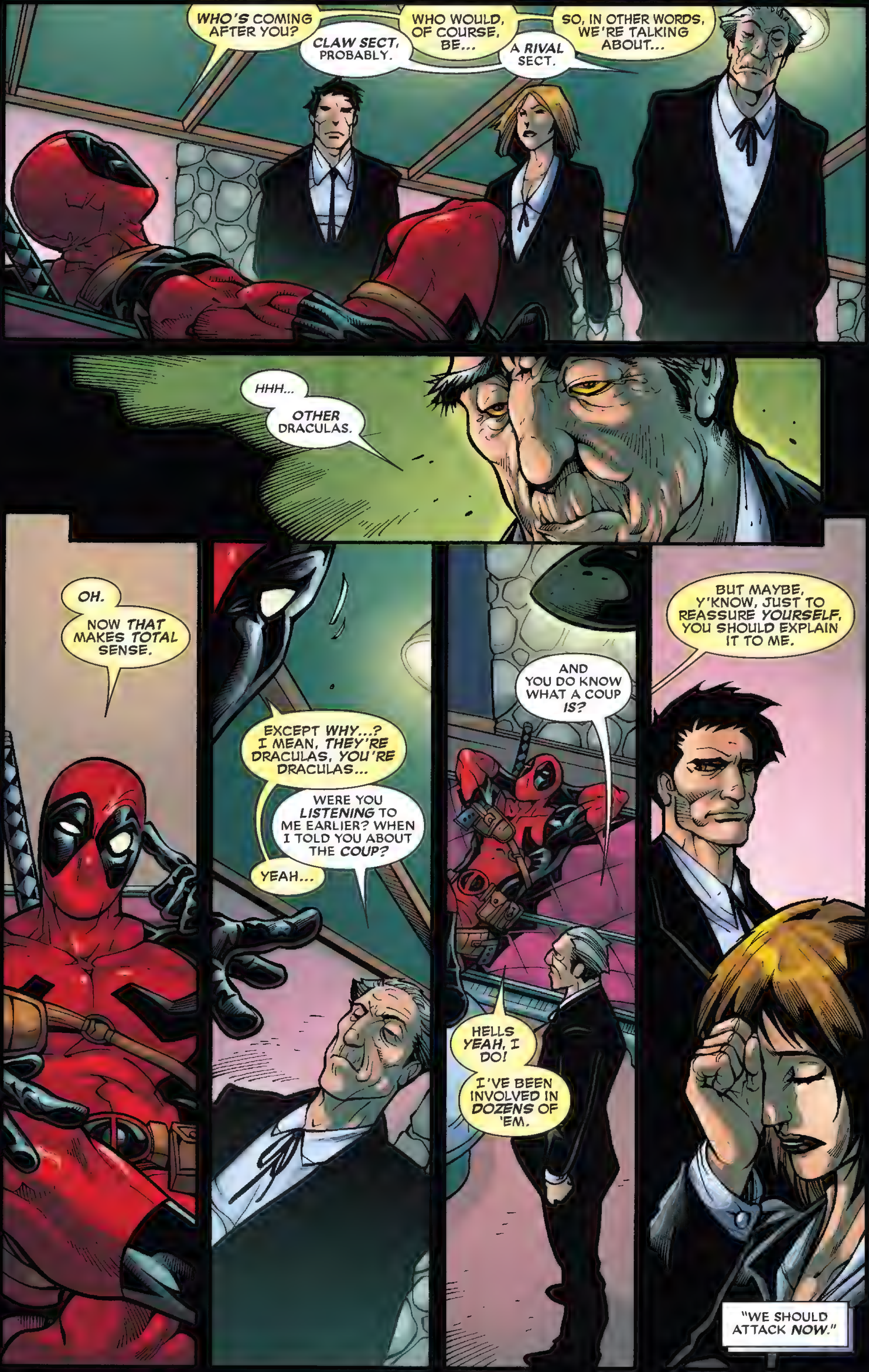
PART ONE: ALL VAMPIRES ARE NAMED DRACULA

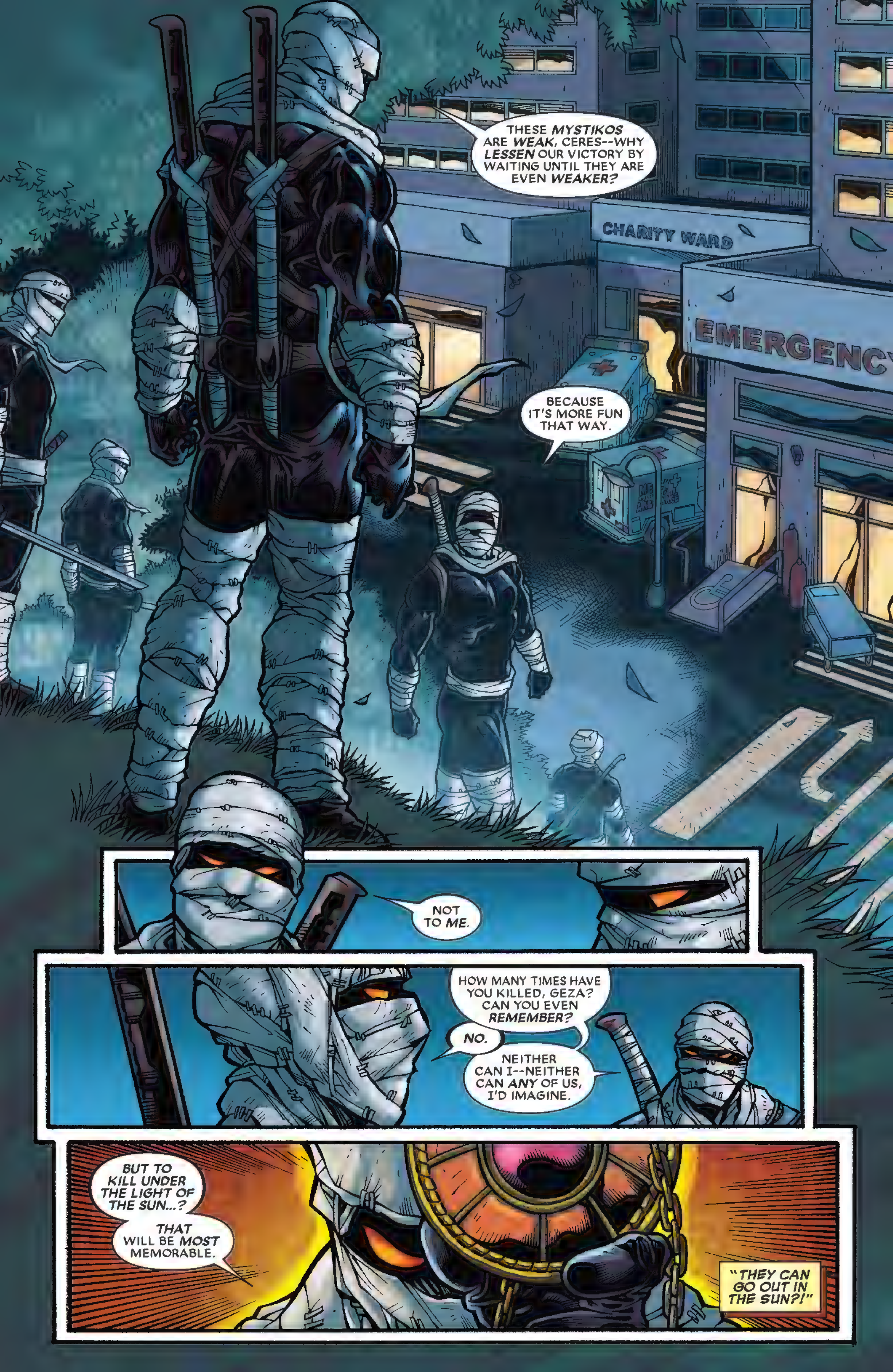

You do know that regular bullets don't work on Draculas, right?
OF COURSE I KNOW THAT! BUT REGULAR BULLETS SHOULD BUY ME ENOUGH TIME TO--
AH, CRAP.
LISTEN TO ME!
SURE, NO PROBLEM.
ALL EARS.
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
DAMMIT!
STOP SHOOTING YOU IDIOT!
WE CAME TO HIRE YOU, NOT KILL YOU!

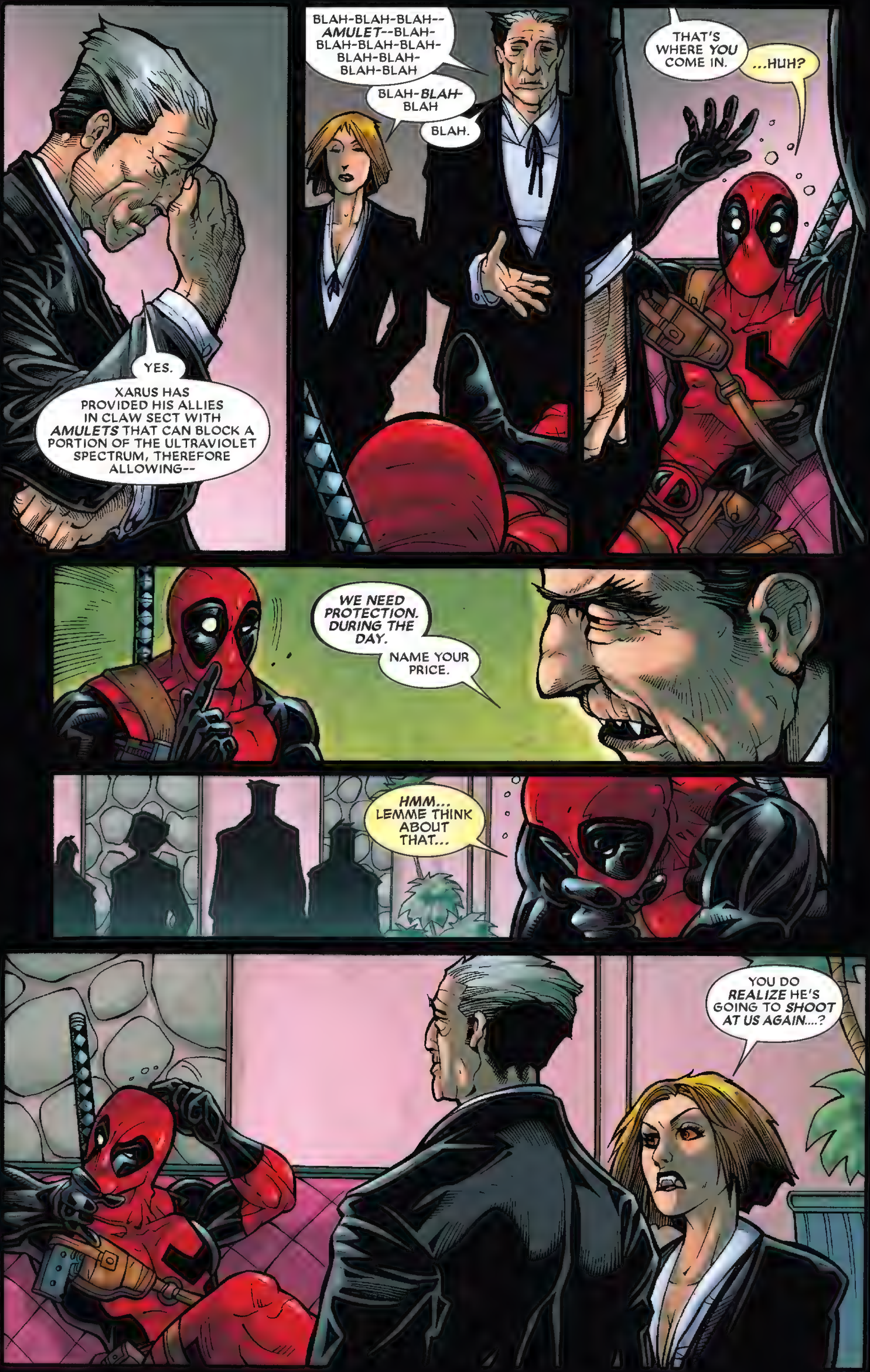

WHEE-OOO WHEE-OOO
SIRENS.
WE HAVE TO GO.
HERE.
MEET ME AT THIS ADDRESS AT DUSK TOMORROW.
YEAH, *RIGHT*--*I* DON'T WORK FOR DRACULAS, *DRACULA*.
I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS NOW!
COLVIN DIRECTOR
SO ARE WE.

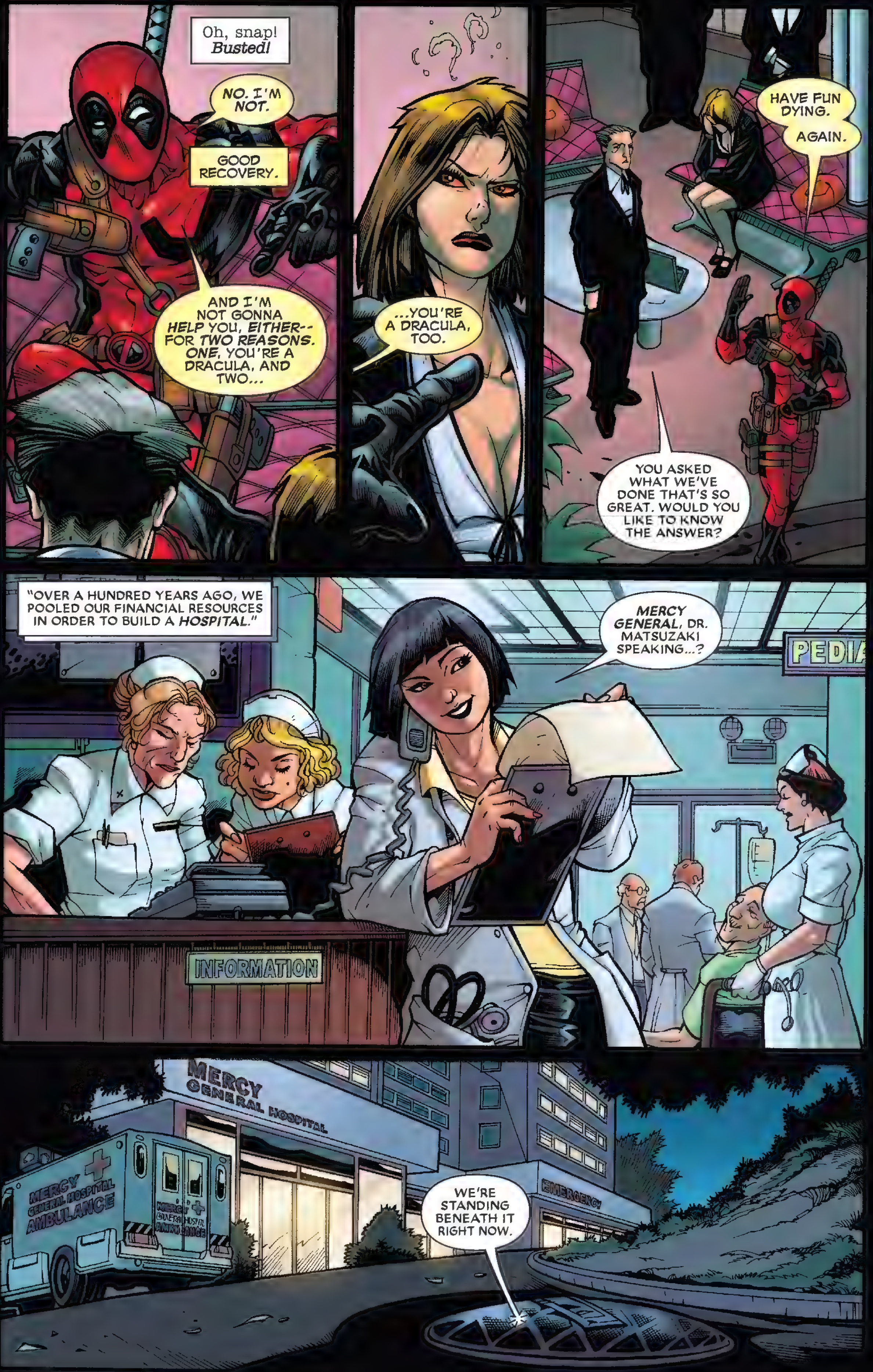

DAWN
WELL, BRAIN?
WHAT SHOULD I DO?
Go to the address and hear what the Draculas have to say. They *said* they were good guys...
YEAH, BUT--!
Look, if *we* can become one of the good guys? It doesn't seem impossible that *they* can, *too*.
COLVIN
DIRECTOR
THAT... KINDA MAKES SENSE.
I NEED TO PONDER THIS.
...
OKAY, THAT WAS A WASTE OF TIME.
I'M GONNA GO TALK TO THE DRACULAS. IF THEIR OFFER SEEMS LEGIT, I'LL TAKE IT. IF *NOT*...
WELL.
Y'KNOW.

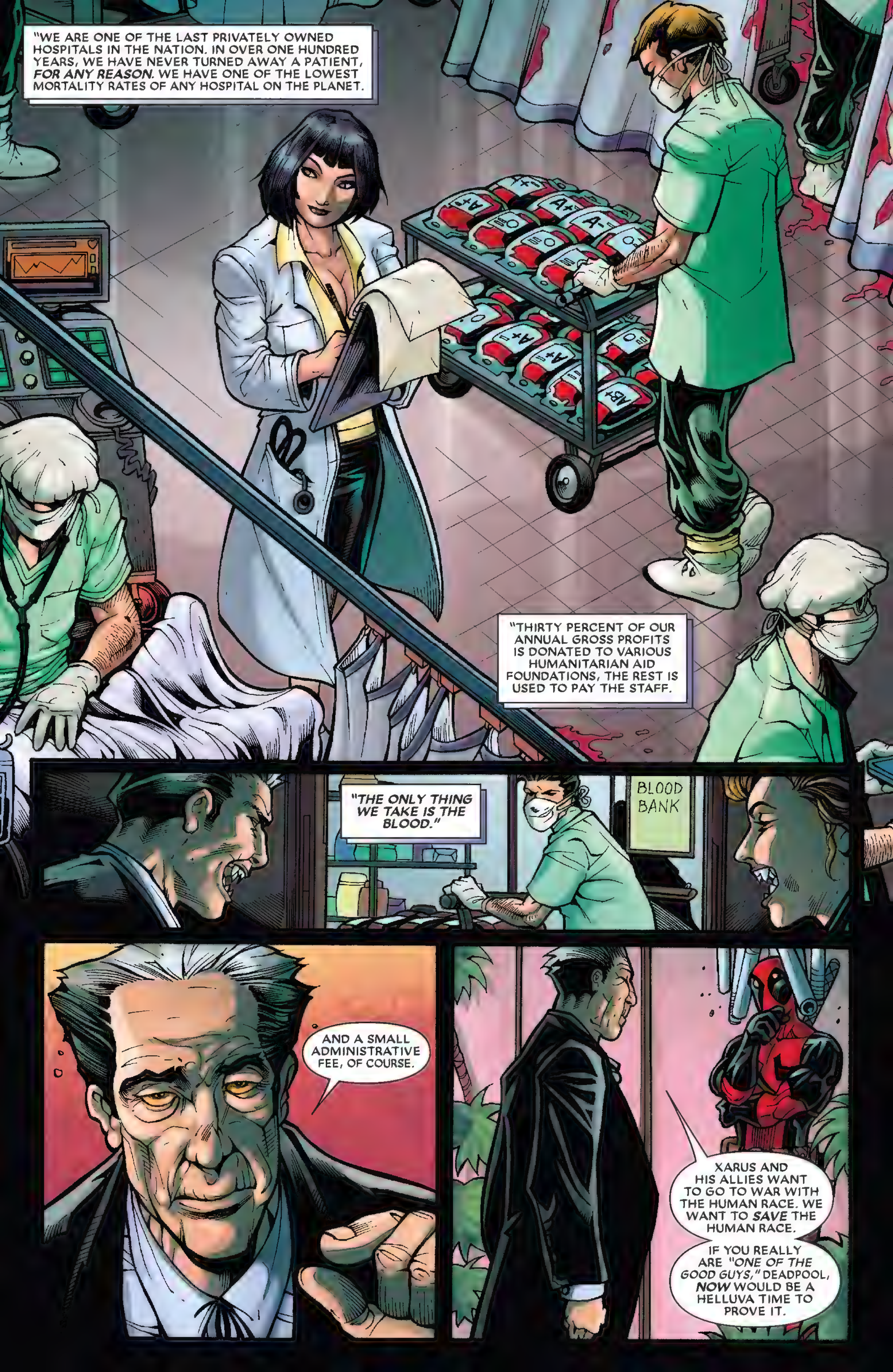

DUSK.
THE VAMPIRE KINGDOM HAS BEEN THROWN INTO CHAOS, THE BALANCE OF POWER *DESTROYED.*
WORD?
WORD, INDEED.
DRACULA'S IDIOT SON *XARUS* HAS STAGED A COUP THAT THREATENS TO UNDO IN *DAYS* EVERYTHING OUR SECT HAS ACCOMPLISHED OVER THE COURSE OF *CENTURIES.*
Y'MEAN, LIKE, *TRANSFORMING INTO BATS* AND *SUCKING PEOPLE'S BLOOD?*
...I BEG YOUR PARDON?
YOU'RE MAKIN' IT SOUND LIKE DRACULAS HAVE DONE ALL THIS *GREAT STUFF* BUT, AS FAR AS *I* CAN TELL, THE ONLY COOL THING *YOU* GUYS HAVE EVER DONE IS GET STAKED BY THE *FROG BROTHERS* IN *LOST BOYS.*
COLVIN, I *REALLY* THINK WE NEED TO EXPLORE OTHER OPTIONS.
BETTER OPTIONS.
THEY'RE *COMING* FOR US, SVETLANA, AND THEY'RE COMING *FAST.* THAT THEY HAVEN'T *ALREADY* ATTACKED ONLY MAKES ME *MORE* NERVOUS.
WE DON'T HAVE *TIME* FOR OTHER OPTIONS-- IT'S HIM...OR *NOTHING.*

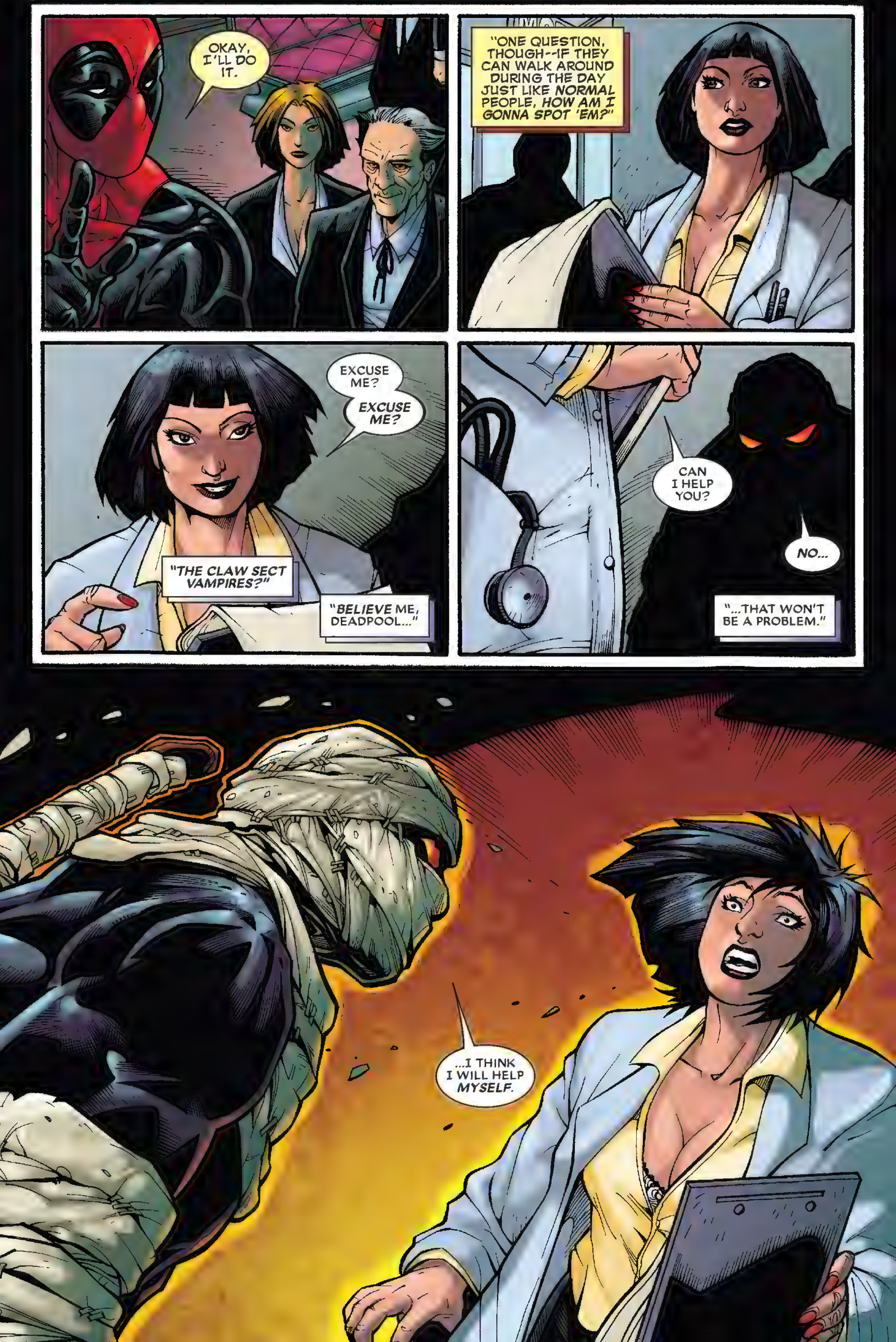

WHO'S COMING AFTER YOU?
CLAW SECT, PROBABLY.
WHO WOULD, OF COURSE, BE...
A RIVAL SECT.
SO, IN OTHER WORDS, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT...
HHH...
OTHER DRACULAS.
OH.
NOW THAT MAKES TOTAL SENSE.
EXCEPT WHY...? I MEAN, THEY'RE DRACULAS, YOU'RE DRACULAS...
WERE YOU LISTENING TO ME EARLIER? WHEN I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE COUP?
YEAH...
AND YOU DO KNOW WHAT A COUP IS?
HELLS YEAH, I DO!
I'VE BEEN INVOLVED IN DOZENS OF 'EM.
BUT MAYBE, Y'KNOW, JUST TO REASSURE YOURSELF, YOU SHOULD EXPLAIN IT TO ME.
"WE SHOULD ATTACK NOW."

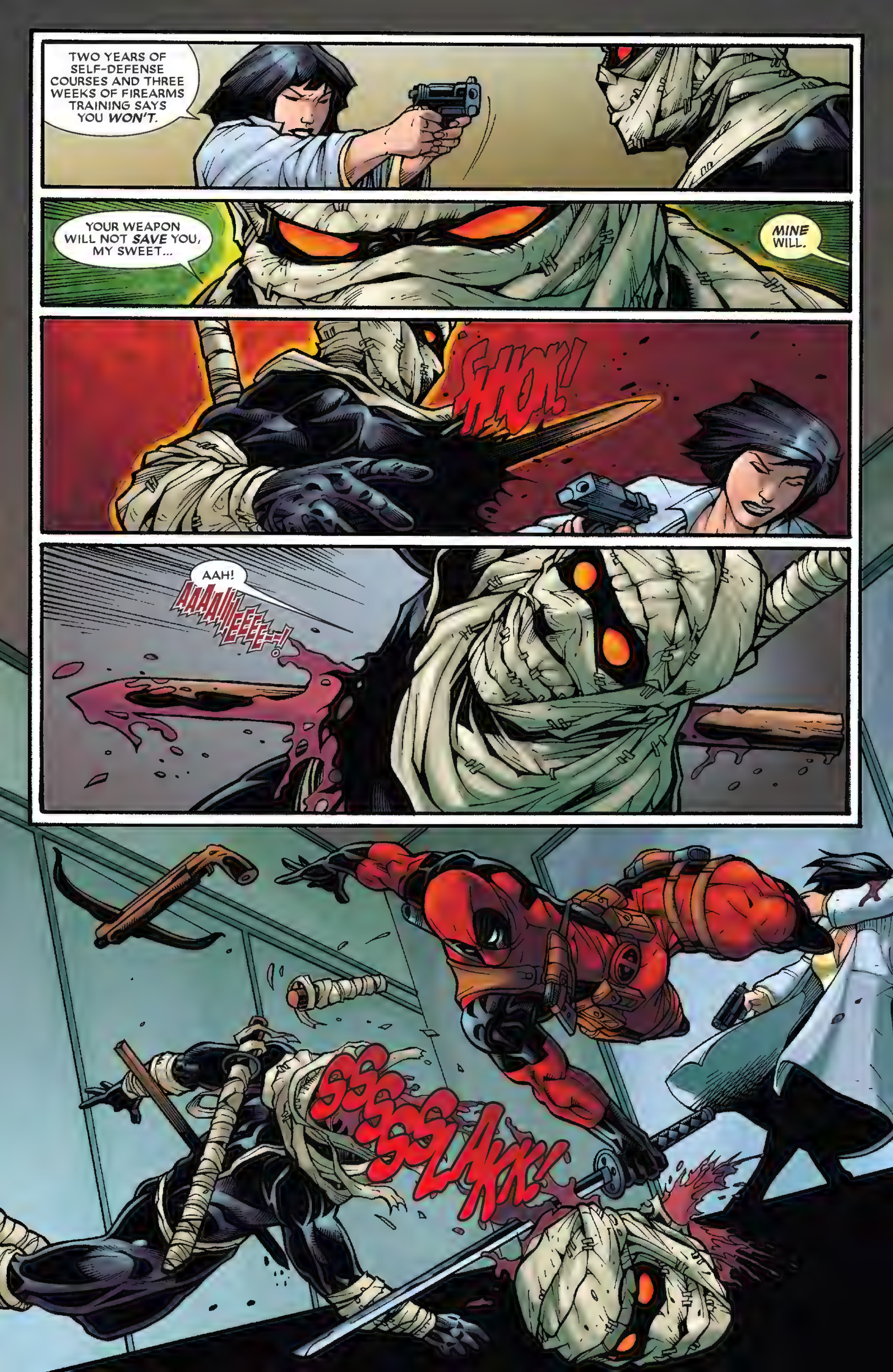

THESE *MYSTIKOS* ARE *WEAK*, CERES--WHY *LESSEN* OUR VICTORY BY WAITING UNTIL THEY ARE EVEN *WEAKER?*
CHARITY WARD
EMERGENCY
BECAUSE IT'S MORE FUN THAT WAY.
NOT TO *ME.*
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU KILLED, GEZA? CAN YOU EVEN *REMEMBER?*
NO.
NEITHER CAN I--NEITHER CAN *ANY* OF US, I'D IMAGINE.
BUT TO KILL UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE SUN...?
THAT WILL BE *MOST* MEMORABLE.
"THEY CAN GO OUT IN THE SUN?!"

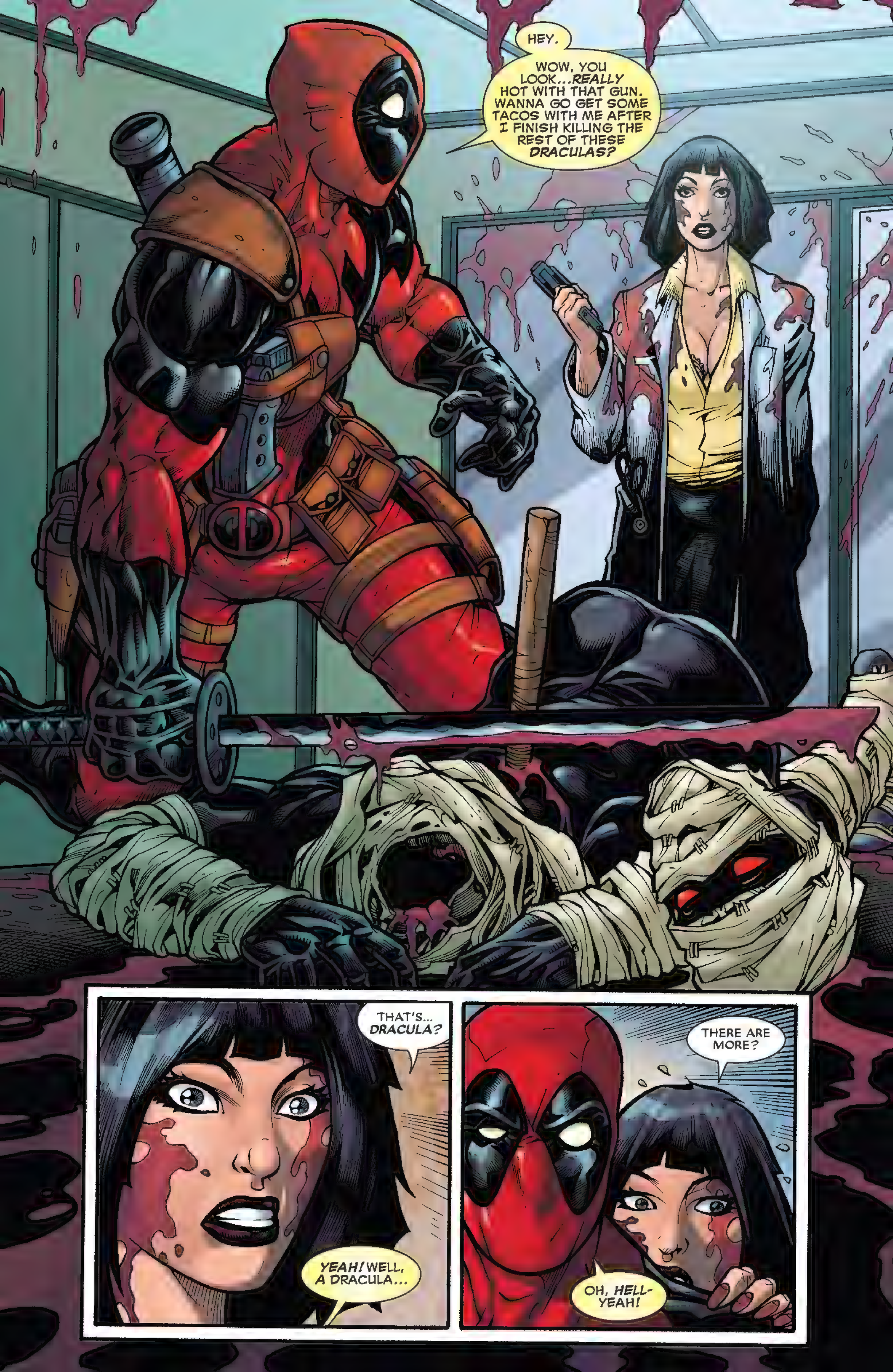

YES.
XARUS HAS PROVIDED HIS ALLIES IN CLAW SECT WITH *AMULETS* THAT CAN BLOCK A PORTION OF THE ULTRAVIOLET SPECTRUM, THEREFORE ALLOWING--
BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-- *AMULET*--BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-BLAH
BLAH-*BLAH*-BLAH
BLAH.
THAT'S WHERE *YOU* COME IN.
...HUH?
WE NEED PROTECTION. DURING THE DAY.
NAME YOUR PRICE.
HMM... LEMME THINK ABOUT THAT...
YOU DO *REALIZE* HE'S GOING TO *SHOOT AT US AGAIN*....?

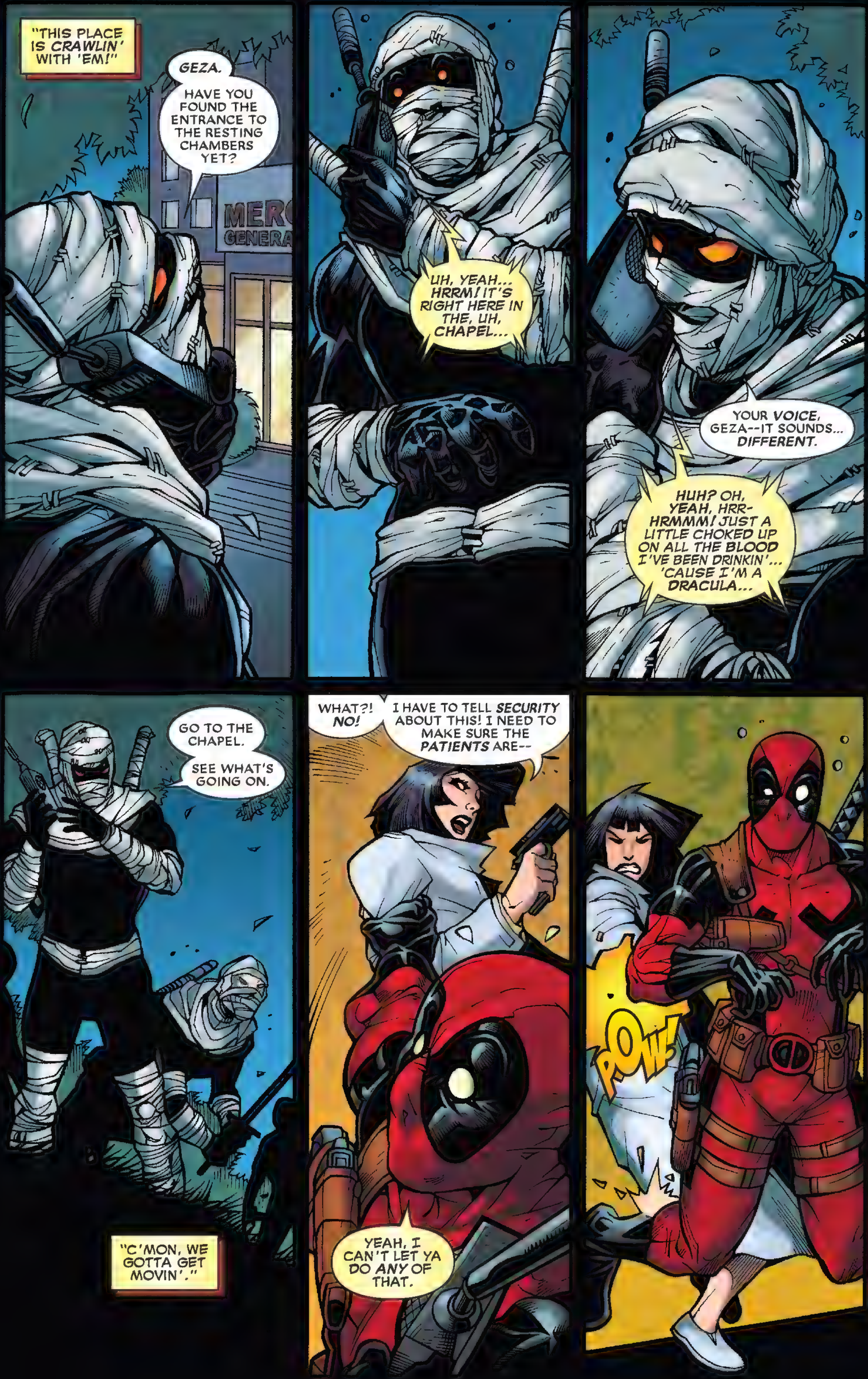

Oh, snap! *Busted!*
NO. I'M NOT.
GOOD RECOVERY.
AND I'M NOT GONNA *HELP* YOU, *EITHER*-- FOR *TWO REASONS*. *ONE*, YOU'RE A DRACULA, AND TWO...
...YOU'RE A DRACULA, TOO.
HAVE FUN DYING.
AGAIN.
YOU ASKED WHAT WE'VE DONE THAT'S SO GREAT. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW THE ANSWER?
"OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WE POOLED OUR FINANCIAL RESOURCES IN ORDER TO BUILD A *HOSPITAL*."
MERCY GENERAL, DR. MATSUZAKI SPEAKING...?
PEDIA
INFORMATION
MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL
MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL AMBULANCE
MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL AMBULANCE
EMERGENCY
WE'RE STANDING BENEATH IT RIGHT NOW.

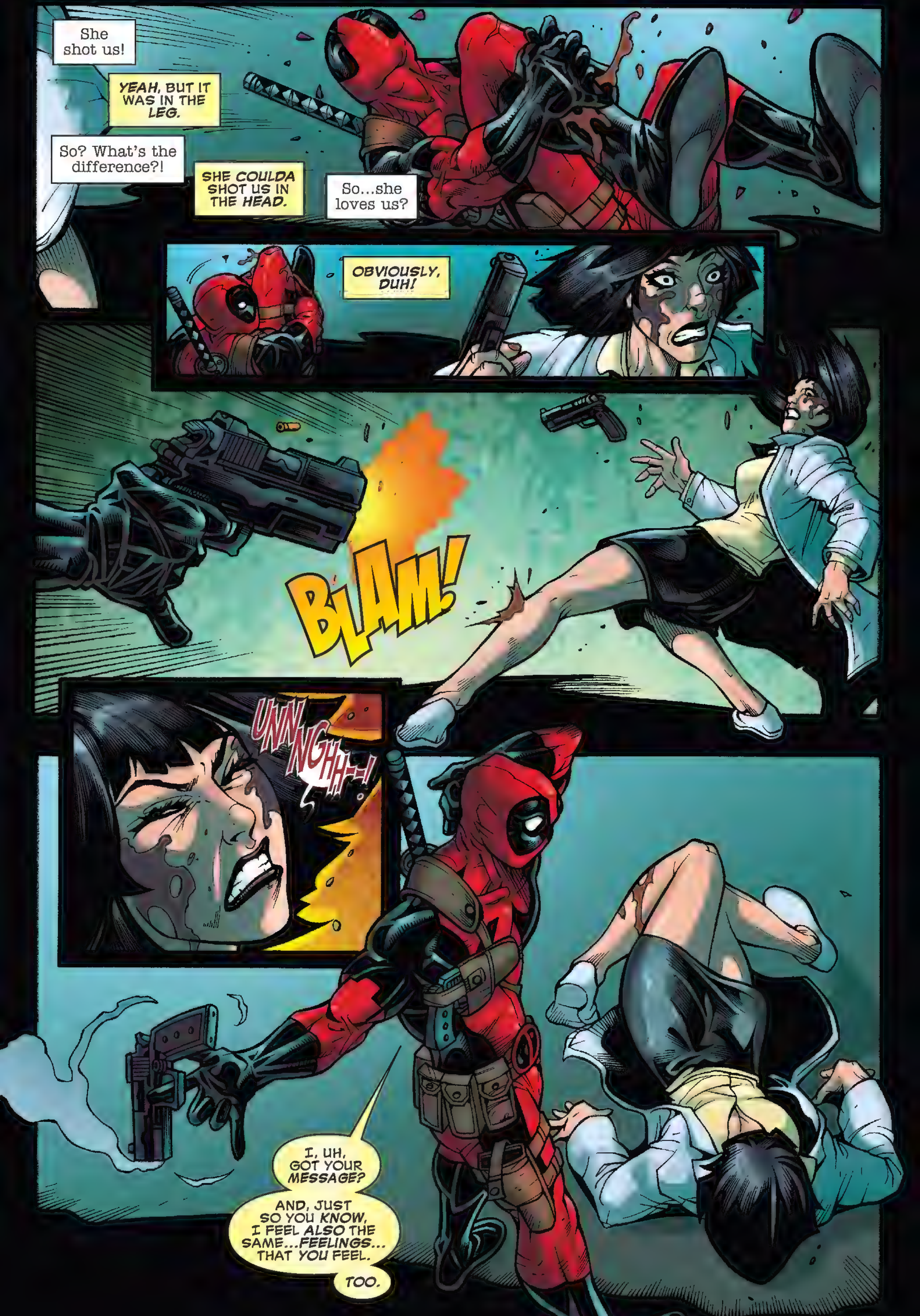

"WE ARE ONE OF THE LAST PRIVATELY OWNED HOSPITALS IN THE NATION. IN OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS, WE HAVE NEVER TURNED AWAY A PATIENT, *FOR ANY REASON.* WE HAVE ONE OF THE LOWEST MORTALITY RATES OF ANY HOSPITAL ON THE PLANET.
"THIRTY PERCENT OF OUR ANNUAL GROSS PROFITS IS DONATED TO VARIOUS HUMANITARIAN AID FOUNDATIONS, THE REST IS USED TO PAY THE STAFF.
"THE ONLY THING WE TAKE IS THE BLOOD."
BLOOD BANK
AND A SMALL ADMINISTRATIVE FEE, OF COURSE.
XARUS AND HIS ALLIES WANT TO GO TO WAR WITH THE HUMAN RACE. WE WANT TO *SAVE* THE HUMAN RACE.
IF YOU REALLY ARE *"ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS,"* DEADPOOL, *NOW* WOULD BE A HELLUVA TIME TO PROVE IT.

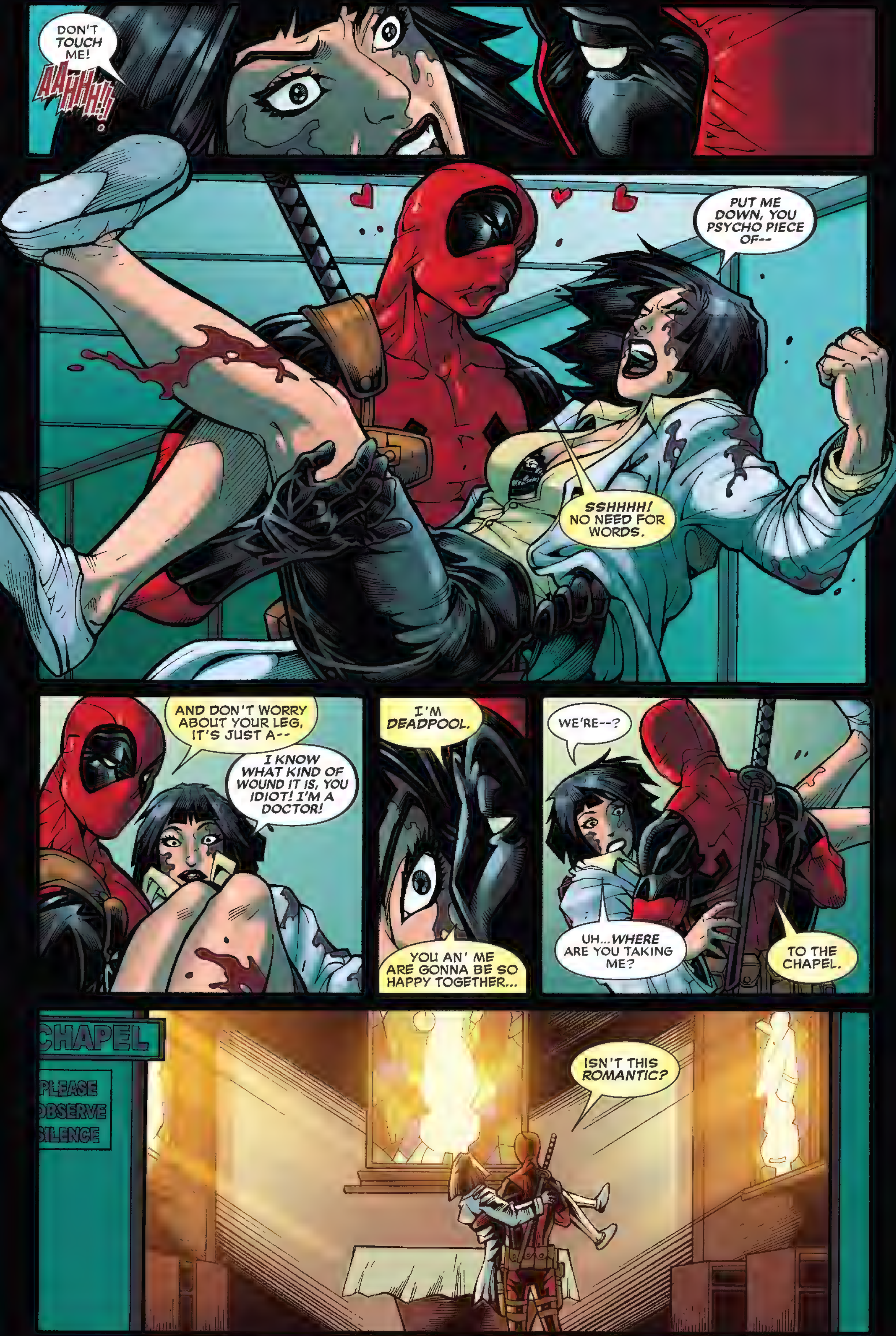

OKAY, I'LL DO IT.
"ONE QUESTION, THOUGH--IF THEY CAN WALK AROUND DURING THE DAY JUST LIKE *NORMAL* PEOPLE, *HOW AM I* GONNA SPOT 'EM?"
EXCUSE ME?
EXCUSE ME?
"*THE CLAW SECT VAMPIRES?*"
"*BELIEVE* ME, DEADPOOL..."
CAN I HELP YOU?
NO...
"...THAT WON'T BE A PROBLEM."
...I THINK I WILL HELP *MYSELF.*

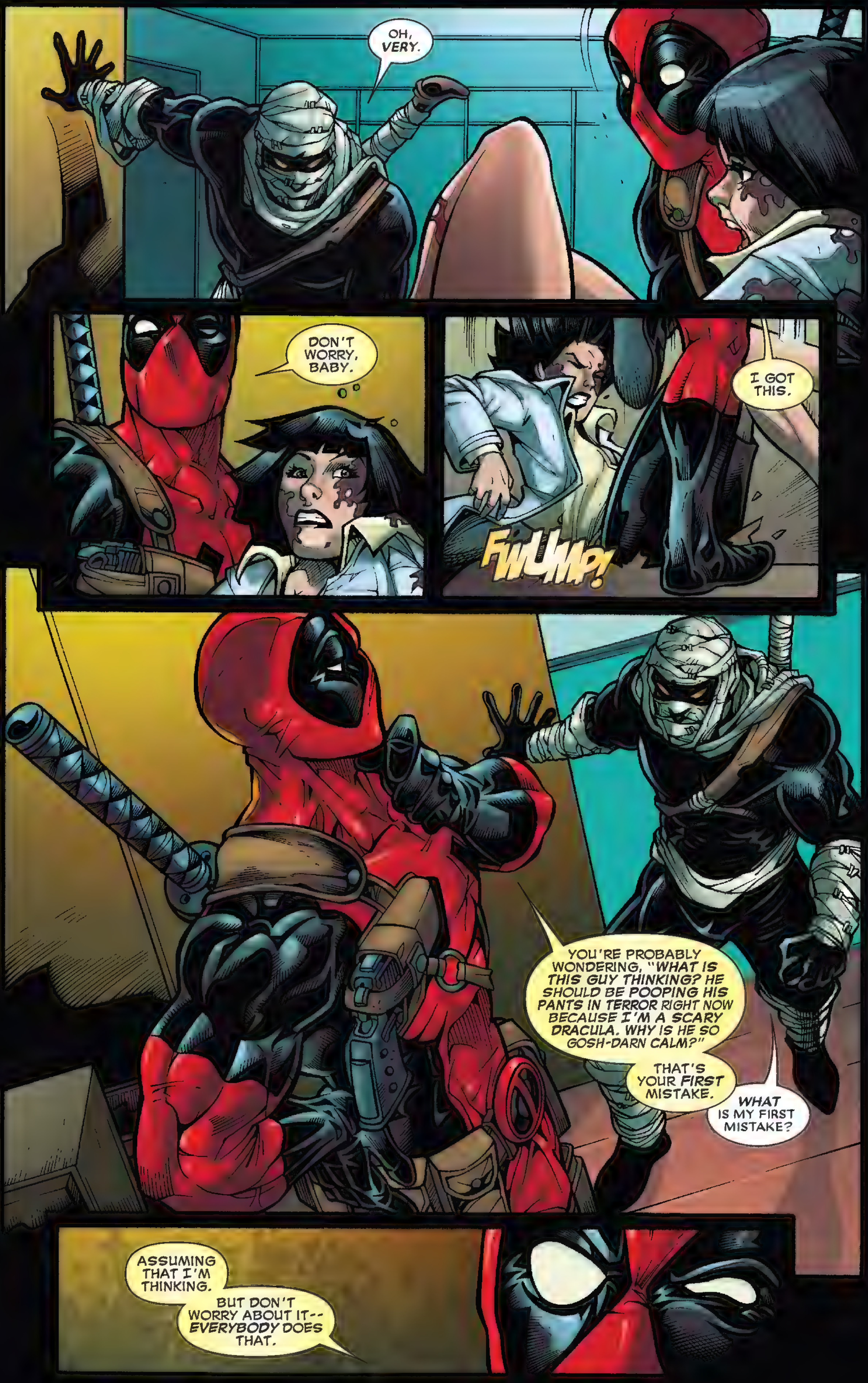

TWO YEARS OF SELF-DEFENSE COURSES AND THREE WEEKS OF FIREARMS TRAINING SAYS YOU *WON'T*.
YOUR WEAPON WILL NOT *SAVE* YOU, MY SWEET...
MINE WILL.
SHOK!
AAH!
AAAAIIIEEEE--!
SSSSSLAKK!

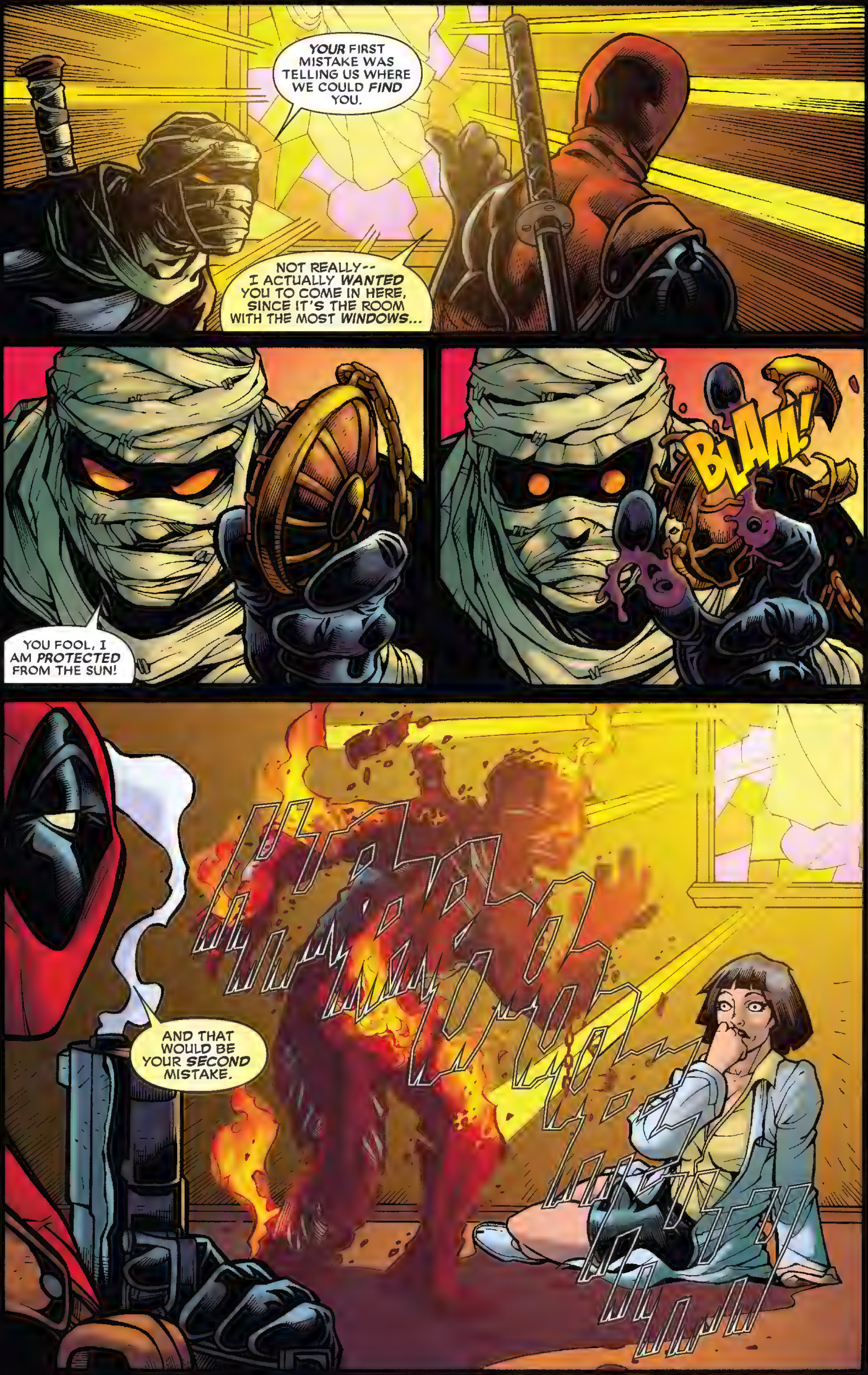

HEY.
WOW, YOU LOOK...*REALLY* HOT WITH THAT GUN. WANNA GO GET SOME TACOS WITH ME AFTER I FINISH KILLING THE REST OF THESE *DRACULAS?*
THAT'S... *DRACULA?*
YEAH! WELL, A DRACULA...
THERE ARE MORE?
OH, *HELL*-YEAH!

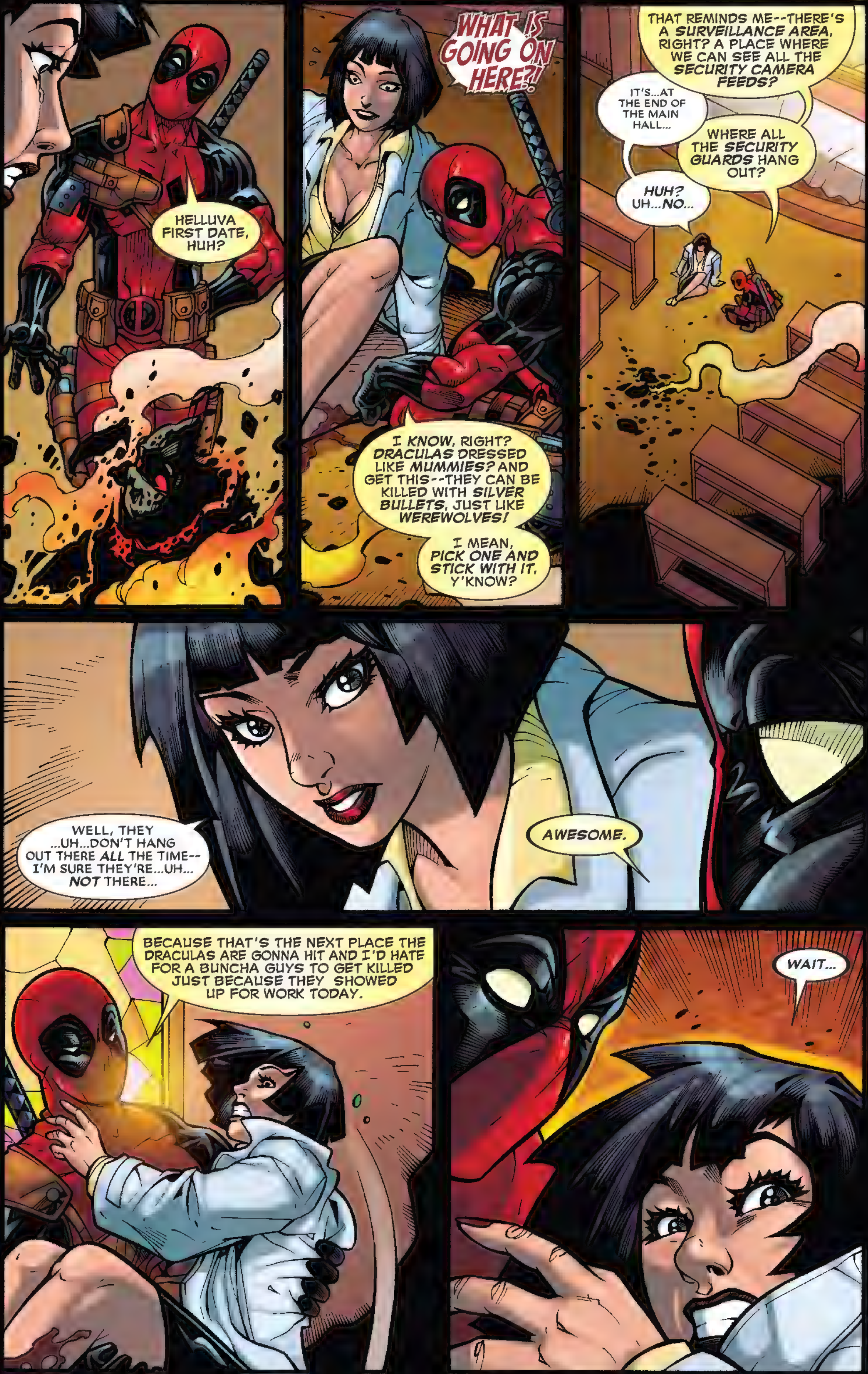

"THIS PLACE IS *CRAWLIN'* WITH 'EM!"
GEZA.
HAVE YOU FOUND THE ENTRANCE TO THE RESTING CHAMBERS YET?
MERC GENERA
UH, YEAH... HRRM! IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THE, UH, CHAPEL...
YOUR *VOICE*, GEZA--IT SOUNDS... *DIFFERENT*.
HUH? OH, YEAH, HRR-HRMMM! JUST A LITTLE CHOKED UP ON ALL THE BLOOD I'VE BEEN DRINKIN'... 'CAUSE I'M A DRACULA...
GO TO THE CHAPEL.
SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.
"C'MON, WE GOTTA GET MOVIN'."
WHAT?! *NO!*
I HAVE TO TELL *SECURITY* ABOUT THIS! I NEED TO MAKE SURE THE *PATIENTS* ARE--
YEAH, I CAN'T LET YA DO *ANY* OF THAT.
POW!

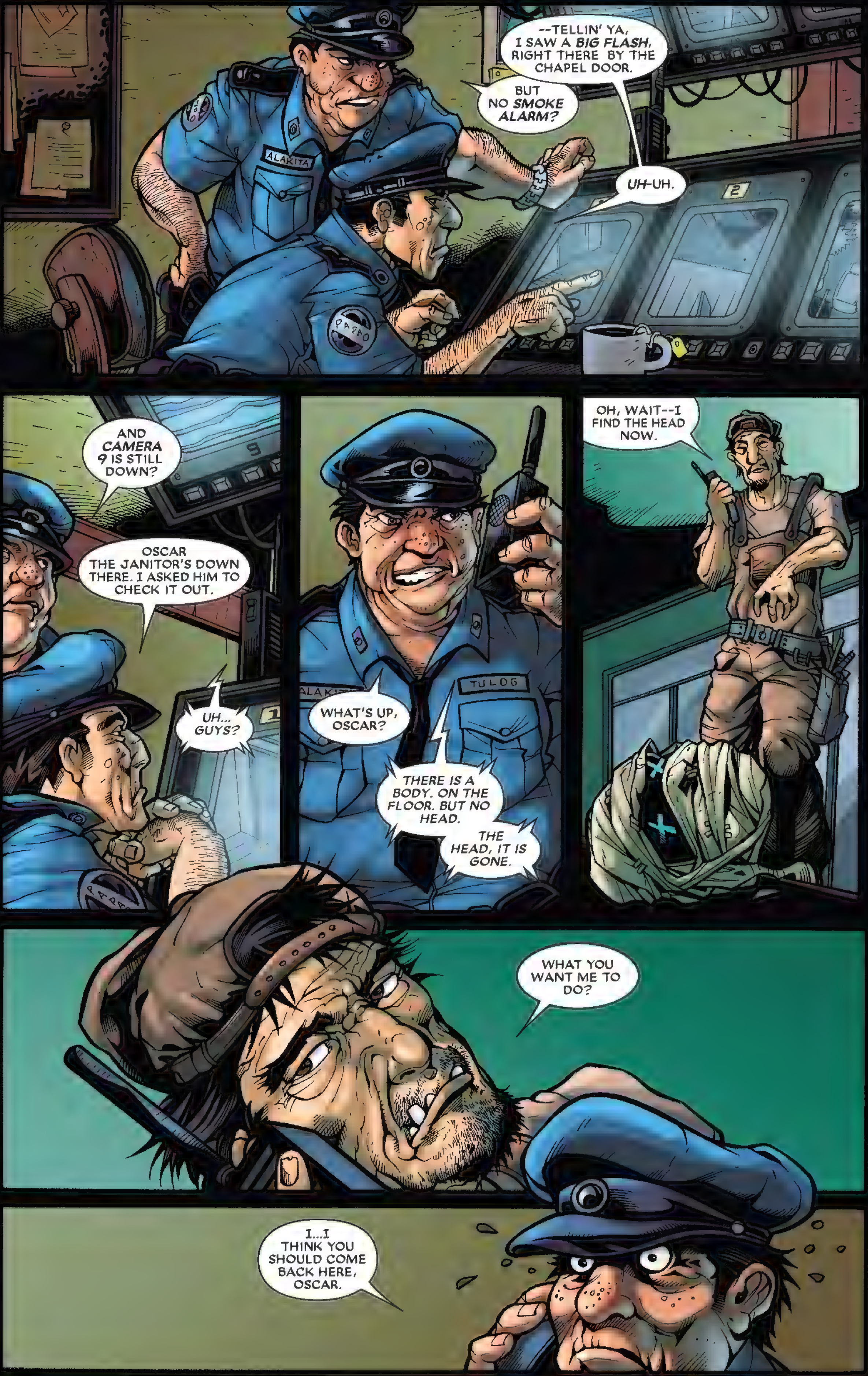

She shot us!
YEAH, BUT IT WAS IN THE LEG.
So? What's the difference?!
SHE COULDA SHOT US IN THE HEAD.
So...she loves us?
OBVIOUSLY, DUH!
BLAM!
UNNNGHHH--!
I, UH, GOT YOUR MESSAGE?
AND, JUST SO YOU KNOW, I FEEL ALSO THE SAME...FEELINGS... THAT YOU FEEL.
TOO.

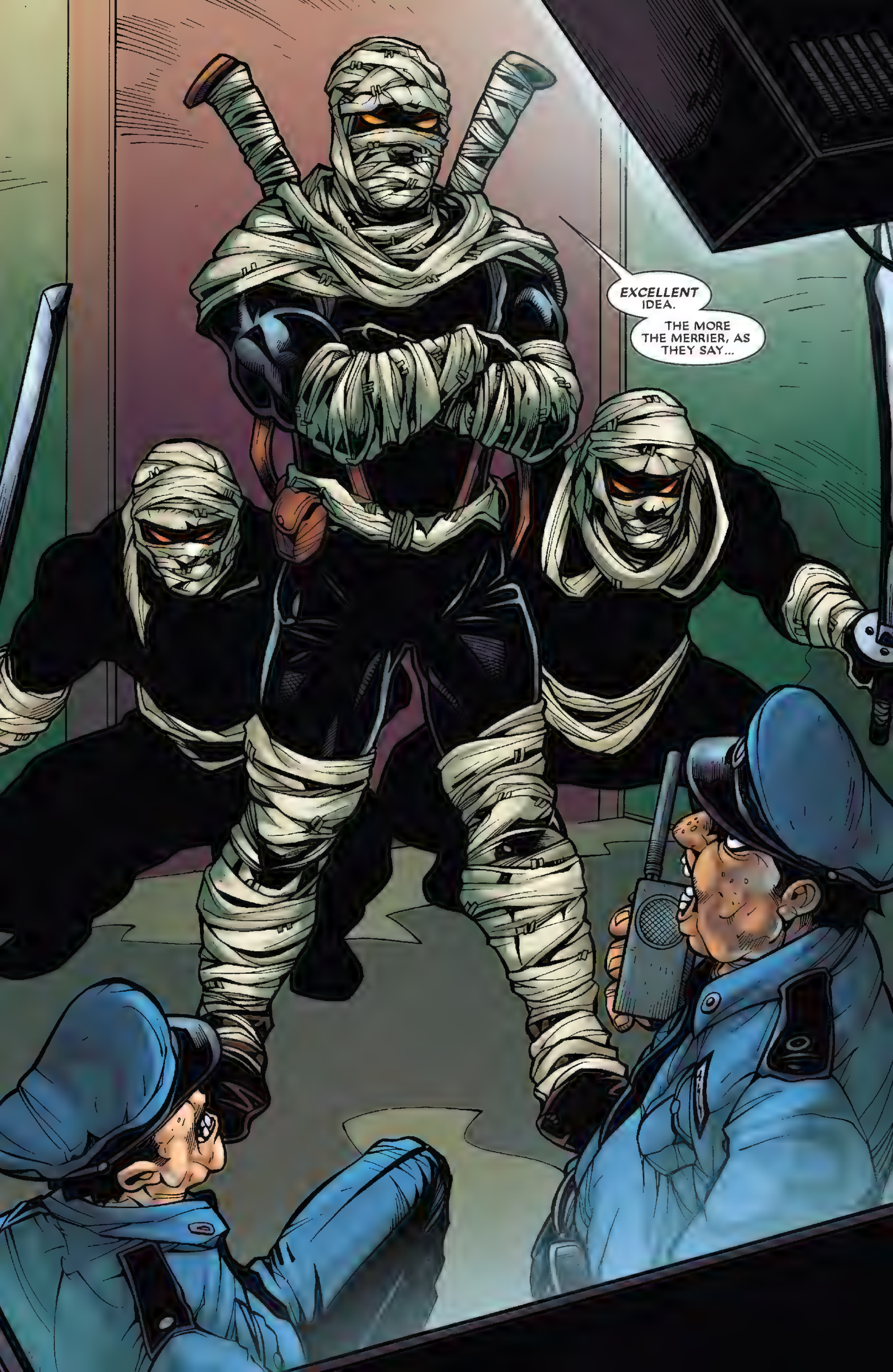

DON'T TOUCH ME!
AAHHH!!
PUT ME DOWN, YOU PSYCHO PIECE OF--
SSHHHH! NO NEED FOR WORDS.
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR LEG, IT'S JUST A--
I KNOW WHAT KIND OF WOUND IT IS, YOU IDIOT! I'M A DOCTOR!
I'M DEADPOOL.
YOU AN' ME ARE GONNA BE SO HAPPY TOGETHER...
WE'RE--?
UH...WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
TO THE CHAPEL.
CHAPEL
PLEASE OBSERVE SILENCE
ISN'T THIS ROMANTIC?

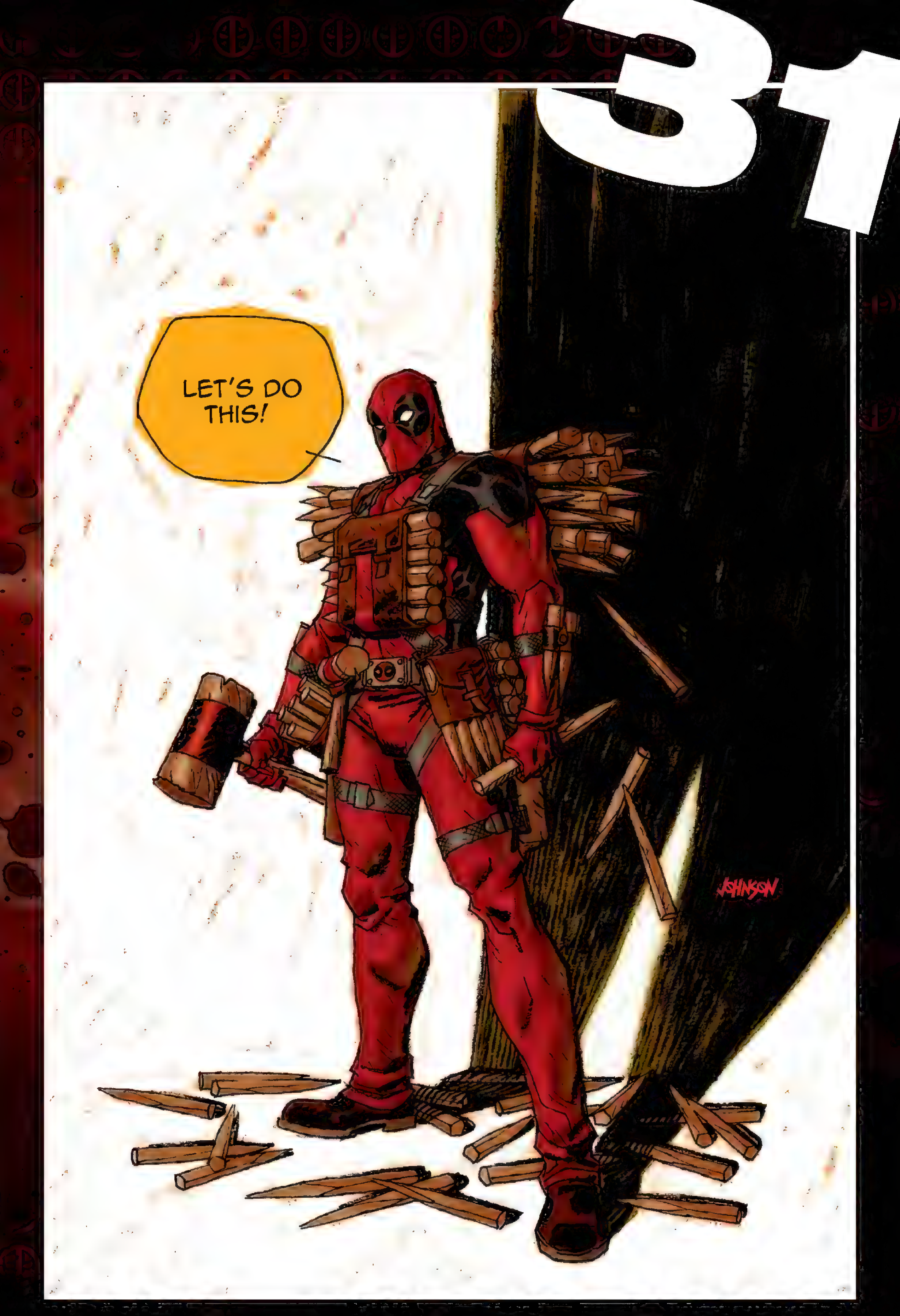

OH, *VERY.*
DON'T WORRY, BABY.
I GOT THIS.
FWUMP!
YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING, "*WHAT IS THIS GUY THINKING? HE SHOULD BE POOPING HIS PANTS IN TERROR RIGHT NOW BECAUSE I'M A SCARY DRACULA. WHY IS HE SO GOSH-DARN CALM?*"
THAT'S YOUR *FIRST* MISTAKE.
WHAT IS MY FIRST MISTAKE?
ASSUMING THAT I'M THINKING.
BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT-- *EVERYBODY* DOES THAT.

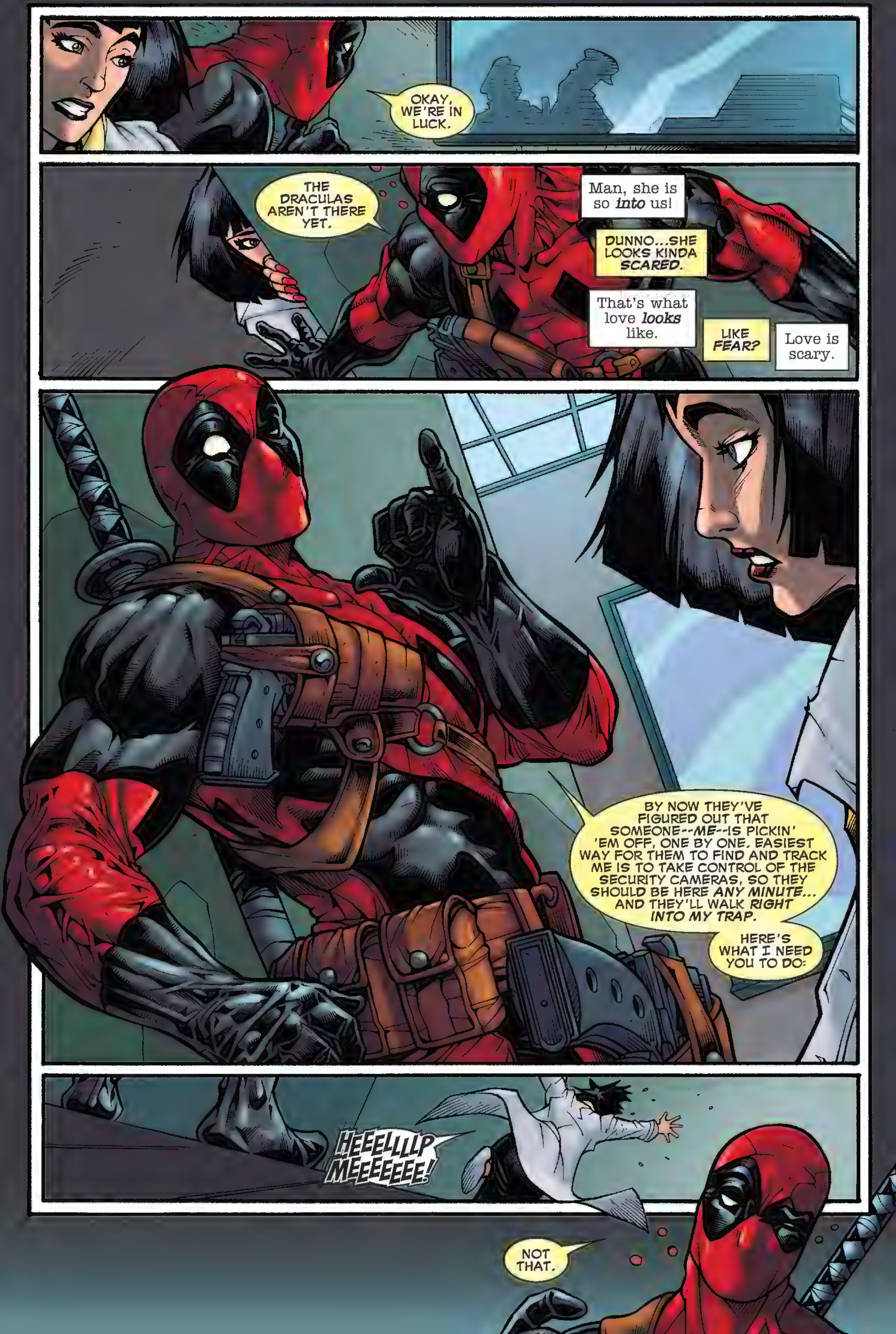

YOUR FIRST MISTAKE WAS TELLING US WHERE WE COULD FIND YOU.
NOT REALLY-- I ACTUALLY WANTED YOU TO COME IN HERE, SINCE IT'S THE ROOM WITH THE MOST WINDOWS...
YOU FOOL, I AM PROTECTED FROM THE SUN!
BLAM!
AND THAT WOULD BE YOUR SECOND MISTAKE.

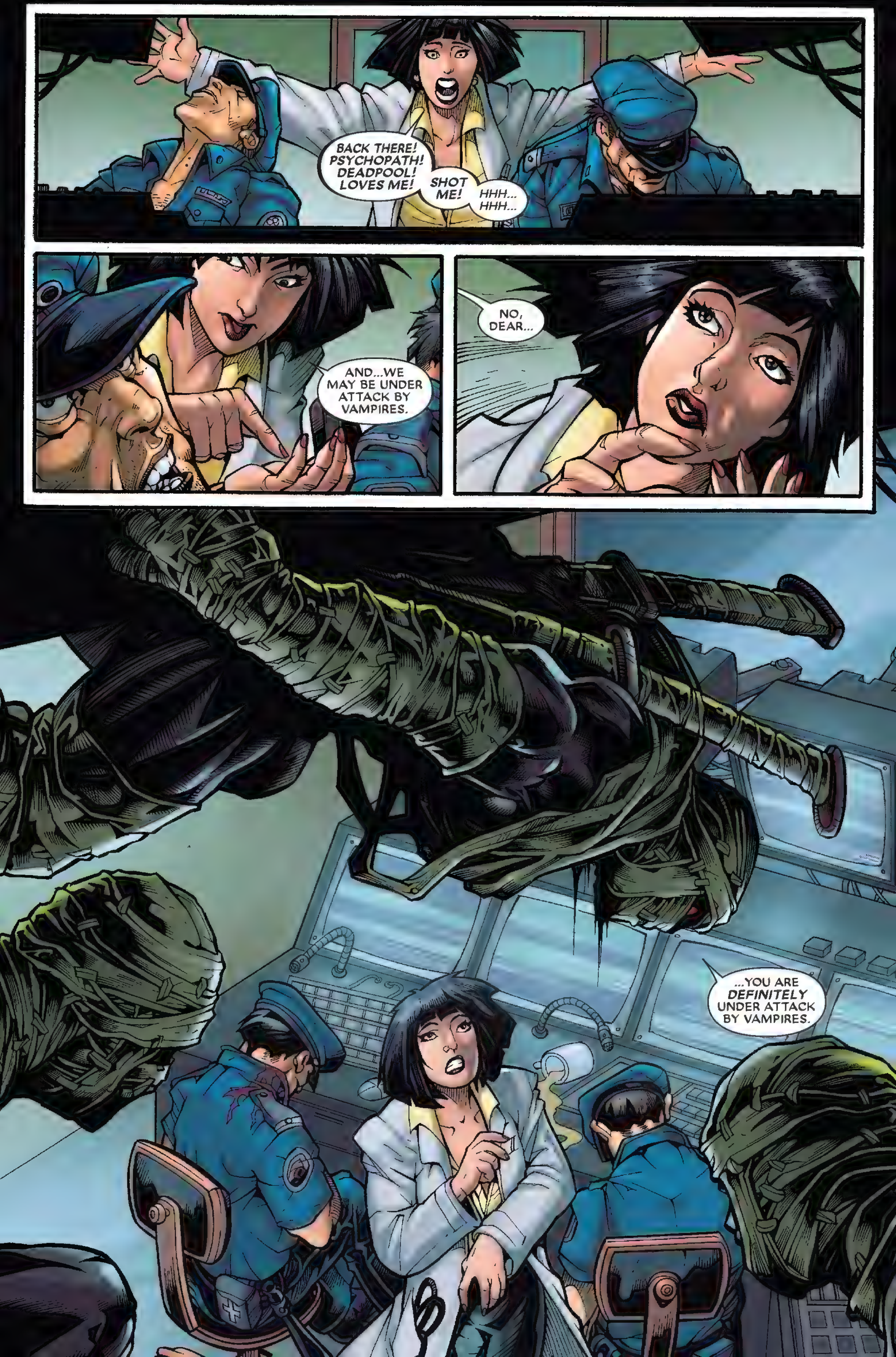

HELLUVA FIRST DATE, HUH?
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!
I KNOW, RIGHT? DRACULAS DRESSED LIKE MUMMIES? AND GET THIS--THEY CAN BE KILLED WITH SILVER BULLETS, JUST LIKE WEREWOLVES!
I MEAN, PICK ONE AND STICK WITH IT, Y'KNOW?
THAT REMINDS ME--THERE'S A SURVEILLANCE AREA, RIGHT? A PLACE WHERE WE CAN SEE ALL THE SECURITY CAMERA FEEDS?
IT'S...AT THE END OF THE MAIN HALL...
WHERE ALL THE SECURITY GUARDS HANG OUT?
HUH? UH...NO...
WELL, THEY ...UH...DON'T HANG OUT THERE ALL THE TIME-- I'M SURE THEY'RE...UH... NOT THERE...
AWESOME.
BECAUSE THAT'S THE NEXT PLACE THE DRACULAS ARE GONNA HIT AND I'D HATE FOR A BUNCHA GUYS TO GET KILLED JUST BECAUSE THEY SHOWED UP FOR WORK TODAY.
WAIT...

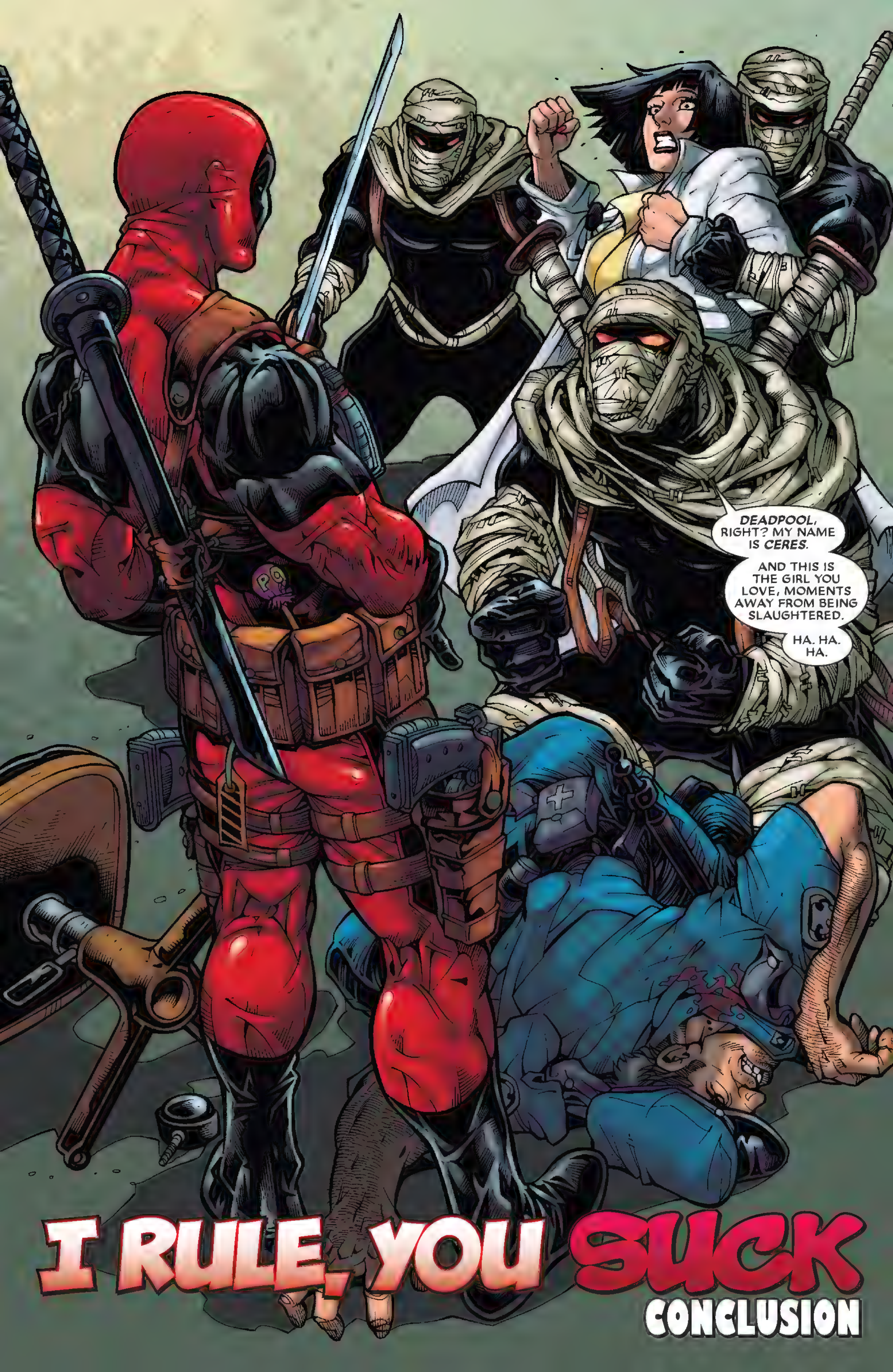

--TELLIN' YA, I SAW A *BIG FLASH*, RIGHT THERE BY THE CHAPEL DOOR.
BUT NO *SMOKE ALARM?*
UH-UH.
ALAKITA
2
AND *CAMERA 9* IS STILL DOWN?
OSCAR THE JANITOR'S DOWN THERE. I ASKED HIM TO CHECK IT OUT.
UH... GUYS?
WHAT'S UP, OSCAR?
THERE IS A BODY. ON THE FLOOR. BUT NO HEAD.
THE HEAD, IT IS GONE.
TULOG
OH, WAIT--I FIND THE HEAD NOW.
WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO?
I...I THINK YOU SHOULD COME BACK HERE, OSCAR.

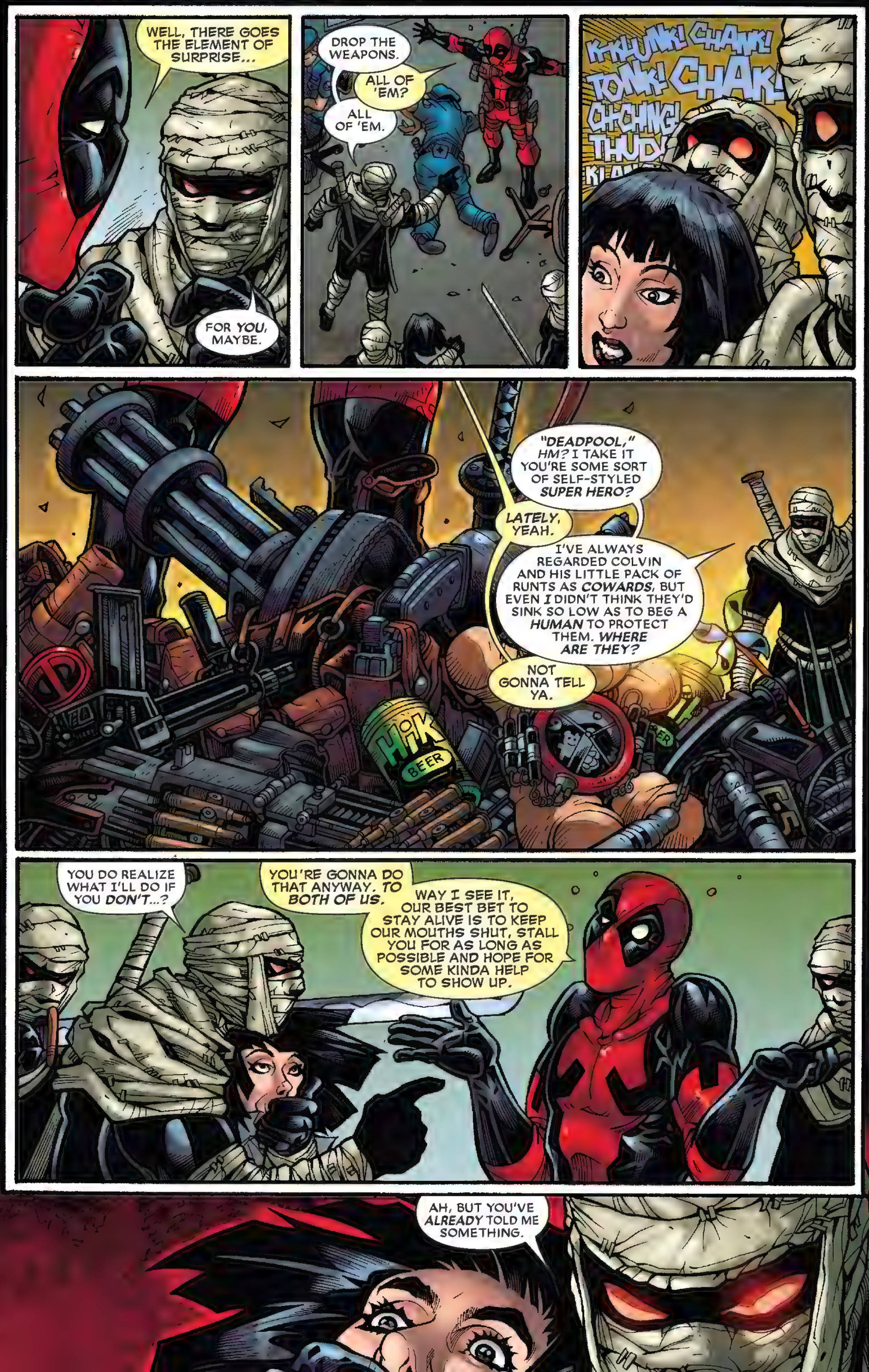

EXCELLENT IDEA.
THE MORE THE MERRIER, AS THEY SAY...

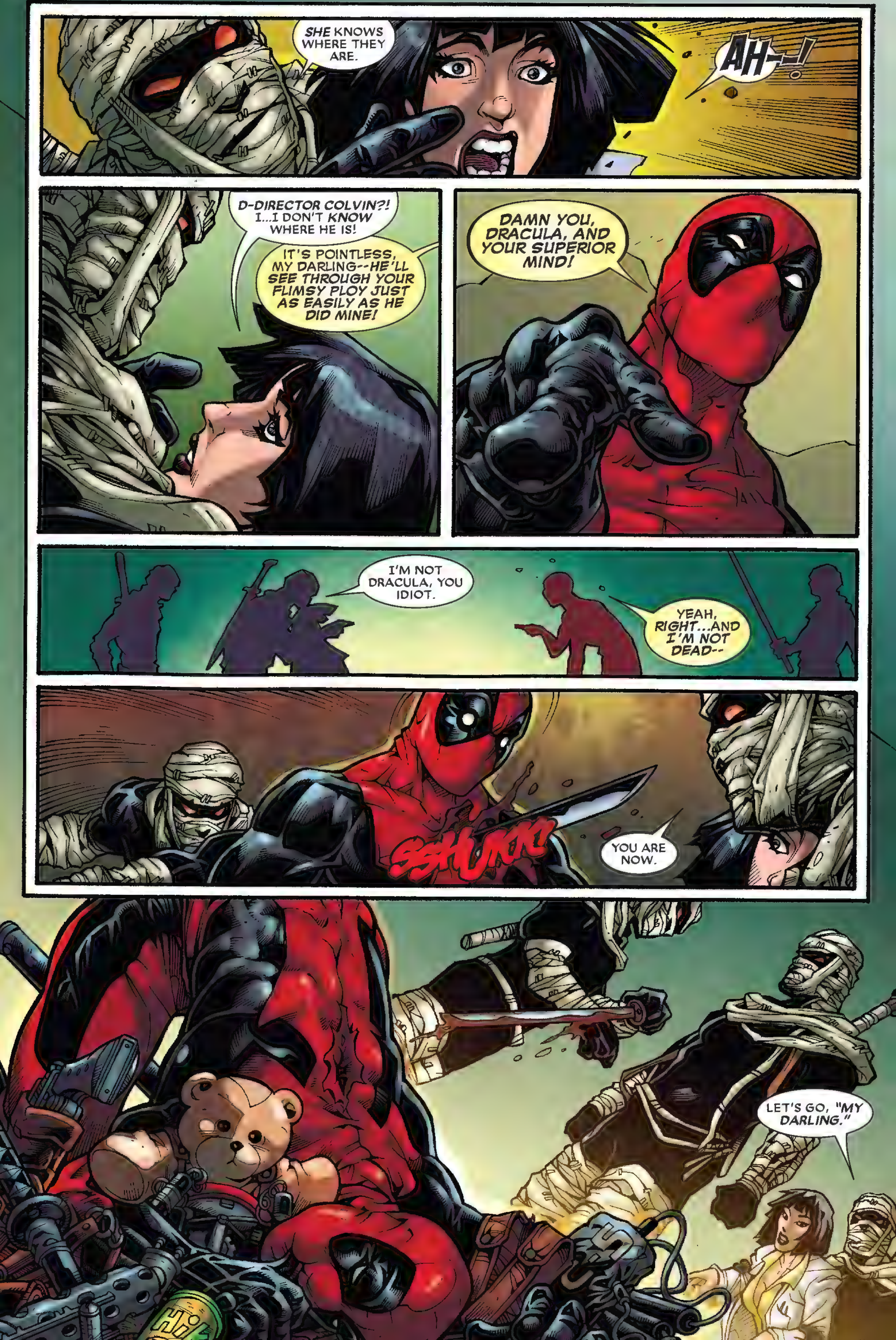

31
LET'S DO THIS!
JOHNSON

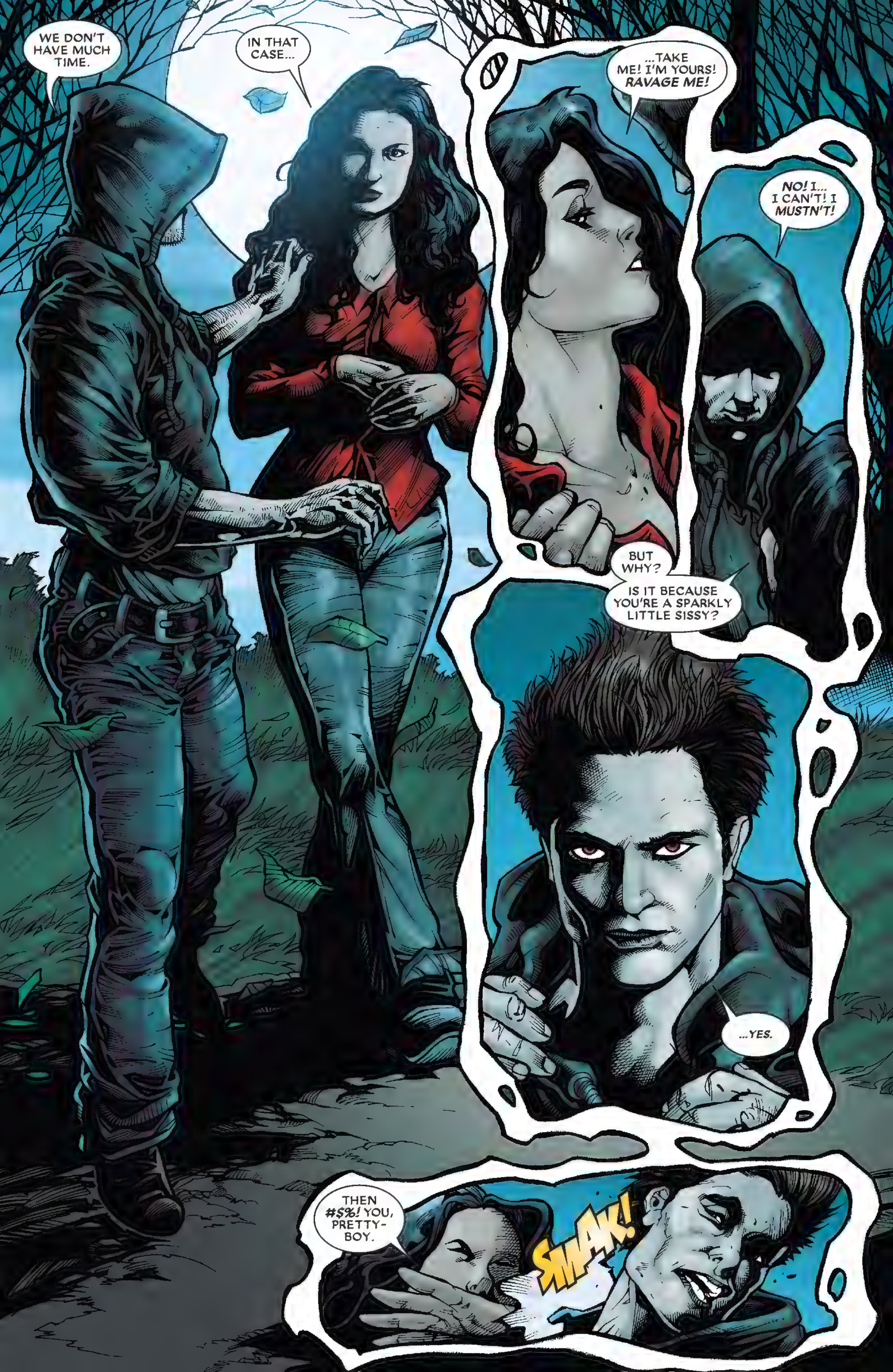

OKAY, WE'RE IN LUCK.
THE DRACULAS AREN'T THERE YET.
Man, she is so *into* us!
DUNNO...SHE LOOKS KINDA *SCARED.*
That's what love *looks* like.
LIKE *FEAR?*
Love is scary.
BY NOW THEY'VE FIGURED OUT THAT SOMEONE--*ME*--IS PICKIN' 'EM OFF, ONE BY ONE. EASIEST WAY FOR THEM TO FIND AND TRACK ME IS TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE SECURITY CAMERAS, SO THEY SHOULD BE HERE *ANY MINUTE*... AND THEY'LL WALK *RIGHT INTO MY TRAP.*
HERE'S WHAT I NEED YOU TO DO:
HEEELLLLP MEEEEEEE!
NOT THAT.

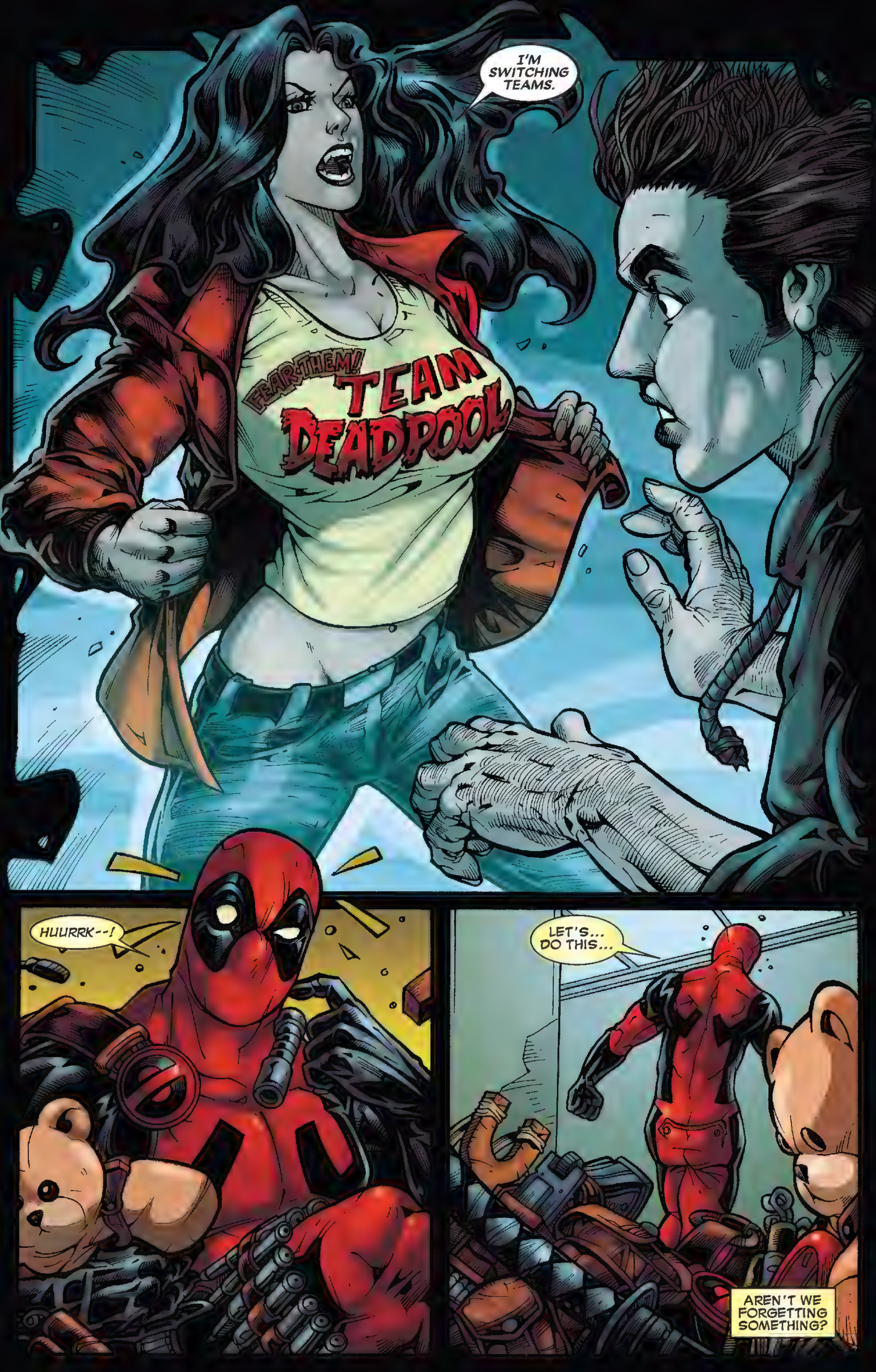

BACK THERE! PSYCHOPATH! DEADPOOL! LOVES ME!
SHOT ME!
HHH... HHH...
AND...WE MAY BE UNDER ATTACK BY VAMPIRES.
NO, DEAR...
...YOU ARE *DEFINITELY* UNDER ATTACK BY VAMPIRES.

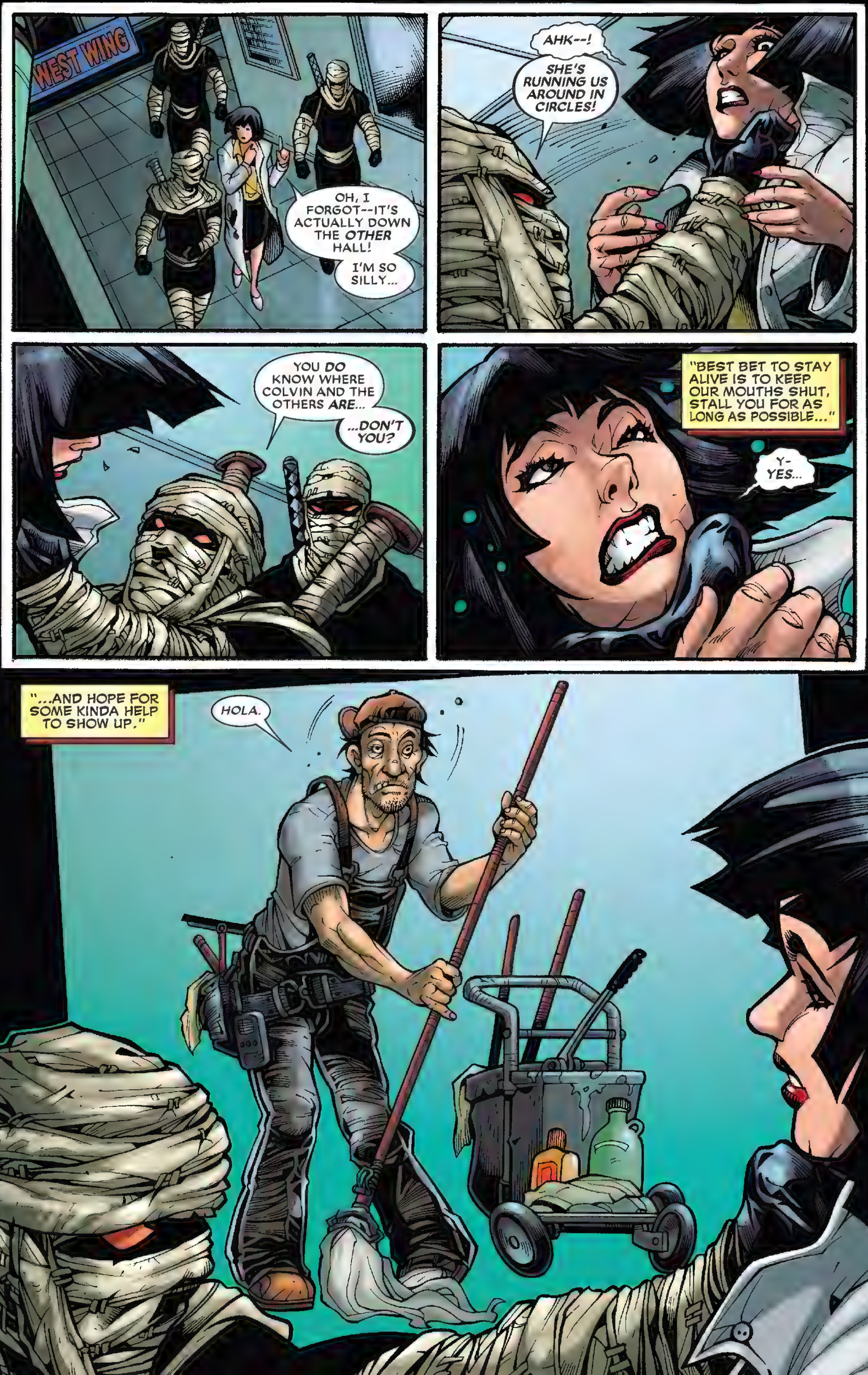

DEADPOOL, RIGHT? MY NAME IS CERES.
AND THIS IS THE GIRL YOU LOVE, MOMENTS AWAY FROM BEING SLAUGHTERED.
HA. HA. HA.
I RULE, YOU SUCK
CONCLUSION

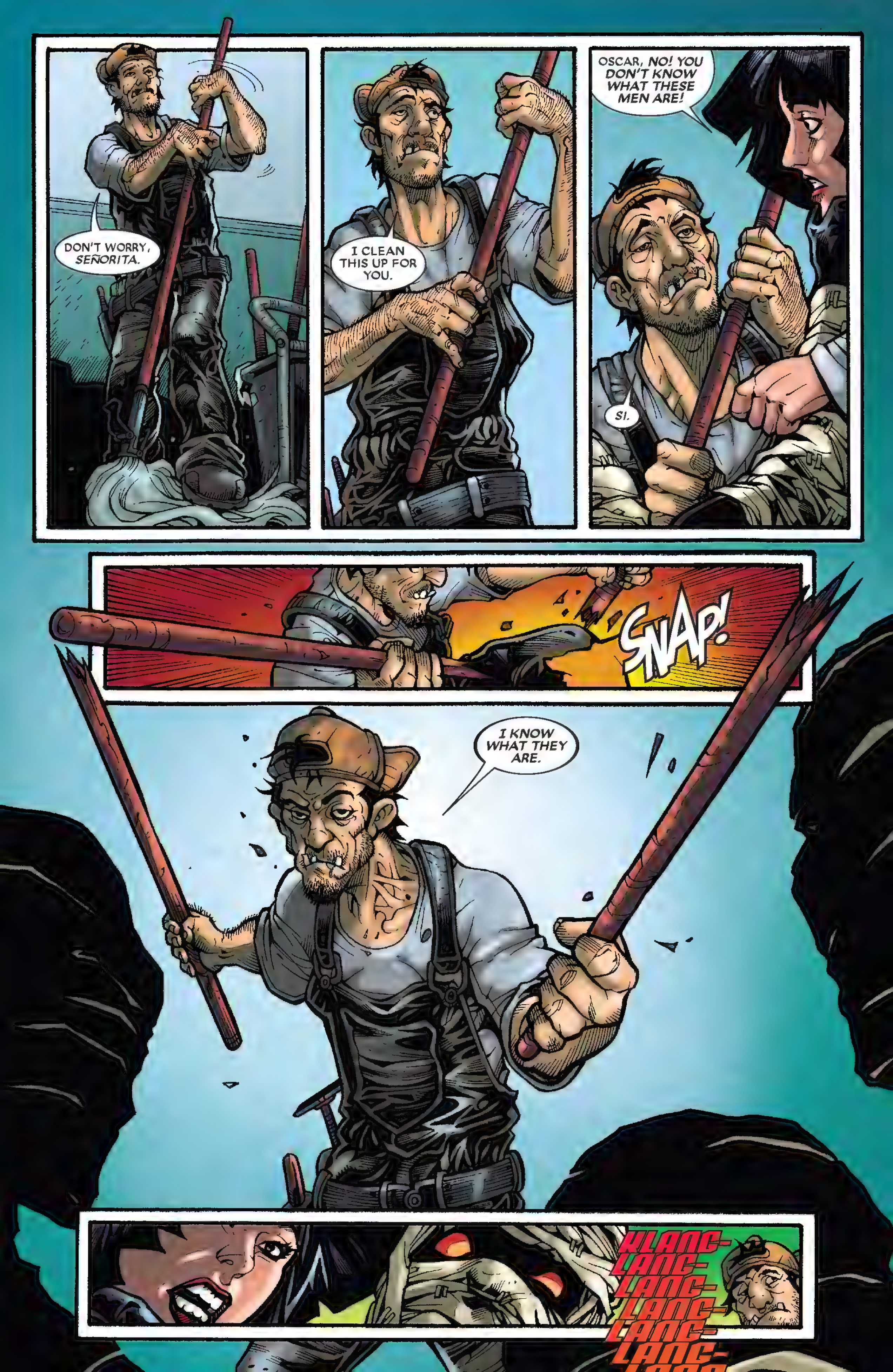

WELL, THERE GOES THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE...
FOR *YOU,* MAYBE.
DROP THE WEAPONS.
ALL OF 'EM?
ALL OF 'EM.
K-KLUNK! CHANK! TONK! CHAK! CHCHING! THUD!
"DEADPOOL," *HM?* I TAKE IT YOU'RE SOME SORT OF SELF-STYLED *SUPER HERO?*
LATELY, YEAH.
I'VE ALWAYS REGARDED COLVIN AND HIS LITTLE PACK OF RUNTS AS *COWARDS,* BUT EVEN *I* DIDN'T THINK THEY'D SINK SO LOW AS TO BEG A *HUMAN* TO PROTECT THEM. *WHERE ARE THEY?*
NOT GONNA TELL YA.
BEER
YOU DO REALIZE WHAT I'LL DO IF YOU *DON'T...?*
YOU'RE GONNA DO THAT ANYWAY. *TO BOTH OF US.*
WAY I SEE IT, OUR BEST BET TO STAY ALIVE IS TO KEEP OUR MOUTHS SHUT, STALL YOU FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE AND HOPE FOR SOME KINDA HELP TO SHOW UP.
AH, BUT YOU'VE *ALREADY* TOLD ME SOMETHING.

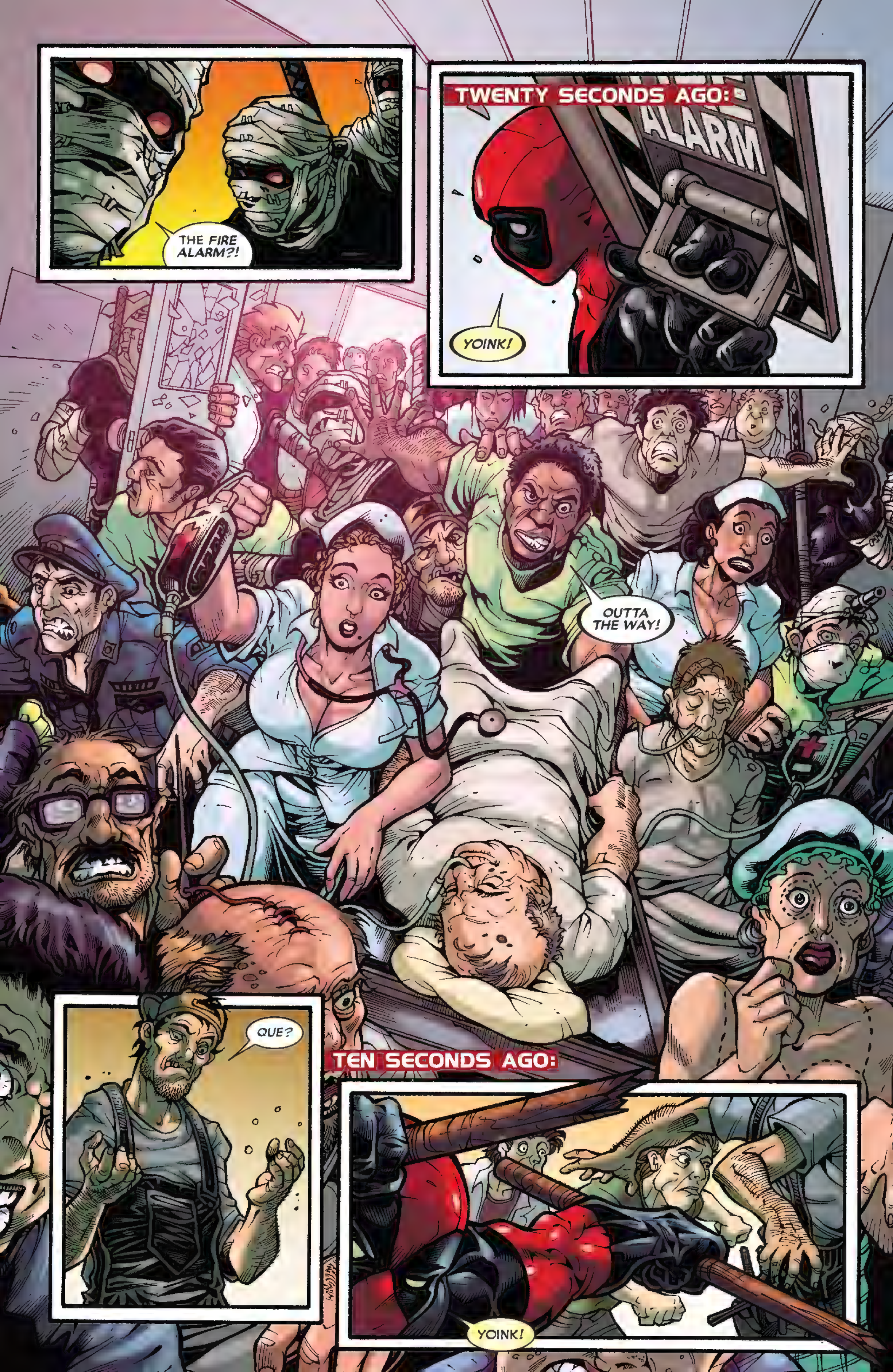

SHE KNOWS WHERE THEY ARE.
AH--!
D-DIRECTOR COLVIN?! I...I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS!
IT'S POINTLESS, MY DARLING--HE'LL SEE THROUGH YOUR FLIMSY PLOY JUST AS EASILY AS HE DID MINE!
DAMN YOU, DRACULA, AND YOUR SUPERIOR MIND!
I'M NOT DRACULA, YOU IDIOT.
YEAH, RIGHT...AND I'M NOT DEAD--
SSHUKK!
YOU ARE NOW.
LET'S GO, "MY DARLING."

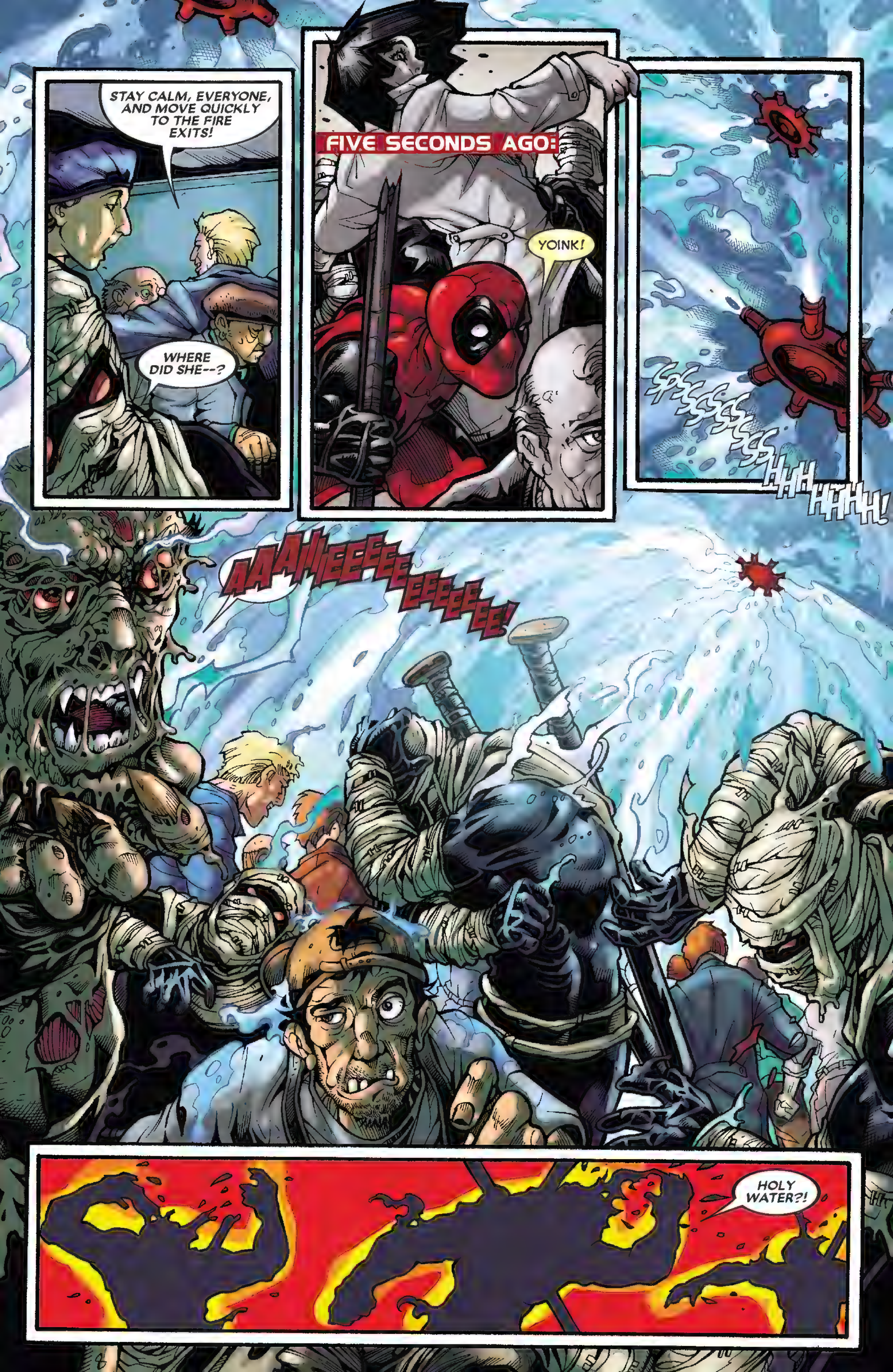

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
IN THAT CASE...
...TAKE ME! I'M YOURS! *RAVAGE ME!*
NO! I... I CAN'T! I *MUSTN'T!*
BUT WHY?
IS IT BECAUSE YOU'RE A SPARKLY LITTLE SISSY?
...YES.
THEN *#$%!* YOU, PRETTY-BOY.
SMAK!

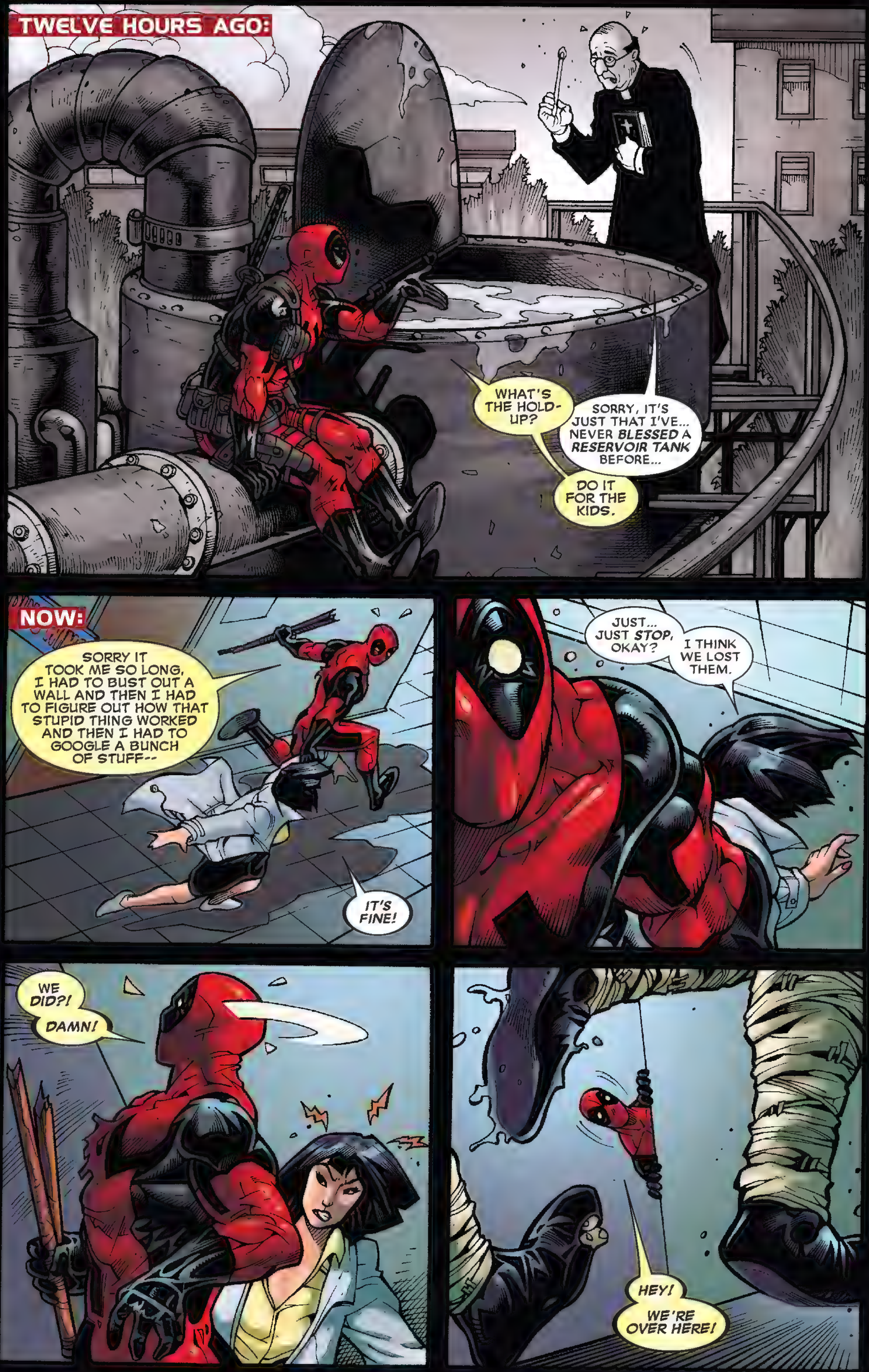

I'M SWITCHING TEAMS.
FEAR THEM! TEAM DEADPOOL
HUURRK--!
LET'S... DO THIS...
AREN'T WE FORGETTING SOMETHING?

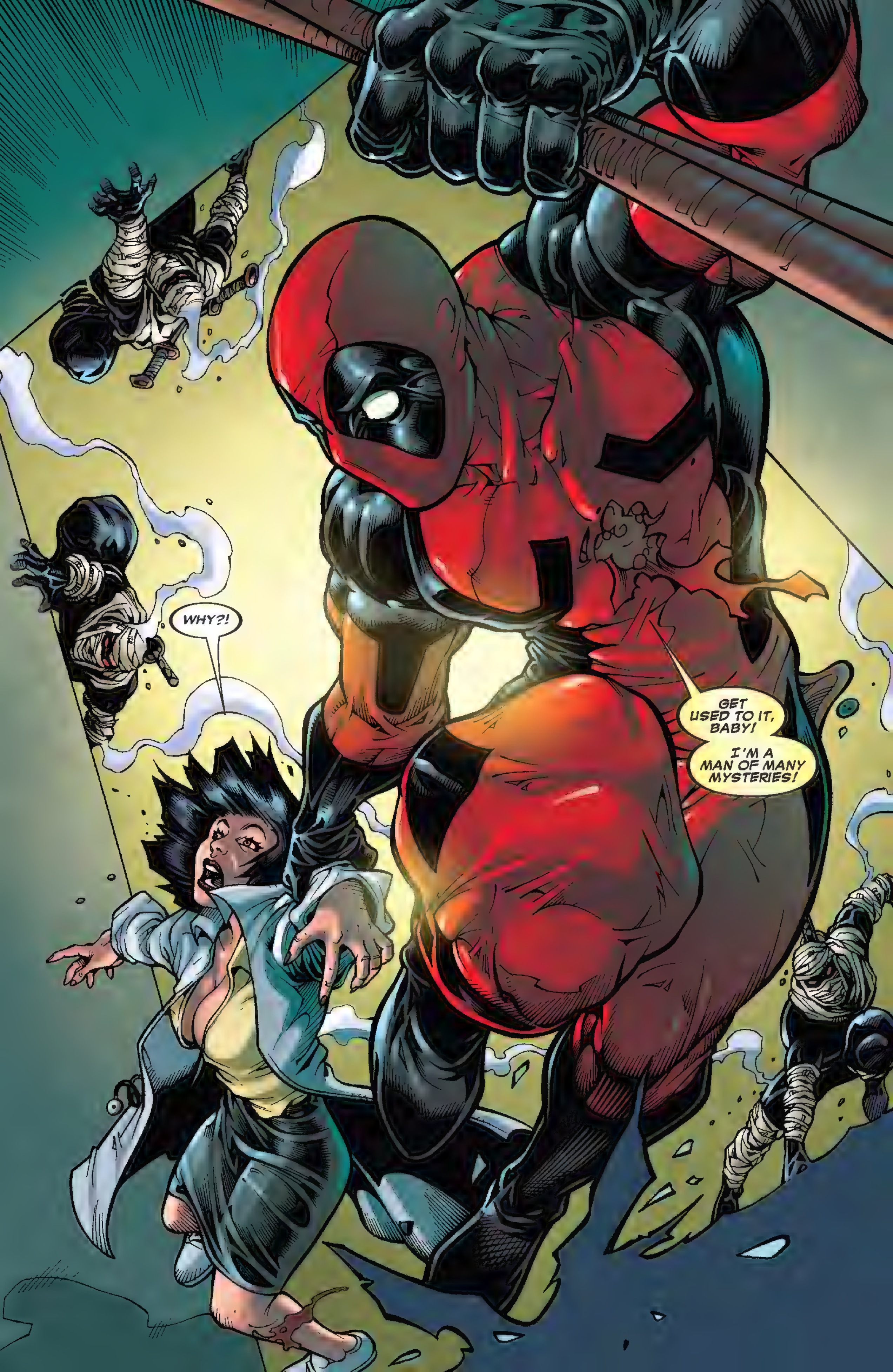

WEST WING
OH, I FORGOT--IT'S ACTUALLY DOWN THE *OTHER* HALL!
I'M SO SILLY...
AHK--!
SHE'S RUNNING US AROUND IN CIRCLES!
YOU *DO* KNOW WHERE COLVIN AND THE OTHERS *ARE*...
...DON'T YOU?
"BEST BET TO STAY ALIVE IS TO KEEP OUR MOUTHS SHUT, STALL YOU FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE..."
Y-YES...
"...AND HOPE FOR SOME KINDA HELP TO SHOW UP."
HOLA.

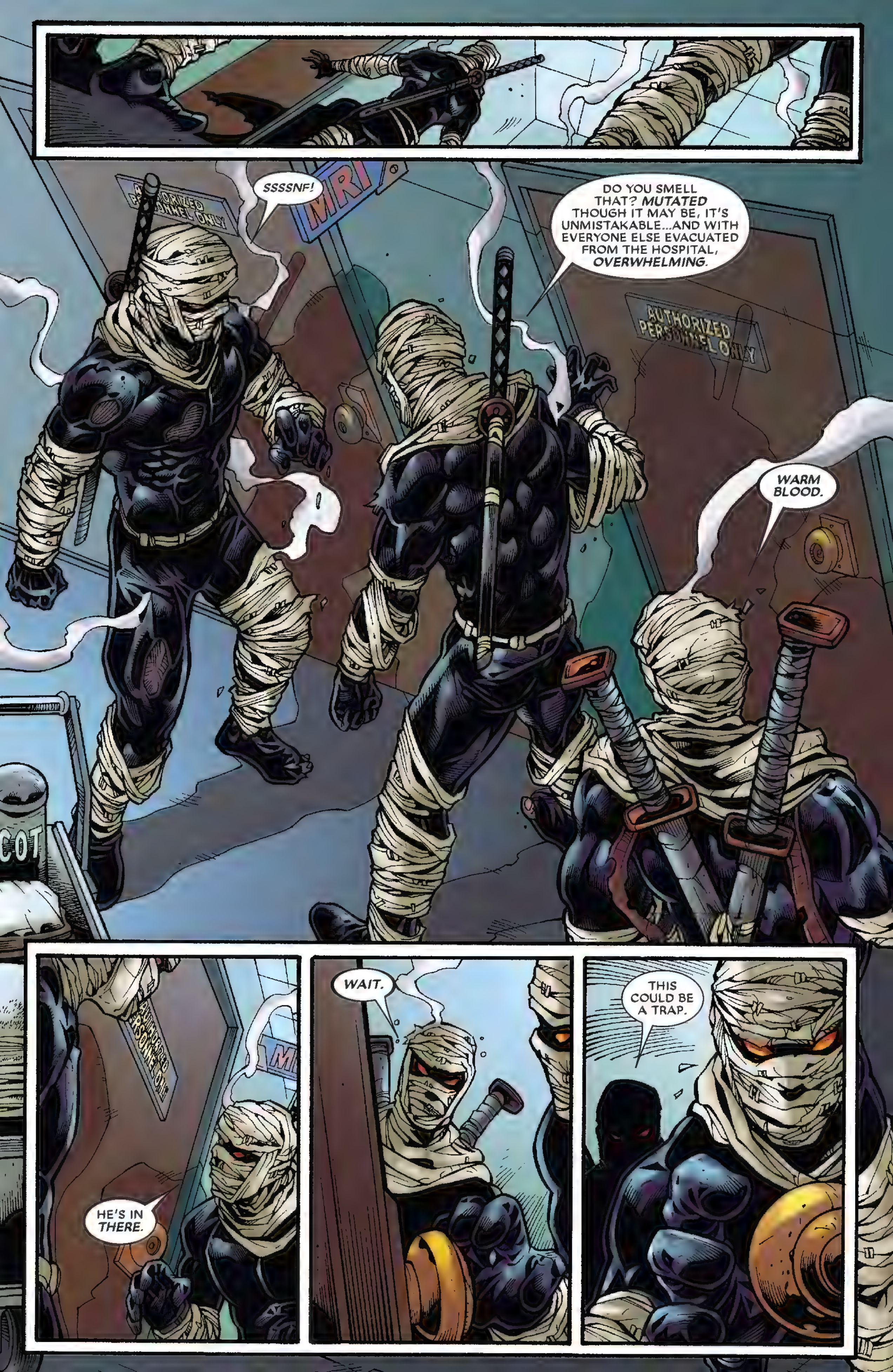

DON'T WORRY, SEÑORITA.
I CLEAN THIS UP FOR YOU.
OSCAR, NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE MEN ARE!
SI.
SNAP!
I KNOW WHAT THEY ARE.
KLANG-
LANG-
LANG-
LANG-
LANG-
LANG-

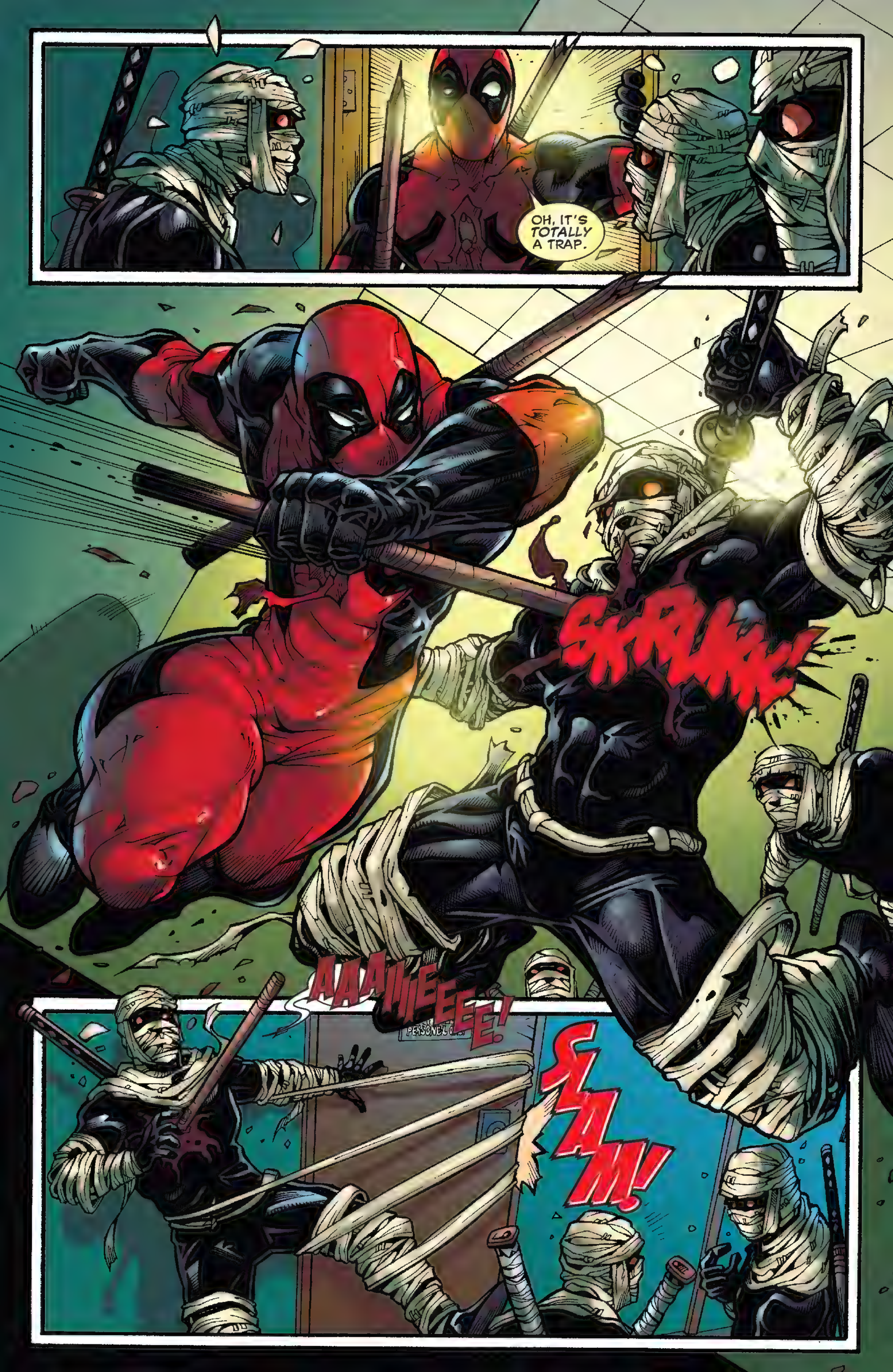

THE FIRE ALARM?!
TWENTY SECONDS AGO:
ALARM
YOINK!
OUTTA THE WAY!
QUE?
TEN SECONDS AGO:
YOINK!

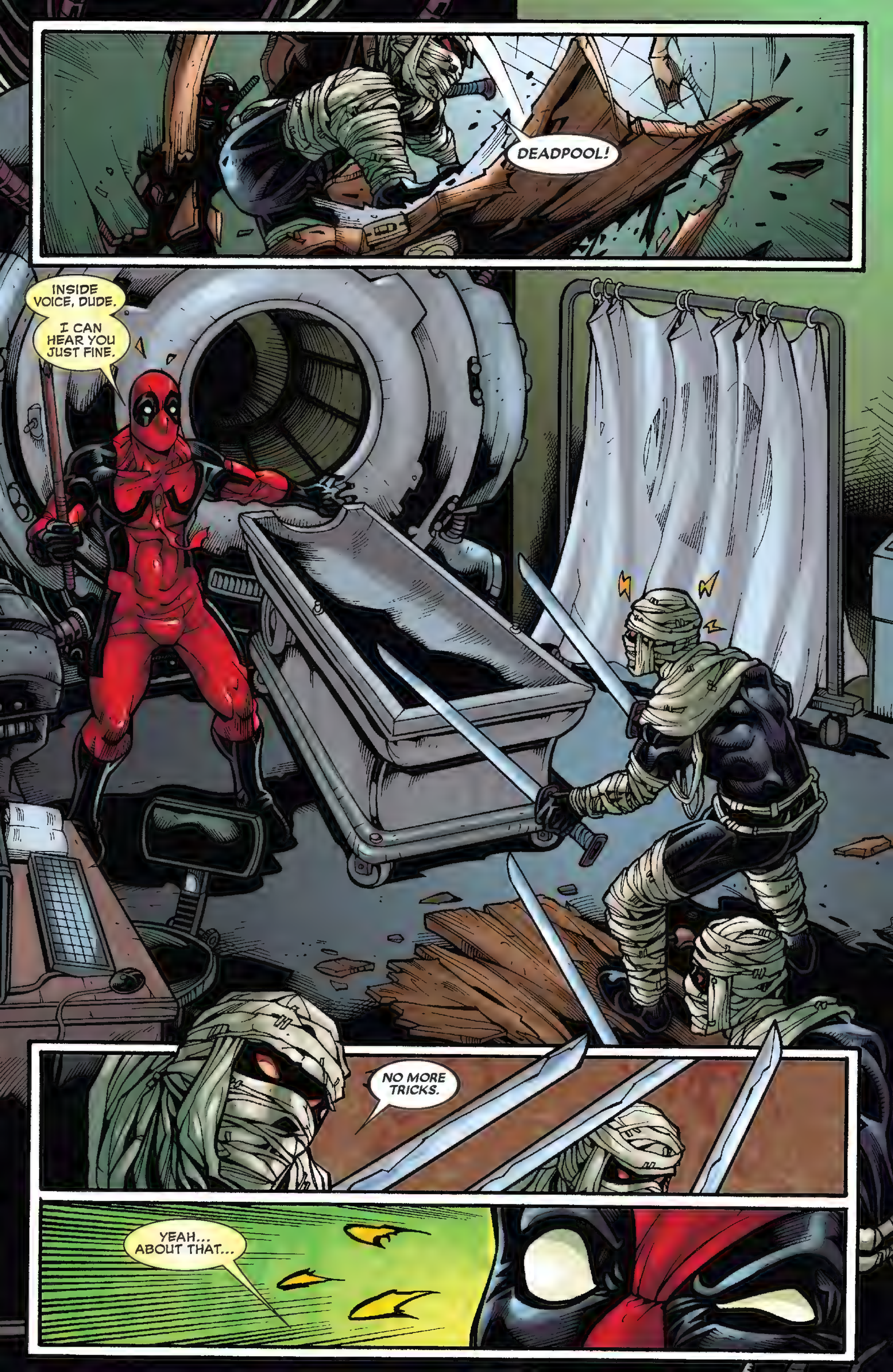

STAY CALM, EVERYONE, AND MOVE QUICKLY TO THE FIRE EXITS!
WHERE DID SHE--?
FIVE SECONDS AGO:
YOINK!
SPSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHH!
AAAIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
HOLY WATER?!

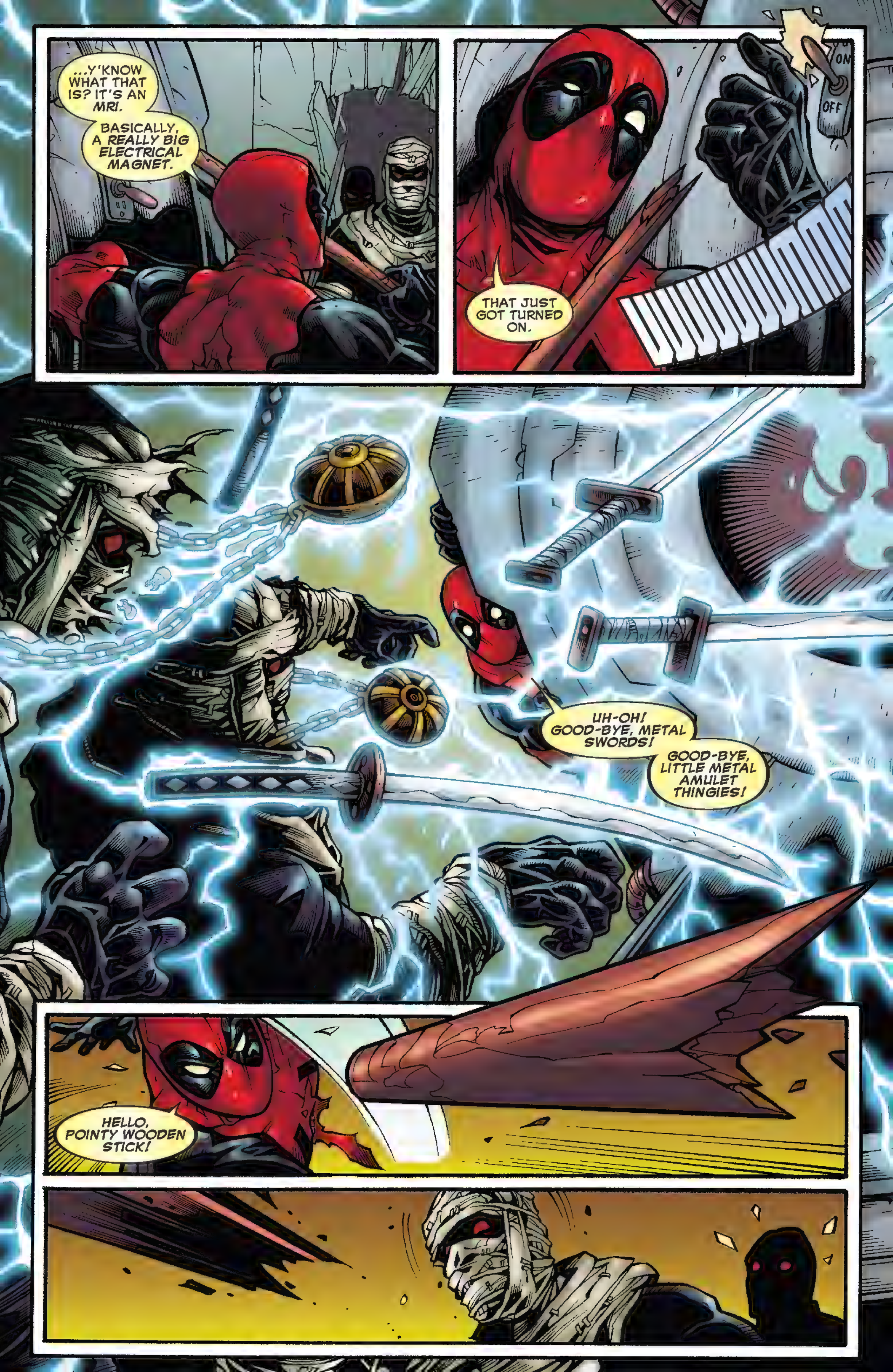

TWELVE HOURS AGO:
WHAT'S THE HOLD-UP?
SORRY, IT'S JUST THAT I'VE... NEVER *BLESSED* A *RESERVOIR TANK* BEFORE...
DO IT FOR THE KIDS.
NOW:
SORRY IT TOOK ME SO LONG, I HAD TO BUST OUT A WALL AND THEN I HAD TO FIGURE OUT HOW THAT STUPID THING WORKED AND THEN I HAD TO GOOGLE A BUNCH OF STUFF--
IT'S FINE!
JUST... JUST *STOP*, OKAY?
I THINK WE LOST THEM.
WE DID?!
DAMN!
HEY!
WE'RE OVER HERE!

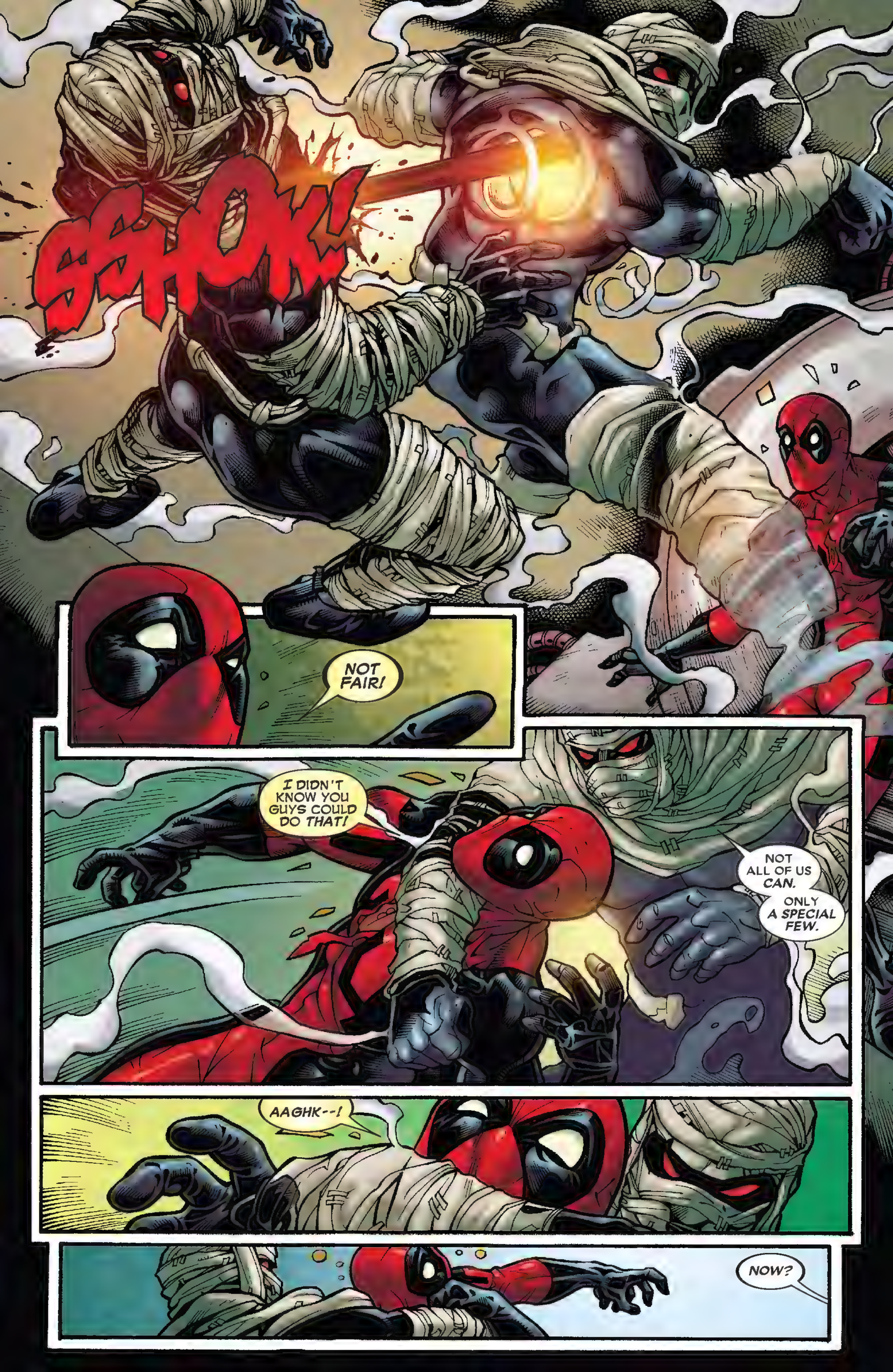

WHY?!
GET USED TO IT, BABY!
I'M A MAN OF MANY MYSTERIES!

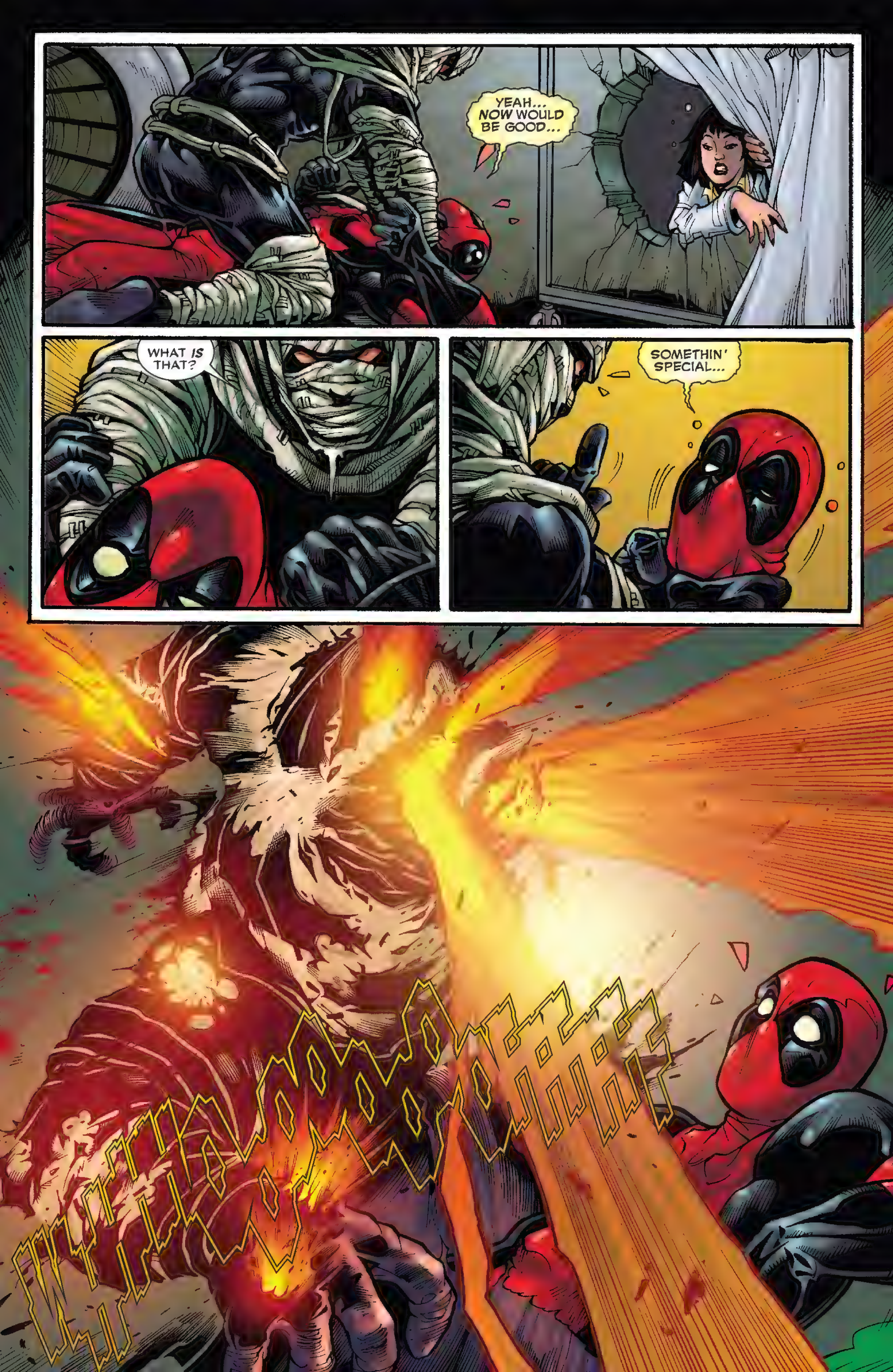

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
SSSSNF!
MRI
DO YOU SMELL THAT? *MUTATED* THOUGH IT MAY BE, IT'S UNMISTAKABLE...AND WITH EVERYONE ELSE EVACUATED FROM THE HOSPITAL, *OVERWHELMING*.
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
WARM BLOOD.
COT
HE'S IN *THERE.*
WAIT.
THIS COULD BE A TRAP.

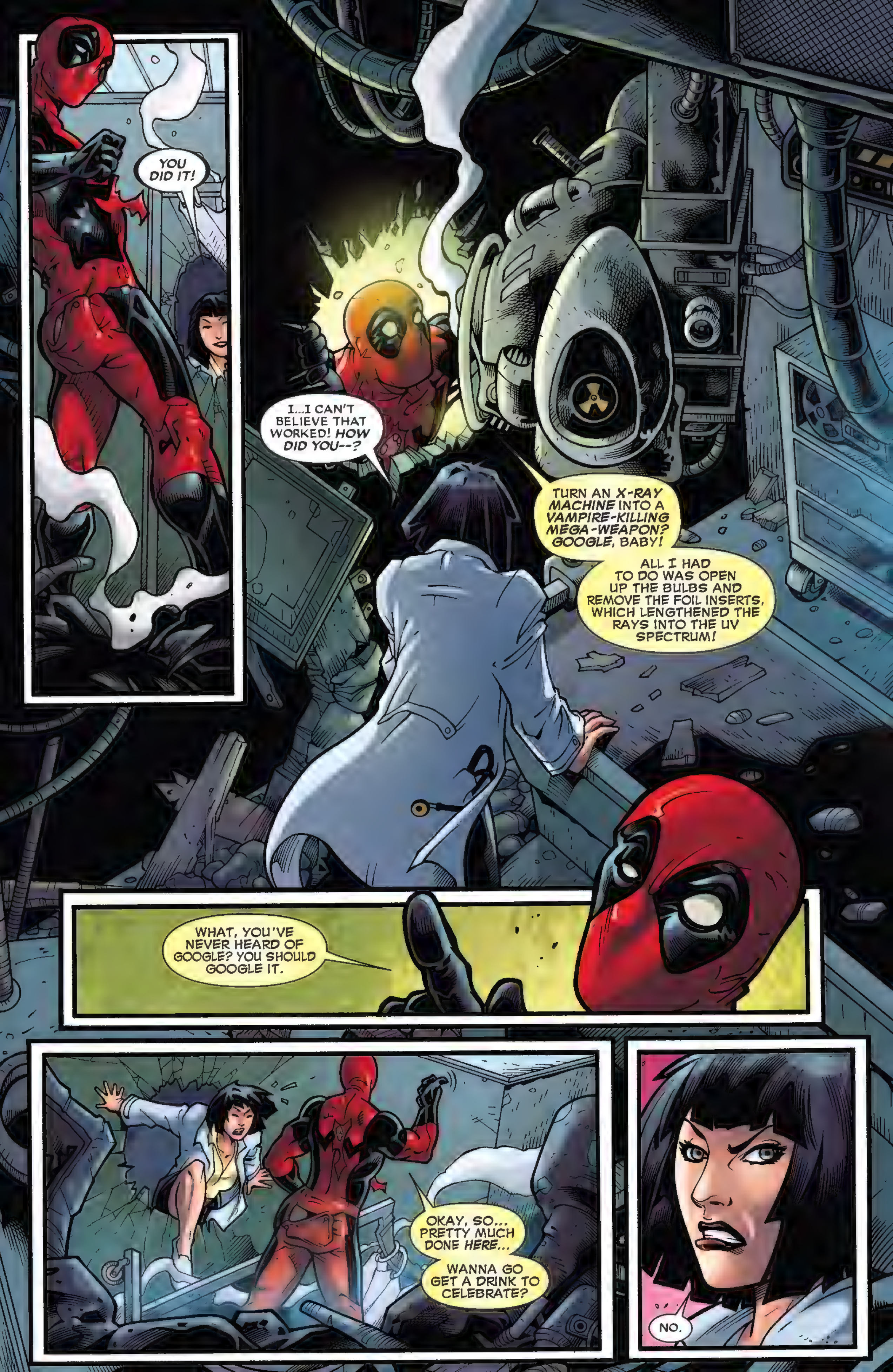

OH, IT'S *TOTALLY* A TRAP.
SHRUNK!
AAAIIIEEEEE!
PERSONNEL
SLAM!

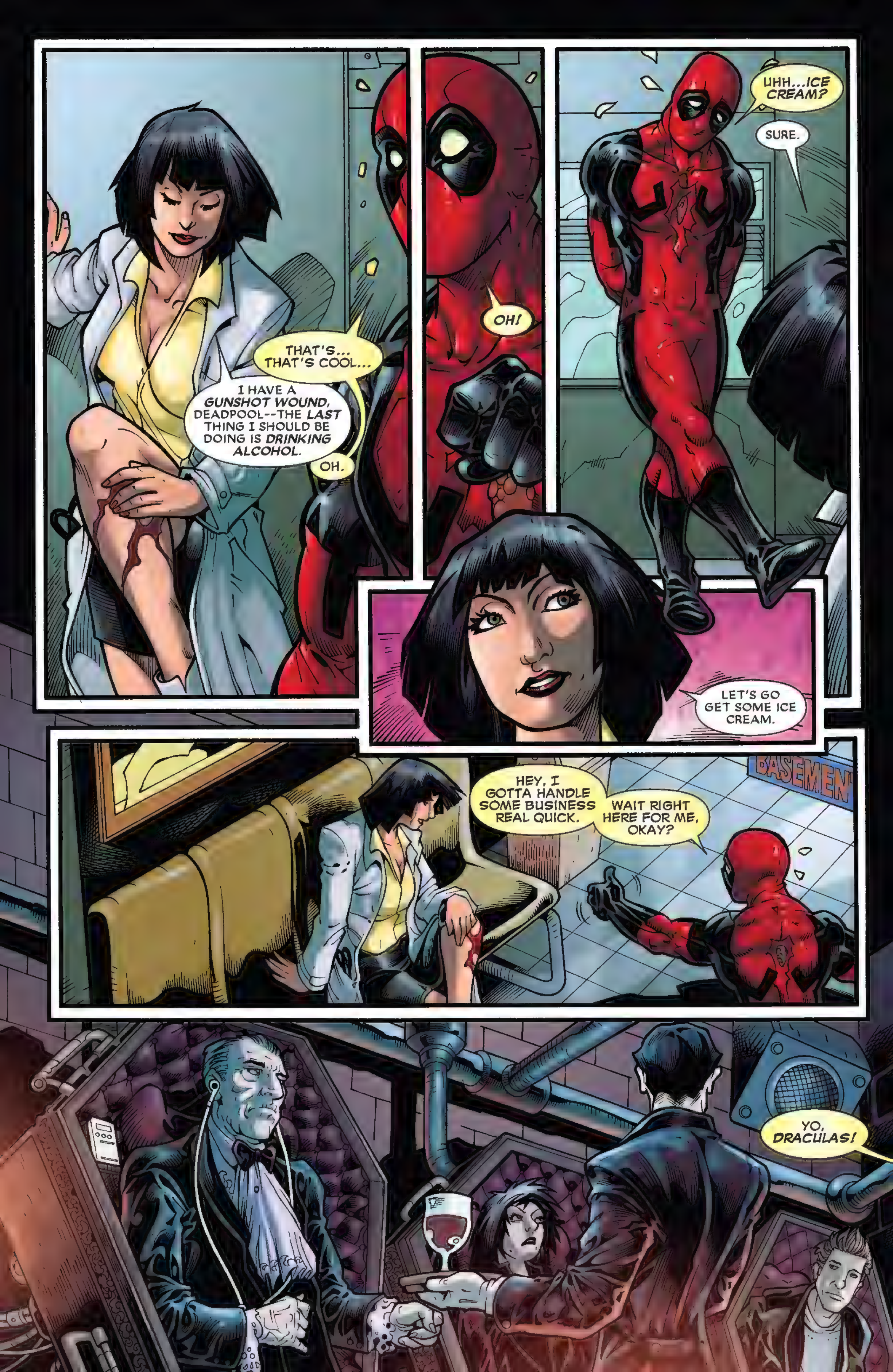

DEADPOOL!
INSIDE VOICE, DUDE.
I CAN HEAR YOU JUST FINE.
NO MORE TRICKS.
YEAH... ABOUT THAT...

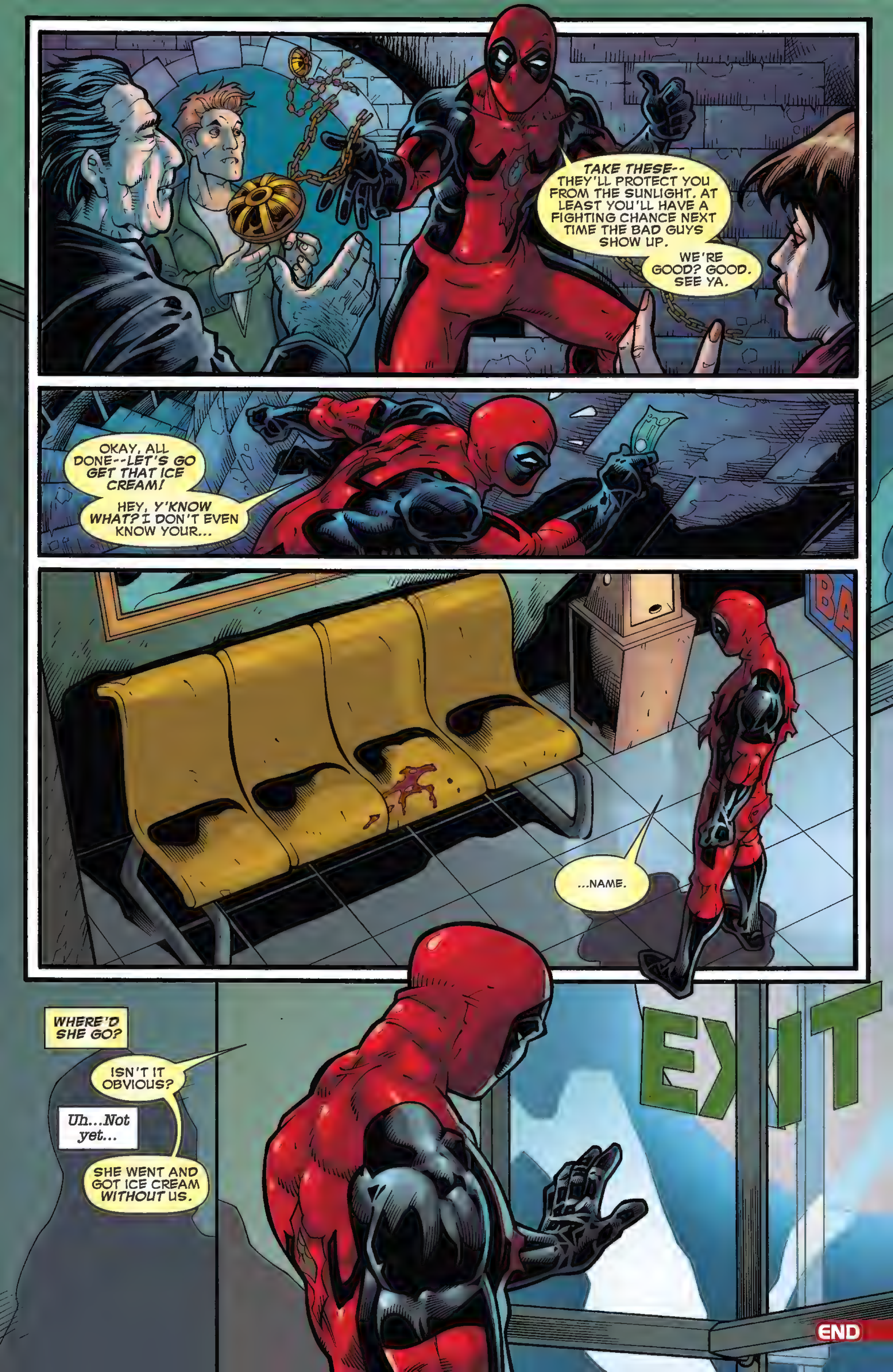

...Y'KNOW WHAT THAT IS? IT'S AN *MRI.*
BASICALLY, A *REALLY BIG ELECTRICAL MAGNET.*
ON
OFF
THAT JUST GOT TURNED ON.
UH-OH! GOOD-BYE, METAL SWORDS!
GOOD-BYE, LITTLE METAL AMULET THINGIES!
HELLO, POINTY WOODEN STICK!

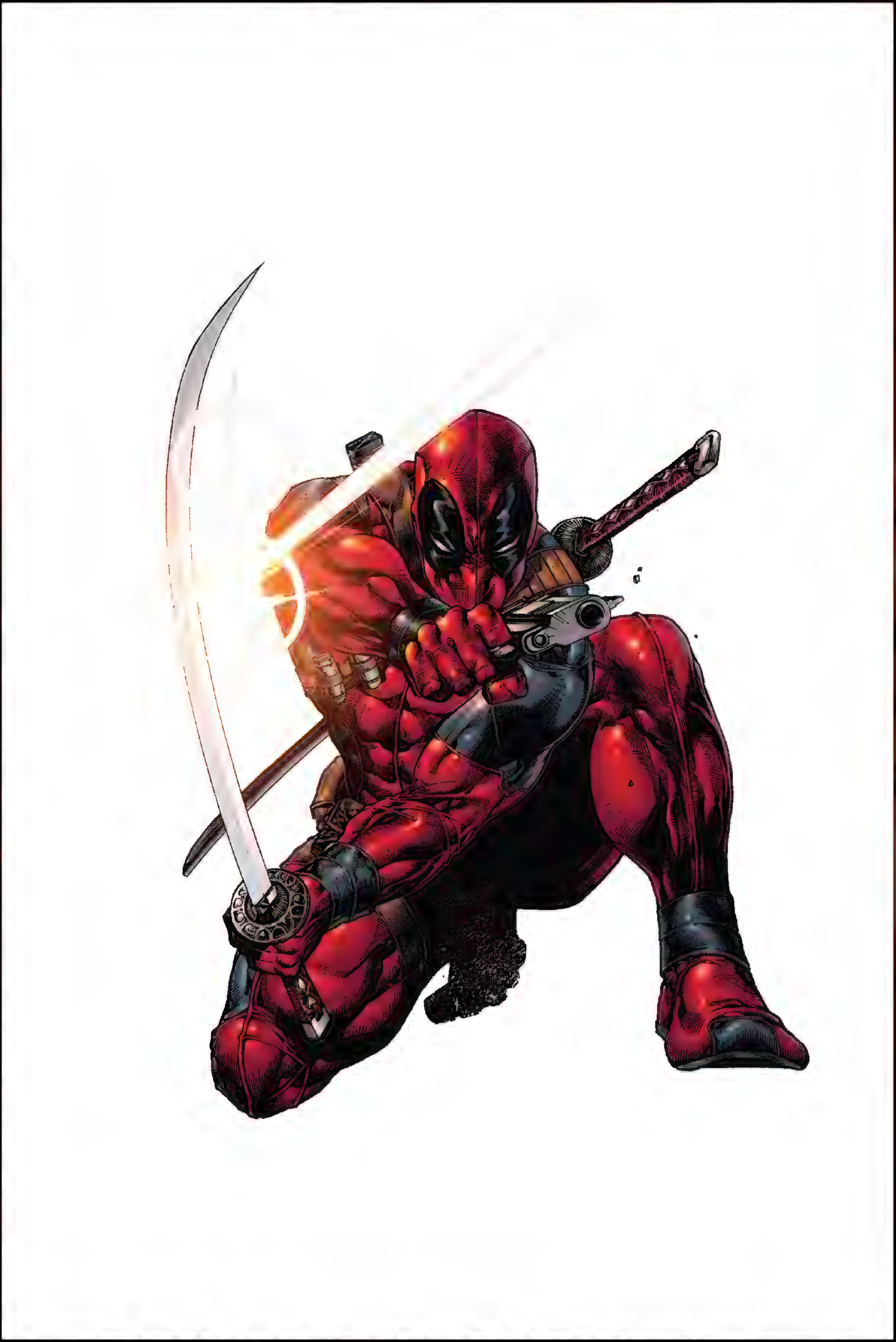

SSHOK!
NOT FAIR!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU GUYS COULD DO THAT!
NOT ALL OF US CAN.
ONLY A SPECIAL FEW.
AAGHK--!
NOW?


YEAH... NOW WOULD BE GOOD...
WHAT *IS* THAT?
SOMETHIN' SPECIAL...


YOU DID IT!
I...I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WORKED! HOW DID YOU--?
TURN AN X-RAY MACHINE INTO A VAMPIRE-KILLING MEGA-WEAPON? GOOGLE, BABY!
ALL I HAD TO DO WAS OPEN UP THE BULBS AND REMOVE THE FOIL INSERTS, WHICH LENGTHENED THE RAYS INTO THE UV SPECTRUM!
WHAT, YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF GOOGLE? YOU SHOULD GOOGLE IT.
OKAY, SO... PRETTY MUCH DONE HERE...
WANNA GO GET A DRINK TO CELEBRATE?
NO.


THAT'S... THAT'S COOL...
I HAVE A *GUNSHOT WOUND*, DEADPOOL--THE *LAST* THING I SHOULD BE DOING IS *DRINKING ALCOHOL*.
OH.
OH!
UHH...*ICE CREAM?*
SURE.
LET'S GO GET SOME ICE CREAM.
BASEMEN
HEY, I GOTTA HANDLE SOME BUSINESS REAL QUICK.
WAIT RIGHT HERE FOR ME, OKAY?
YO, *DRACULAS!*


TAKE THESE-- THEY'LL PROTECT YOU FROM THE SUNLIGHT. AT LEAST YOU'LL HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE NEXT TIME THE BAD GUYS SHOW UP.
WE'RE GOOD? GOOD. SEE YA.
OKAY, ALL DONE--LET'S GO GET THAT ICE CREAM!
HEY, Y'KNOW WHAT? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR...
...NAME.
WHERE'D SHE GO?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?
Uh...Not yet...
SHE WENT AND GOT ICE CREAM WITHOUT US.
EXIT
END

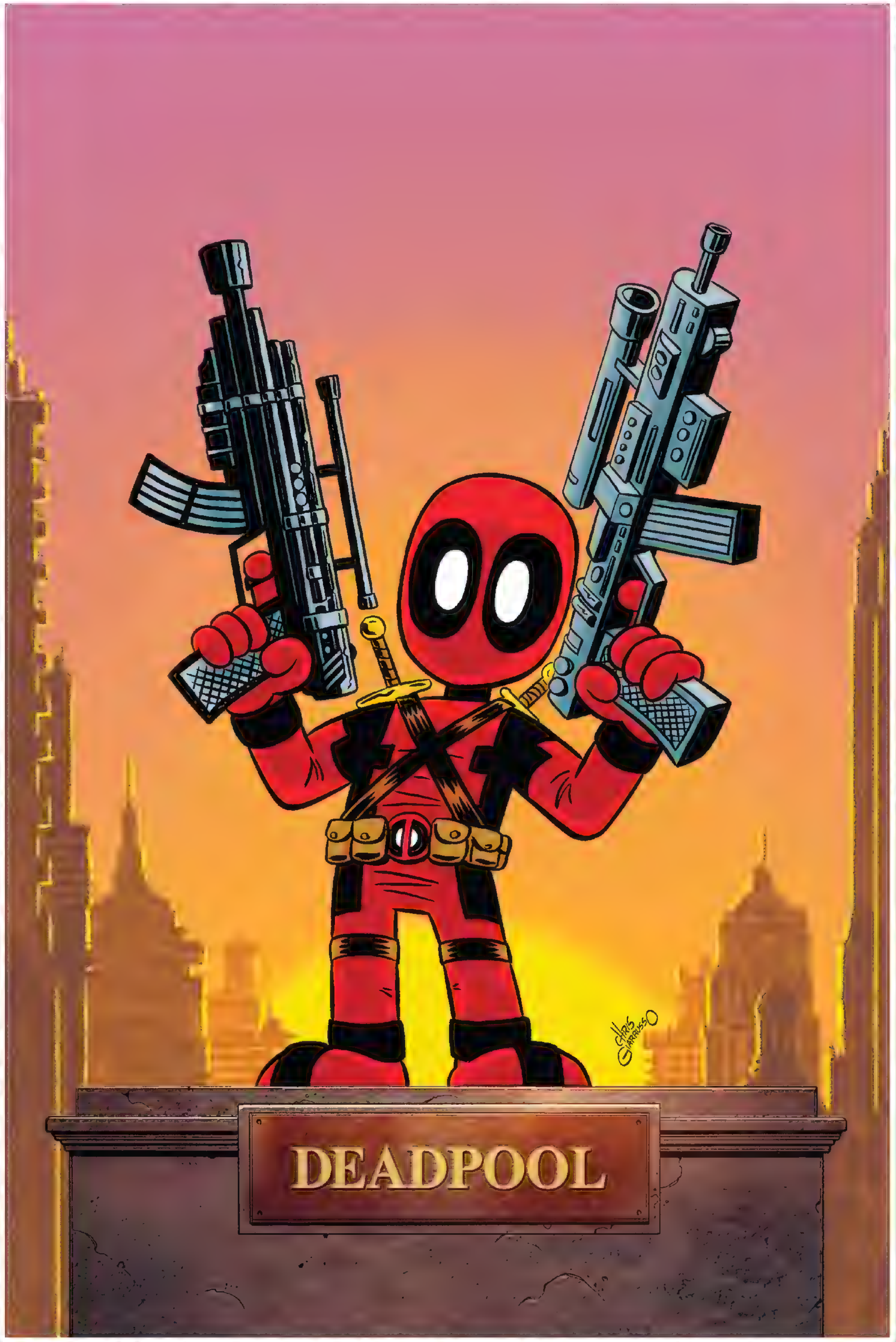


DEADPOOL #13 70TH ANNIVERSARY FRAME VARIANT

by Stephen Segovia & Rain Beredo

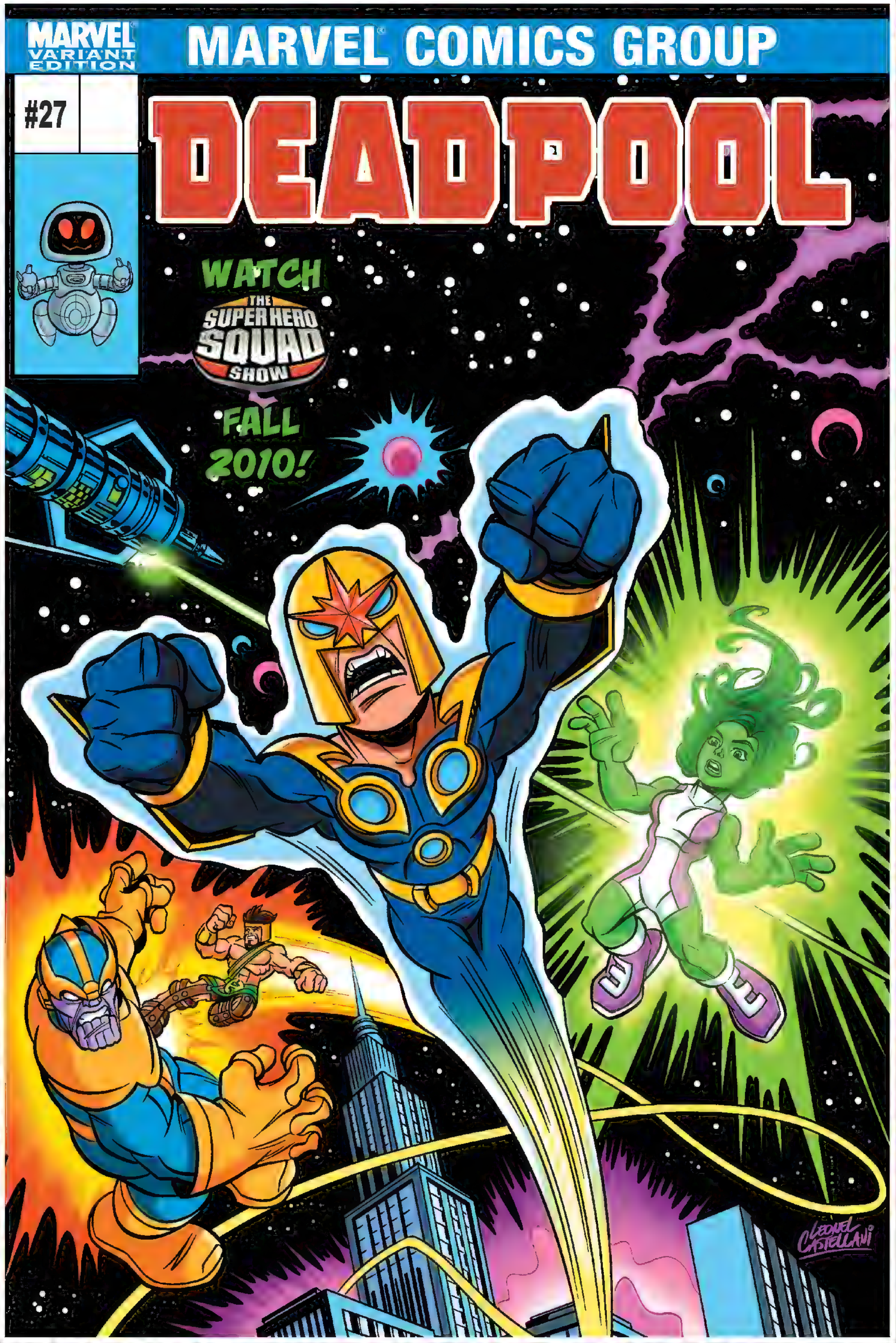
DEADPOOL #22 IRON MAN BY DESIGN VARIANT

by Marko Djurdjevic

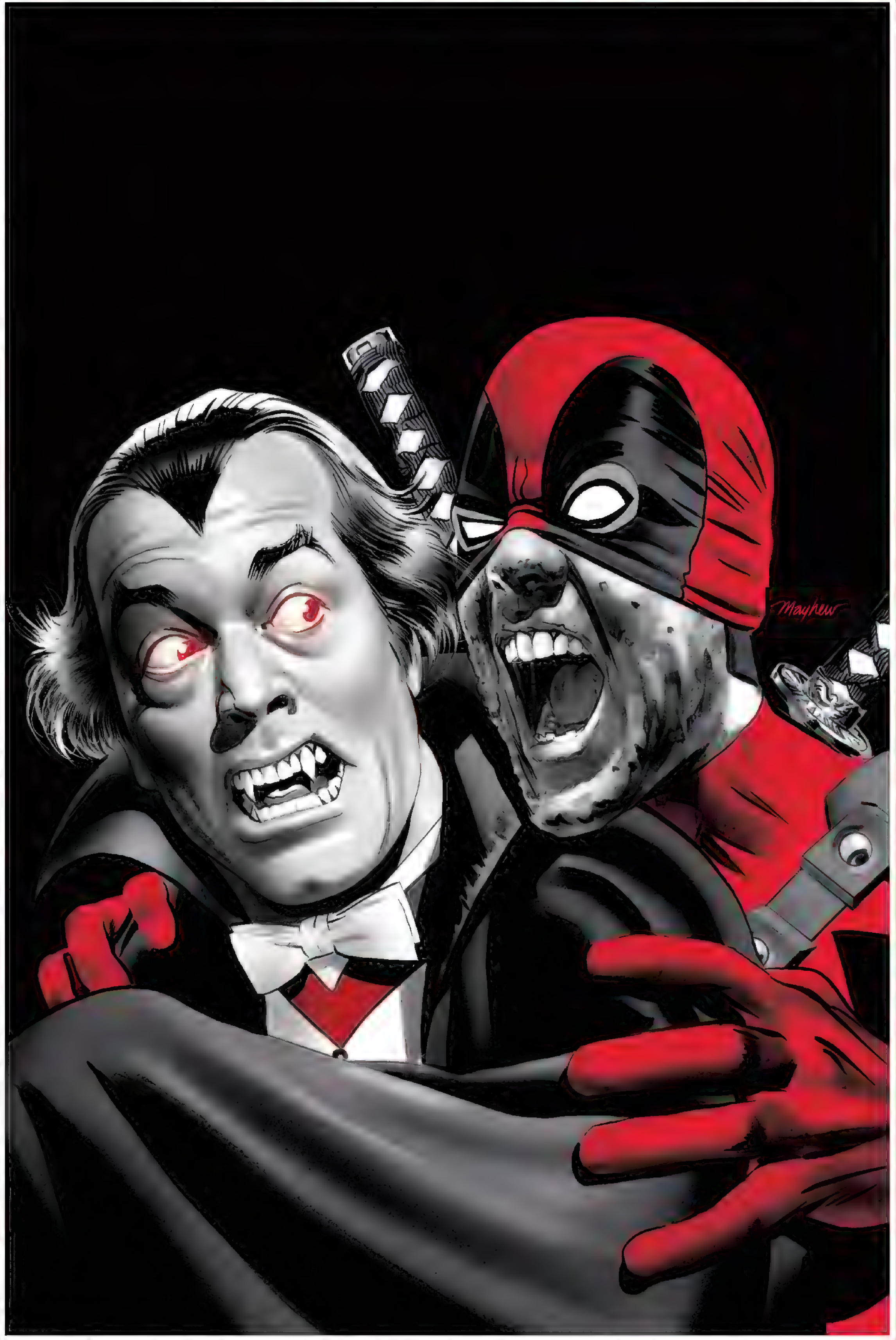

DEADPOOL
CHRIS GIARRUSSO

DEADPOOL #23 HEROIC AGE VARIANT

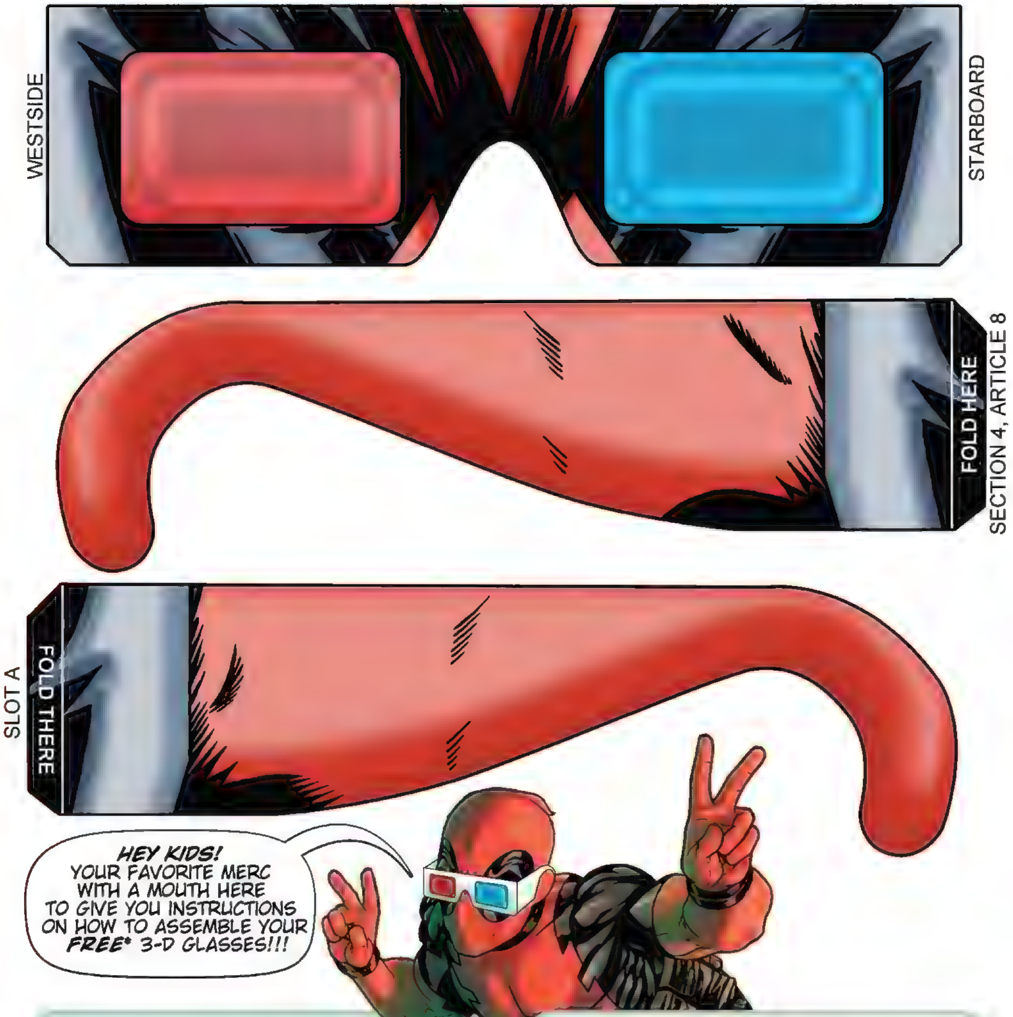
by Chris Giarrusso


MARVEL VARIANT EDITION
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
#27
DEADPOOL
WATCH THE SUPER HERO SQUAD SHOW FALL 2010!
LEONEL CASTELLANI

DEADPOOL #27 SUPER HERO SQUAD VARIANT
by Leonel Castellani & Chris Sotomayor



DEADPOOL #28 VAMPIRE VARIANT
by Mike Mayhew


WESTSIDE
STARBOARD
FOLD HERE
SECTION 4, ARTICLE 8
SLOT A
FOLD THERE
HEY KIDS! YOUR FAVORITE MERC WITH A MOUTH HERE TO GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO ASSEMBLE YOUR FREE* 3-D GLASSES!!!

MATERIALS NEEDED:

1) A blade (non-rusty), sword, scissors or comparable cutting utensil

2) Glue (if you have glue, skip to step 5)

3) An old or lame horse

4) A big blender

5) A steady hand (non-severed)

INSTRUCTIONS:

A) Cut the pieces out around the edges

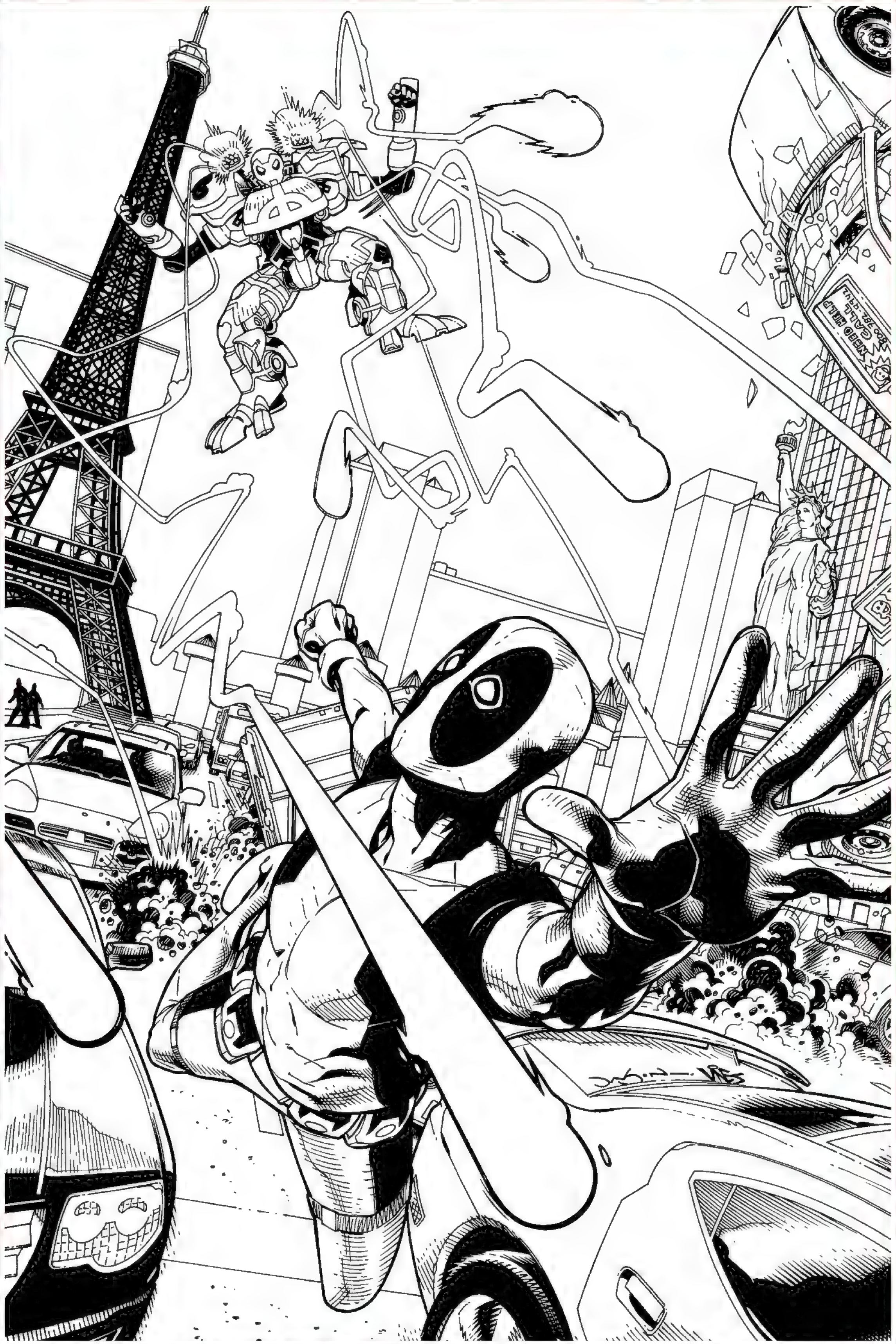
B) Fold the flaps on the earpieces, match them accordingly & glue

C) Allow glue to dry or let your little brother wear glasses then laugh as they dry to his face and he has to get them surgically removed!

D) Put on glasses and see the wonders of our 3-D cover come to life as you experience it in...
High Definition 4-D!

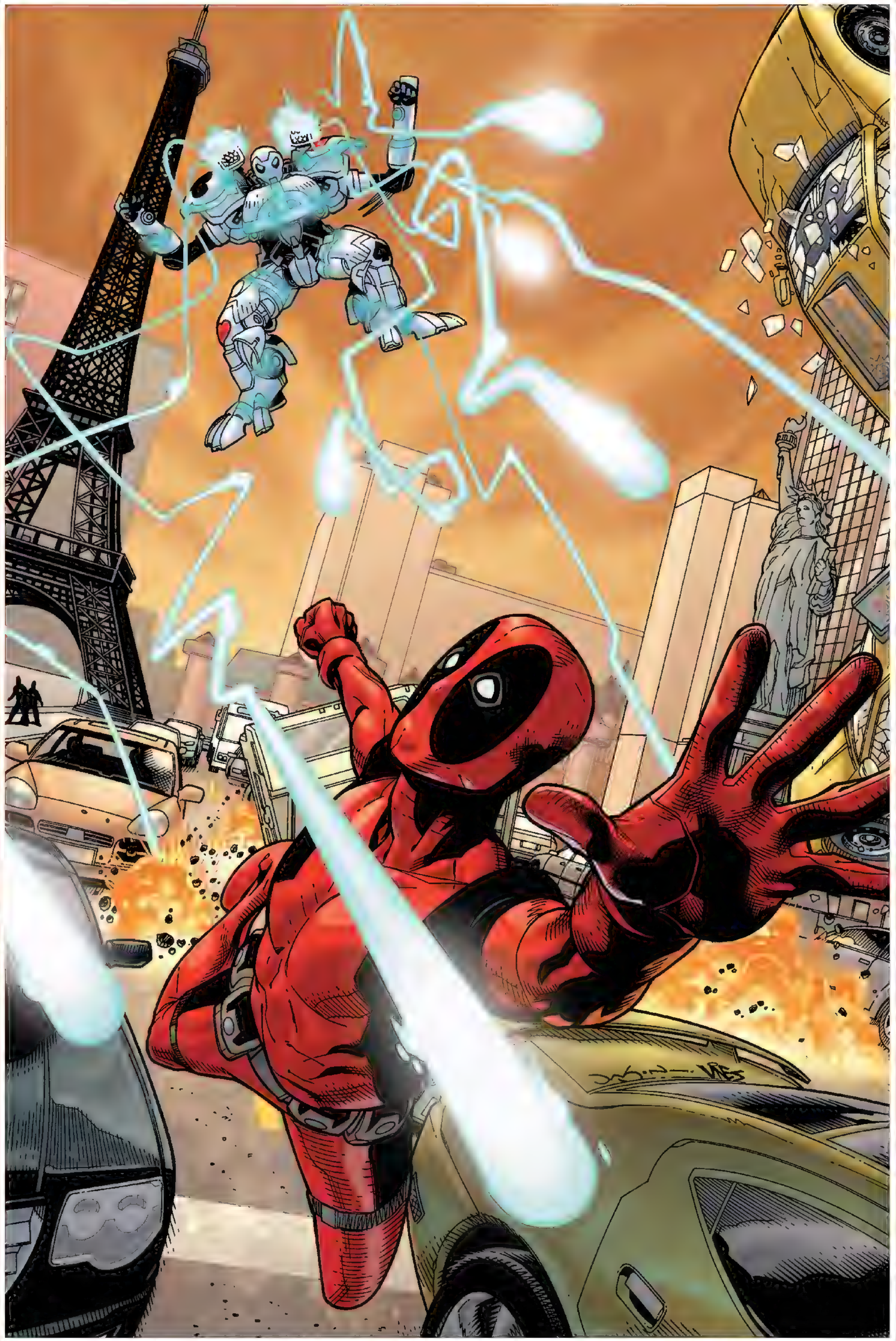
*After purchase of book! (We're not running a charity here, folks!)

DEADPOOL #25 BACK COVER
Design by Nelson Ribeiro


NEED HELP
CALL
800 782 - 4942

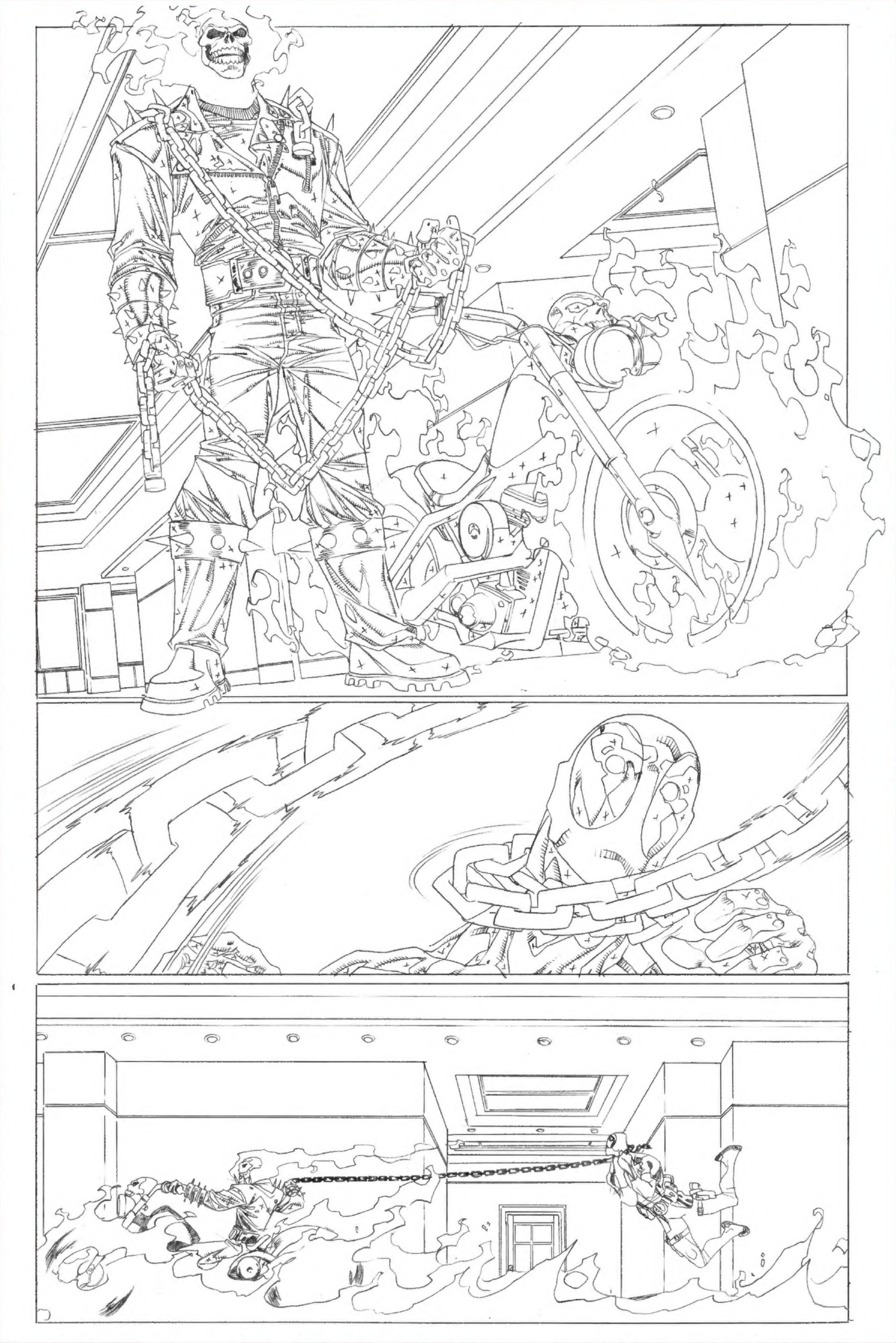
DEADPOOL #25 COVER INKS

by Dexter Vines

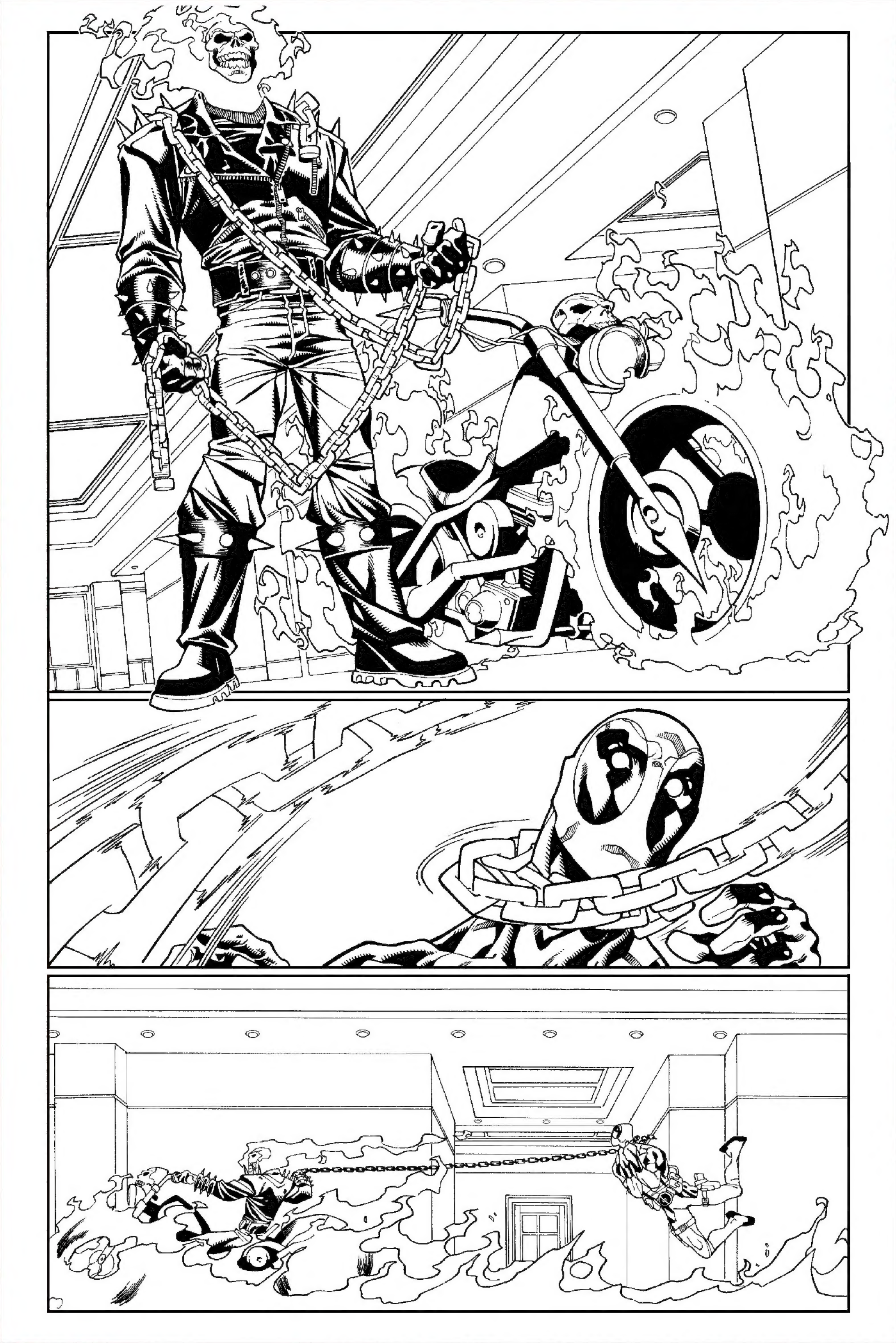


DEADPOOL #25 COVER ART UNALTERED

Colors by Dave Stewart

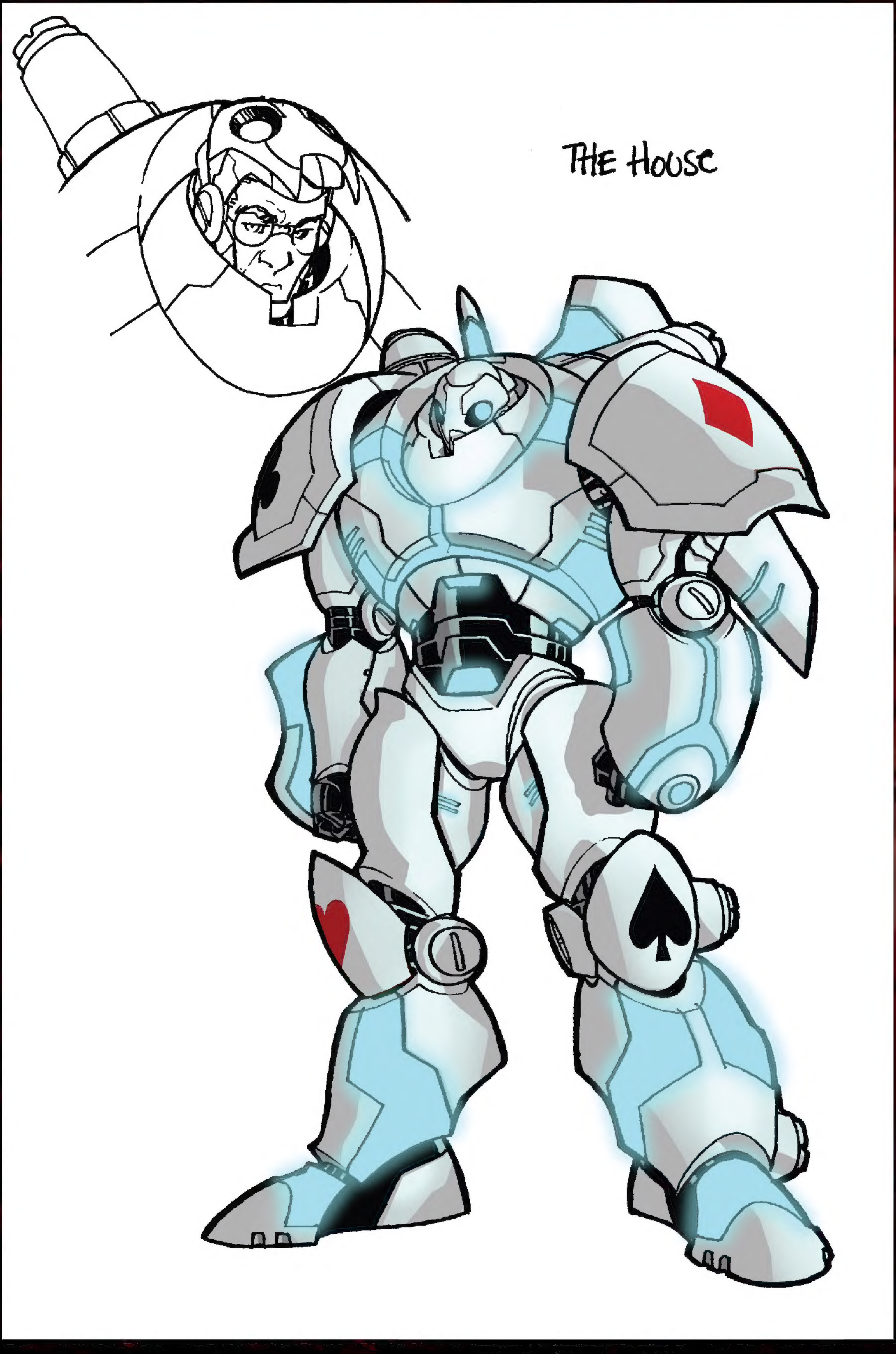


DEADPOOL #26, PAGE 5 PENCILS
by Carlo Barberi



DEADPOOL #26, PAGE 5 INKS

by Juan Vlasco



THE HOUSE CHARACTER DESIGN

by Carlo Barberi

HE'S THE MARVEL UNIVERSE'S
MERC WITH A MOUTH!
AS QUICK WITH A PISTOL AS HE IS WITH A ONE-LINER!

Fan-favorite writer Daniel Way brings the crazy with his character-defining run on the Crimson Comedian, the Regeneratin' Degenerate, the Asinine Assassin…Deadpool!

Mutant leader Cyclops establishes an island haven for mutants, and Wade Wilson joins the revolution. Deadpool pursues his true calling as a hero by enlisting in the X-Men, and he won't let anyone stand in his way — not even the X-Men! Sporting a rockin' new costume with some sweet pouches, he dives into a spicy mélange of assassination attempts, foxy mutant babes in skintight leather, Norman Osborn's weird wavy hair, Wolverine's scowl and one seriously misplaced chicken.

And when he travels to New York City and Las Vegas — two modern-day dens of sin — can Deadpool keep his streak of do-goodery alive, or will he be overcome by temptation? Well, if Wade wants to be a super hero in New York, he'd better act the part. And that could mean only one thing: It's a team-up with the Amazing, the Grouchy, the Reluctant Spider-Man! Then, it's a Vegas vacation done Deadpool-style — full of explosions, D-list super villains and a casino caper that would make George Clooney proud!

Finally, his heroic deeds pay off as Deadpool makes it to the big leagues, fighting alongside Secret Avengers Black Widow, Moon Knight and his childhood hero, Steve Rogers! But when he learns these heroes aren't what they seem — and that his evil ex-therapist, Doctor Bong, is involved — his dream of being an Avenger goes sour like a week-old taco. But it's okay, because Deadpool is totally gonna fix this. Just like he always does. With guns.

Collecting *Deadpool* #13-31 — written by Daniel Way; and illustrated by Shawn Crystal, Paco Medina, Carlo Barberi, Tan Eng Huat and Bong Dazo.

PARENTAL
ADVISORY

MARVEL